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CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER, 1942

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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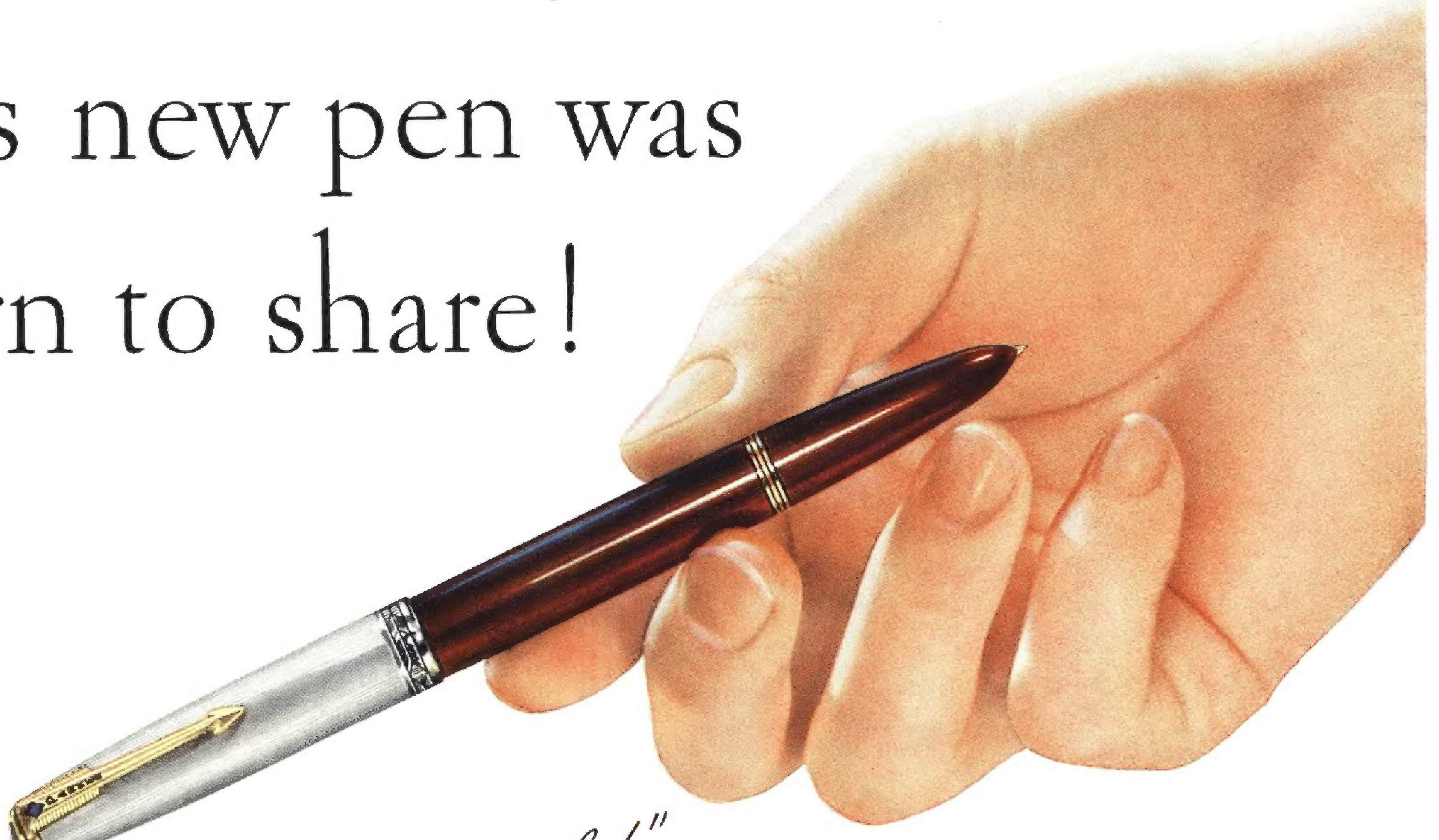
You have a duty that this new pen was born to share!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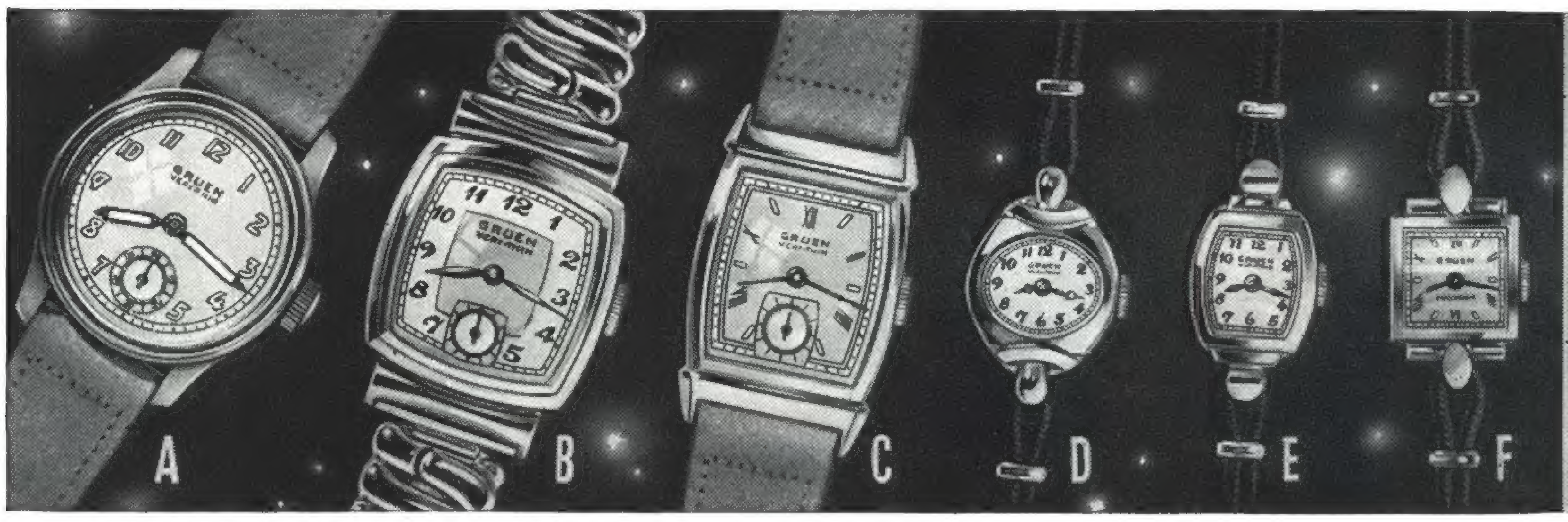

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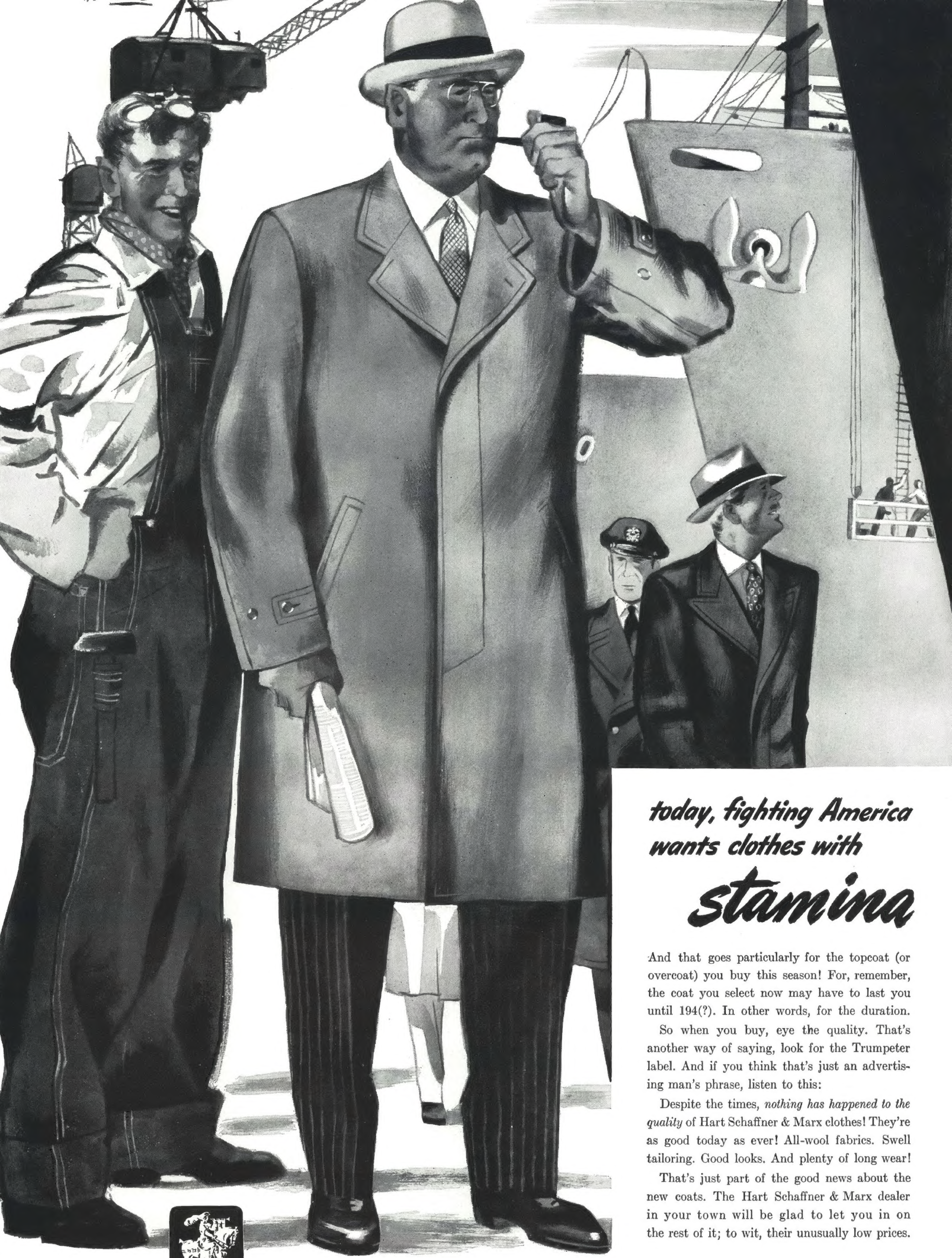

today, fighting America wants clothes with stamina

And that goes particularly for the topcoat (or overcoat) you buy this season! For, remember, the coat you select now may have to last you until 194(?). In other words, for the duration.

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX clothes

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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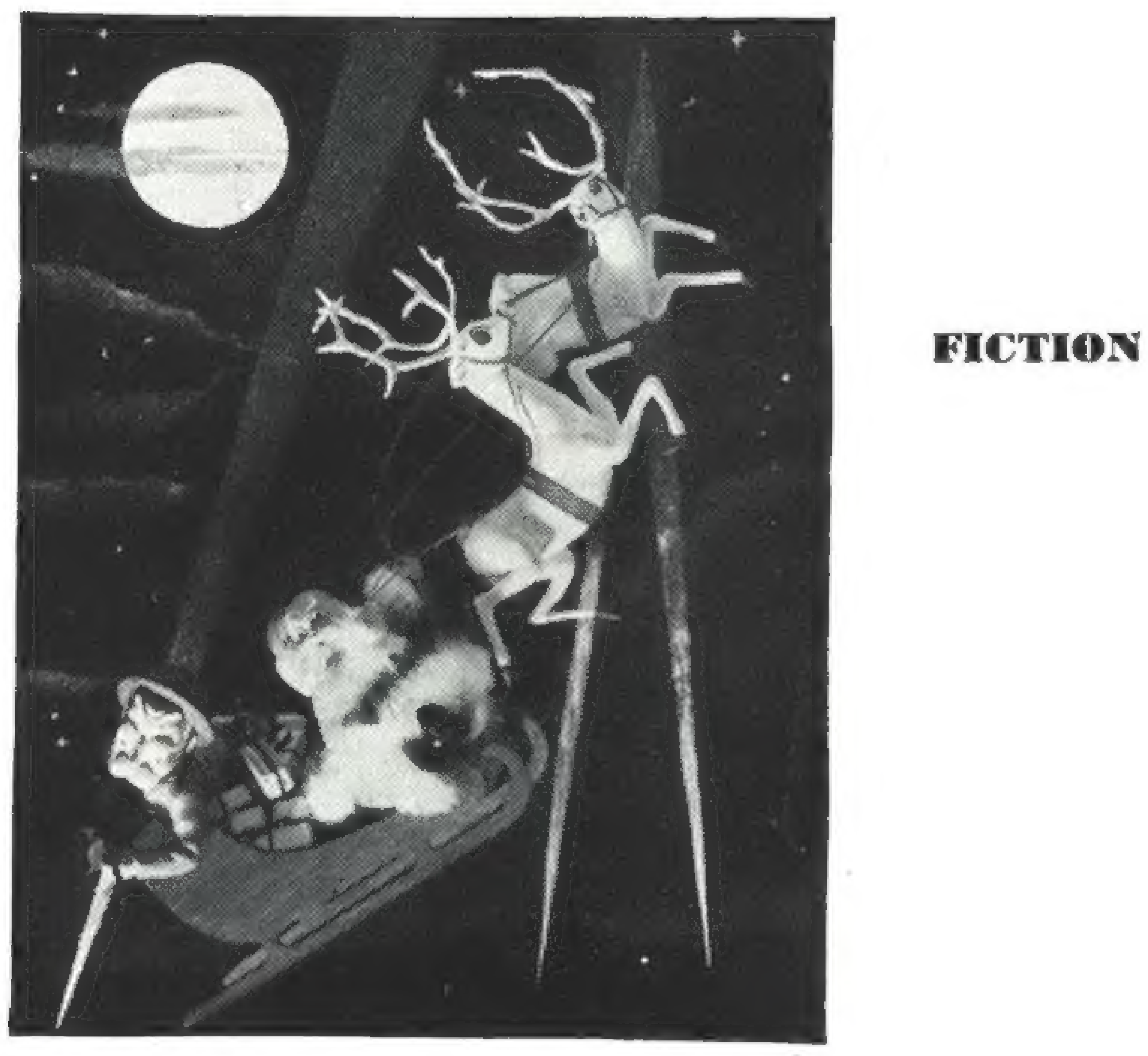

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ESQUIRE
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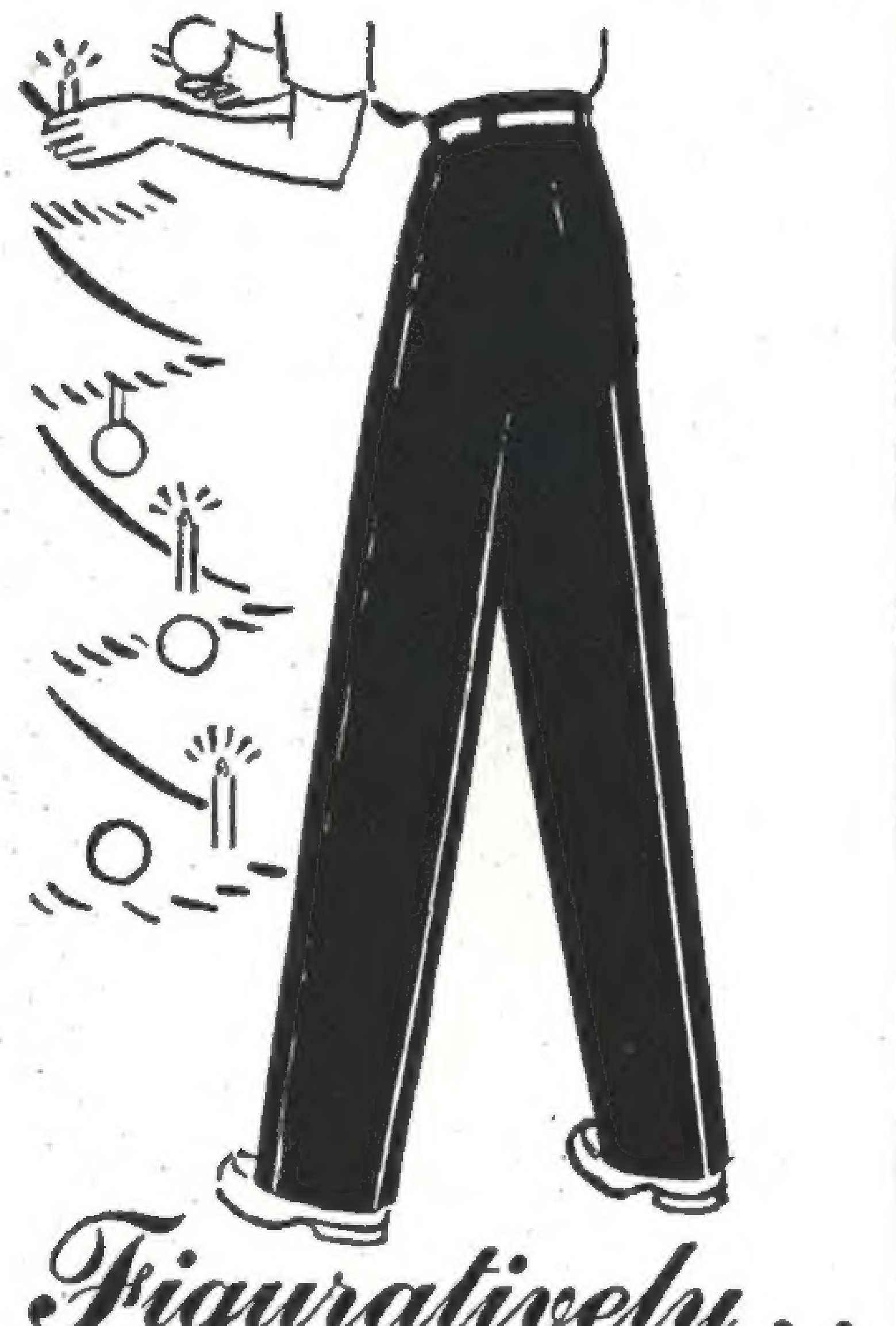

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COMPOSITE PICTURE. Send this to the newest recruit you know—he'll need it, no doubt. Packed and fitted in a neat tackle twill duffle bag are all the little helpful necessities; sewing kit, a case that contains soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, and shaving cream; a shoe brush and whisk broom—and inside the bag, not visible in the photograph, are innumerables like a metal mirror, nail file, comb, and shoe polish with a dauber. The bag can be stood up on its base and the sides folded down all around to make for easy access to all contents.

A TO IZZARD. A compendium such as this should make his Christmas away from home easier to take. Packed with due gaiety, and an eye towards military efficiency as well as leisure hours, are a practical writing kit covered with service cloth, a fitted dressing case, a leather snapshot case, a box of chocolate crackers, and six of the small paper-covered books—all detective yarns, and good ones. Besides which there is a steady-hand game and a pen set.

TIES THAT BIND. Solving the problem of how to get a good-sized photo of the beloved and a collection of smaller snapshots into the same folder is the leather one with room for a family of five. We also think highly of the pocket-sized writing case that makes no compromises to usefulness to justify its practical dimensions. On the one hand, it features a stamp pocket and a transparent window for a photograph or identification card. Behind is space for envelopes. Thin letter-size paper is folded into the midsection; unanswered letters go into the space back of it.

DUFFLE HOUSEKEEPING. We're not saying a word against the duffle bag. It's just that sometimes the article that's needed first is the one at the very bottom of the pile. These duffle bag fittings are intended to relieve the situation, and they do, besides making for neater packing. The larger section is meant to contain the bulkier items, work clothes and uniforms, for instance, and can be carried around on its own by means of its own handle. There are two drawstring bags; the medium size for shirts, socks, and underwear, the small one for toilet articles.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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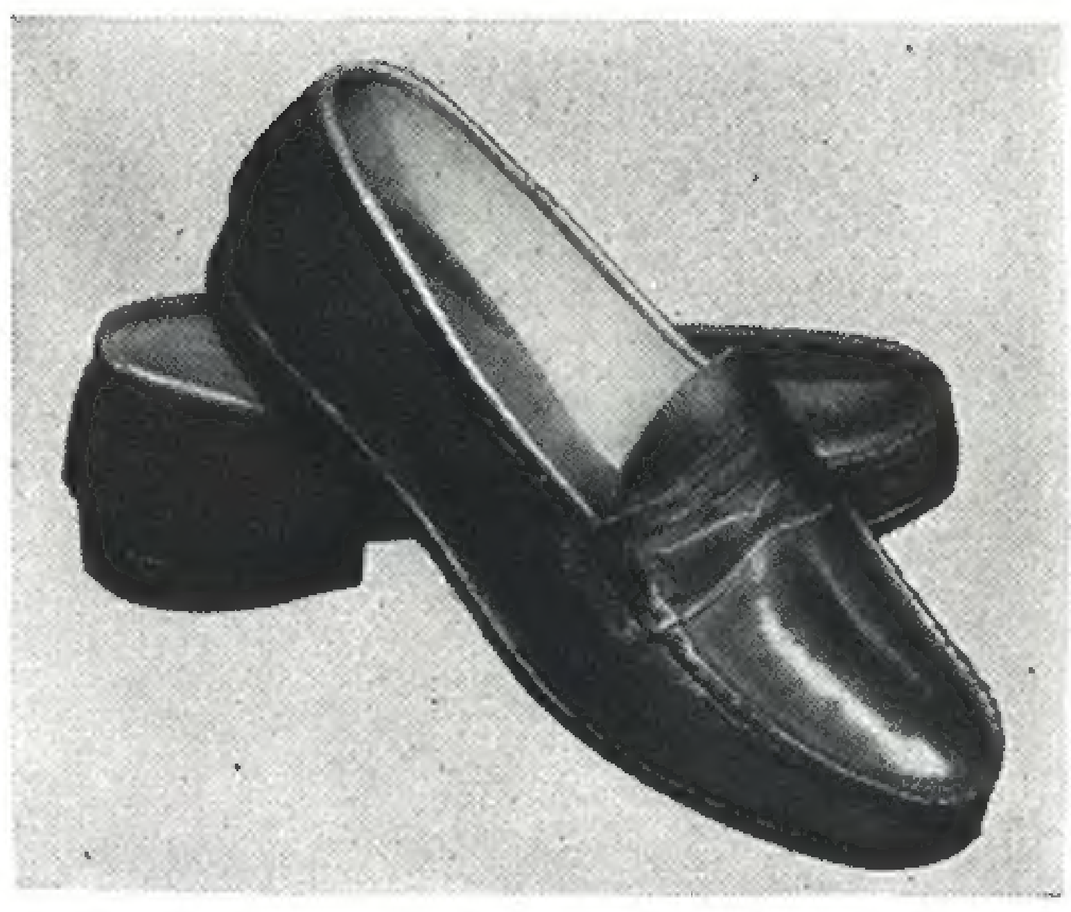

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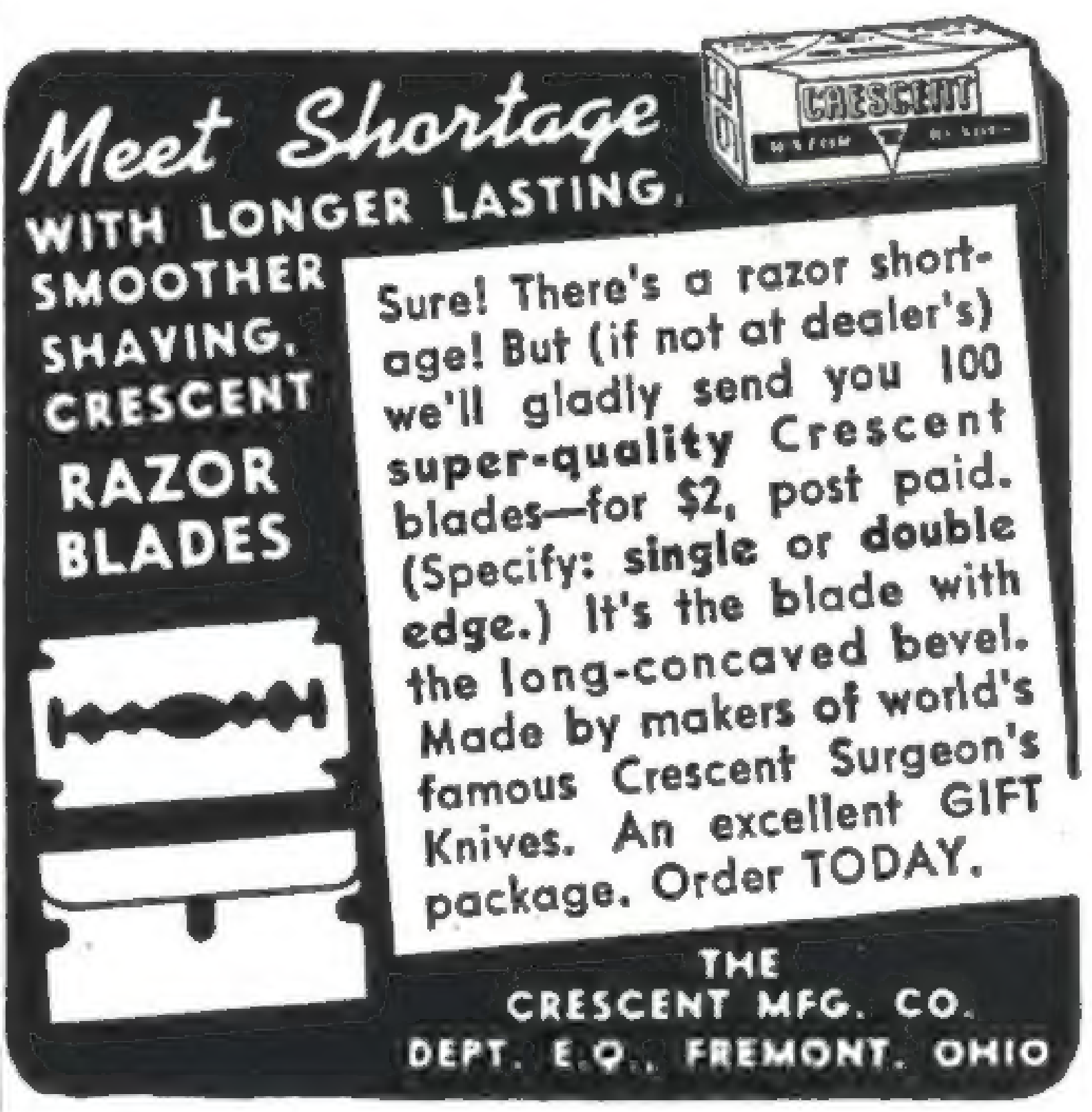

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THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

BY W. L. WHITE

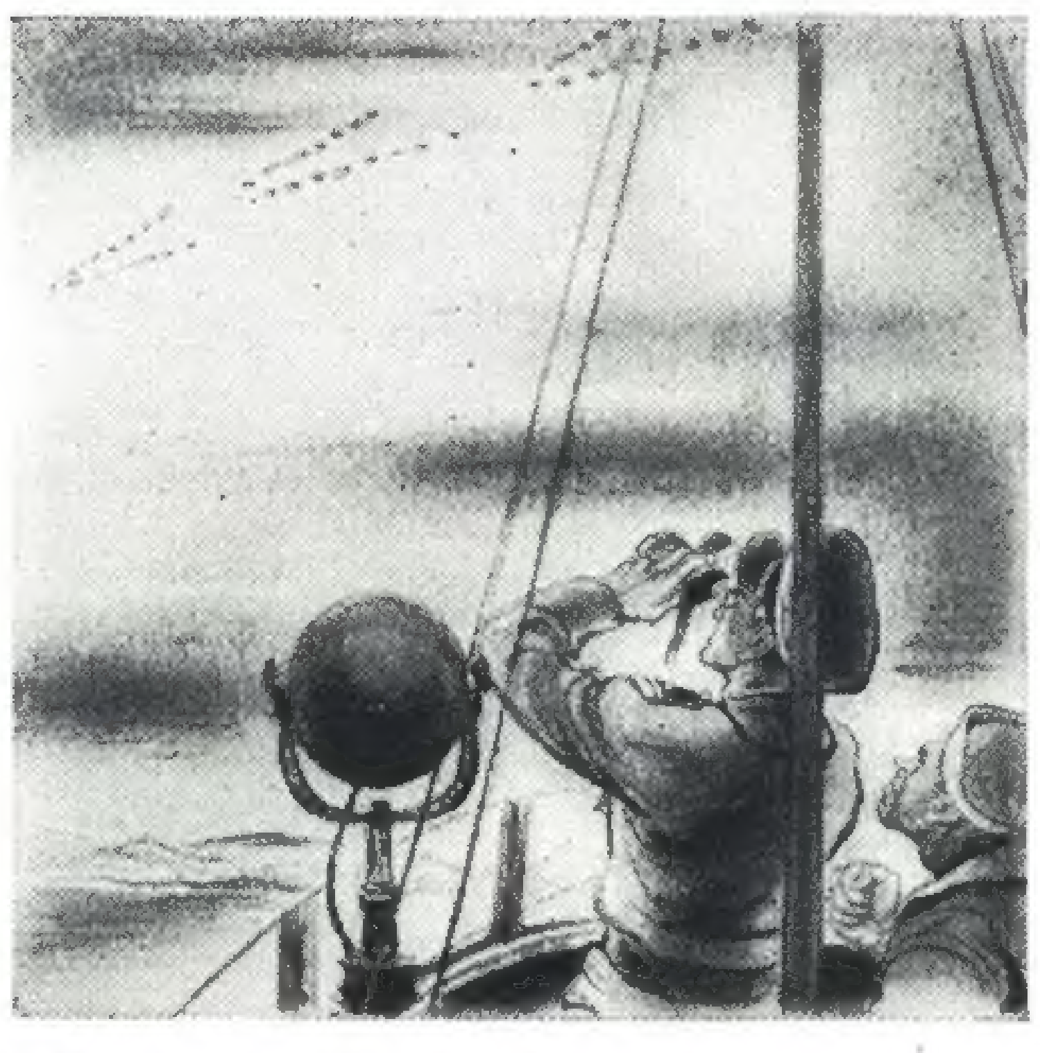
and

THE SEVENTH CROSS

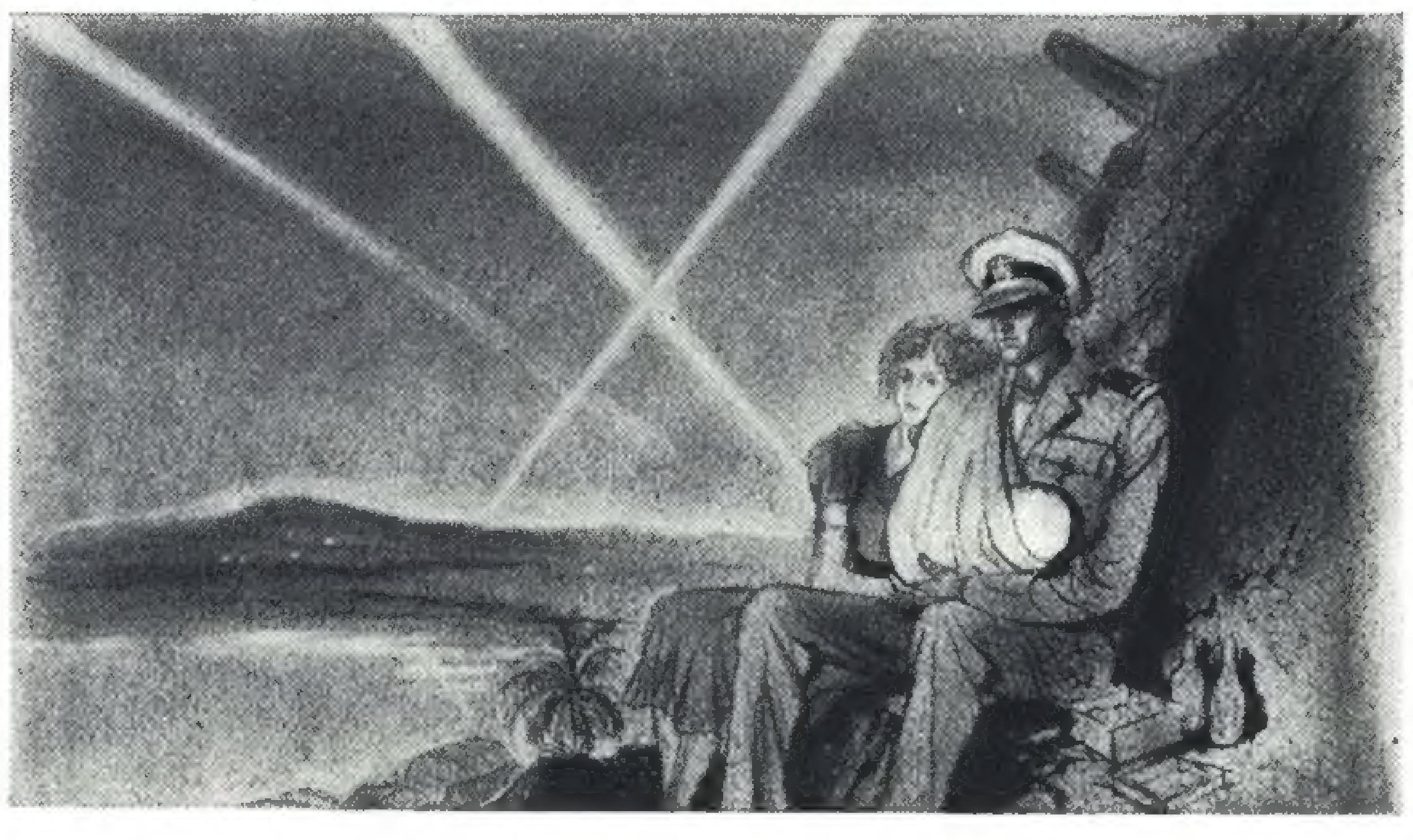
BY ANNA SEGHERS

FROM time to time the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club choose a double selection—two books offered to members at approximately the price of one. *They Were Expendable* has been hailed as the first great story to come out of the war—the tragic epic of the Philippines as told by four survivors of the heroic MTB Squadron 3. *The Seventh Cross* is a breathtaking novel of escape, "unlike anything that has come to us from a Europe under the shadow of darkness and fear." Our judges have introduced to American readers many of the most important European writers—Sigrid Undset with *Kristin Lavransdatter,* Arnold Zweig with *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* Felix Salten with *Bambi*—and many others. Anna Seghers surely belongs in this category. The two books together are being sold to Club members for $3.00.

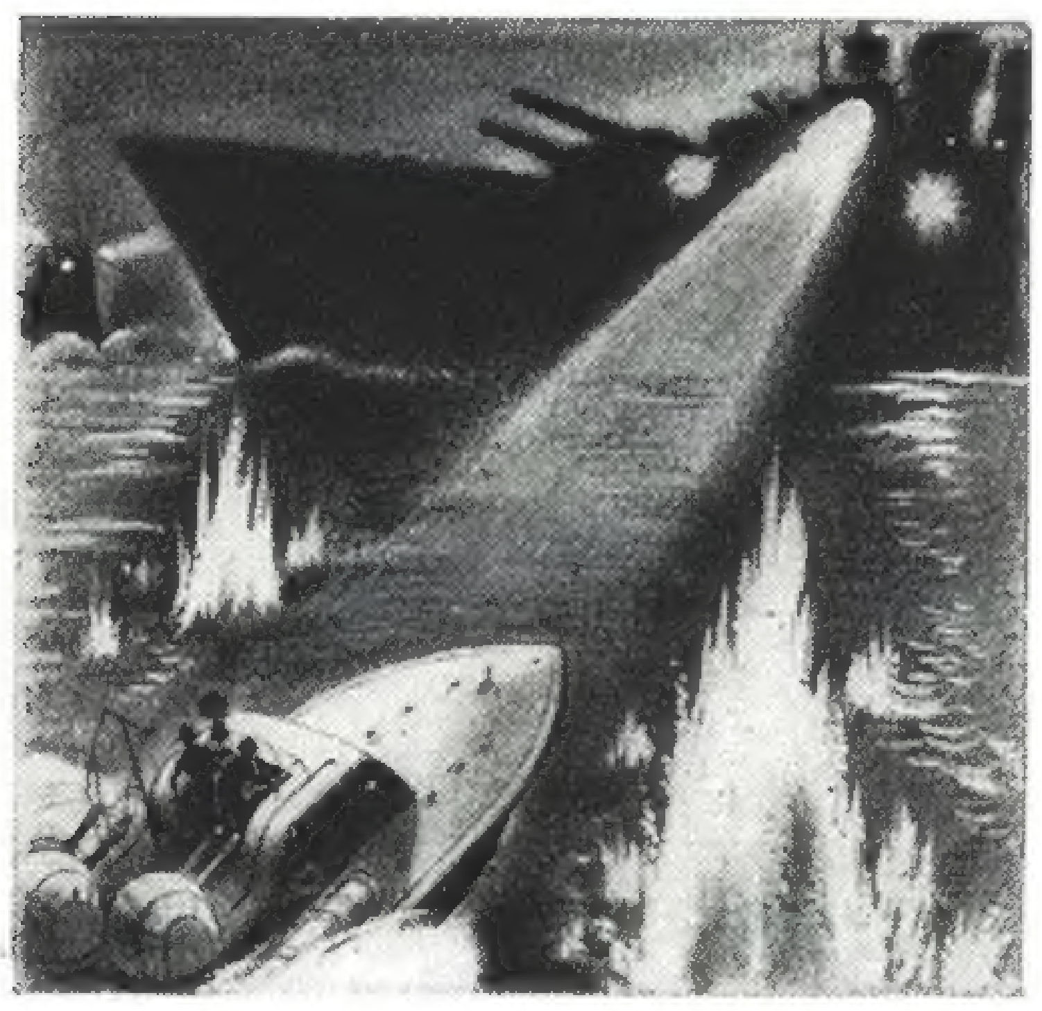
SQUADRON 3 consisted of six little boats —about a dozen men to a boat. Each boat was armed with four torpedo tubes, four 50 caliber machine guns. There isn't an ounce of armor steel on these boats—they're little eggshells made of plywood, powered by three Packard motors, designed to roar in, let fly a Sunday punch and zigzag out to dodge enemy fire. Yet between December 7th and the end of February they sank a hundred times their own combined tonnage in enemy warships. For every man in the combined crews, they had already probably killed ten Japanese. Their casualties to date were only one man, wounded. They were to lose more later, but the Japs were to pay at almost the same ratio.



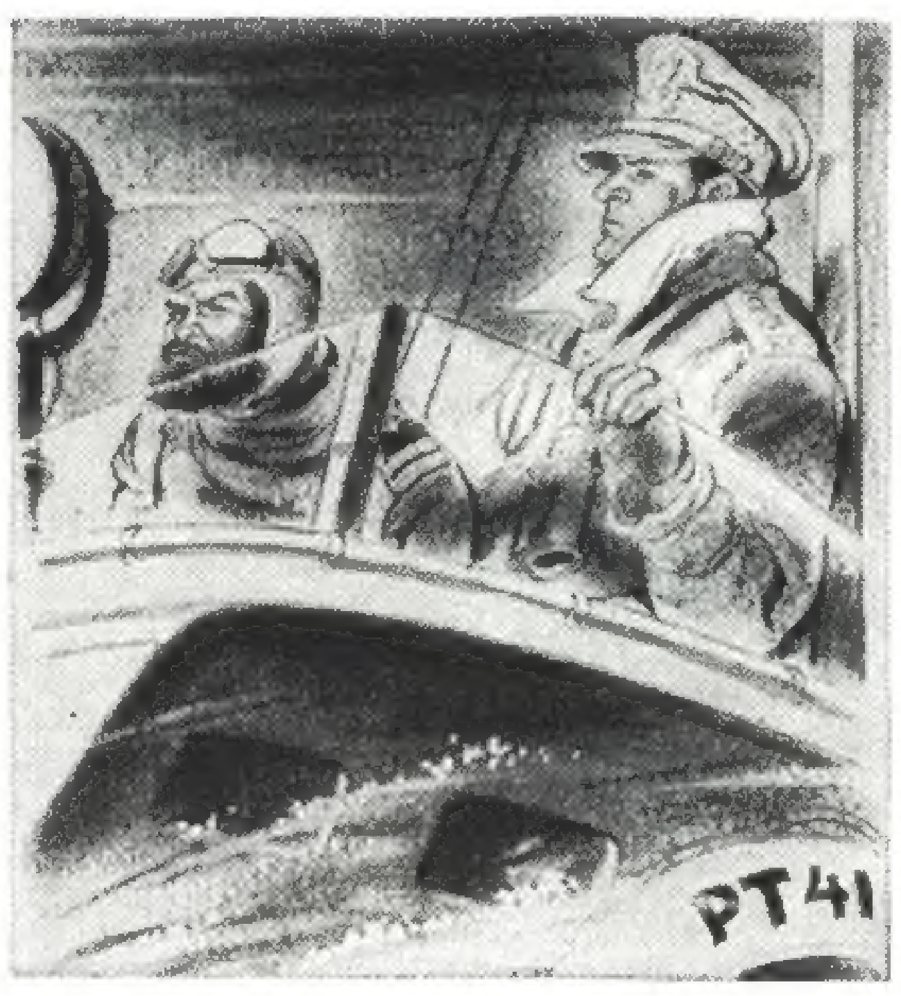
Suddenly five Jap bombers dive at the three torpedo boats commanded by Lt. Bulkeley. Bulkeley's men begin circling and twisting. They pick out a plane, pour 50 caliber slugs into it until it crashes. The 31 boat gets two more. After this the planes don't bother strafing MTB boats.



Kelly, the squadron's second in command, gets bad strep infection in his arm, and is ordered to army hospital on Corregidor, where his irrepressible high spirits make him a pet of the nurses. They call him their one-man morale officer. And when Peggy, with a choice of 10,999 men on the Rock, turns down a party and spends New Year's Eve with Kelly, sharing two apples and a box of marshmallows, it's the best New Year's Eve Kelly has ever had.



Bulkeley in PT41, Kelly in PT34 surprise a big Jap cruiser. Although caught in her searchlight and a continuous stream of fire, Kelly gets two direct hits. The cruiser's magazines explode, she soon sinks. Four destroyers now chase the PT boats but both finally get away, not without casualties.



Looking like a Spanish pirate, black-bearded Bulkeley commands the PT41 taking General MacArthur and his family from Corregidor. Without navigation instruments or chart they roar along at full speed through pitch blackness. Always there is the menace of lurking Jap destroyers and dive-bombers. Yet the mission is safely completed.

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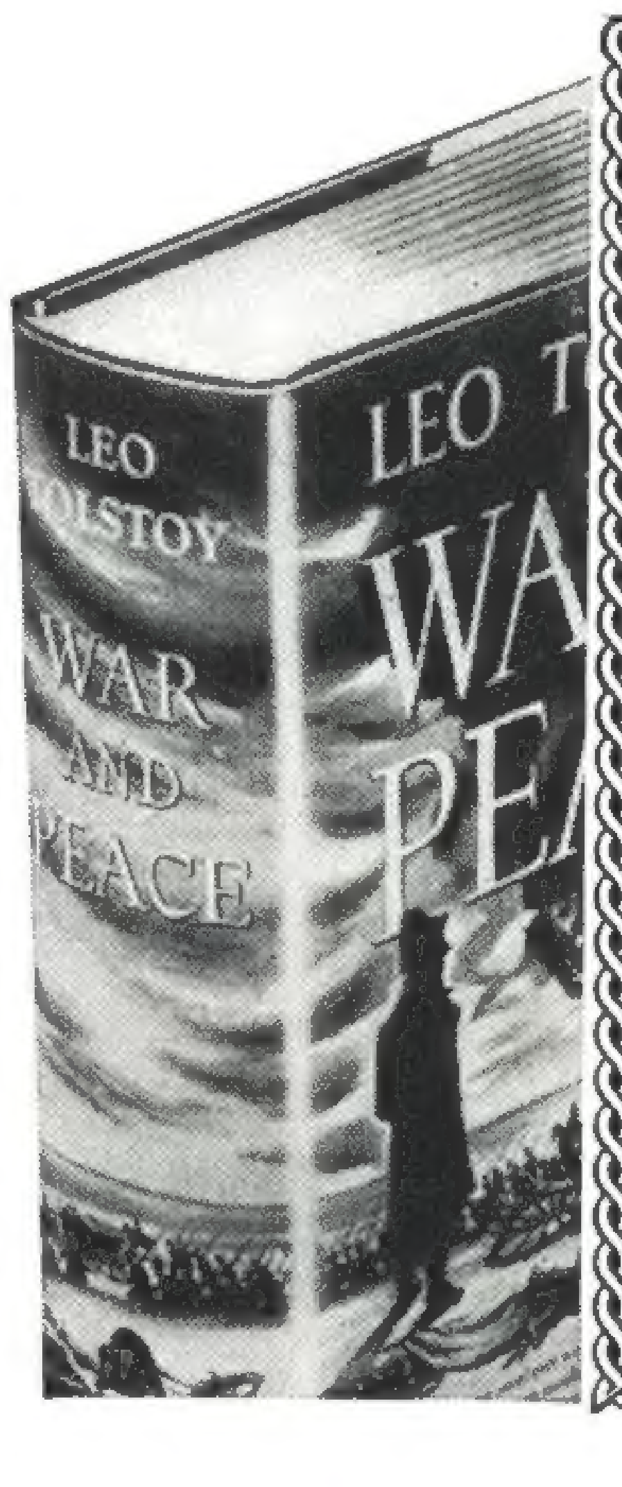

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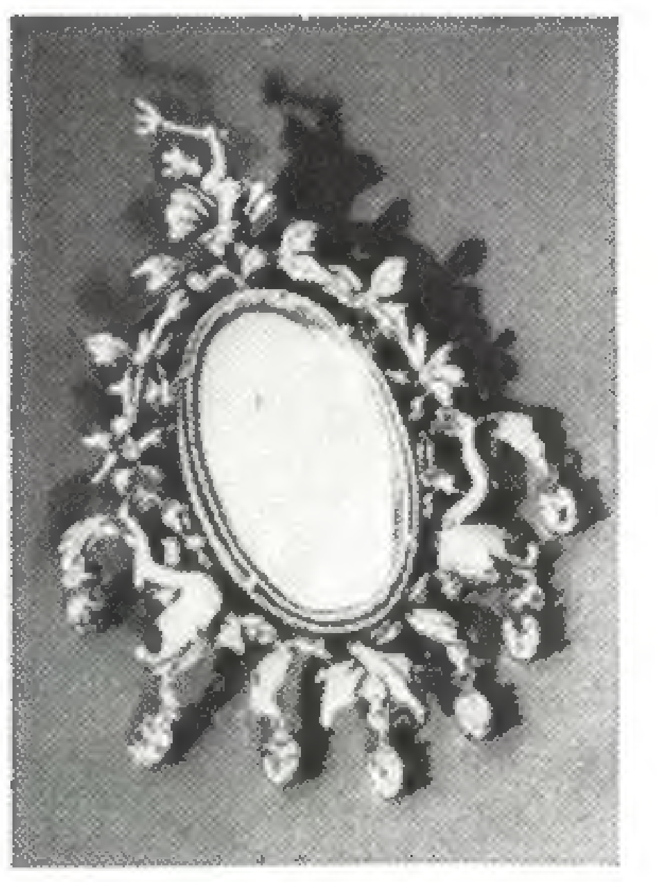
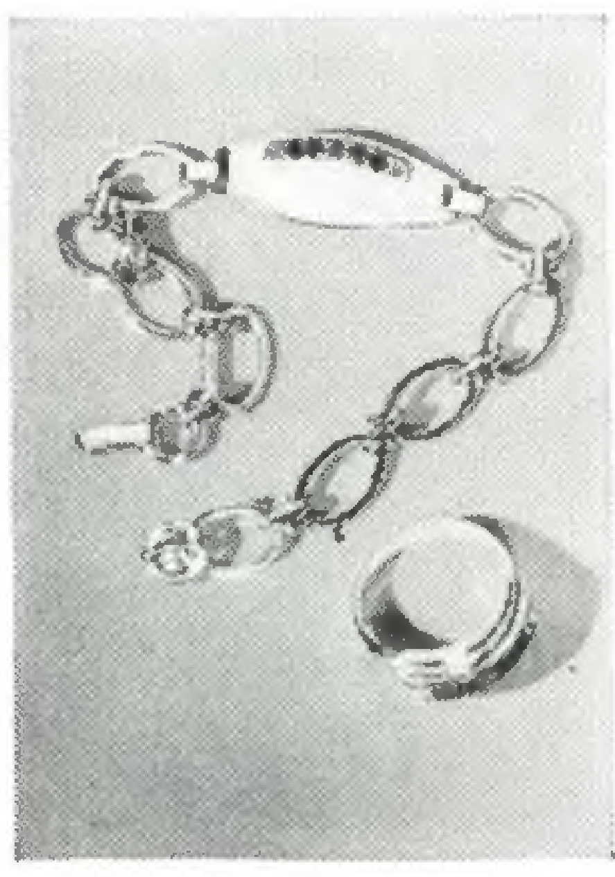
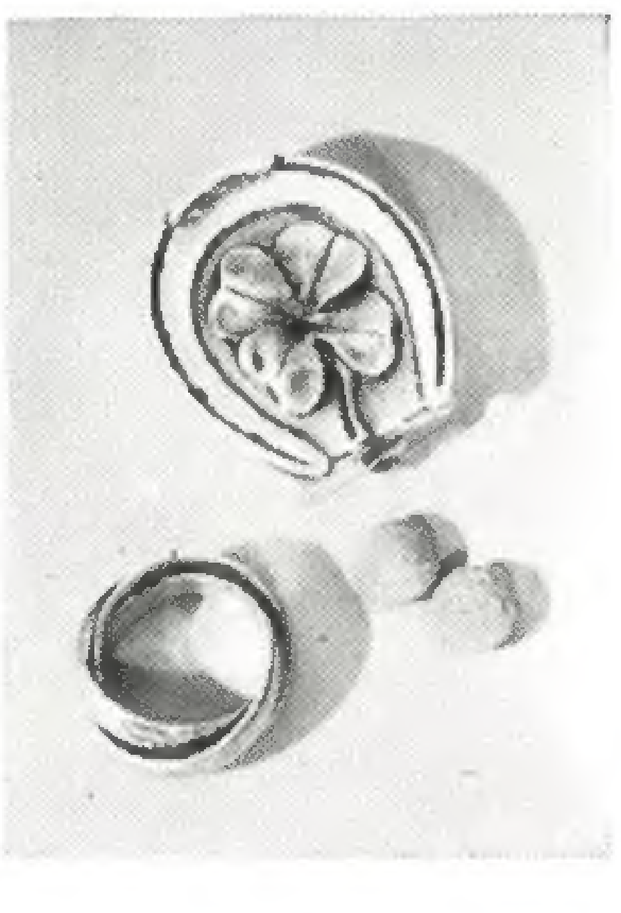
Talking Shop with Esquire



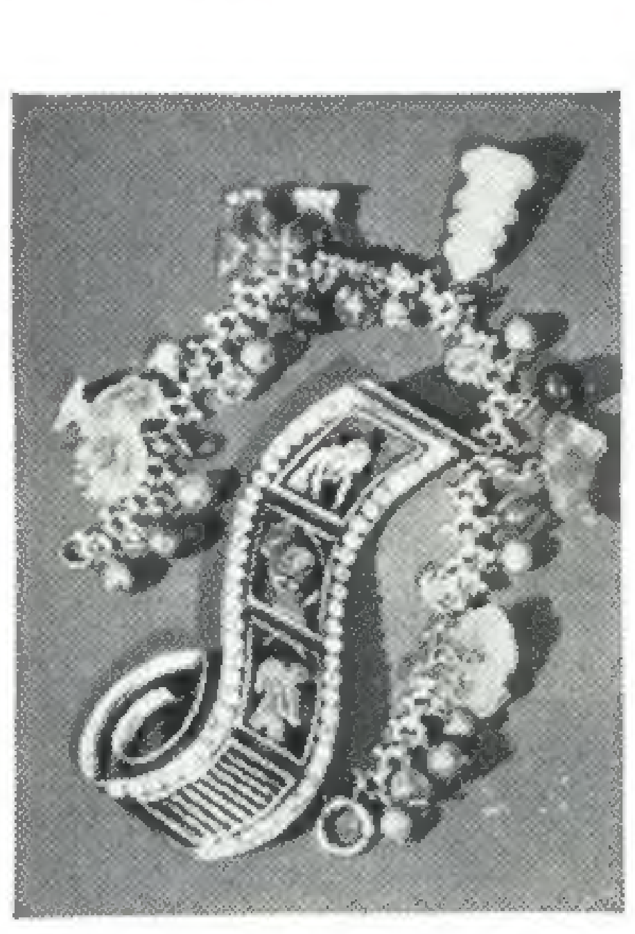
GLASS OF FASHION. Maybe she'll always remember this as the Christmas you gave her the mirror pin. Could be, at that, for it's designed to flatter the most highly-styled lapel. The small oval mirror (a real one) is framed in oxidized sterling silver filigree. Look closely and you will see that the decorative motif is Neptune with a brace of dolphins. The scene is heightened by dangling rose stones—modernism and antiquity in the same breath.



SAY IT IN GEMS. Either of these carries a fine sentiment, guaranteed to melt a heart of stone. Both the 14K identification bracelet and the cocktail ring are banded with a row of small genuine jewels, in this order: diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, and topaze. The initials of these gems spell out "Dearest." So don't give them to too many of your femme friends for Christmas. The bracelet can also be obtained with only the first four stones and still put the idea across. And the ring can do duty as an engagement or wedding ring.



HEALTH AND GOOD LUCK. Men take vitamin pills, too, and aspirin; but the pleasure of owning a pillbox is usually denied them because most are designed for the distaff side. So here's one for the male pill-downer; it's hand-made of heavy silver, in a horseshoe shape with a four-leafed clover in the center. Further along the lines of hex-warding-off, this time from Chile, is a conversation-making ring made of three separate bands of silver. The individual rings are respectively engraved with *Salud* (Health), *Amor* (Love), and *Dinero* (Money).

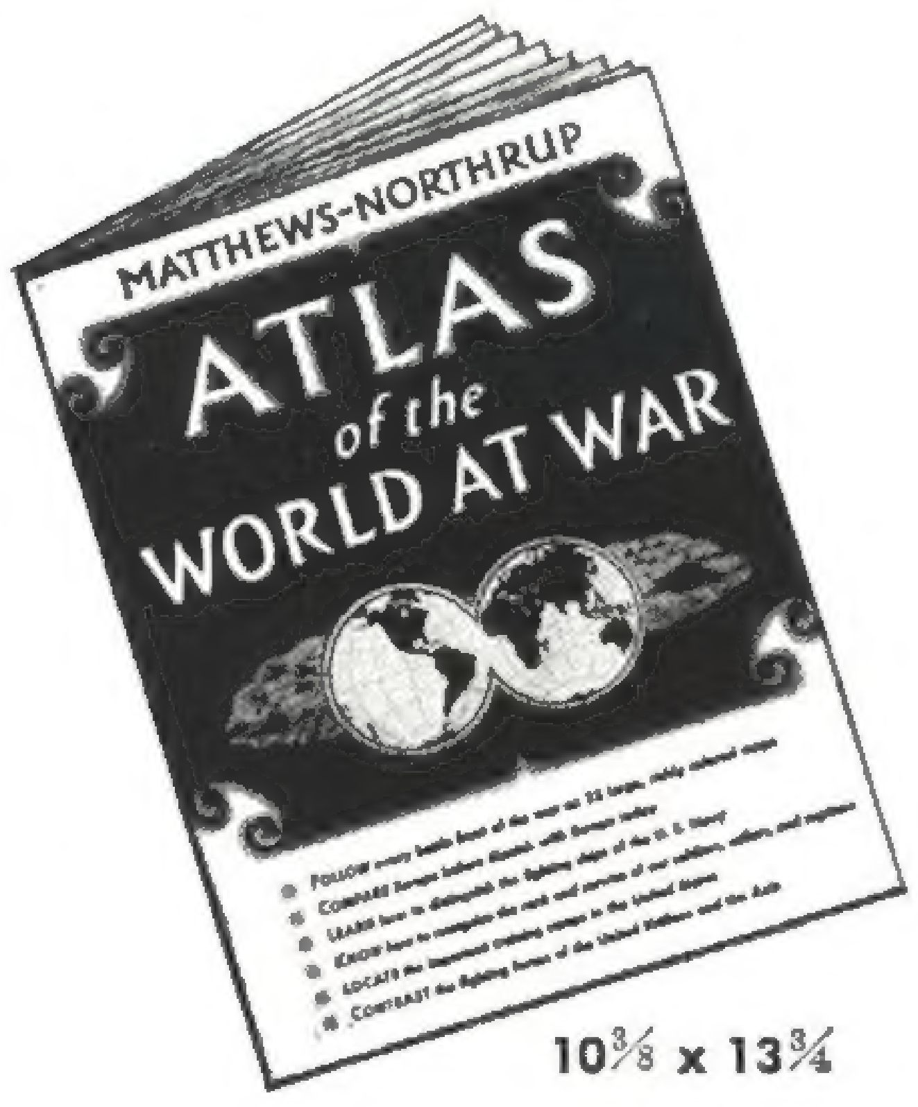


LOGICAL SEQUENCE. First, she watches out of the window to see if her soldier is arriving; second, she does up her hair again to kill time; third, the arrival, the clinch, and the fadeout. That's the story behind the lapel pin modeled after a section of movie film, only it's in silver, not celluloid . . . The well-dressed wrist will be wearing, if you'll be so kindly, a sterling silver chain bracelet appended with animal charms carved in colorful, semi-precious stones—amethysts, jade, and carnelian. There's a necklace to match.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS



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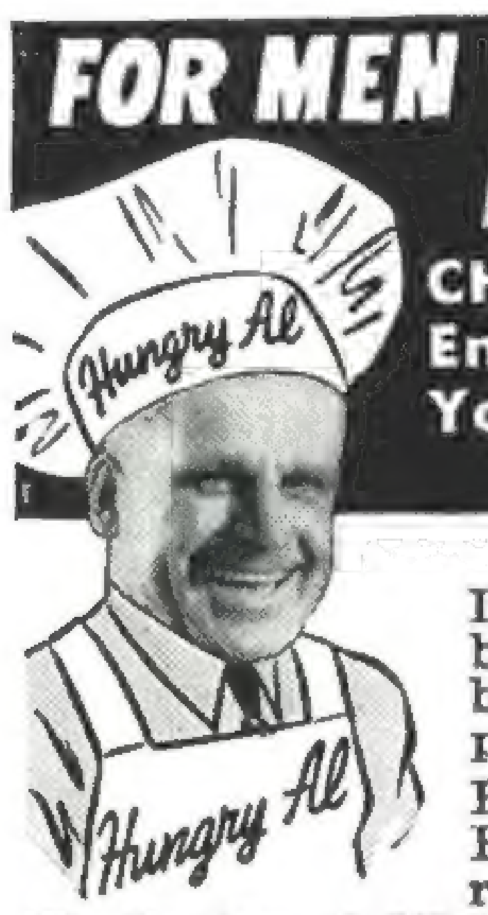

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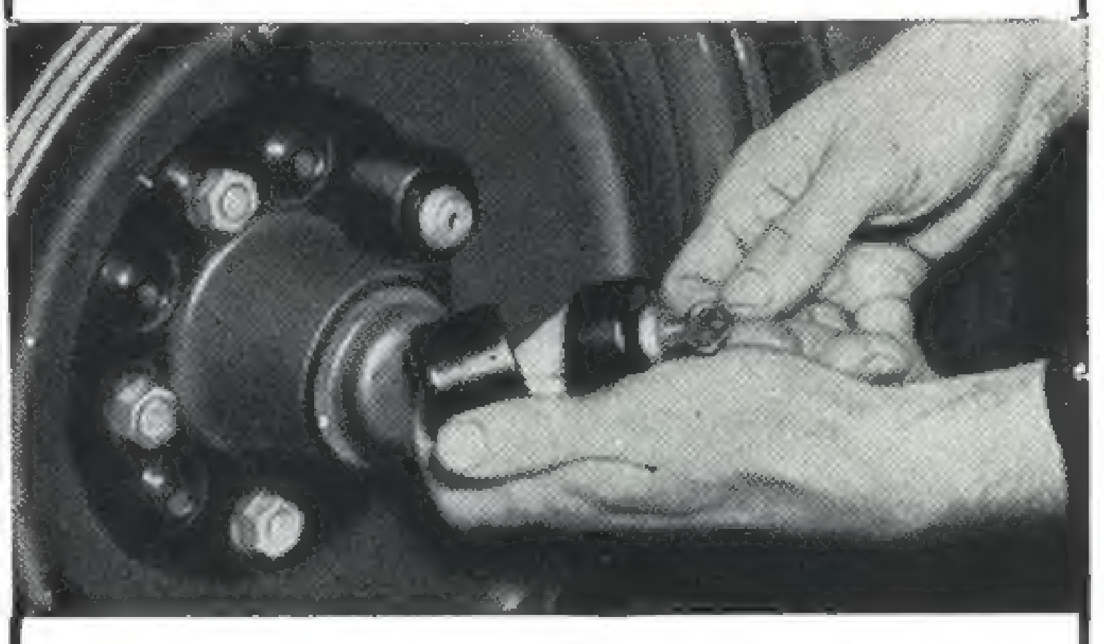

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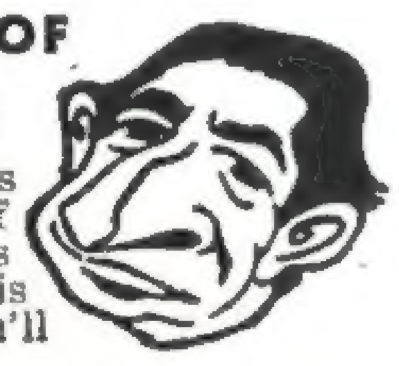

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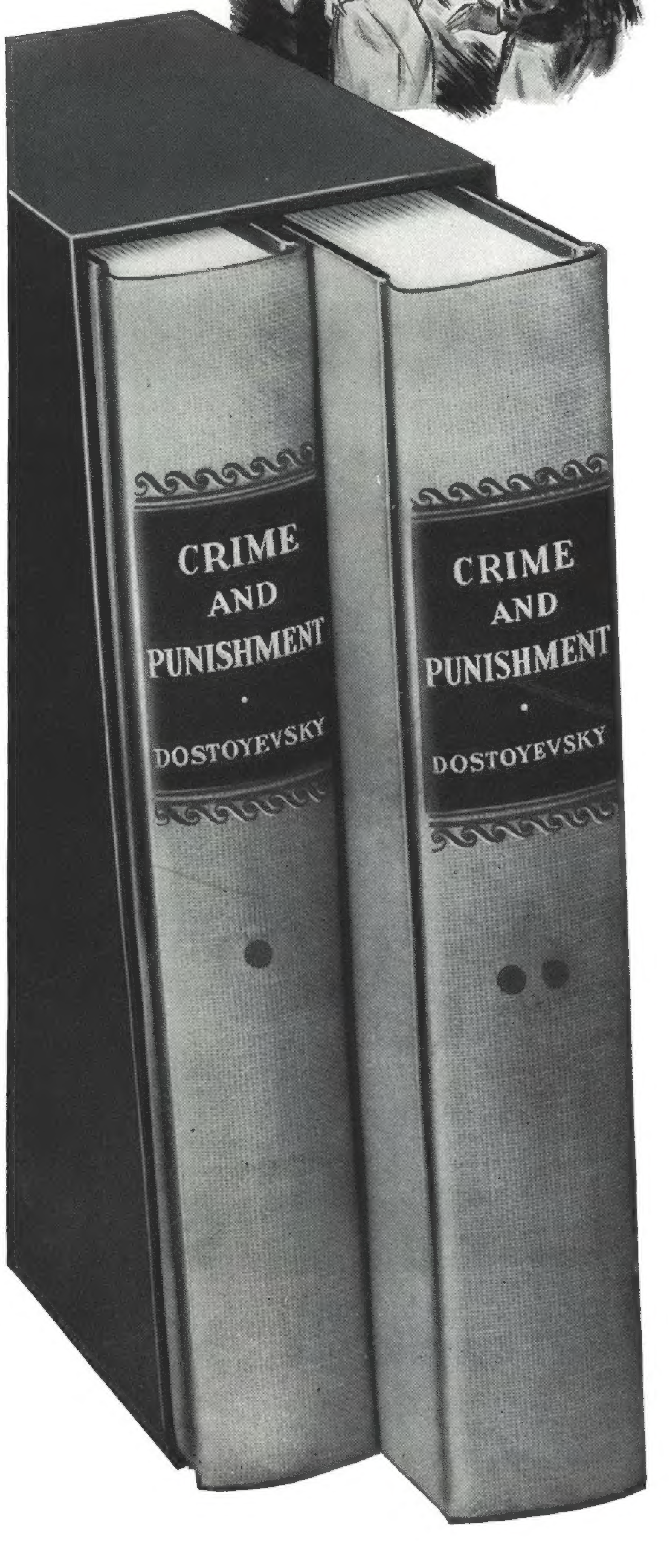
Sonia, in her thin, pitiful beauty . . . forced into a life of professional immorality . . . alone shared the secret of this brutal crime. Could it be tortured out of her—would she give it up to some other man?



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EDITORIAL: Seasonal Invitation to a Way of Sacrifice

AT THIS TIME last year, on this same page, we bade godspeed to last year's Christmas issue with a wistful note of wonder that seemed a bit too self-pitying at the time. For as that was written, two months before Pearl Harbor, we were already viewing with some alarm "the priorities situation, with its consequent temporary shortages of certain raw materials," and complaining that it had "knocked a number of scheduled advertisers out of our pages."

(On the page opposite this one, in last year's Christmas issue, was an automobile advertisement. But neither you nor we saw anything at all strange about that. For neither you nor we had seen anything yet, in the way of wartime sacrifice, on the October day when this page of this issue went to press last year.)

Still, we bade that issue goodbye by saying that "in such times one cannot help but wonder whether one will ever again see such another." And we asked ourselves such questions as: "By the time another Christmas issue comes around, will the glitter of metallic ink still lend a festive grace note to its cover?" And, we wondered, would there be enough paper and inks to go around, and would such supplies be plentiful enough to permit us to indulge again in such expansive editorial gestures as always characterize our Christmas issues?

* * *

Well, our wondering questions might better have been asked this year than last. We have a bad habit, it seems, of asking our wide-eyed questions anywhere from one to five years too soon. That was true in the time of the siege of Madrid, and the outbreak of the China Incident, and the Anschluss, and the meeting in Munich, and even last year when we wondered, rather naïvely, about certain "temporary" shortages.

In our innocence we assumed that, the minute war came, everything would go onto a war footing. Accordingly, right after Pearl Harbor, we scaled down our paper usage on an over-all tonnage basis, figuring thus to compensate, from a conservation standpoint, for our rising circulation. At that moment, all our mills were crying Wolf about the imminent and awful paper shortages then "plainly in sight." We assumed that, in making our own move, we would only be in step with everybody else, among all the magazines with large-scale requirements.

Our consternation was equalled only by our chagrin when, as long as seven full months after Pearl Harbor, we saw advertisements loudly proclaiming that there was, had been and would be, no paper shortage of any kind whatsoever.

So we turned around and planned the biggest blooming Christmas issue we could imagine—and this is it. Through the back of our minds went some half-remembered lines from Julian Grenfell, an English soldier poet of the last war, something to the effect of:

"The blackbird sings to him, Brother, Brother,
"If this be the last song you shall sing,
"Sing well, for you may not sing another,
"Sing, Brother, sing!"

So we sang our heads off, for over three hundred pages, and piled the package high with extra reader dividends, such as the scads of old sporting prints, the Dali gatefold painting, the bevy of Hurrell beauties, etc., etc.—and, Brother, we certainly hope that you enjoy it.

While we were at it, we planned our second Holiday Number, too, the one that nominally is still known as our January issue, though it appears on December fourth—and we gave that one the works, with the same full dosage of the Holiday spirit.

Brother, you'd better enjoy that one, too. Because, now, just about ten months to the day since Pearl Harbor, the questions that we raised on this page a year ago seem to be coming up generally, but good.

* * *

Just a couple of weeks ago (mid-September, 1942) the WPB sent out to publishers, "in full, for their information," a copy of a speech made by E. W. Palmer, Deputy Chief of its Printing and Publishing Branch.

"Time and again," he said, "it has been stated that the Printing and Publishing sector of the industrial fabric of the nation has, up to now, hardly felt the hand of war necessity. *True, but not so from now on out.*"

The italics are ours, not Mr. Palmer's, or the War Production Board's, though they might well have been, for Mr. Palmer went on to say, among other things equally arresting, that: "Every publisher and printer, regardless of the type of publication or product involved, *can* and *should* start immediately to plan and institute the utmost conservation and curtailment in the consumption of paper and of the many other materials employed by this industry in the production of its endless variety of products."

And *that* time, the italics are by Mr. Palmer and the WPB. For they now foresee that

> "through the next few months, the magazine publishers will face the necessity for tonnage reduction in paper stocks;" and they now report that "Much concern has been evinced in conservation quarters over the continued lavish use of multi-color illustrations in supplements to newspapers, in comic strips and books, in magazines and books, and in the myriad of commercial printed products. Publishers would do well to institute immediate curtailment of new uses of multi-color printing in publications, particularly the employment of lavish bleed-type illustrations, and the also extravagant expanse of color so prevalent in magazines, books and commercial advertising today. Unless there is immediate and generous conservation throughout the industry there can be but one result; the copper and zinc needed for the war industries must be had; therefore the alternative to self-curtailment can be but one step on the part of the War Production Board—a mandatory order restricting the employment of more than one-color printing on a really drastic basis—it is a serious question today, and it may well be too late to effectuate sufficient curtailment on a voluntary basis to preclude the necessity for a controlling order being issued rather promptly."

That's tough talk, in any language. Of course, tough talk is the *only* commodity on which this nation has never once lagged, even momentarily, behind its timetable for all ten of these long months since Pearl Harbor. But we would like to believe that it *can* and *should* be taken literally by every publisher and printer in the country. For our part, we shall immediately move in the indicated direction with our first affectable issue, that for February. And we shall do so without indulging in any of our usual exhaustive harangues to the tune of Told You So. But we shall probably be unable to restrain ourselves from remarking that we hope that this time, in trying to practice voluntary curtailment, we shall not feel that we are again wandering, as another English poet so well said, Lonely as a Cloud.

* * *

Normally, we would feel that such considerations as the foregoing were out of tune with an appropriate salute to the Season which this issue celebrates. But for our second war Christmas, they seem to us to be highly appropriate.

Most of us, each in his own little world of little men, in fact the overwhelming majority of us, have gone through ten months of war, at this writing, without being called upon to make any sacrifice even remotely comparable to that exacted of the vast majority of the plain people in the nations with which we are united in this war. (The sole exception, to date, is that comparative handful of "expendables" who fought at Bataan and Corregidor, and a most honorable exception it is.) The rest of us, at least on what we have so far meaninglessly termed our "home front," have not up until now been exposed to any actual ordeal worse than that of being told, every hour on the hour for months on end, that we are "complacent."

The curtailments that we have all undergone since this war are laughable when compared to those experienced by the British, the Chinese and the Russians. All our sacrifices to date have been simply the abandonment of indulgences. (In that same speech, distributed by the WPB, Mr. Palmer mentioned that "British periodicals are currently on an allocation of 19½% of 1939 paper consumption, if that offers any idea of what a drastic curtailment might mean.")

But ours is a Christian nation, and the only one left in the world that is celebrating this 1942nd season in a relatively normal manner. And sacrifice is a Christian virtue, as inherent as, say, forgiveness. So the only way we can go through a reasonable semblance of our normal routine of gift-giving and partying at this holiday season, and still look ourselves squarely in the eye afterward, is by a conscious effort to include a touch of this virtue in our celebration of the season this year.

Most of us have never rendered more than the merest lip-service to the tenet that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But this year is the time of times to make it an active part of our own Christmas activities.

This issue of this magazine is chock-a-block with useful, practical, smart, different, individual gift suggestions. That's all to the good—be glad that you can still give and get these individual gifts this year, in exchange with those whom you always normally remember at Christmas time. But don't stop there. After you've done your shopping for gifts for everybody on your list, and just when you feel that you've spent every last cent you can afford to spend—then's the time to get a taste, just a tiny sort of "laboratory sample" taste, of the feeling of sacrifice. For that's the moment to give something that is indeed both more pleasant *and* blessed to give than to receive—a generous sum for war relief.

Give again to your favorite one, even if you've felt that you've already given it all you could conveniently spare. Give it as "conscience money," if you like. Or any way that will best satisfy your own inner realization that this is something that you, as a warm and well-fed American, owe to your fellow man, Greek, Chinese, Russian, British, Dutch, for having put in one hell of a year carrying on your fight while you were getting organized to do your own part next year.

Do it now, and whatever happens, to you and the rest of us, in the year ahead, you'll feel better whenever you remember your "last Christmas," that almost-normal, maybe much too-normal, Christmas of '42.

* * *

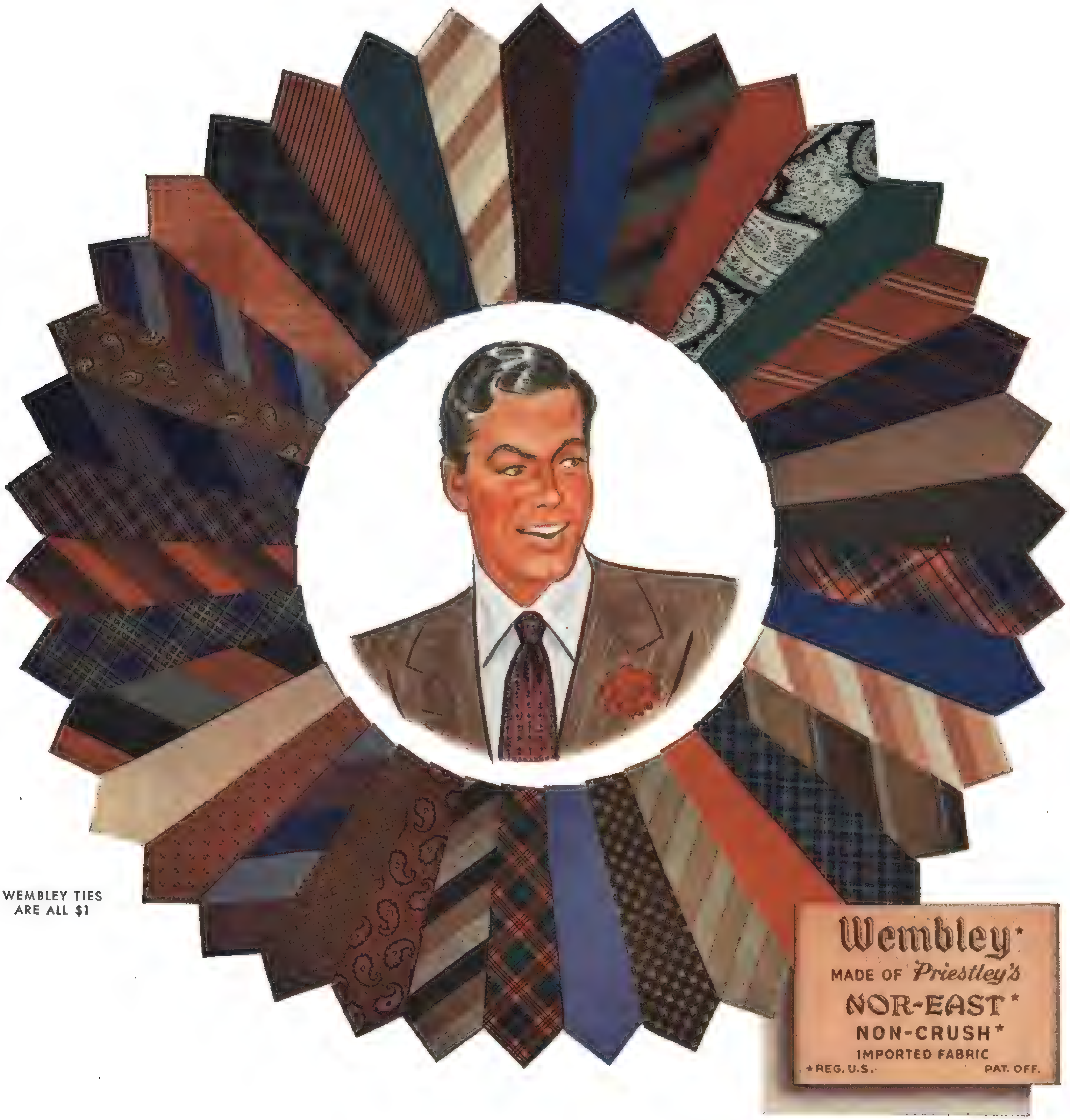
Give to any of the various war relief societies that you have not already given all you could. Last spring, when we ventured to use this space on behalf of China Relief, you responded very well. So now, if you want our suggestion again, we'll simply say that we can't think of a finer gift to add to your shopping list than this one, which we have nowhere seen better described than this way in *The New York Times;*

> "The Russians need our help. They hope for it. They ask it. But they are not petitioners begging for it. Nor can we without hypocrisy pose as lords bountiful when we give it. The Russian nation is paying in blood and agony far more than we can ever repay in goods . . . Our private aid, for which the Russian War Relief Committee now asks, is measured in today's small change of millions of dollars, but it carries with it, as no lease-lend shipments can, assurance of a friendship that overleaps the barriers of political and economic systems. We do not endorse a theory of Communism when we give to the Russians. We endorse the spirit of a great people . . . They deserve our applause. The Russian War Relief campaign gives us a chance to applaud with gifts that . . . will help save useful lives; but, beyond this, with a new demonstration of fellowship from the individual American to the individual Russian. And let us not be deceived: there will be individual Russians and not merely a Russian Government whose hearts we can fill with new hope. This is, now, for each of us, our second front."

If you want to open a personal second front to your own individual Christmas, as a token of sacrifice, then send a check made out to Russian War Relief, Inc., direct to their headquarters at 11 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y. Or, if you mislay that address, you can send it in care of this magazine.

God rest you, gentlemen, thoughtful and thankful, this Christmas, if not exactly merry.

38 Styles to Make a Man Smile....(give Wembley Nor-East *Non-Crush* Ties!)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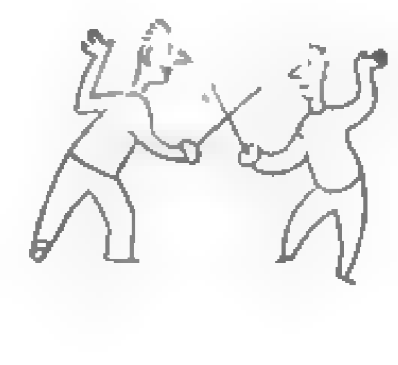
TWIST IT!
KNOT IT!
NOT A WRINKLE!

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

POINT, COUNTERPOINT

I

In Frederic A. Birmingham's article (p. 85) I notice the following quotation: "the above title undoubtedly calls for a few haughty sniffs and a barrage of General Jackson's choicer oaths." If the writer is referring to General "Stonewall" Jackson of the C.S.A., I would like to say that General Jackson was never known to swear, and often reprimanded others for doing so in his presence. He was perhaps one of the most religious men in our history.



A fine issue, just the same.

Jim Webb

Texarkana, Texas

II

As an admirer of Stonewall Jackson, did you ever hear about the time he was his own jockey, and lost the race besides?

That was down in Greasy Cove, and there was plenty of money on the race, too. Jackson ran a good race—but he was peeved at losing. In fact, he said so in such a tornado of swearing at the winner that even Southern commentators admitted that his profanity was audible in the two adjoining states. At least it set the neighboring deer and bears scampering. I will not go so far as to say they covered their ears with hoof or paw as they scampered, but Stonewall had a strong mind, and he was speaking it.

I think that his personal history, and even his writings, authenticate the statement that he could turn a strong phrase quite handily when the situation seemed to merit it. There is no record of his exact words upon the occasion, but I will wager that his vocabulary and his religious convictions staged quite a struggle when a certain brash youth once accosted President Jackson with the avowed intention of tweaking his nose.

A fine gentleman, just the same.

Sincerely,

Frederic A. Birmingham

AN ENSIGN LOOKS AT LIFE AND LOCKS

I have just been perusing the October issue and stopped to read Ed Woodhead's article on analysing prospective brides—for no good reason, since crystal gazers say I am a bachelor for life.

May I call to your attention a hideous error in his scoring? Under heading of "Beauty" he gives "Hair" 3 points. Okay. Then he says—striking hair equals 3, ordinary, good-looking hair equals 2, mousy equals 1, and if bald, give her zero. Is this guy analysing qualitatively or quantitatively? Brides should be rated qualitatively, for few men are known to chase circuses around in order to court the 500 pounders!

Say the gal rates pretty high—above 400. That means "go ahead and propose." If she is bald, we've only denied her 3 points, and it isn't taken care of under "Deductions." Gad! Imagine a bald wife! Would Mr. Woodhead marry his 485-point girl if she were bald, thus giving her a "positively propose!" score of 482?

This baldness proposition is particularly antagonizing to me right now, for tomorrow my own dome is to be clean-shaven in preparation for a head operation. (*No wonder!* you exclaim). My present pastime, aside from Esquire's pretty girls, is lying in bed here at the Mare Island Naval Hospital and taking occasional glances at the mirror on my starboard hand (when lying on my stern), attempting to memorize what I look like with hair for encouraging thoughts during my recuperative period.

Ed Woodhead was mistaken again in *Backstage* when he spoke of his native Florida oranges as "finest in the world." That is obviously prejudice. Our California oranges are easily the world's best.

But let's not rate Mr. Woodhead too low, for he is at last correct when he speaks of Spokane girls. I know a few myself who would probably score high (if I knew them *well* enough). None of them are bald.

Sincerely,

Ens. Paul Conolley

Mare Island, Calif.

CROWDING ON THE SAROYAN BENCH

I should like to congratulate you on one of the finest pieces of English prose it has ever been my pleasure to read: Robert J. Kuhn's "The Atavism of Ralph Piscatore," in the October issue of Esquire.

It is my considered opinion that this tale ranks among the great short stories of the world and will live through the ages. Those closing paragraphs, to choose at random, show all the incisive yet subtle sarcasm, the narrative power and the sonorous prose-style of a master. The death-agony of Piscatore is a thing of violent beauty. I shall save this story and re-read it often. Indeed, gentlemen, in my opinion you have found in Robert J. Kuhn not only a "Discovery of the Month," but the brightest light on the horizon of American letters. You may quote me.

Sincerely yours,

Robert J. Kuhn

New York, N. Y.

GUBERNATORIAL EXEGESIS

You might advise Mr. Paul W. Kearney, author of "Return of the Minute Men" in your October issue, that Maryland's Governor spells his name with only one "n." In other words, "O'Conor" rather than "O'Connor."

Sincerely,

E. Luise Shawn

Executive Department
Annapolis, Maryland

FREE IDEA FOR HOLLYWOOD

Why haven't we had many more articles like the one written by Ben Hecht in the October issue. This is the type of writing which makes one sit up, as after a long sleep, and realize just what characteristics some of his neighbors possess.

After much wailing and gnashing of teeth at the comic antics of some of the world's politicians, one may well sympathize with this most penetrating and discerning article. If our leaders expect a full hearted war effort from us, asking us to completely sacrifice every unnecessary pastime, then why don't they take a little of their own preaching to heart.

Maybe I'm wrong, but I somehow smell in Mr. Hecht's piece a wonderful idea for a motion picture. Why not? And what wonderful propaganda for this plan.

Sincerely,

Lloyd Brown

Toronto, Ont., Can.

FOND FAREWELL

I'm extremely sorry to say that this is a letter of farewell—and gratitude. I've been a subscriber now for seven years, and I had hoped that this most pleasant association would not have ended at a time when your gaiety, colour and brilliance were never more appreciated. But I'm not allowed to send you any money, so I fear it's the end till after the war.

I was an Air Raid Warden in London during the winter of 1940-1, and am now in the R. A. F. in the wilds of Scotland and I'd like to say "thank you" on behalf of them, and many others, for all the grand entertainment you've given us during somewhat trying times.

The place at which I'm stationed now is mostly mountains and black-faced sheep, but we see the Navy too on occasion, and that is always an occasion for "Esquire." I don't suppose the old boy has been fêted by so many and with such enthusiasm in his life before.

Again my most sincere thanks and

Au revoir,

London, EC3, Eng. D. M.
(Pilot Officer, R. A. F.)

DID TRADITIONAL PANOPLY EVER WIN A WAR?

Anent your October drumbeat for Seversky and Ziff:

There are probably a great number of more or less non-vocal citizens who like myself are not carried away by the accolades for Seversky. Let it be said also that our imperturbability is not due to lack of interest, for there are many among us who had "expendables" in the Philippines.

The function of our military academies is to educate and train selected men in the art of war so that the defense of our country might be left in capable hands. The degree to which they discharge this great responsibility is only commensurate to our interest and participation in the democratic processes which create them. They are a reflection of ourselves, and to condemn our handiwork is to condemn ourselves.

In my judgment the biggest drawback to a successful prosecution of the war is the Monday morning quarterbacking. Every man to his last. If one wants medical advice one goes to the doctor. If shoes need mending, there is the cobbler. If this is common sense it is also common sense to entrust military decisions to men trained in that science. In peacetime we are wont to hear paeans of praise to the quality and prowess of our military forces; then in a crisis when these attributes are put to the acid test, every butcher, baker, and candlestick maker becomes a self appointed expert and starts telling us the score.

I do not imply that Seversky is a candlestick maker, but I do submit that we have men in the services fully as alive to the potency of air power as he. The simplest thing in the world is to offer suggestions when the responsibility for their failure falls on someone else. When the stakes are as high as in this war balanced judgment is all the more imperative. A successful termination of the war in five years is preferable to a fifty-fifty chance of winning in one year by a radical departure from time tested methods.

Before the war when Great Britain was casting about for suitable material for the Prime Ministership, they passed over Winston Churchill. He was too brilliant; too erratic; too audacious. Now he is too conservative; too cautious; too circumspect. When one holds the destiny of a nation in one's hands it gives one pause. A man may be reckless with his own substance but not with that entrusted to him by others.

Compared with the traditional panoply of war, air power is a newcomer. Much of the ancient equipment has been superseded, but the basic arrays of force throughout human history have been armies and navies. To say that either of these has been supplanted by air power is foolhardy. No one would disagree that air power is complementary. There is not sufficient experience, nor conclusive evidence, to justify a peremptory relegation of armies or navies to a secondary sphere of activity.

An offense has to be seen in operation before a defense can be perfected. The defense, therefore, must necessarily follow the offense which it is designed to check. The same logic applies to air power as an offensive weapon. We witness great feats of destruction, and by geometrical progression it is easy to envisage complete annihilation. But defenses against air power are in the making. When they reach full fruition, air power as an offensive weapon might well be neutralized. When this happens we shall have to fall back again on the backbones of our military power.

In this mechanical and scientific age every new destructive invention becomes an adjunct to the arsenal of war. The same genius which perfects it then sets about to create an effective defense. And so as time goes on the accoutrements of war become more numerous, complicated and expensive: Torpedo boat, torpedo boat destroyer, torpedo boat destroyer exterminator, torpedo boat destroyer exterminator annihilator. Furthermore we cannot afford to scrap any of them. The first who does will leave a chink in his armor. I think the best advice on the subject is what some old philosopher said about words:

In words as in fashions
The same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Sincerely,

Wm. M. J. McClure

Harrisburg, Pa.

A PRIVATE ON FIRST THINGS FIRST

Just finished another evening with Esquire . . . as enjoyable as ever but for that damned Varga girl! Varga's gals go over in N. Carolina, where the gals have broomstick legs, but in Texas, California and the Midwest—at least—the "real McCoy" is better than his art.

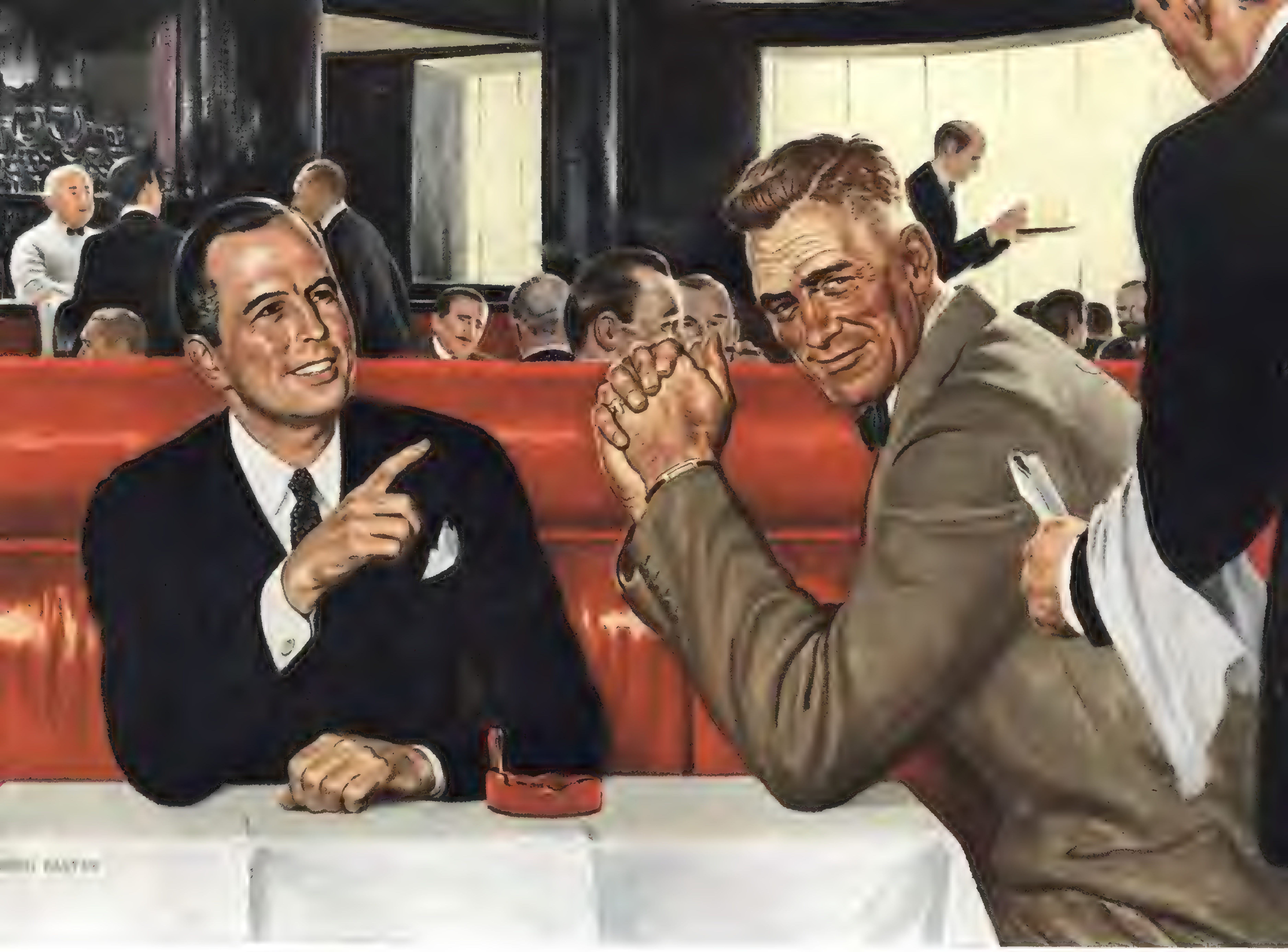
The sports articles are tops, as usual . . . with the October issue being one of the best yet.

As for the article on Olympic Games for the future . . . we shouldn't start making plans for the post-war world as yet. We aren't in a picnic with a bunch of pushovers, and wishful thinking alone won't come close to whipping those Axis bastards! We have a tough fight ahead, and we're going to win it, but it certainly won't be a "snap!" And if we don't all pitch in and do our damnedest—whether in uniform, the merchant marine, defense jobs, or just home-living civilians—we sure as hell can stand a good chance of losing!

Sincerely,

Pvt. B. H. Gardner, Jr.
U. S. Army

Ft. Worth, Texas



Four-Star hit with a Lone-Star man

TED: How's every little thing down home in Texas, Bill?

BILL: Zooming along, Ted. But it's mighty good to be here in the Big Town again. What's first on the program?

TED: Well, to start things here off right, I'm going to have the barman introduce you to what we New Yorkers consider the world's finest whiskey-and-soda.

BILL: Down deep in the heart of Texas, when a man says what you just said, he's talking about just one thing: *Four Roses!*

TED: But . . .

BILL: Four Roses! There's a whiskey a man can tie to! That rich and velvety smoothness . . . mellow as a Texas moon!

TED: Wait a minute, old man. I was just going to . . .

BILL: It sure beats me how anybody could pass up the glorious flavor of today's Four Roses! Man! That bouquet . . . soft and fragrant as purple sage on a sun-soaked prairie!

TED: Hold on, now, you ham-fisted cowpuncher! You can try to sell me Texas, but I don't need a Texan to tell me that today's Four Roses is the grandest whiskey ever bottled. I already know it! In fact, it was Four-Roses-and-soda that I was about to order when you stampeded me! Waiter.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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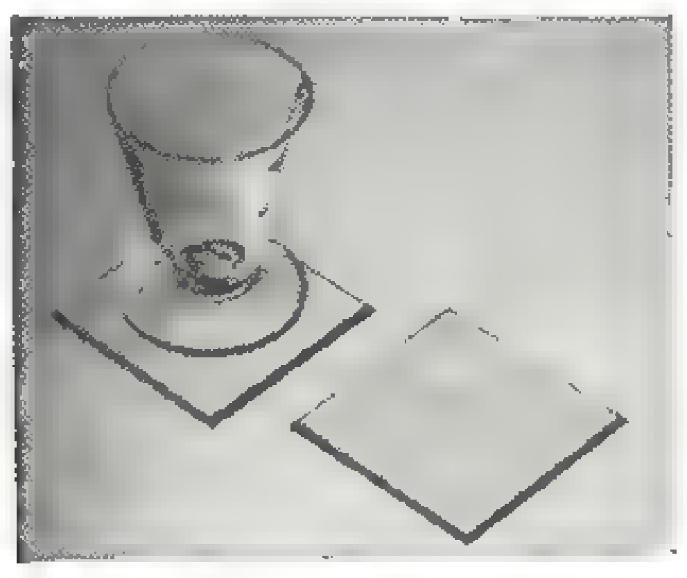

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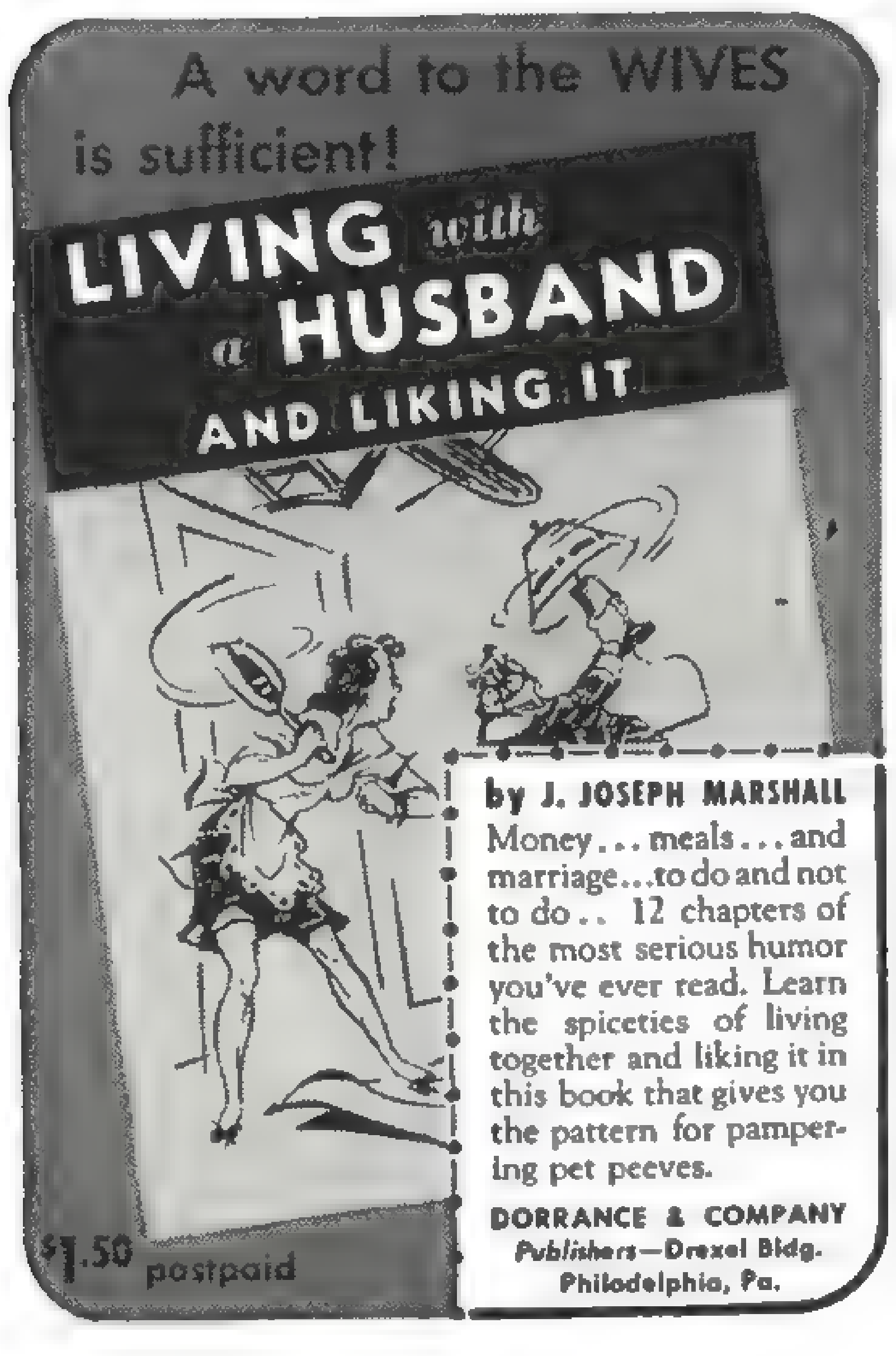
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Talking Shop with Esquire

CHRISTMAS NOTE. It wouldn't be Christmas without a music box somewhere in evidence. And this one more than justifies itself. It is constructed of gray maple, modeled after the original Inn of the Nativity. Below, in what would be the stable, the Mother and Child are depicted in layers of colored glass; above, when the small door is opened, an angel is seen. When the wooden dome at the side is turned, the scene is illuminated and a music box plays a Christmas song.

LIGHTS AND SHADOW BOXES. Since it illustrates a street of toy shops, we suppose you ought to buy it for your offspring's nursery, but it will probably end up in the living room. Framed in gray maple, the scene is built up very realistically, with the treatment of perspective giving an appearance of even more depth than there actually is. When the box is connected by a cord to an electric outlet, a switch adjusted at the side illuminates it and throws a small but cheerful glow into a darkened room.

HOLIDAY ACCESSORIES. How to mystify your friends is aptly pointed out by a Christmas card that's a jigsaw puzzle, too. You sign your name in the white space allotted to the purpose and then break up the puzzle before mailing it in the box provided. The recipient has to put it together before he knows it's from the Joneses, those cards. But it's fun . . . A dash of color on somebody's Christmas table would be the poinsettia candle. It burns as it floats in a bowl of water, proving that fire and water do mix, after all.

BE KIND TO CHILDREN. A reward for good behavior to your own or a friend's young child would be the appealing lamb, completely true to the lamb-like spirit except possibly for the music box concealed in its interior—but this merely accentuates his charm. His "wool" is white nubby velvet . . . For appropriate nursery illumination, we exhibit a lamp with wood base, done by a noted designer of children's educational toys. The arms of the carved painted figure decorating the base can be moved.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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Give him this clever, new Castle Hat from California!

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He'll vote you a "man-wise" Santa if you select this soft, luxurious felt; an all-occasion hat he'll wear for months to come.

If you're in doubt about his size, give him a gift order, miniature hat and a miniature Christmas wreath.

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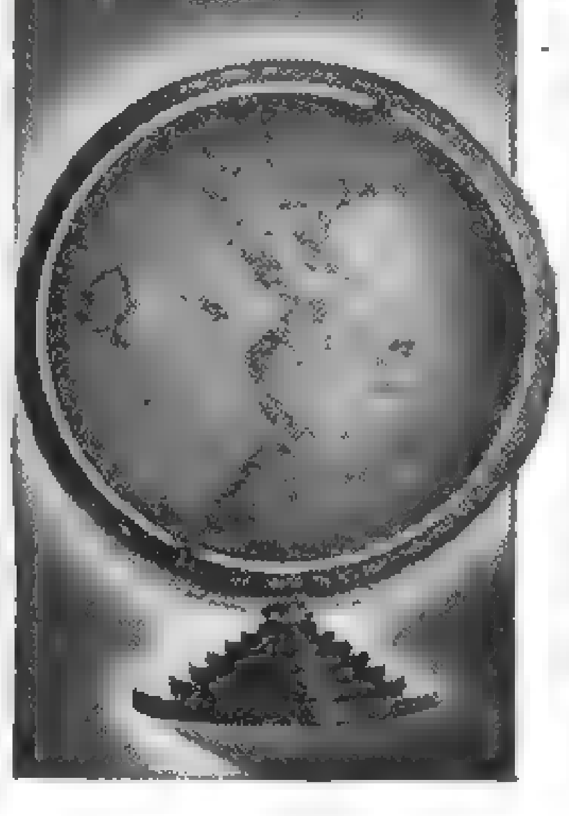

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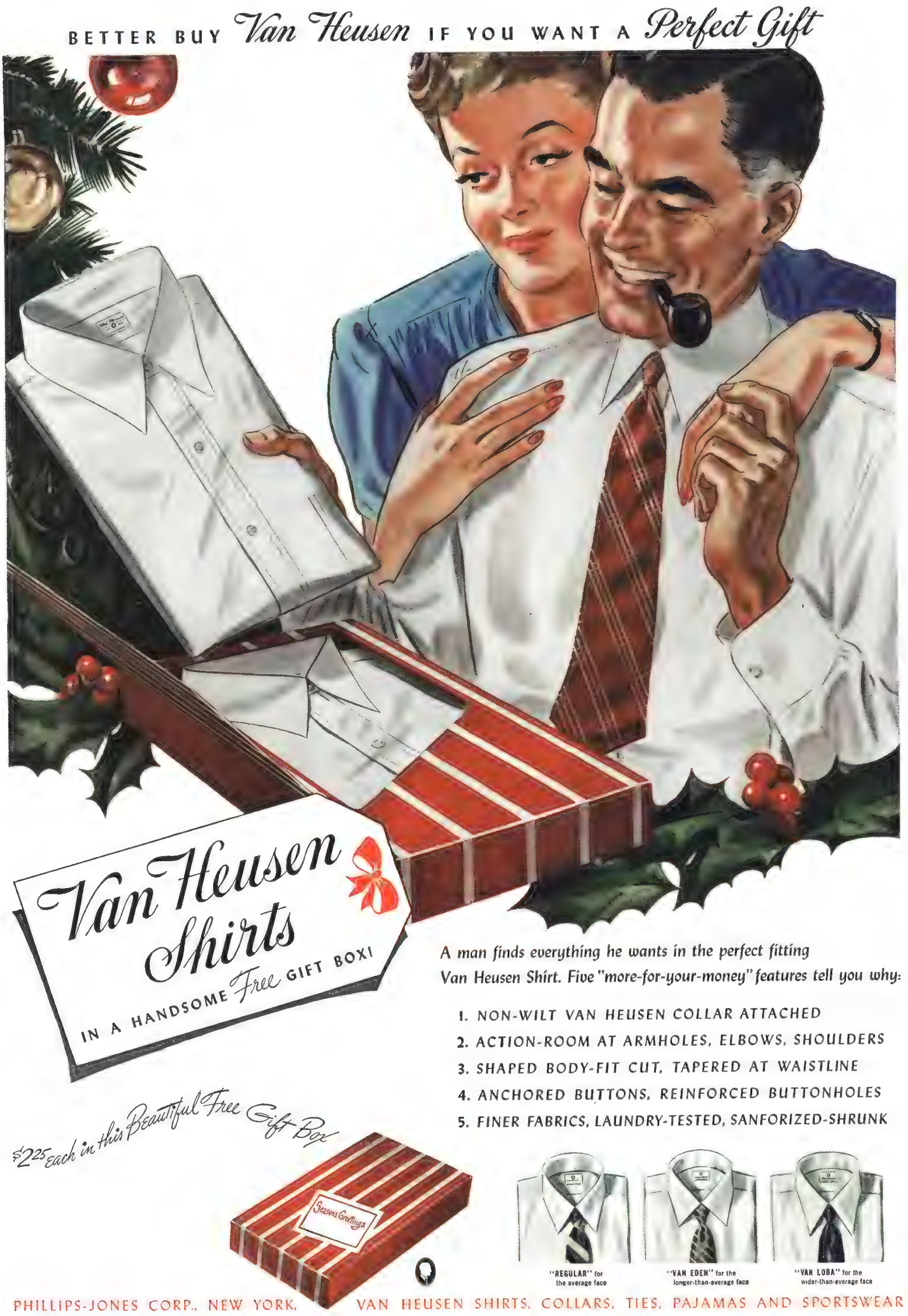

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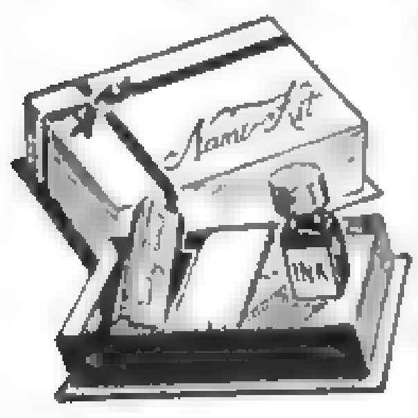

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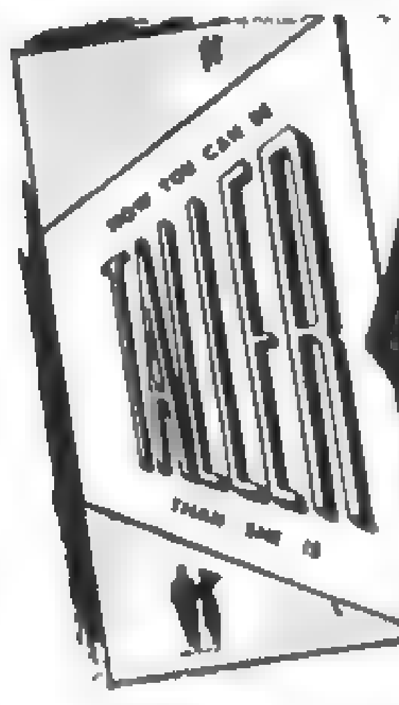

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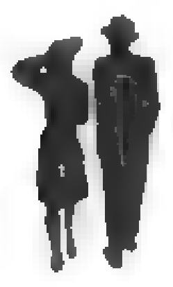

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Talking Shop with Esquire

CONSTRUCTIVE HOBBY. We know hardly a soul who doesn't cotton to ship, plane, or train models, and more particularly to the idea that these Lilliputia can be put together oneself. Nowadays, the return to living-room life gives a vicarious pleasure to model-making. The box car here was made from the same kit shown at the top of the picture. It is authentic in every detail, including side ladders and wheels that really work, not to mention scaled-down commercial insignia to be affixed to the sides. For a boy of any age up to eighty.

HEADLINE AUXILIARY. No one can properly call himself a fitting armchair general unless he is equipped with either a good map, a good globe, or both. The globe is a new design and handsomely colored, decorated with old sailing ships to carry out its visible appeal. Twelve inches in diameter. The map, in a fifteen-color effect, is excellently detailed as an accompaniment to today's headlines. Boundaries effective as of September, 1939, are overprinted to indicate the certain (or uncertain) little changes that have been made from time to time since then. With it, you might send along map tacks that can be used to indicate day-to-day developments.

GAME LIBRARY. The person who receives this for Christmas will find it a most convenient and practical way of having plenty of games on hand without having to spare too much house room for them. Lined up on a shelf, they look like a small set of books. But the "volumes" are games, not reading matter. Included are old faithfuls, like checkers, cribbage, dominoes, and poker equipment. Also represented are Bingo and Gin Rummy; in addition, there are puzzle games and game novelties.

GAME ROOM. There's just room for one game in this Gin Rummy set, but this is plenty good enough for the serious addicts in your crowd. This one, for appearance and practicality, deserves a vote of confidence for its seemly appearance. Constructed of walnut, with "Gin Rummy" discreetly labeled on the outside, it holds a pack of cards and a score pad and pencil. In use, the container serves as a playing field, for the sides are grooved and slanted back to allow for the quick, easy withdrawal of cards.

Ranger

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EXPRESS PREPAID

Here's a gift that's different—and delightful! An artistic, hand-fashioned superior quality covered basket, ½ bushel in size, with a special pack of four varieties of choice Citrus fruits in Christmas wrappings. Your card enclosed if desired.

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the ounce	$18.50
2 ounces	35.00
4 ounces	65.00
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The Cologne, in smaller sizes:

16 ounces	10.00
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the "forbidden" perfume

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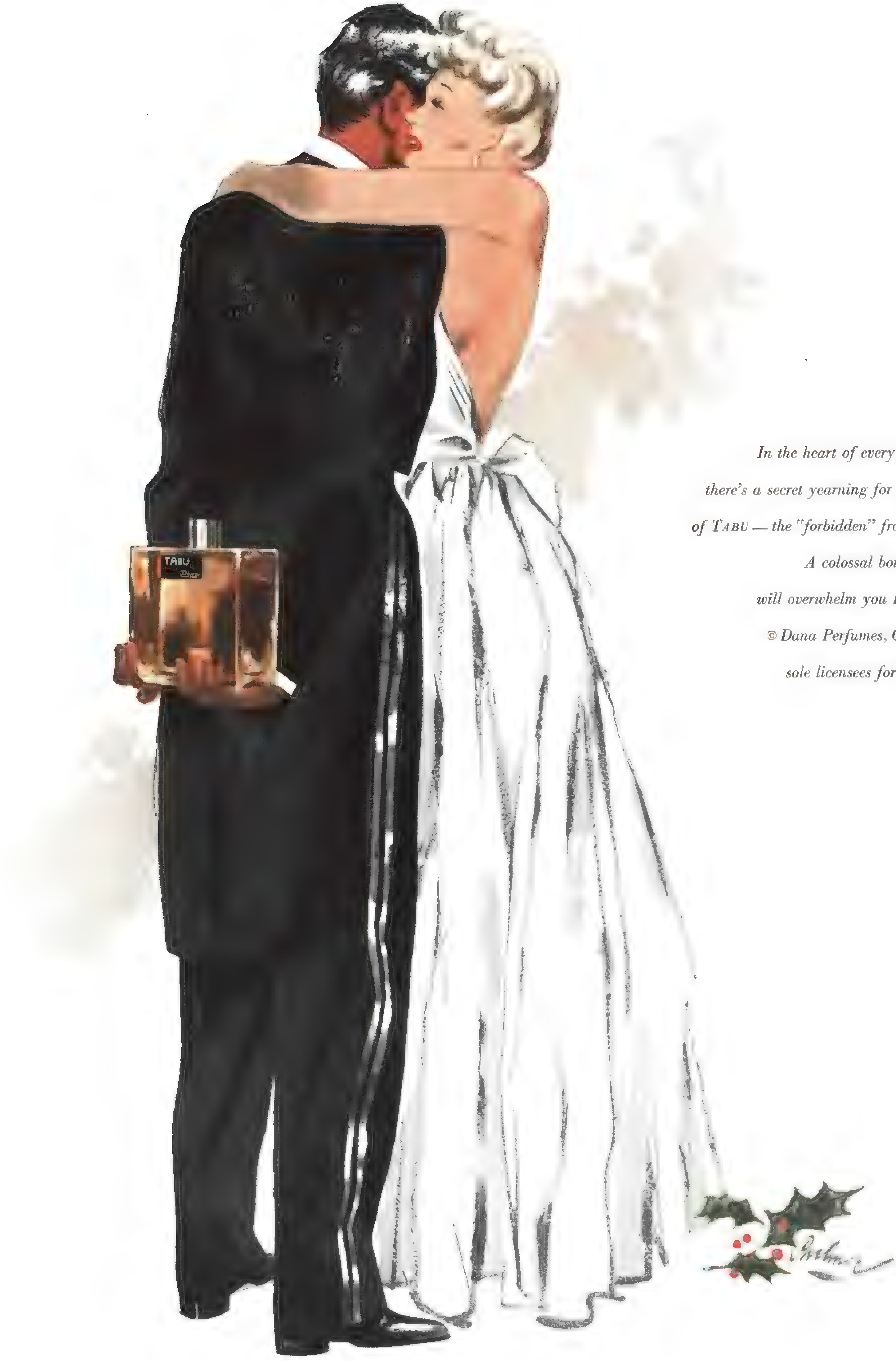

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there's a secret yearning for a bottle
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A colossal bottle of it
will overwhelm you BOTH!
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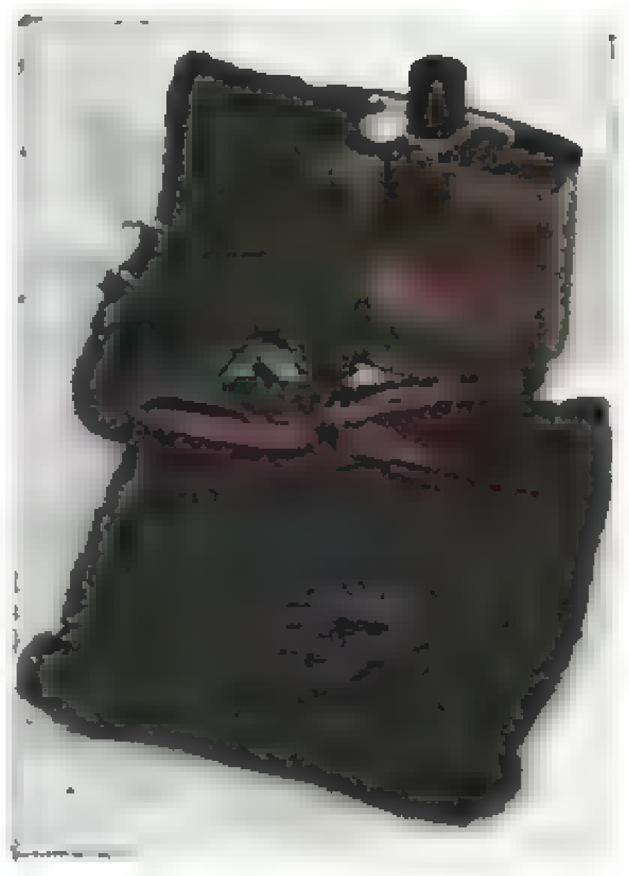
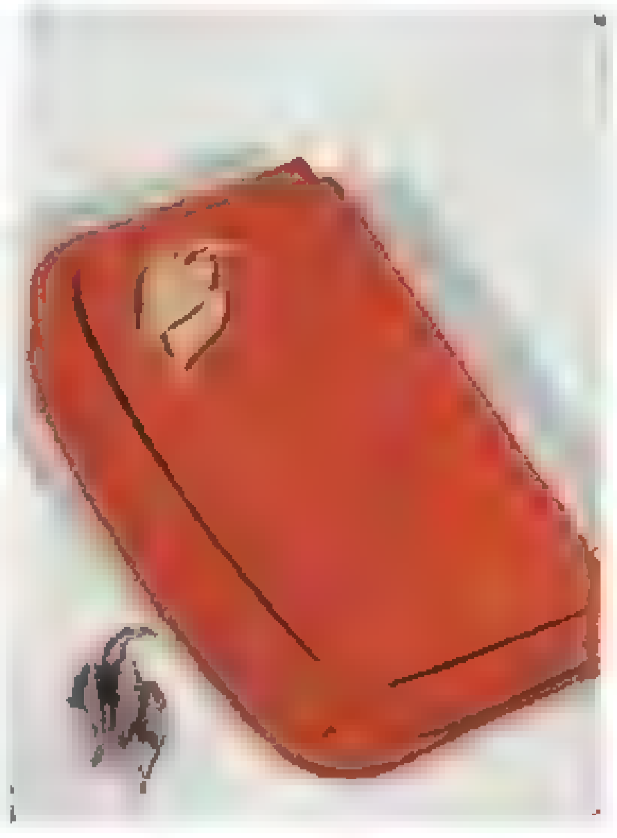
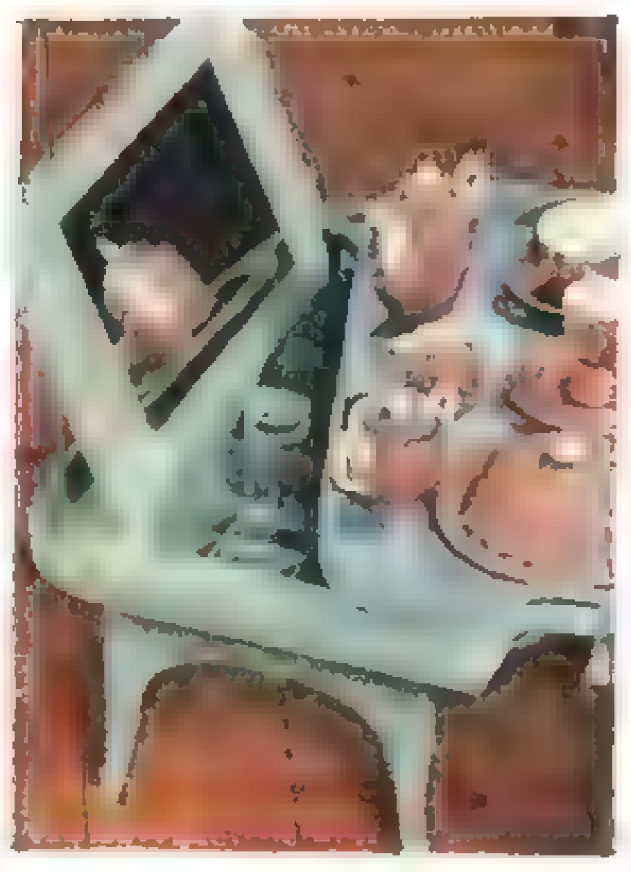
Talking Shop with Esquire



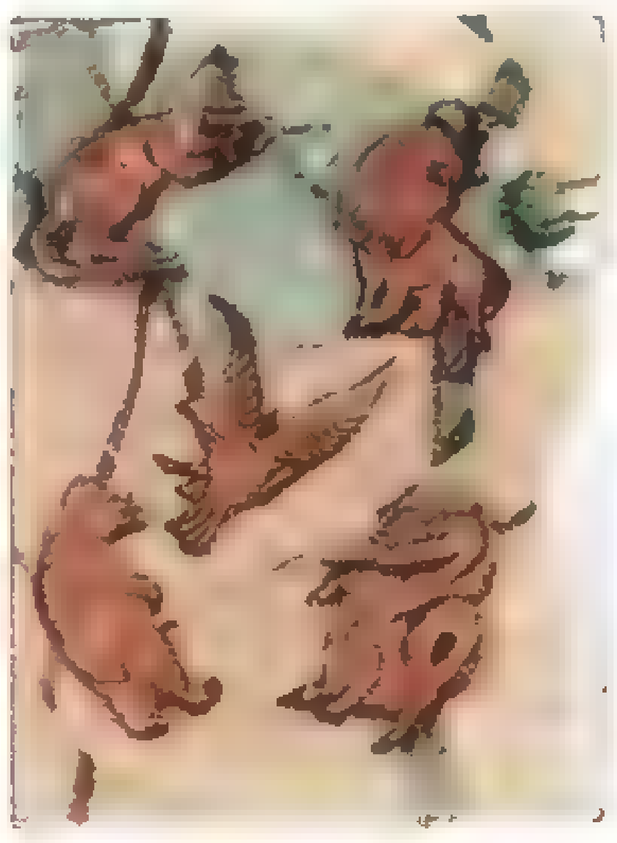
ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS. Present her with this perfume at your own risk, which is warning enough, we think. Its effect on you is why perfume was invented . . . Also for the Special Person is a niftie little giftie in the shape of a hand-knitted cap which is also a container for the matching mittens, when said cap is off the head and the mittens off the hands. Extremely silly, and therefore that much more fun; imaginative color contrast and the new short mitten-length make the set a natural for college gals.



ON THE BAG. Give a handbag, yes; but what handbag? How about this, which is something more than just that. First of all, it is impeccably made; also, its red faille covering makes it adaptable to formal afternoon and informal evening use. It is interior-decorated with quality fittings, and exterior-decorated with an ornament that is duplicated in a pin to wear on her dress. There are also matching earrings to carry out the idea of *chic* accessory coordination.



LIPSTICK IN BED. When is a breakfast tray not a breakfast tray? When it's a dressing table, too. On the make-up side, it features a lift-up mirror and an interior sectioned off to hold cosmetics and cleansing tissues in orderly fashion. (The lucite cotton jar and powder shaker suggest themselves as appropriate tenants.) With the mirror lid closed, the breakfast tray can be brought into being, fitting nicely over the top. The breakfast set is a fabric-patterned one that should make any gal decide to retire.



BIG FIVE. All of these wooden pins, or even just one, will show that her heart's in the right place. Eye-catching from their vantage point on the shoulder of her tweed suit or fur coat, they represent the symbols of the leading allied nations. Translated, the kangaroo means Australia, the lion, England; the dragon, China; the bear, Russia; and we'll give you three guesses what the eagle stands for (it won't stand for any nonsense, anyway). Backing all of these up is a soft wool square scarf in a muted plaid, to bring out the best in your better half.

Ranger

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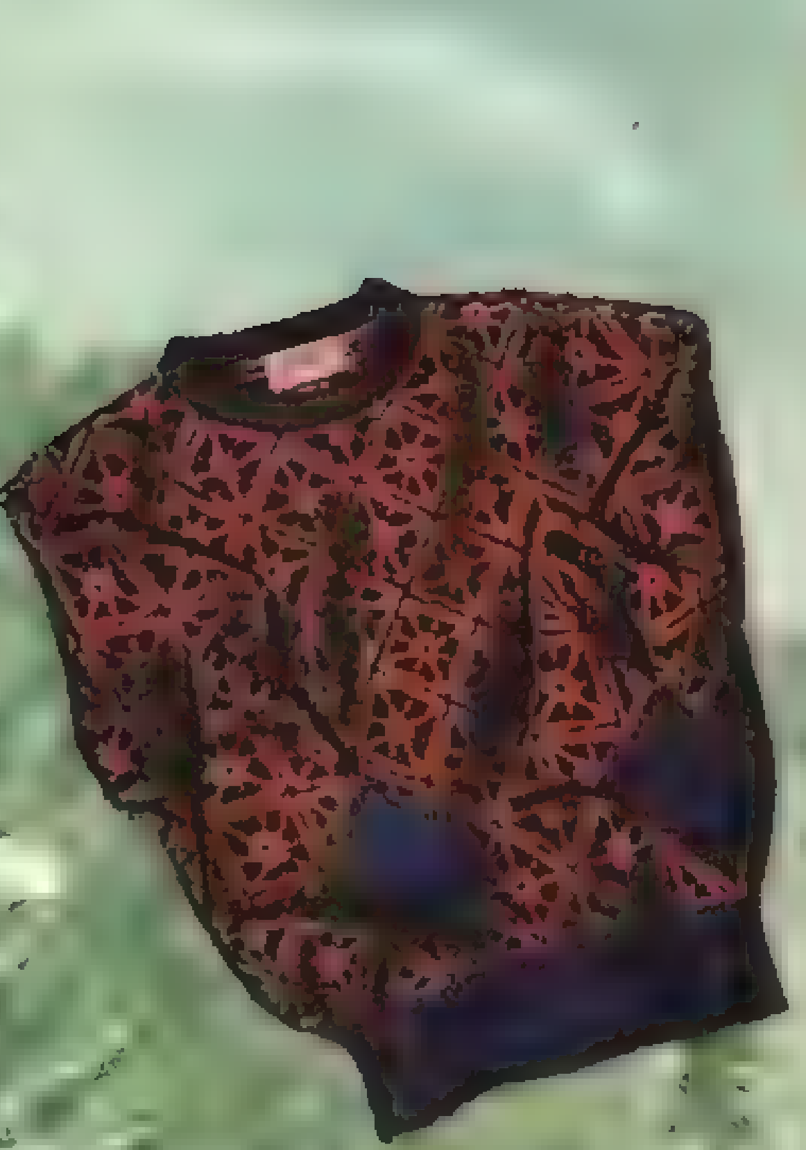
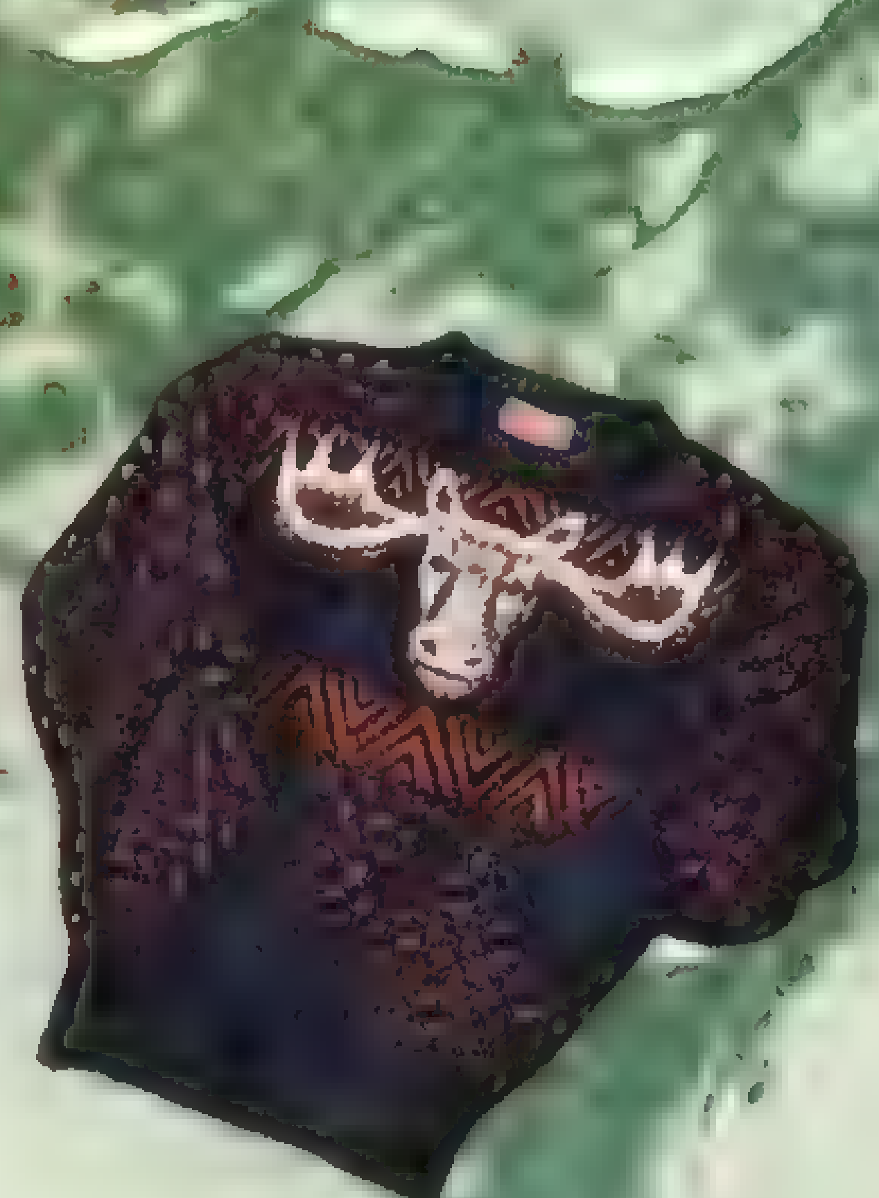
"Magic Forest of Sportswear Gifts"

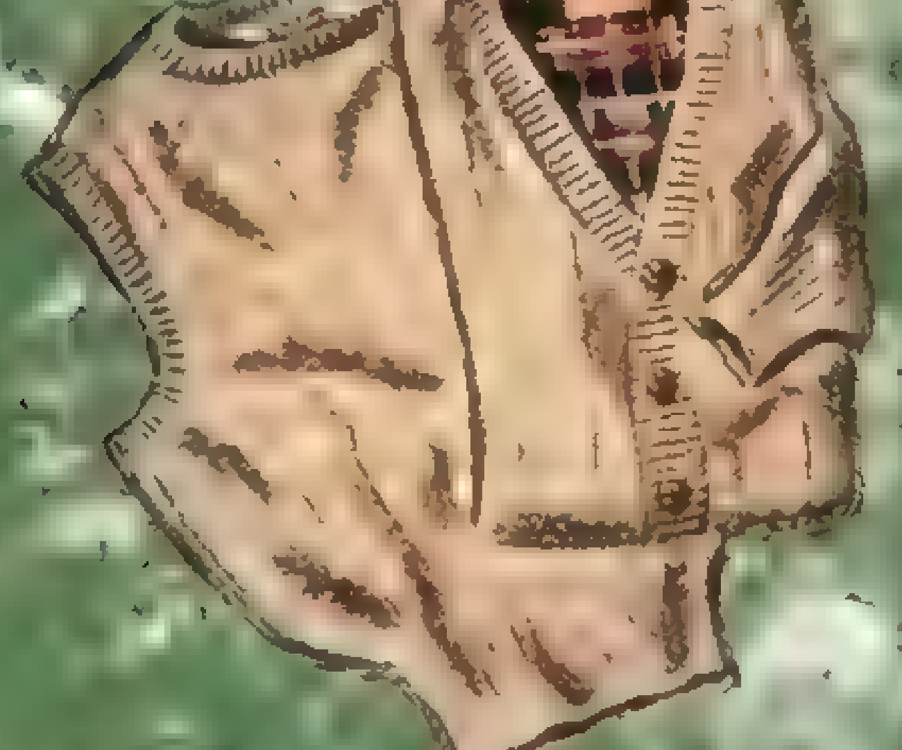
McGREGOR



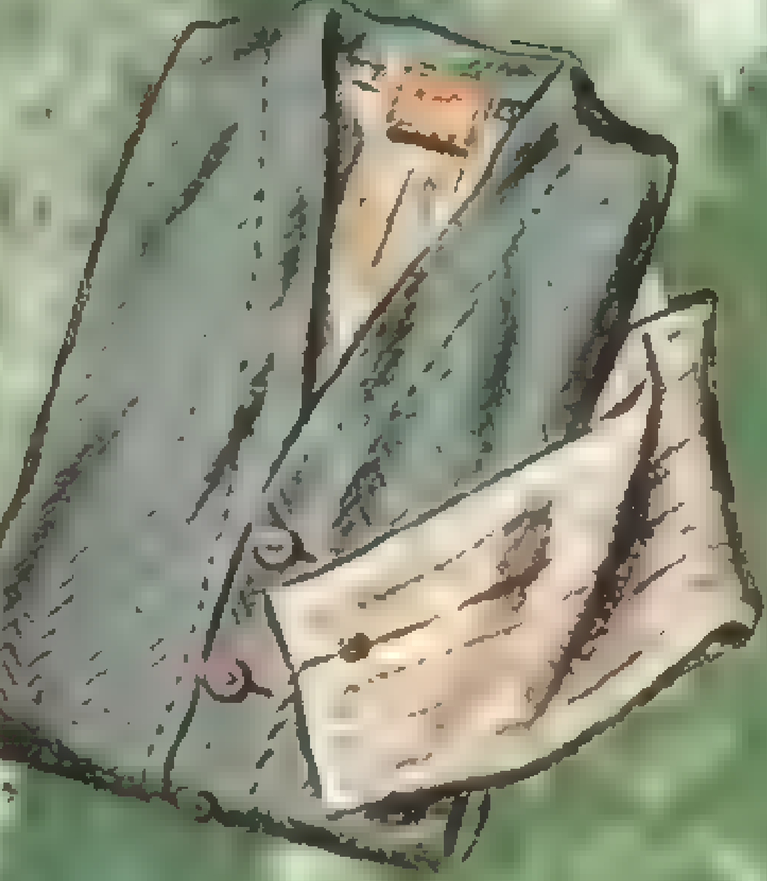
SNOW VALLEY..authentic Selbu pattern ski motif on a 100% pure wool closely-knit, super-warmth outdoor sweater. In blue with red; maroon; green; luggage. Sizes 36-46...$10



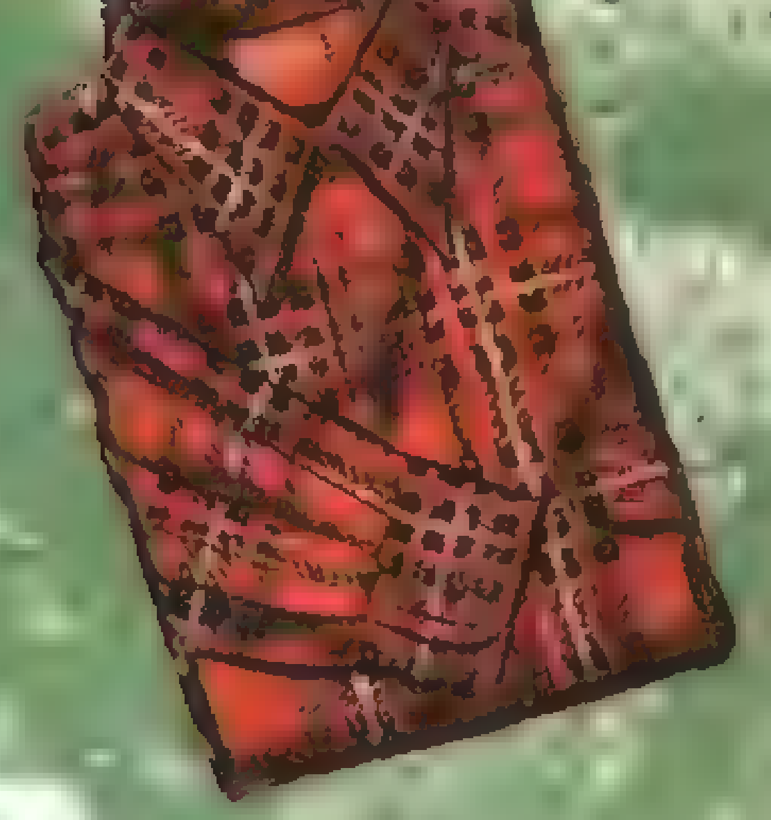
SNOW CARIBOU...100% pure wool ski and outdoor sweater with huge moosehead knitted into the pattern. Colorful, arresting, and blizzard-proof! In navy or maroon combinations. Sizes 36-46.....$10
Other patterns at...$10.95



McLAMBIE SET . . . pure lamb's wool and kid mohair sweaters "with that imported look". Cardigan sweater-coat has plaid yoke; sleeveless. matches the cardigan. In camel, blue, green. Sizes 36-46. Set $10.95

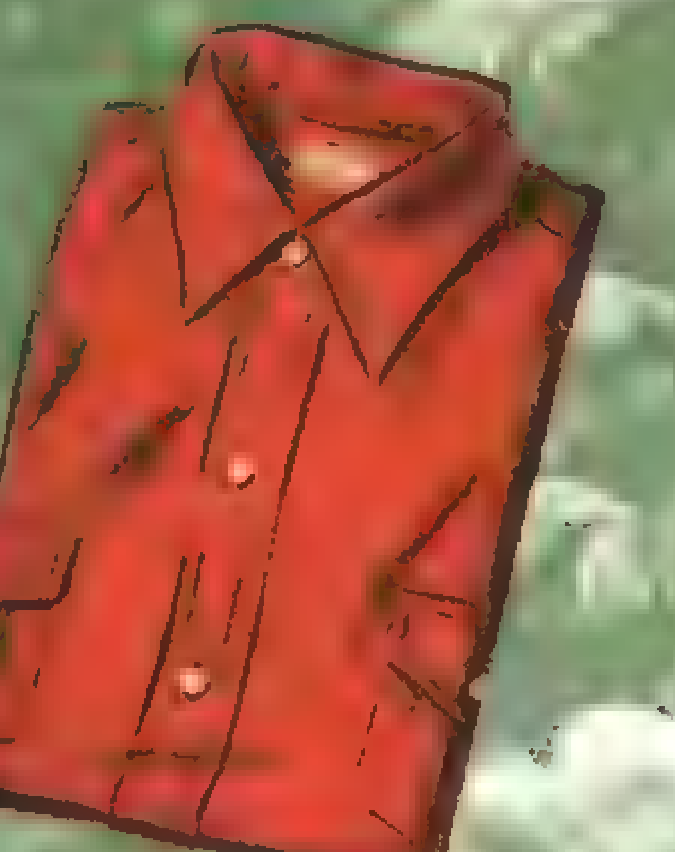


PINE HEATH SWEATER-COAT... All-wool herringbone tweed front, with sleeves and back of famous McGregor Yorkshire yarn. Genuine leather buttons. In green, camel, luggage, blue. 36 to 46. $6.95



TARTAN PLAID SHIRTS...McGregor's famous authentic Tartan plaids, the *cheerful* outdoor shirts. Sizes: small, medium, medium-large, large. In red, blue or green plaids. In three qualities:

100% pure wool......$7.50
50% wool—50% rayon $6.50
Pure brushed cotton..$2.95



WINTER SPORTS SHIRTS: McGregor's extra-comfortable long-sleeve outdoor model. Sizes; small, medium, medium-large, large. In hunting red, camel, luggage, blue, green, gold. In four qualities:

Aralac and spun rayon ...$5
Fine rib corduroy....$6.50
75% wool, 25% rayon. $6.50
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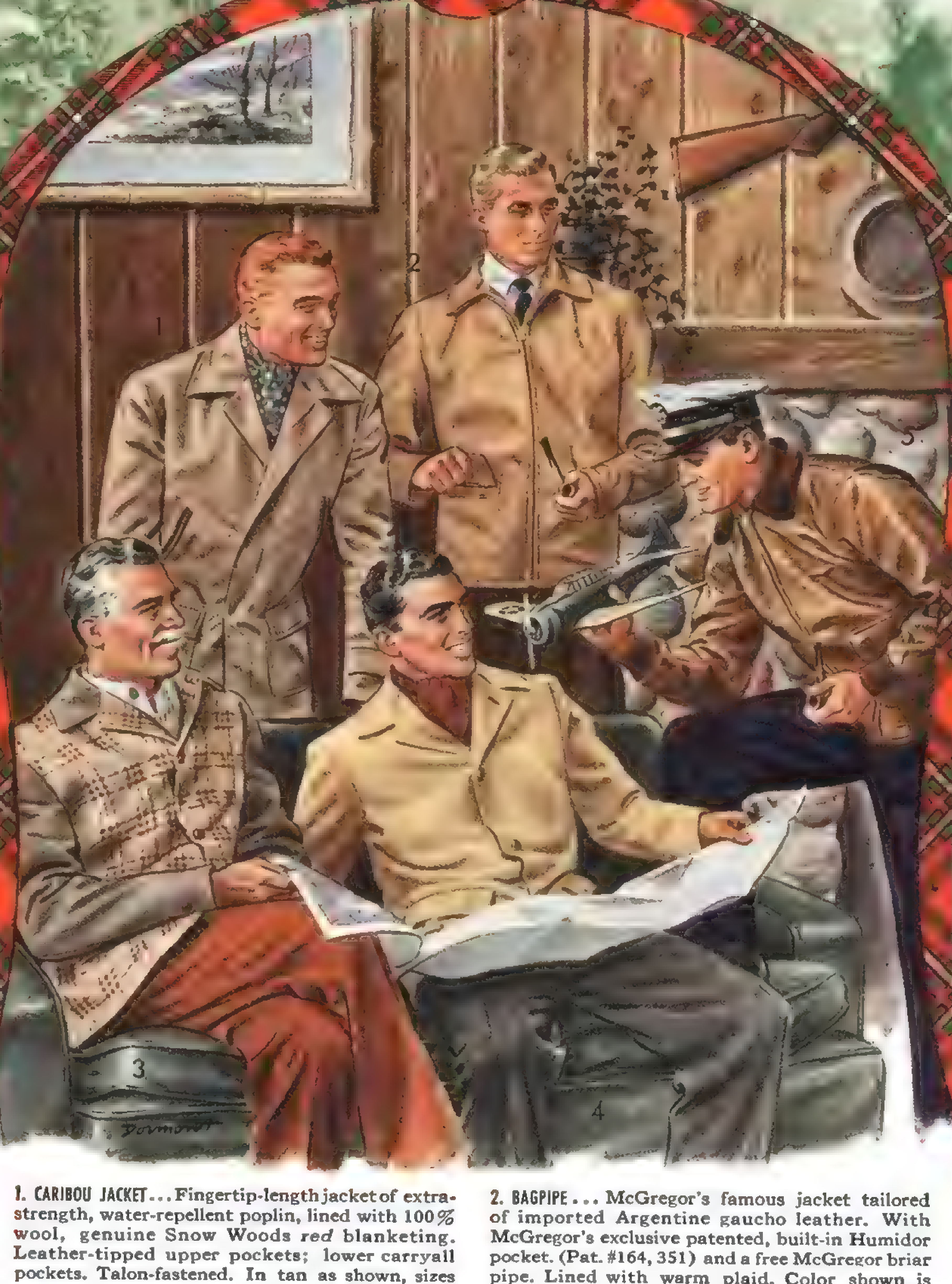


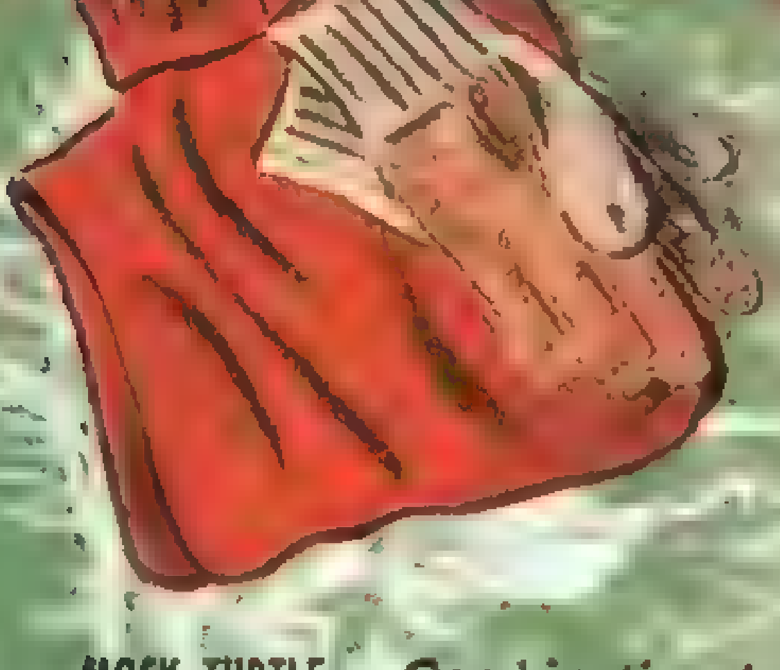
1. CARIBOU JACKET...Fingertip-length jacket of extra-strength, water-repellent poplin, lined with 100% wool, genuine Snow Woods *red* blanketing. Leather-tipped upper pockets; lower carryall pockets. Talon-fastened. In tan as shown, sizes 36-46....................................$15

2. BAGPIPE... McGregor's famous jacket tailored of imported Argentine gaucho leather. With McGregor's exclusive patented, built-in Humidor pocket. (Pat. #164, 351) and a free McGregor briar pipe. Lined with warm plaid. Color shown is buck cape. Also in aviation tan. Sizes 36-46...$20

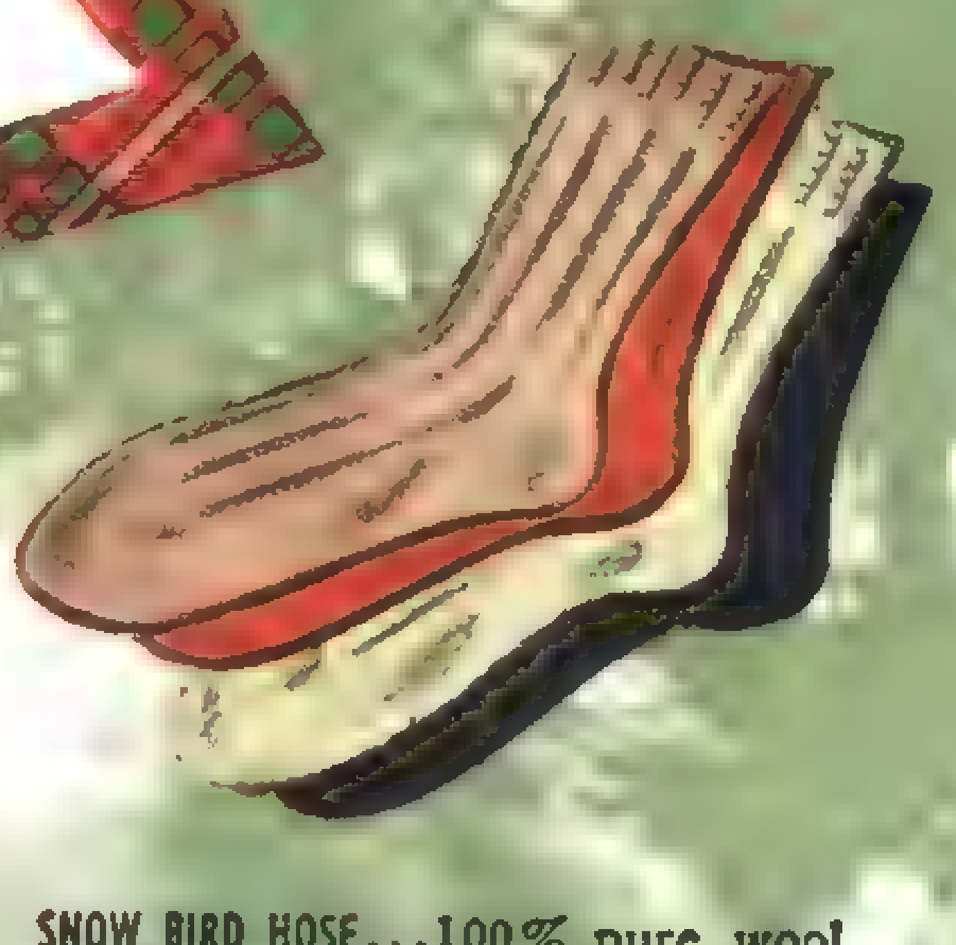
3. PINE TARTAN LEISURE COAT..All-wool plaid front, with contrasting solid color all-wool polo cloth sleeves and back. Luxuriously lined and cut fully. Sizes 36-46. In cashmere tan combination (shown) and in brown combination.........$15

4. SPRUCE LEISURE COAT..100% all-wool polo cloth, cut with full drape, tailored with new saddle-bag pockets, leather buttons, a red plaid lining. Shown in sun-glow; also camel, brown, blue, green, 36-46..$15

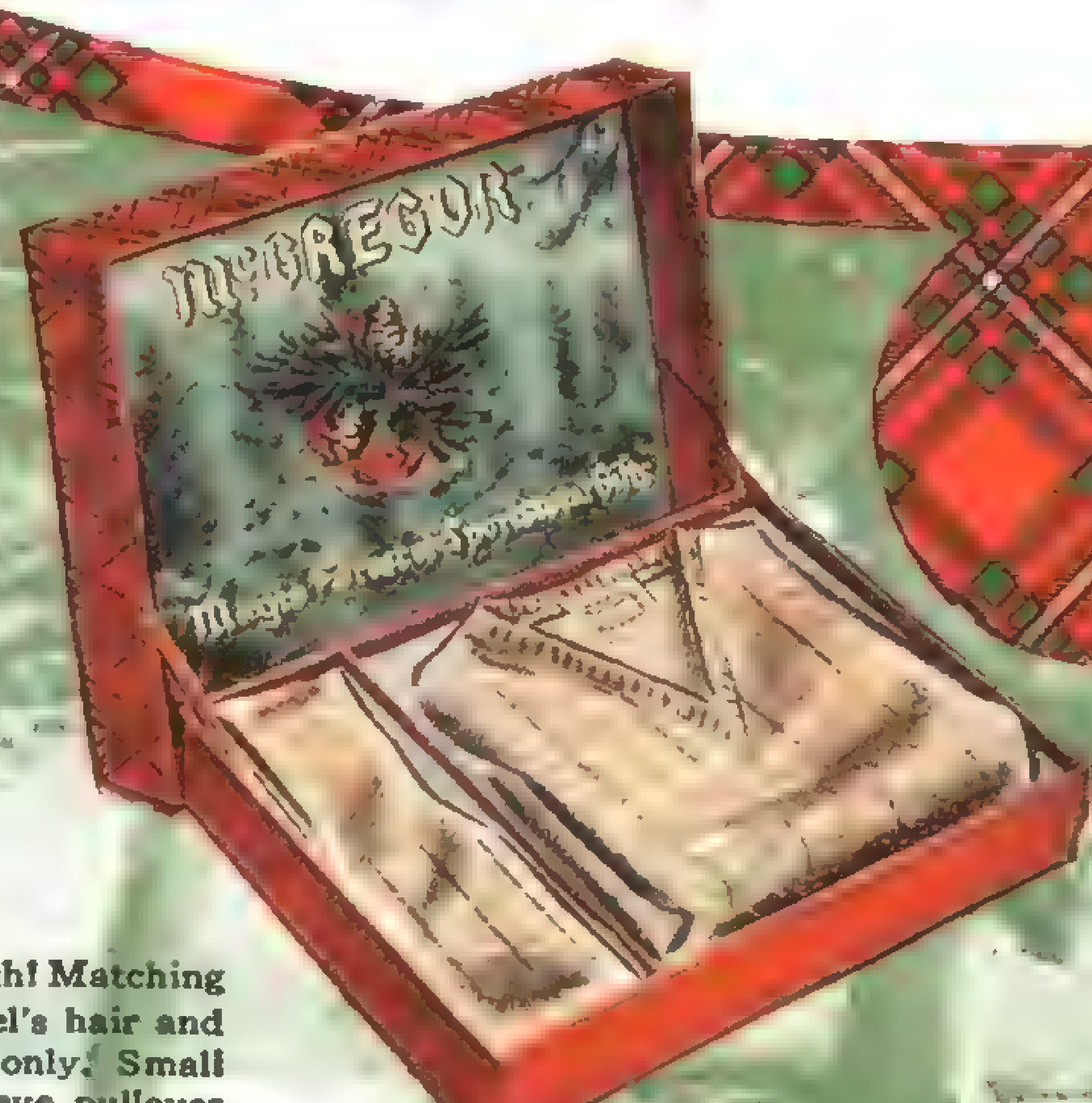
5. NAVAL BOMBARDIER... Identical model worn by Naval Aviation officers. Sturdy capeskin leather, with lamb or pile collar, bi-swing back, military pockets, inside map pocket. For winter sports and work. In aviation tan, 36-46.............$25

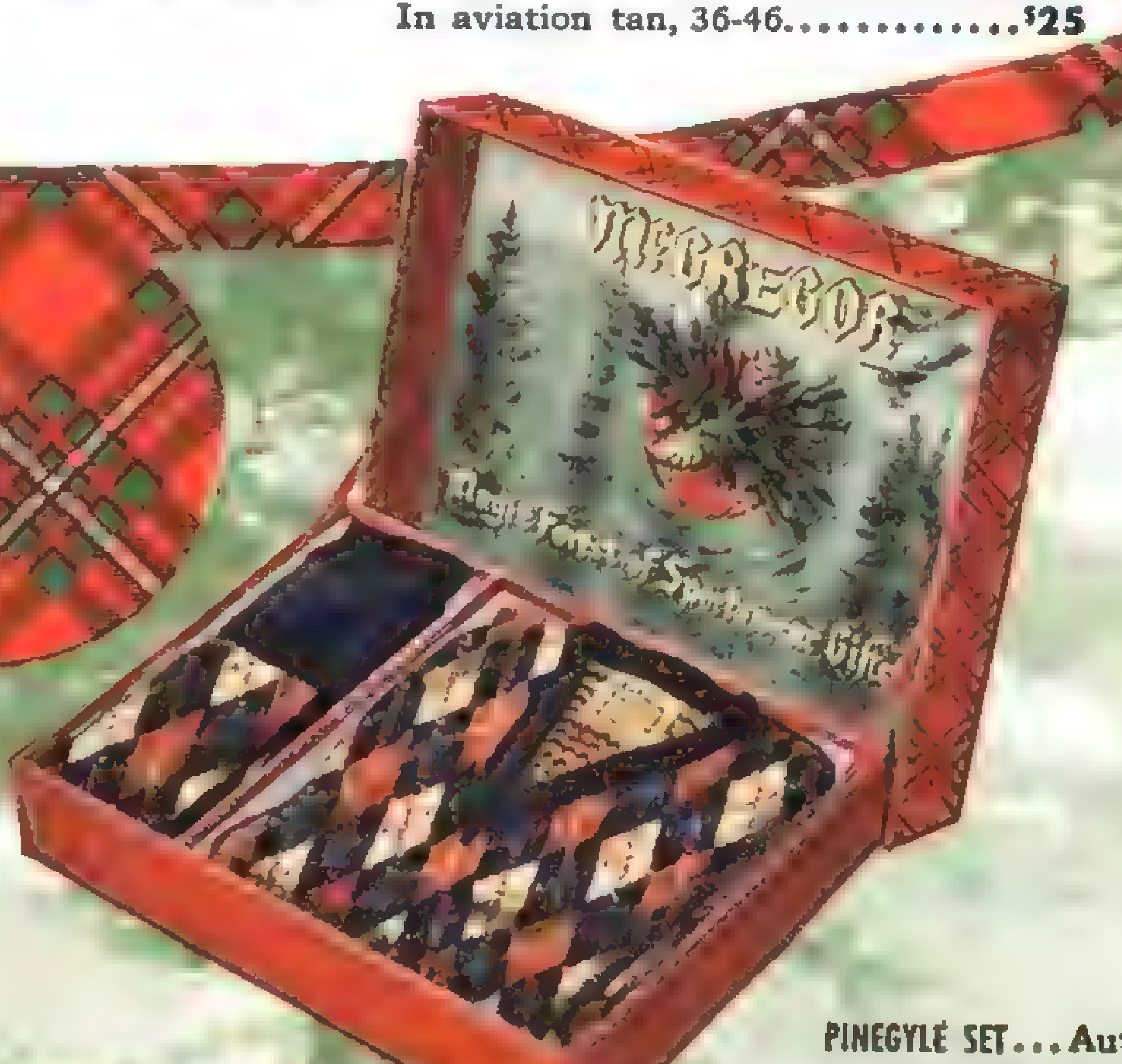


MOCK TURTLE...Combination turtle-neck and muffler. 100% pure wool. For air wardens, sportsmen, outdoor workers. In red, white, blue, maroon.............................$2
DEERS PAW GLOVES...wool-knit back, leather palms.............. $2.50



SNOW BIRD HOSE...100% pure wool heavyweight outdoor socks. They really keep your feet warm! In camel, red, maize, blue. Sizes 10½ to 12.................pair $1.50


McGREGOR
Magic Forest of Sportswear Gifts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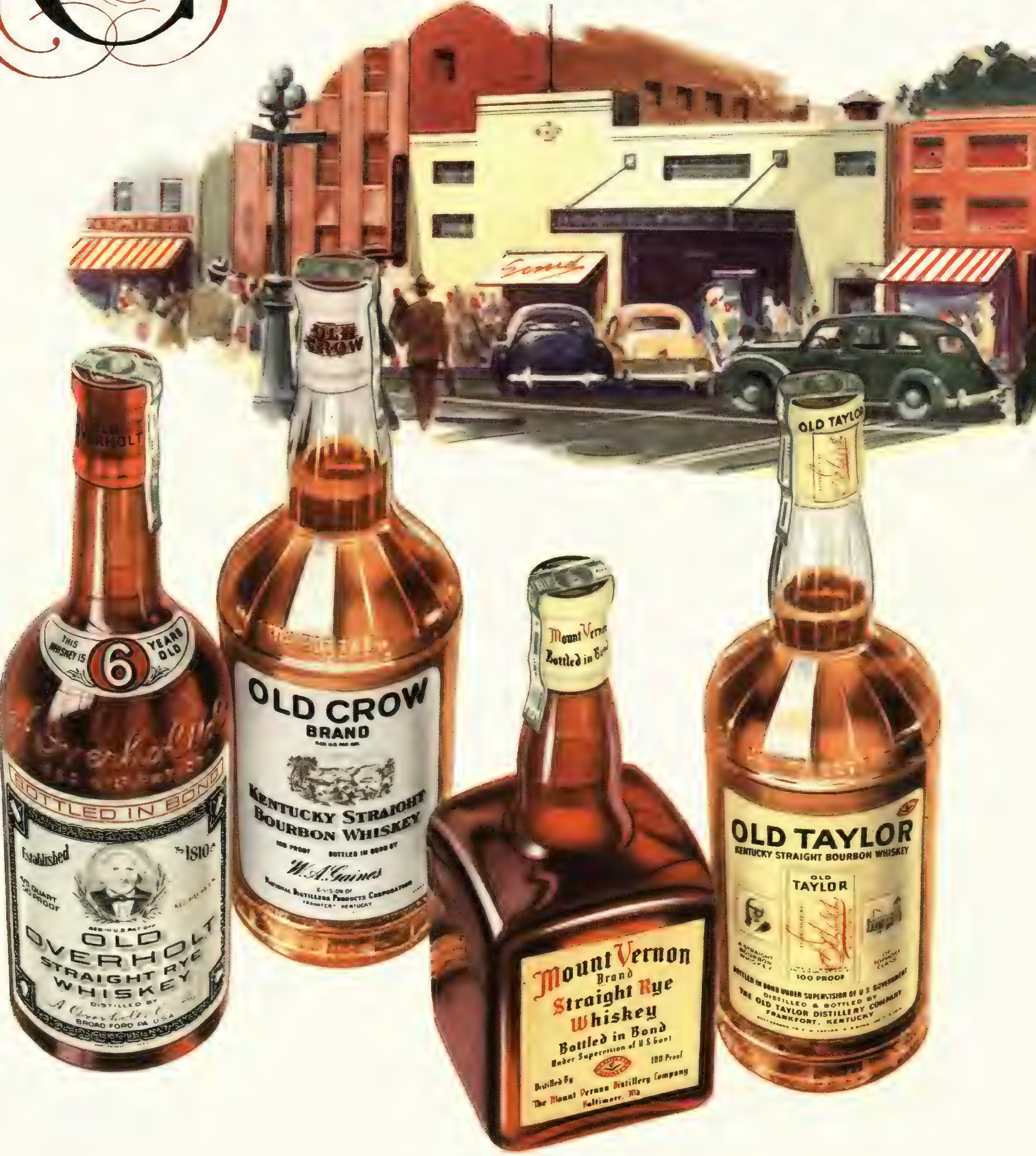
CHANGELESS –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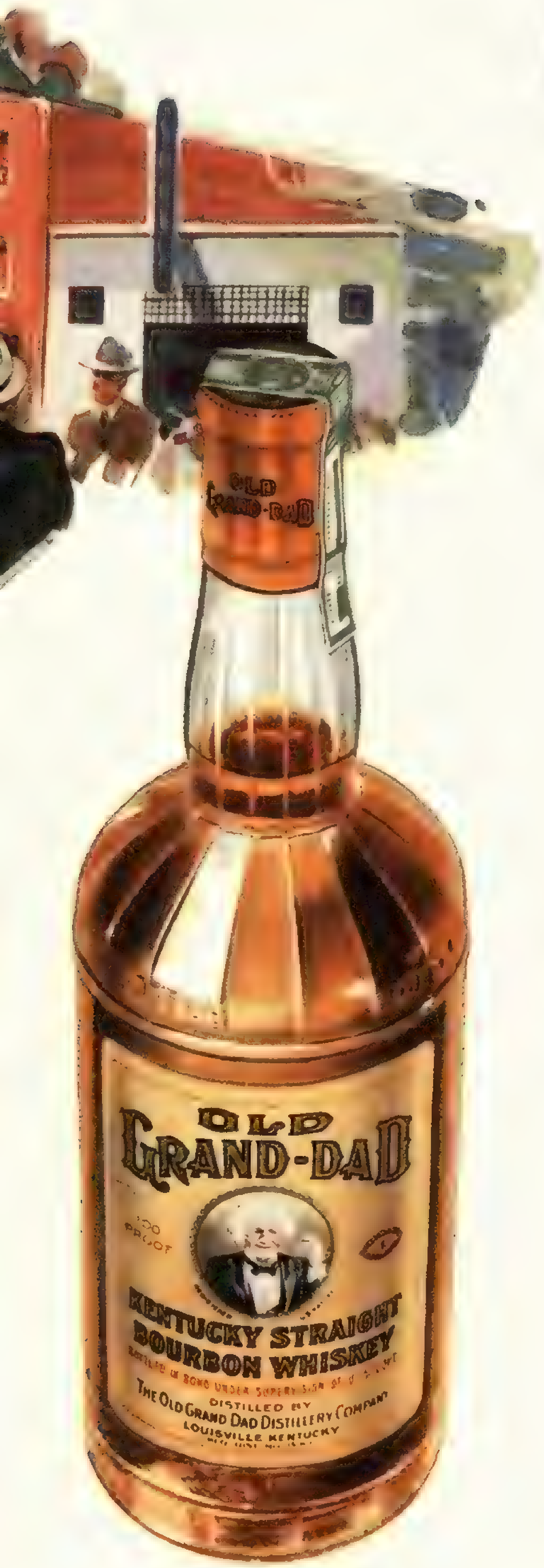
— IN A WORLD OF CHANGE


OLD GRAND-DAD
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THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

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But with all this changing going on, it's good to remember that OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON are products that needn't be and *won't* be changed as long as they are bonded whiskies! For generations these names have stood for the greatest bonded whiskies in the world.

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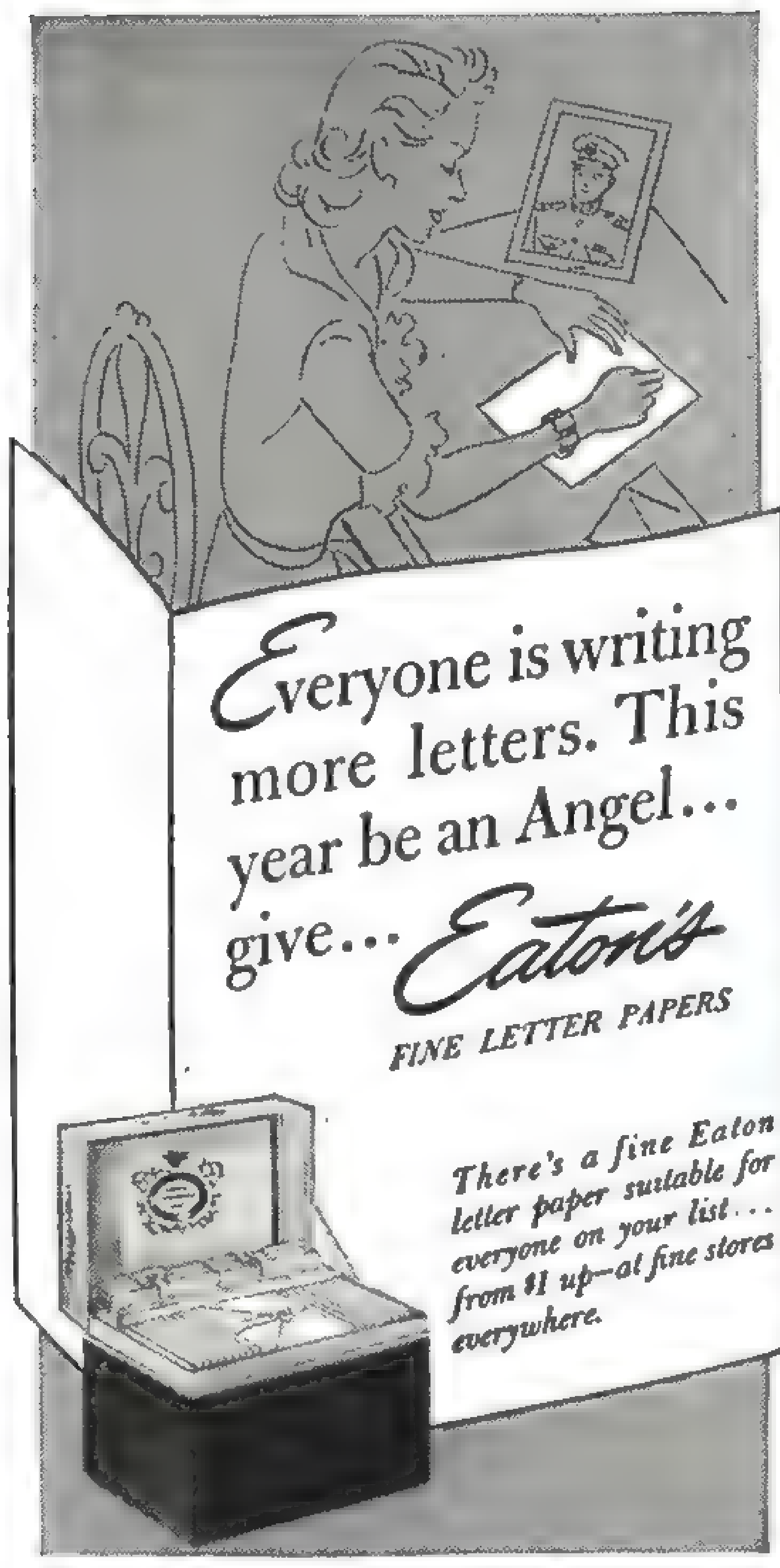
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY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wafer thin weighs 2 ounces complete with mirror, puff and sifter

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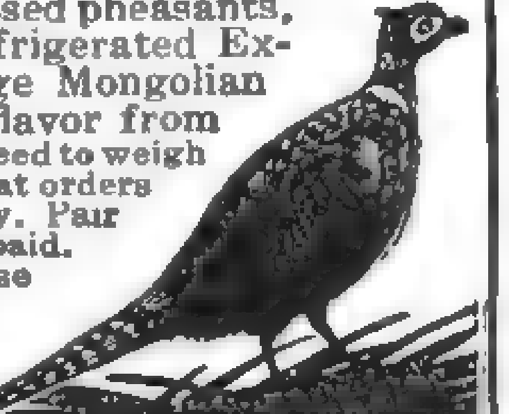
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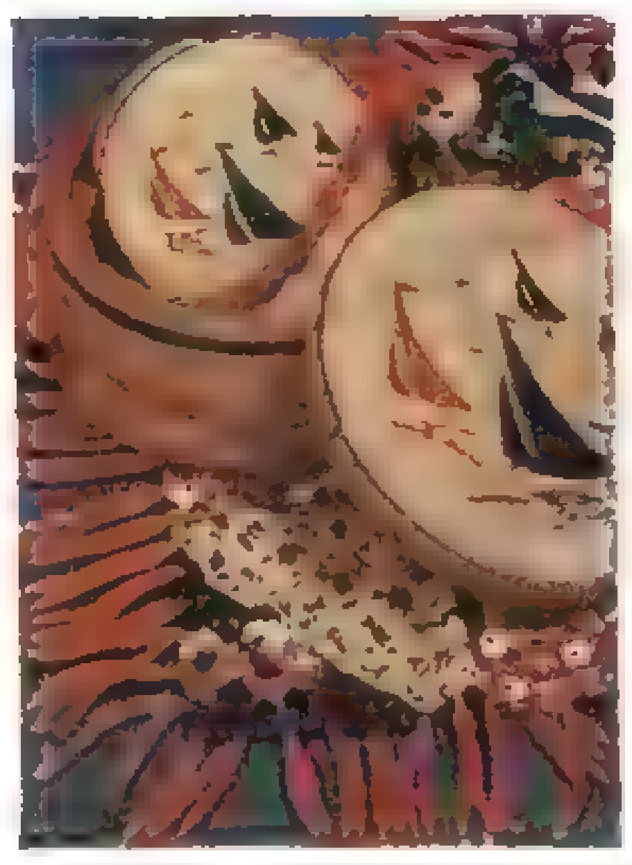
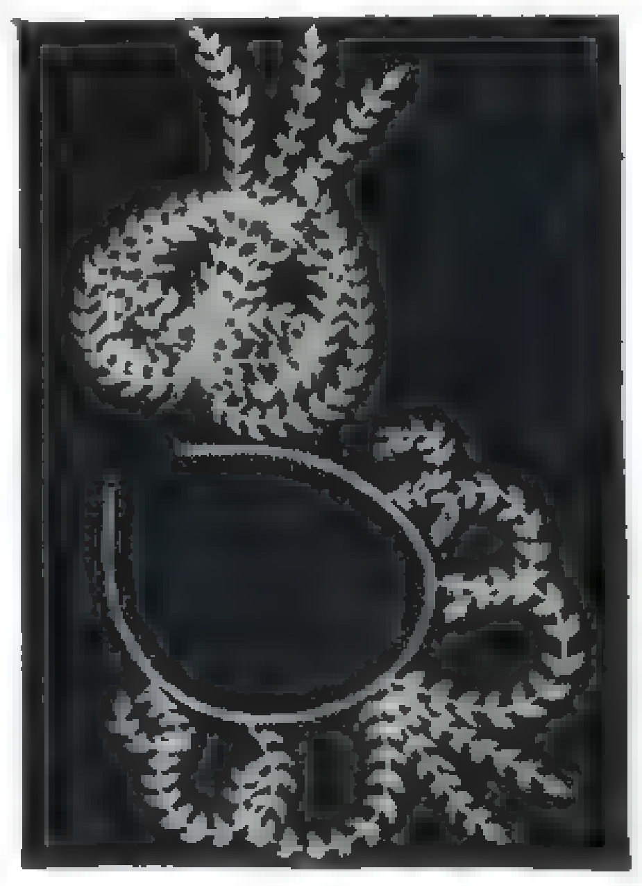
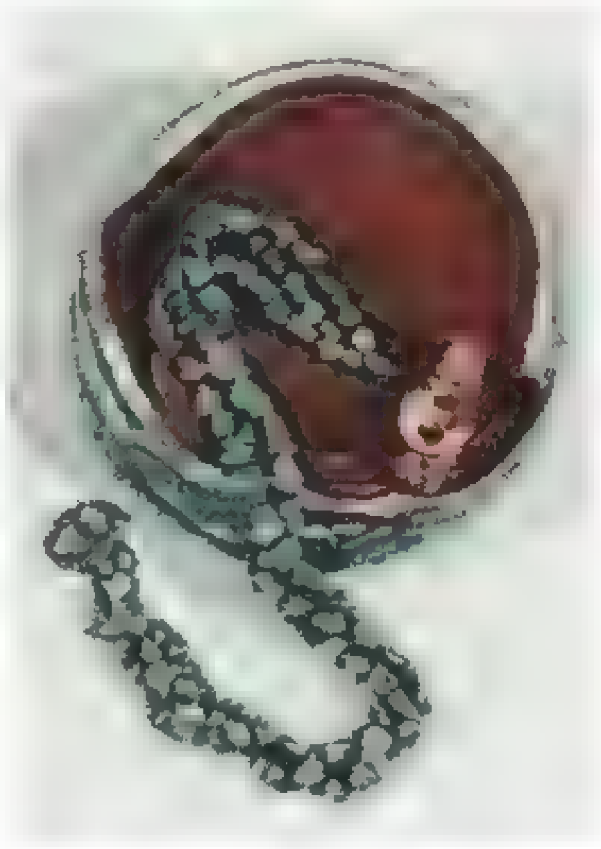
Talking Shop with Esquire



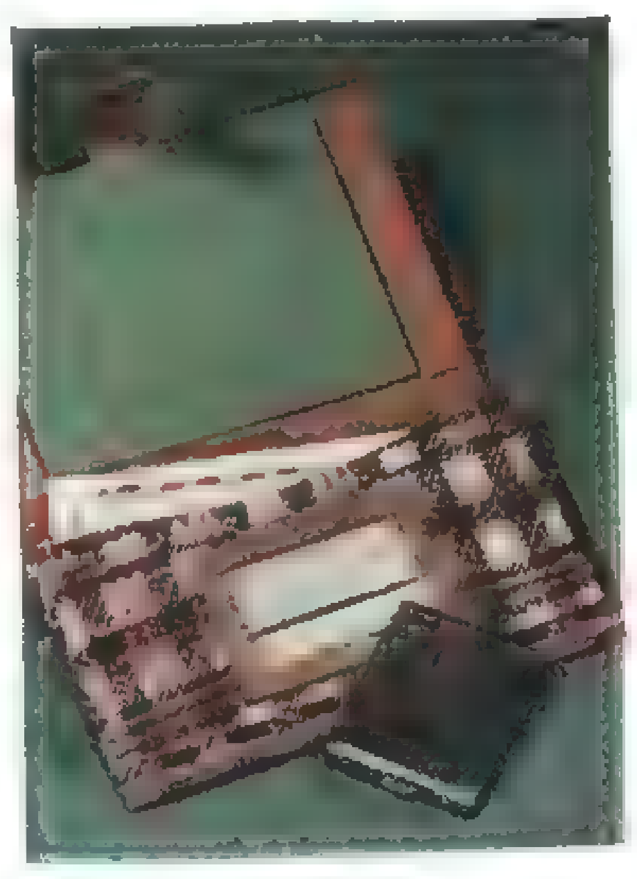
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER. Sometimes it's hard to tell which is parent and which is offspring, the way mother-and-daughter fashions are taking hold. Complementing the idea is a pair of round wooden boxes, identical except for size, festively painted with sail boats, garnished with matching cotton rope handles. Can be used as informal handbags, knitting boxes, or carryalls on beach trips . . . A girlish heart, whether it reposes in mother or daughter, will go for the colorful patch-patterned scarf.



ALL ON THE HEAD. Punctuate her good looks with a doo-dad for her hair, perhaps along these lines. Both the tiara and the bird of paradise (with comb attached) are created of plastic mistal, which looks like opaque spun glass and is flexible in spite of its delicate appearance. We recommend the tiara for the femme with the wide-eyed outlook, the bird of paradise for the gal who does everything on purpose (or don't they all?). But either will turn eyes her way at Christmas parties.



ADORNMENT. Whether she travels or just wants a tidy place to keep her baubles, the quilted satin pouch will do nicely. The velvet lining and velvet inside cover provide a soft, nonscratchy bed for necklaces and bracelets; there are seven small pockets around the sides to hold rings and pins . . . Turquoise in all its striking color is glamorized in the triple-strand necklace with baroque clasp. The stones are left in their original rough shape, polished only on one side to create texture-interest . . . The gold-filled bracelet watch has a heavy crystal, expands to fit the wrist.



THEY GET AROUND. Train-time correspondents, anyone whose travels keep him (or her) busy, are logical recipients of the writing case covered in durable, colorful automobile plaid. Finished off in fine leather, it is compact but capacious, with plenty of room for writing materials as well as answered and unanswered letters . . . Even a stay-at-home will appreciate the sterling silver cigarette case adorned on all sides with an engraved map of the world. Holds twenty standard-sized cigarettes.

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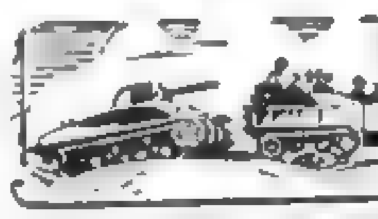
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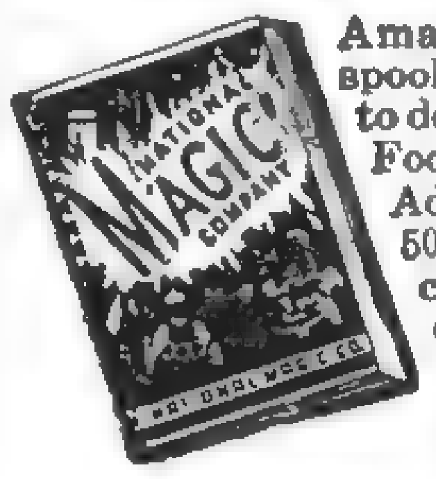
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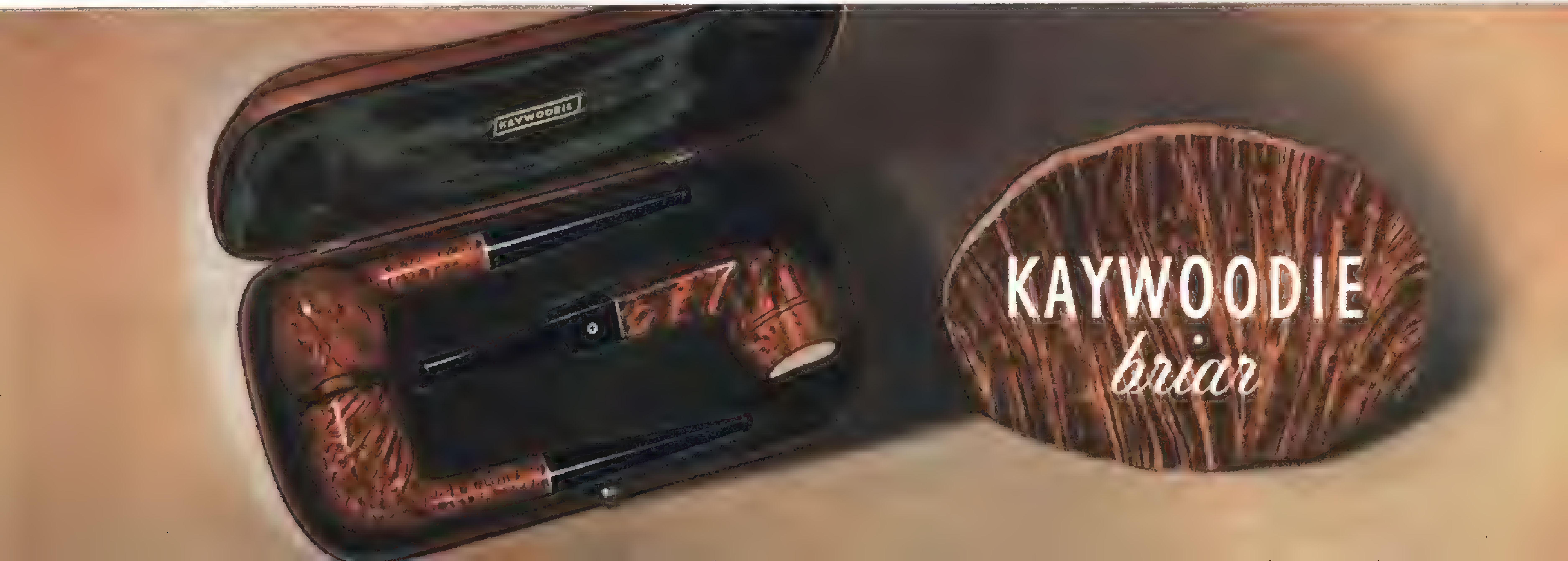
It is not surprising that this should be so. A Kaywoodie Pipe is not a thing of the moment. And it takes *years* to season and cut one. It was this circumstance of the long time needed for preparation, that caused us to have a very large supply of Kaywoodie Briar before this war started—and so we can go on making these fine pipes, of Mediterranean wood that has no equal, in a time of scarcity and substitutes. We have enough Kaywoodie Briar to last a long time.

Always a personal companion of the most trusted sort, always a source of inspiration and confidence, a Kaywoodie Pipe is as good in war as in peace—sure, steady, reliable. There's no other satisfaction that is quite the same.

Naturally, you won't find the same enjoyment in lesser things. And you won't need to. Kaywoodie Briar will not change. It will always remain the same. The good Kaywoodie Flavor is one of the things you can count on.

This handsome Kaywoodie Companion Set offers a cherished variety, $35.00. Set No. 3/35, at dealers (½ actual size)

© 1942, Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue



Ideal gift for Service Men! but mail early

QUICK, SLICK SHAVES
3 times as many

Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:
1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type head gives clean shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.
2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.
3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, serviceable compact case.
$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

USED ON LEADING AIRLINES

ENDERS SPEED SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. Z, MYSTIC, CONN.

FREE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS!

A year's subscription to our illustrated catalogs read by over 90,000 enthusiastic smokers. Collectors, connoisseurs and pipe club members will enjoy fascinating facts about briar, meerschaum, corncob, clay, odd pipes, tobaccos, blending, smokers' accessories, etc. All famous nationally advertised brands. Send for your Free copy today to

GEORGE YALE
Dept. E-12 1083 Sixth Avenue New York City

SAVE YOUR GAS... YOUR TIRES
ORDER BY MAIL

4338—$4.98
For Yourself or As A Gift
3452—$3.49
180— $2.39

For footloose comfort, Adler Moccasins are the perfect Gift—if you can bear to part with them! Wonderful lounging companions, yet they "go places" with poise and dash wherever casual clothes are worn. No wonder there's such a trend toward Moccasins!

4338 - Fine Brown Elk. Sizes 7 to 13. $4.98
3452—Brown Leather, Buckle Style. Sizes 6 to 12. $3.49
180—Oil Stained Leather. Sizes 6 to 12. $2.39

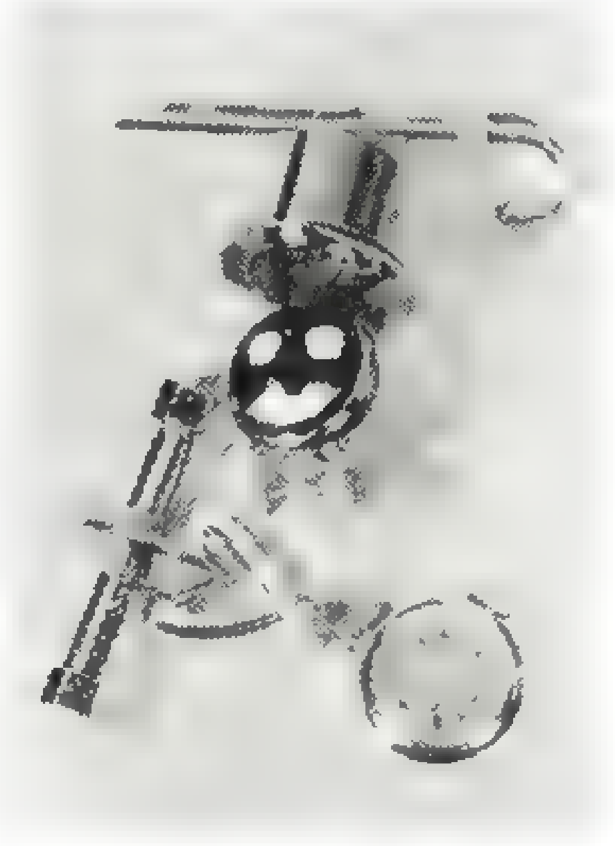
ADLER SHOES for MEN
Mail Coupon to Adler Shoes
122 E. 42 St., New York, N.Y.

Send the following Adler Moccasins packed in Holiday Wrapping. (Add 25c per Pair for Postage and Handling)

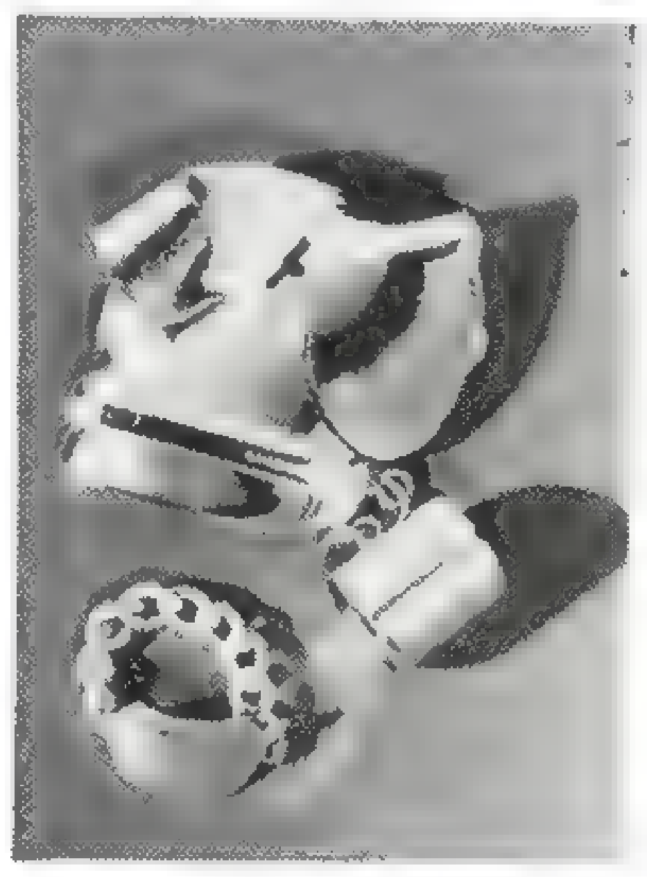
STYLE	SIZE	COLOR
		. Brown Antique
		" "
		" "

☐ C.O.D. ☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

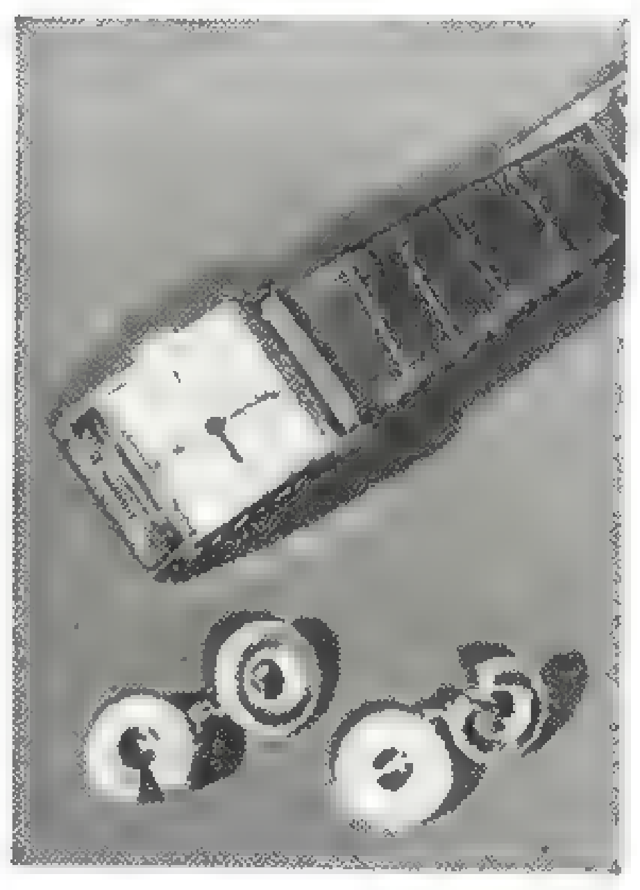
Talking Shop with Esquire



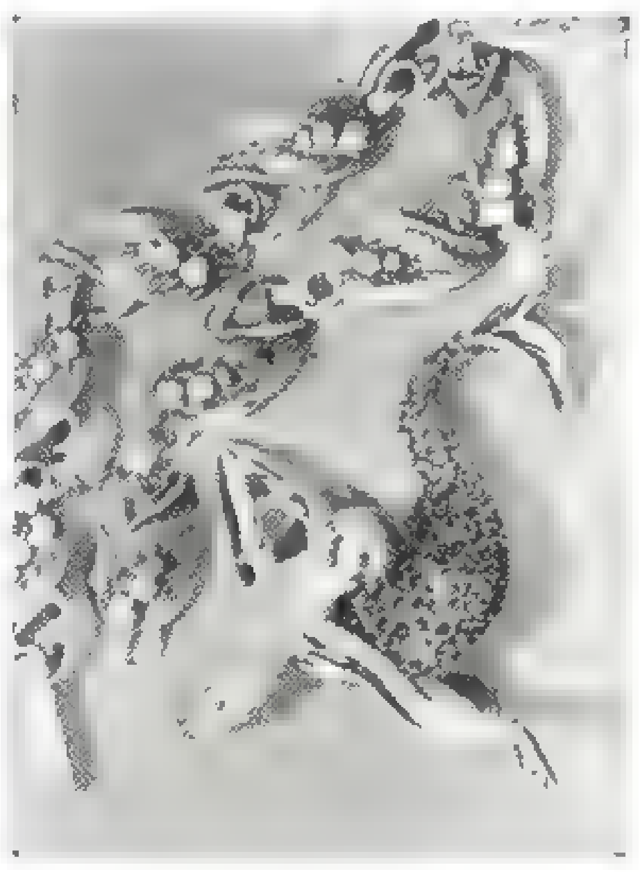
TIME RUNS THE GAMUT. Is she the fun-loving type, quick on the uptake, an adept at conversation? Then, by all means, the blackout lapel watch, whose blackface comedian, complete with top hat and cane, has a watch at the back of his revolvable head. In the dark, his eyes and teeth give forth light. For the gal of more serious inclinations, who nevertheless likes Nice Things, a two-toned gold watch in the modern manner, to add an elegant note to the simplest dress.



IF SHE GETS LOST. The entertaining sterling silver identification ring will help her remember who she is and where she lives, should she ever forget. Small as the plate necessarily is, there yet is room for her full name and address. Inexpensive, too. And then, should she be out of carfare, Fido the St. Bernard comes panting to the rescue. Instead of liquid refreshment in the keg around his neck, there's a tightly-rolled dollar bill. She breaks the glass, fishes out the bill, and grabs a taxi.



TAKE CARE OF THE WRIST. Permit his wrist to bear such a token of your esteem as a pair of cuff links with one tone of 14K gold pyramided on another, and then built around his initials; a happy combination of dignity and personalization . . . He could do a lot worse than strap on the rugged yet smooth-looking wrist watch. The alligator strap leads up to a 17 jewel movement. Let your budget decide whether to order it in the gold-filled version, or in 14K gold. In either case, a good thought for the service man on your list.



LAND AND SEA. The gold-over-sterling necklace takes its design inspiration from a leaf shape adorned with berries, and it affords a fetching complement to her Sunday best. It is wrought by hand, and hath that look . . . From the briny deep comes a mermaid that's all she's supposed to be (except alive), even to the languishing pose. Basically, she's sterling silver, plated with 14K gold. The tiny bracelets on her wrist are actually movable. By the way, she's a lapel pin.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS

FROM OREGON MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
come these tempting PRESERVES

From high meadows and valleys of the lofty Cascade Range come luscious sun-ripened fruits and berries for Jane Amherst's preserves. Carefully prepared in the old-fashioned way, these delicious preserves retain the full fruity flavor and woodsy aroma found only in real home-made preserves.

NO. 2 MOUNTAIN GIFT BOX . . . Six 5½ oz. jars (one each Mountain Huckleberry, Wild Blackberry, Strawberry, English Damson, Greengage, Prune-Hazelnut) packed with fragrant pine needles and tiny cones. $2.15 Prepaid in U.S.A.

JANE AMHERST
1115 N. E. 47th AVENUE, PORTLAND, OREGON

LIKKER LUGGER It's a Hit!

May be carried in pocket or bag. A life-saver at sports events or the hunt. Every Air Raid Warden should have one for his Kit. Red, Tan, Black, genuine leathers.
Single: $1.50-Double: $2.50
postpaid
DISTINCTIVE CREATIONS INC.
10 W. 47th St., New York City

ATTRACTIVE DECANTER

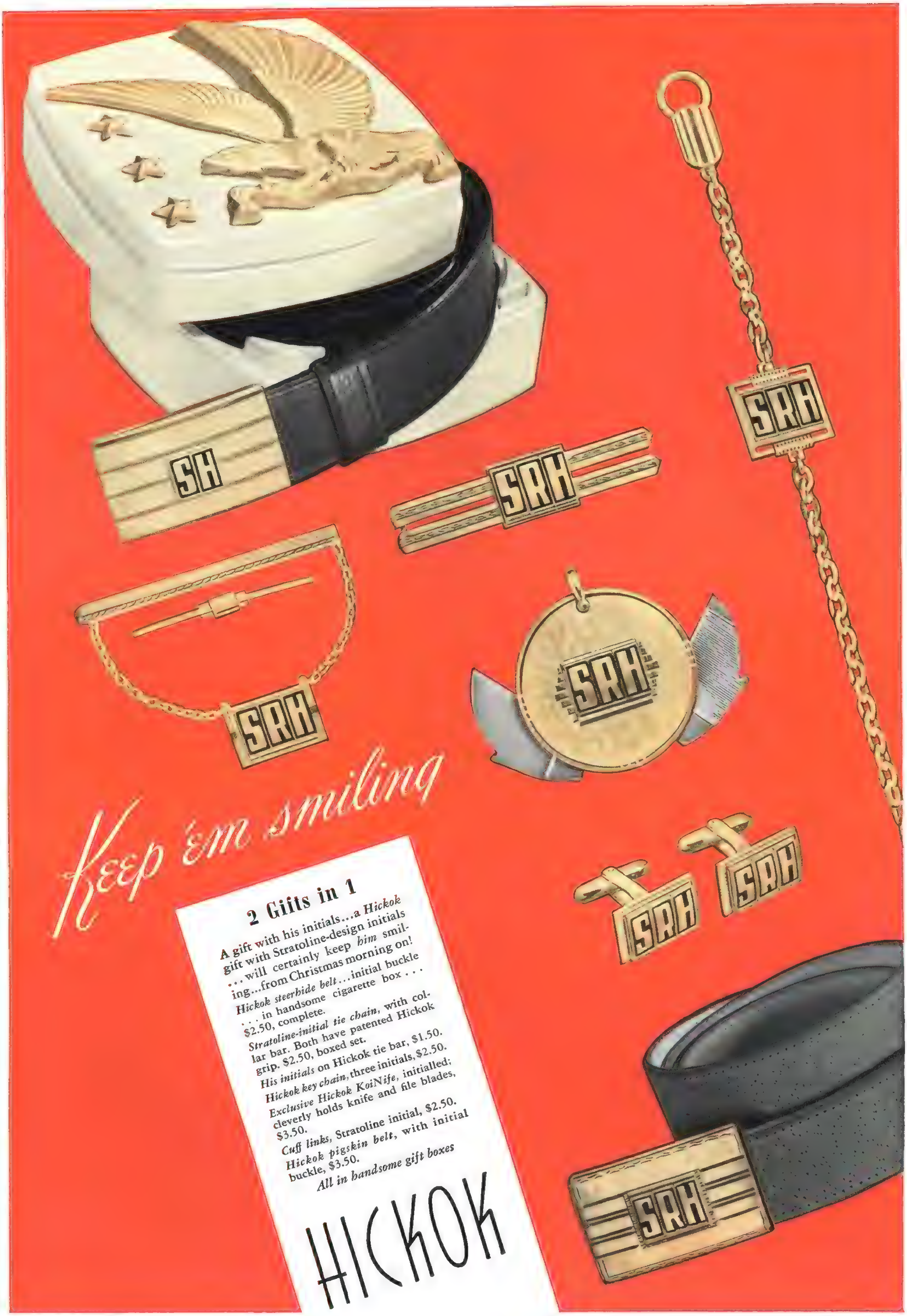
A popular gift for any man or horse lover. Made of clear glass, shaped like actual stirrup. Pint size. A pair for Scotch and Rye or Bourbon makes a welcome gift. Also attractive filled with ivy. Price each $1.25 postage prepaid.

WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. A-11
112 W. NORTH AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

Keep 'Em Smiling
BEFORE
AFTER

Folks need to laugh this Christmas. Give them Paddy, the Irish rogue whose ruddy bald head actually GROWS a rich crop of bright green hair. A source of fun for young and old. Can be planted many times. Durable pottery of rare Texas clay, 5" tall, sent *complete* with special seed, $1, postpaid *Money back guarantee.*
Paddys mailed direct to your Xmas list with card inclosed.

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
16 Washington Avenue, Goliad, Texas



2 Gifts in 1

A gift with his initials...a *Hickok* gift with Stratoline-design initials ... will certainly keep *him* smiling...from Christmas morning on!

Hickok steerhide belt...initial buckle ... in handsome cigarette box ... $2.50, complete.

Stratoline-initial tie chain, with collar bar. Both have patented Hickok grip. $2.50, boxed set.

His initials on Hickok tie bar, $1.50.

Hickok key chain, three initials, $2.50.

Exclusive Hickok KoiNife, initialled; cleverly holds knife and file blades, $3.50.

Cuff links, Stratoline initial, $2.50.

Hickok pigskin belt, with initial buckle, $3.50.

All in handsome gift boxes

HICKOK

Launched in Style on the Christmas Tide!

TODAY NO MAN NEED BE WEALTHY to enjoy the pleasure and prestige of wearing one of the world's finest hats. For Mallory's unique *Pliafelt* process produces felts that are the peer of imports in luxurious softness of body and shape-retainability. Yet you pay no premium for the richness and resilience of *Pliafelt* texture. This unique Mallory improvement on hat-making processes permits *Pliafelts* to be priced within reasonable limits . . . $6.50 to $10. *Left:* THE ALERT, $6.50. *Right:* THE CAPITOL HILL, $10. *Other Mallory Styles from Five Dollars to Ten Dollars.*

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING PROBLEMS MADE EASY!

Watch his face light up when you give him a Mallory Gift Box! It contains an amusing miniature hat . . . and is accompanied by a Gift Certificate that he will exchange for a life-size Mallory hat in the style and shade that sets him off at his best. These certain-to-please gifts are obtainable in the fine shops that carry Mallory hats in your city. Get Mallory Certificates today.

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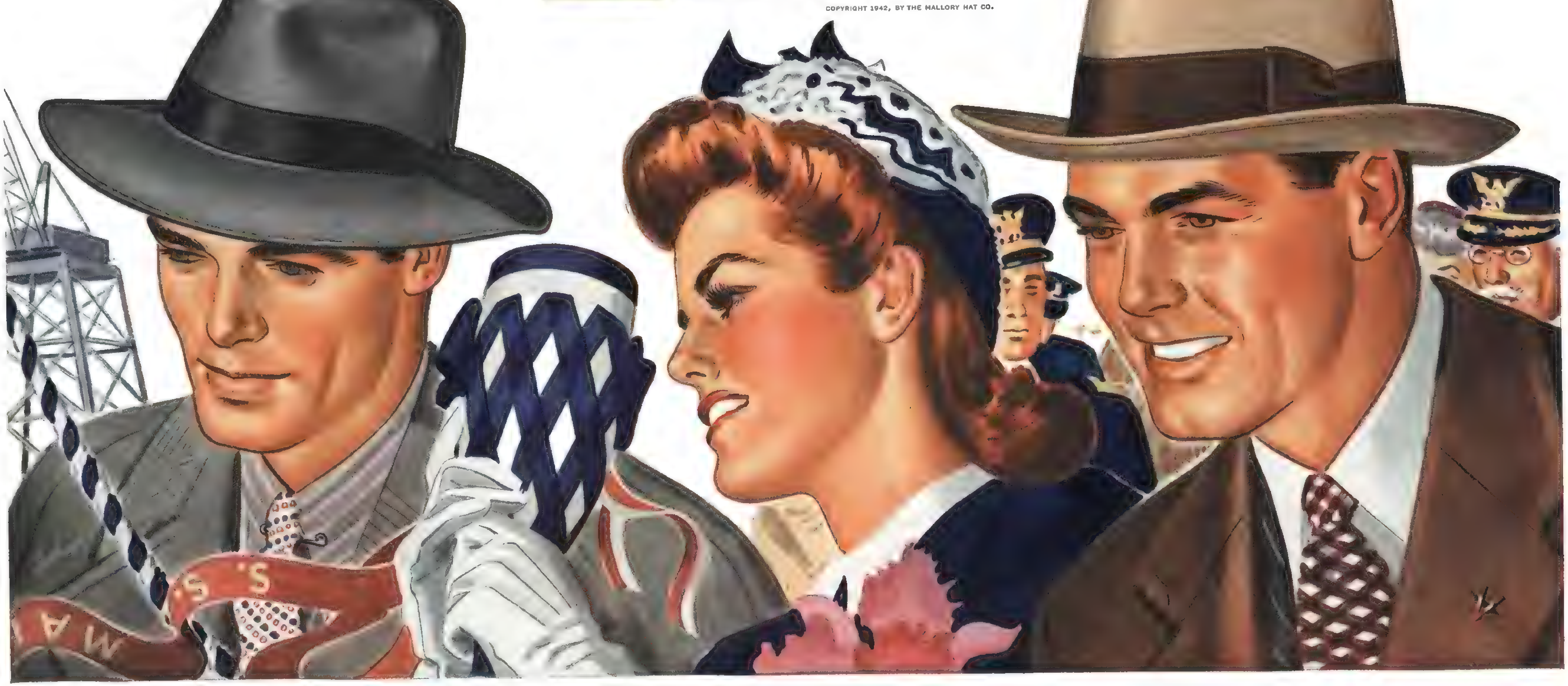
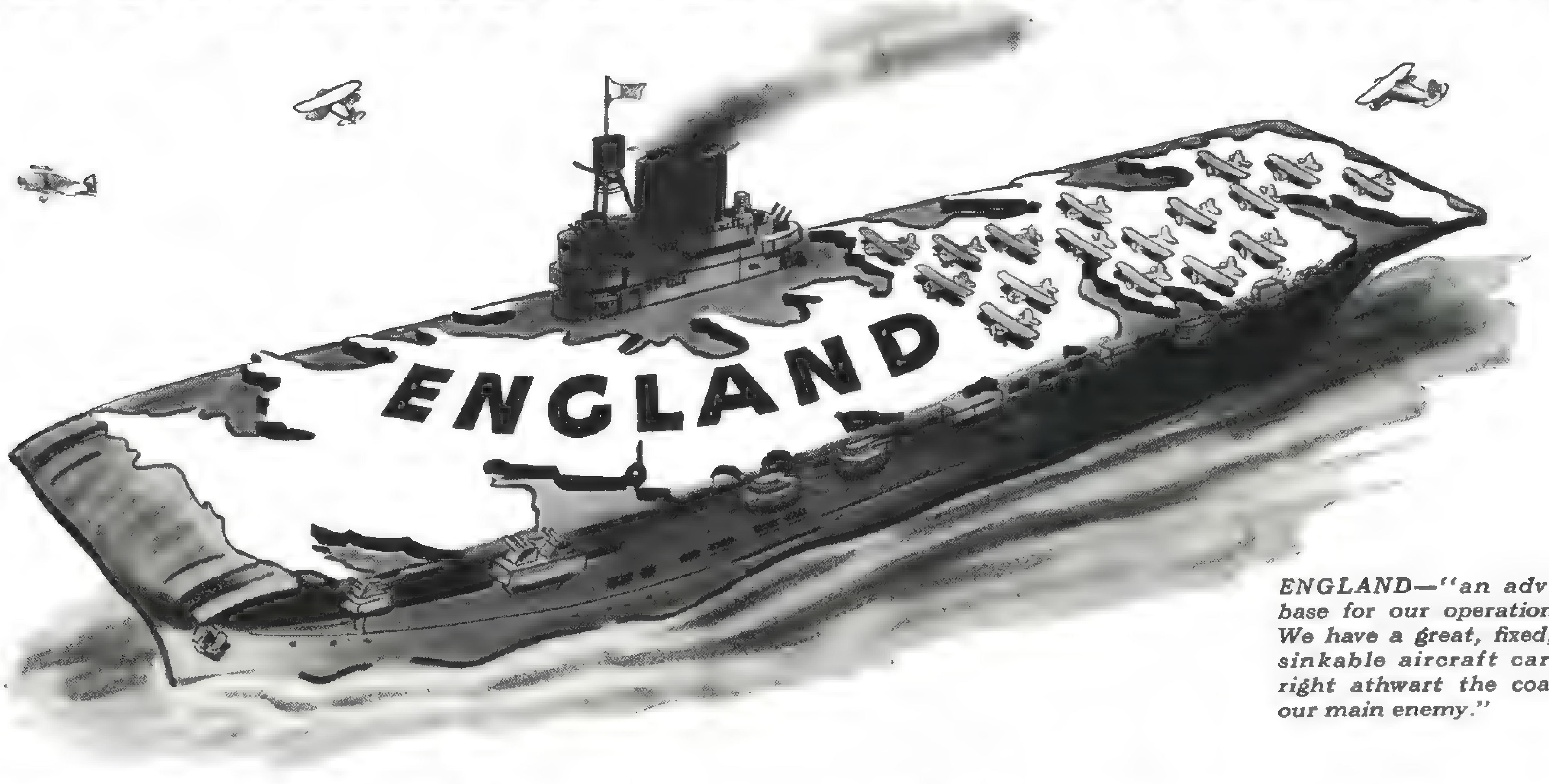
MALLORY hats

Buy War Bonds
and War Stamps
to help keep this
hat in its rightful
place . . . on top!



THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY



ENGLAND—"an advance base for our operations . . . We have a great, fixed, unsinkable aircraft carrier, right athwart the coast of our main enemy."

Why Is This the ONLY Kind of Second Front That Can Win It?

THE Nazi war machine, the mightiest the world has ever seen, couldn't ferry across 25 miles of water to finish off Britain at her lowest ebb! So what chance have WE to land and supply an army in the face of the Nazis—across that same English Channel—unless we are prepared for almost annihilating sacrifices?

But we CAN open this Second Front—if we open another one FIRST. We can catch the boat that Hitler missed. It's our one big opportunity to start dealing the Germans smashing blows NOW from which they'll never recover.

And in this two-fisted, mercilessly logical best-seller that is sweeping America—THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY—you will read *how*.

The Only Road Open Is the ONE Road to Victory!

This great book has hit America squarely between the eyes. And in four short weeks it hit the top of the best-seller lists. Almost every book reviewer in the land urges you to READ it, LEARN its message, DO something about it—while there is yet time. In lucid, hard-hitting paragraphs, this book outlines a direct road to complete and early victory—and the only road open to us NOW!

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY, written by William B. Ziff, one of America's leading civilian authorities on aviation, mercilessly reveals the predicament we find ourselves in now. We are not winning. We have won every other war we have fought. But this time we are stymied by a better-prepared, better-organized, better-positioned Axis. This war is different.

"The sixth chapter of the Ziff book ought to be read and re-read by every adult American, over and over to the point of memorization."—ESQUIRE.

Step by step, with devastating precision, Ziff tells the reasons for striking at Germany NOW, before she can mass her strength against us; in the only theatre of operations in which we can outmatch her, THE AIR! And he shows exactly how we are in a position today to combine our colossal resources and technological forces into ONE super-second front, four, five, six miles above Germany—and systematically smash the daylights out of the heart of the Axis war effort.

"This is more than a book; it is a message. It is an amazingly lucid, well-developed, hard-hitting blueprint for war action. I hope THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY will reach the ear and mind of every American citizen and spur him to action before it is too late."
—EDDIE RICKENBACKER.

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY will show you why we *have* control of the air over Germany. Why Britain's slim air force (1000 Spitfires and Hurricanes) was able to stand off Goering's whole *Luftwaffe* in September and October, 1940, and shoot 2400 Nazis out of the sky in a few weeks! And *how* the United Nations can NOW start organizing an air armada that city by city and factory by factory would reduce the war-producing centers of Germany to a mass of blackened, twisted wreckage.

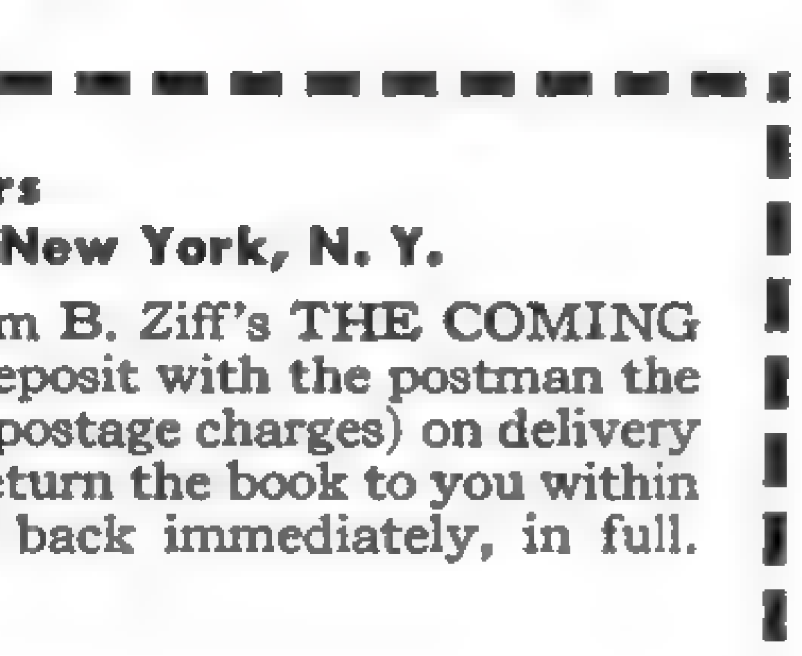
"This book is dynamite, and by that I mean that it is dynamite of the kind that is needed to win this war!"—GENERAL WILLIAM E. GILLMORE, *Brigadier-General, U. S. Army Air Corps (Retired)*.

The 1000-plane onslaughts on Mannheim, Essen, and Cologne, which took place after this book was in type, are testimony to the book's prophetic vision. And the power of public opinion (which this great best-seller is helping to arouse all over the nation) can intensify our devastating air assaults on Germany—our only alternative to a heartbreakingly long European land invasion or a final last-ditch defense of America itself.

Send No Money

Books are *weapons*—in this war of aggressive ideas, daring imagination, broad world-understanding. And *this* book is a weapon which you should add to your mental arsenal NOW.

To get *your* copy of THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY you need send no money now. Simply send the coupon below. Merely deposit only $2.50, plus few cents postage and handling charges, with the postman when he brings your book. Then if you don't agree with hundreds of thousands of other readers that here is a book that you should read, and re-read, and talk about, and lend to your friends, and then read again—simply return the book to us within 5 days for a full and unquestioned refund of your $2.50. Send the coupon below now! *Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Publishers, Dept. EZ4, 270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.*



Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Publishers
Dept. EZ4, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me at once a copy of William B. Ziff's THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY. I will deposit with the postman the book's price of $2.50 (plus few cents postage charges) on delivery—with the understanding that if I return the book to you within 5 days, I am to receive my $2.50 back immediately, in full.

Name..........

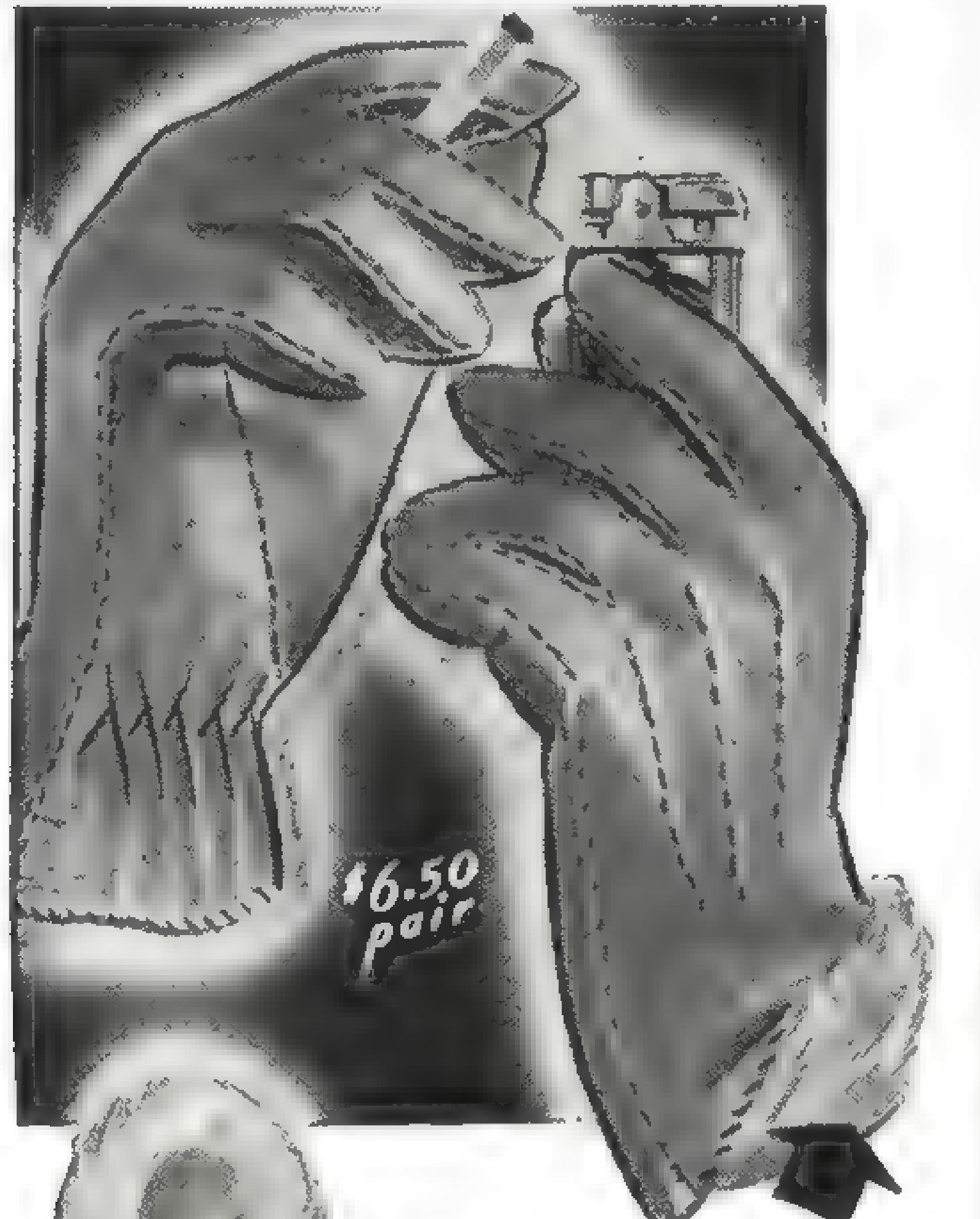
Address..........

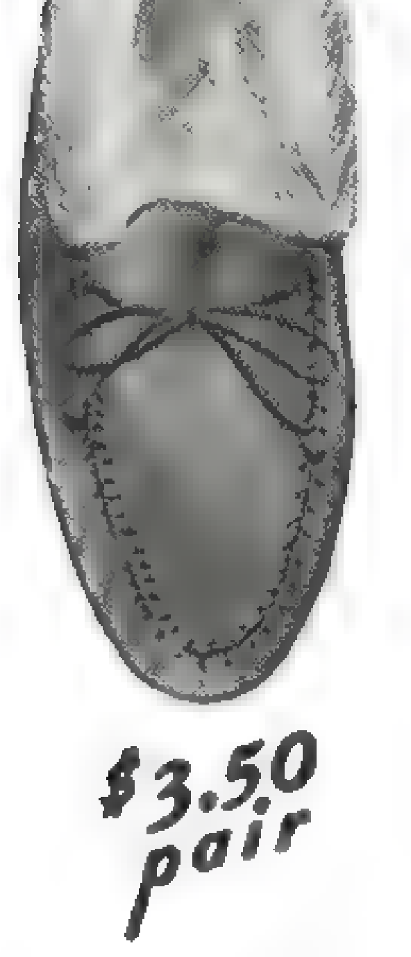
City.......... *State*..........

☐ CHECK HERE if you prefer to enclose $2.50 (check or money-order)—in which case we will prepay all postage charges. The same 5-day money-back privilege will apply.

HELLO NEIGHBOR!

Senór !.these are for you! Baby lambskins from friendly South America... specially treated in America to retain their deep, downy softness and resistance against cold....hand sewn and smartly fashioned for every outdoor occasion.





The woolly inside is *not* a separate lining. It is the deep, downy coat of the lamb, reversed so that its warming qualities are on the inside.

The warmest and most comfortable slipper ever. Great for lounging, after skiing and skating. Light and crushable—takes up minimum space. The perfect gift for your soldier boy...and girl, too.

$3.50 pair

Gloves and slippers in men's and women's sizes; natural or brown.

Mail orders carefully filled. Send check or money order. Include 25c additional if gift wrap is desired.

Fashions in Lambskin 6 East 45th St., N. Y.

give IDENTIFICATION For XMAS

Positive identification is a safeguard wherever you are. Men and women of the armed forces, students and stay-at-homes alike **must** protect their clothing and belongings. Mark them all with Cash's WOVEN Names. Easy to attach to anything with NO-SO Cement. An ideal Xmas gift. Ask your Department Store, or write us.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 15c for 1 doz. of your FIRST name and sample of NO-SO for attaching without sewing.*

CASH'S 492 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn. or 6235 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, Calif., or 162 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. 9 2.50 12 3. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube

GIVE A GIFT THAT *WILL* BE USED!

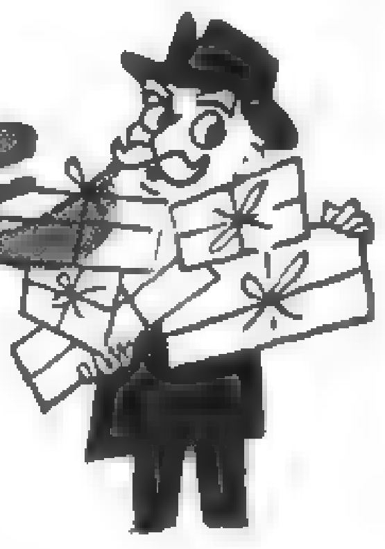
DRUM BAR

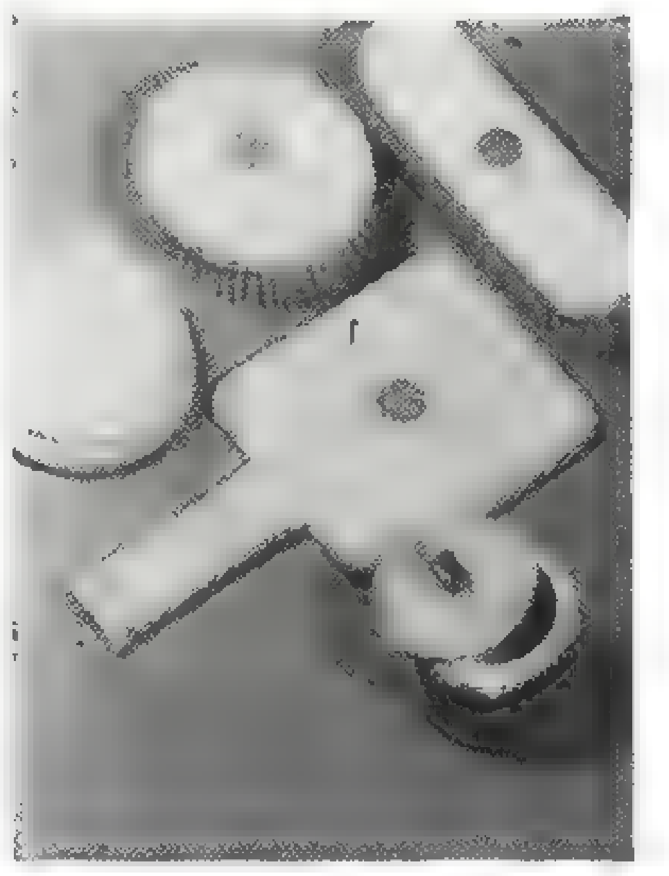
Gives home-drinking a new twist! Drum covered in mahogany colored, alligator grained leatherette. Raise cover and lift out two-tier tray (one holds eight hiball glasses and ice bowl—other holds rack for two jiggers and four bottles). Use an extra Bar Drum as snack server. Merely remove glasses and insert jars of cheese spreads, etc., using ice bowl for salads. Complete with 8 hiball glasses and ice bowl **$10.95** prepaid in the U.S.A. No C.O.D.'s

Send 10c for Illustrated Tippler Catalog T48, showing many unusual, distinctive gifts.

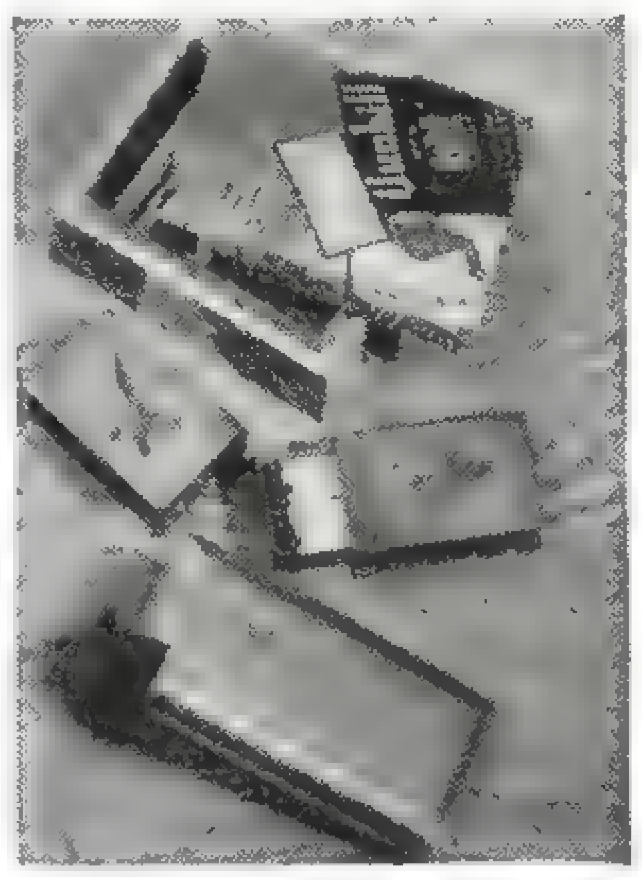
The **BAR MART**
62 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK

Talking Shop with Esquire

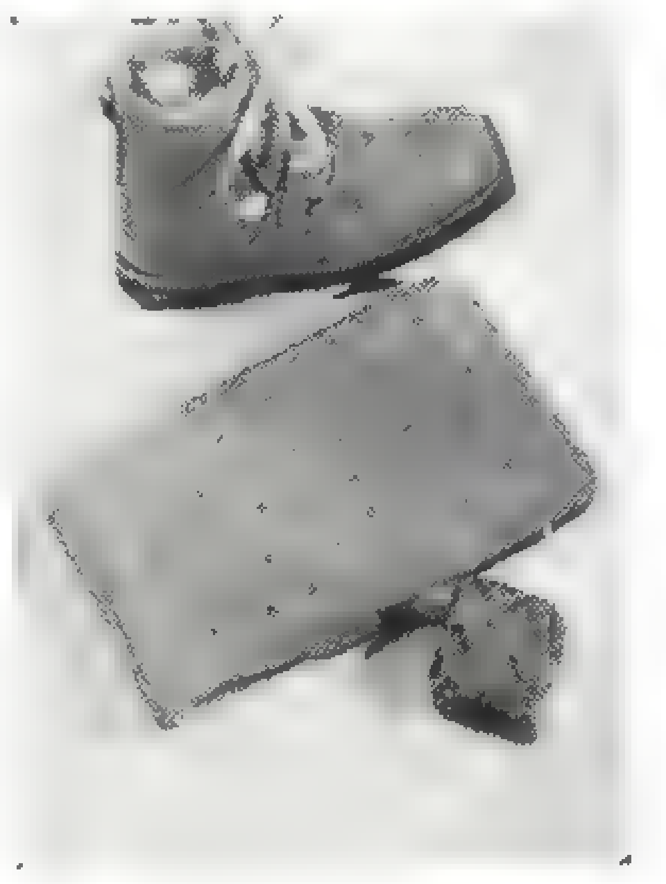




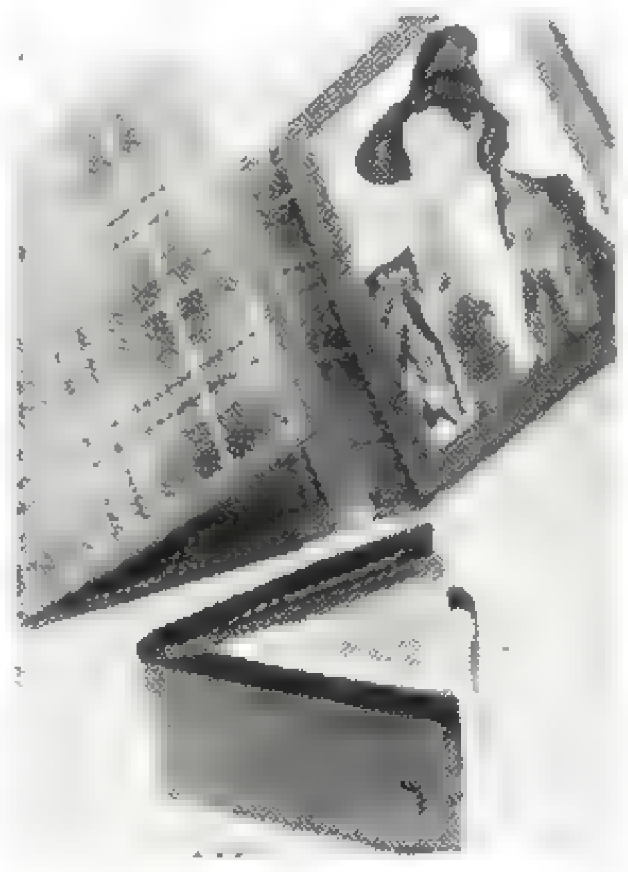
BUREAU AUTOCRATS. To acquire a dresser set that is unusual and yet in impeccable taste is the worthy dream of many a man. Here it is, we do believe; a five-piece set created in sand-blasted oak that makes for a finish that feels as smooth as it looks sturdy. The square mirror and collar-button box are bound with saddle-stitched suede; small silver monogram plates are set in all pieces but the button box. The *tout ensemble* is a 1942 classic.



SMOKER'S AID. A new cigarette box is always a compliment to an hospitable friend, so we offer as a casual gift a container pasted over with cigarette package labels and lacquered to a fine glaze . . . Small but nonetheless big in appreciation-value are leather safety-match boxes, etched to a sportsman's liking with horse and pheasant . . . Unique in pipe-smoking annals is a polished brass, gold-finished tobacco case that can be monogrammed with his initials. The top opens in two sections; tobacco is stowed away through the larger opening, while the smaller one is exit room for a pipeful.



THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT. Esthetic pleasure lies in all three of these smoker's items. To begin with, there's a lighter encased in an admirably true-to-life ski boot, scaled down to considerably less than hand size. Then comes a tobacco pouch, complete with tamper, that not only features a hammock effect at the top to hold a pipe, but is made of ostrich hide—proving that feathers aren't everything. The pipe itself has smoking merit and appearance value. It's made of Algerian briar.

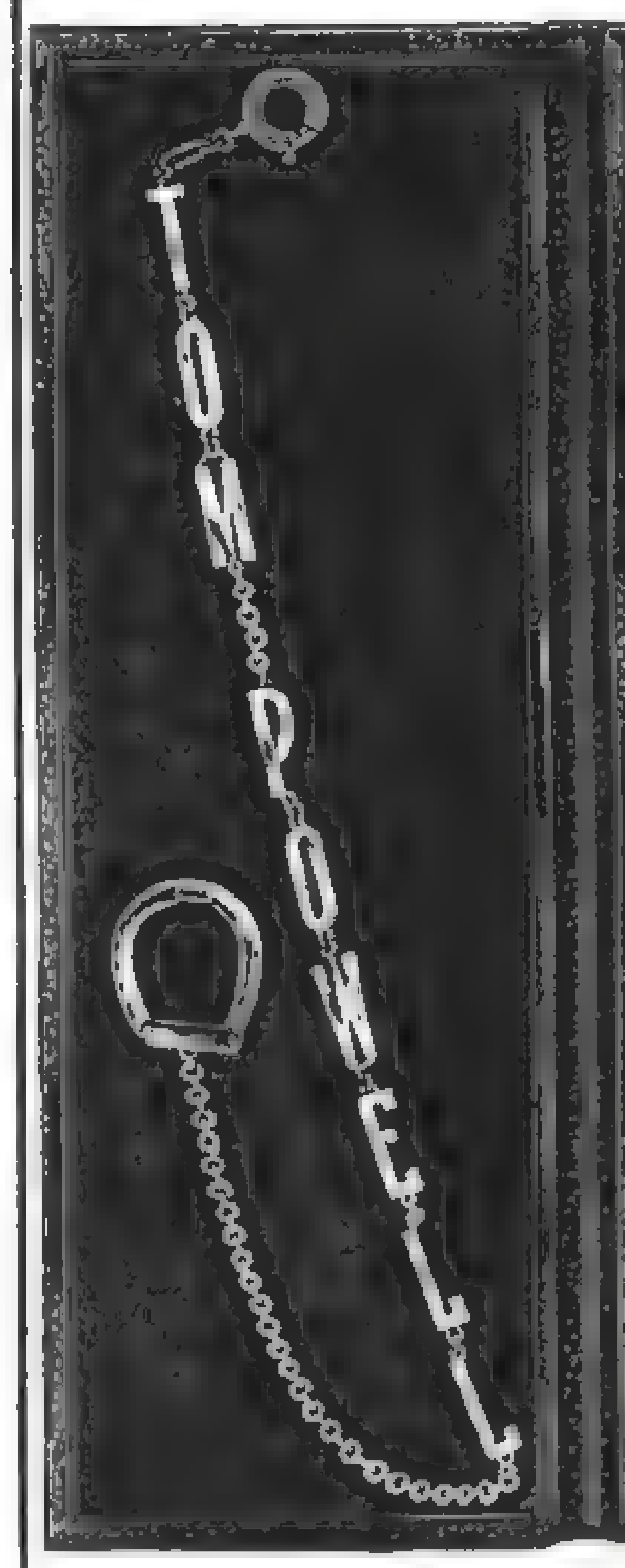


FOLDERAL. The automobile's loss is Christmas gift-giving's gain; automobile upholstery covering does exceedingly well on such things as picture frames. This one, besides being pleasing to the eye and durable as well, is covered with the same care on the inside as the outside, so that it's almost a shame to hide it with a picture . . . Another doubled-over gift potentiality is a wallet that not only carries practically everything but his pajamas, but also features a pull-out snapshot and identification card section. A tug on the tab automatically riffles the pages.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

GIVE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS



NAMECHAIN

Personalized KEY CHAIN Spells YOUR NAME in full

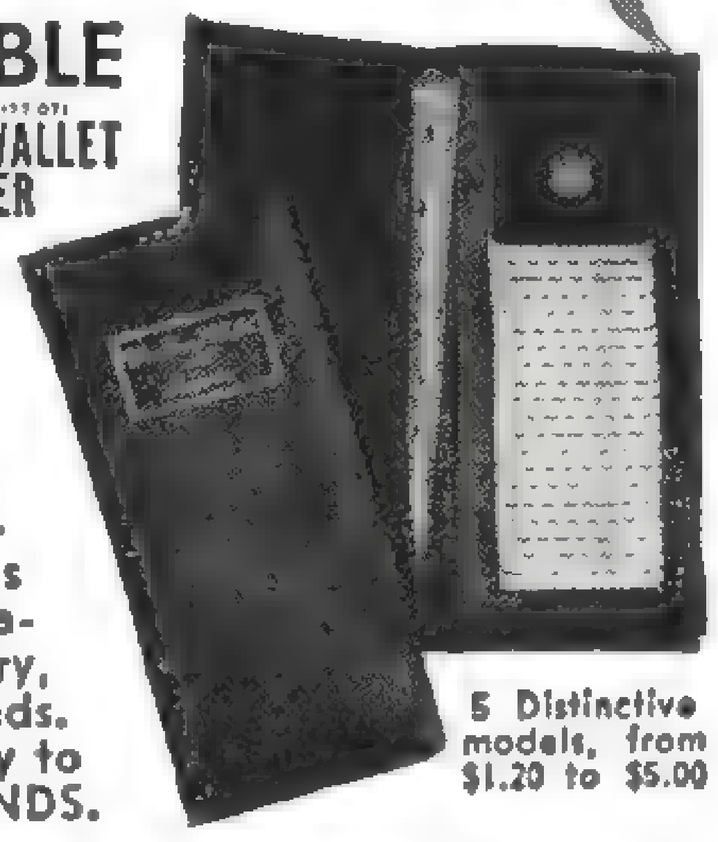
DURABLY CONSTRUCTED IN GOLD PLATE

The Perfect Gift

Each Namechain made to your order..up to 16 letters allowed. Individually packed in Gift Box.

Sent Postpaid for $3.00.

Namechain Mfg. Co.
19 E. Pearson St., Chicago



AMERICA'S NEWEST BANKBOOK!

REDI-RECORD VISIBLE
U. S. PATENT NO. 2,177,071
WAR BOND WALLET AND REGISTER

The *Perfect* Perfect Gift. Finest leathers or sturdy leatherette. Patented, single-glance index registers amount, date, maturity, beneficiary, etc. Holds 40 bonds. The practical way to keep WAR BONDS.

5 Distinctive models, from $1.20 to $5.00

At leading department, stationery, leather goods stores, or write Dept. 10.

THE REDI-RECORD CO.
251 Fifth Avenue • New York, N. Y.

Be sure to ask for Redi-Record—The Patented Single-Glance War Bond Wallet

RABSONS *presents a great* **ALBUM** of songs from IRVING BERLIN'S *Soldier Show*

"THIS IS THE ARMY"

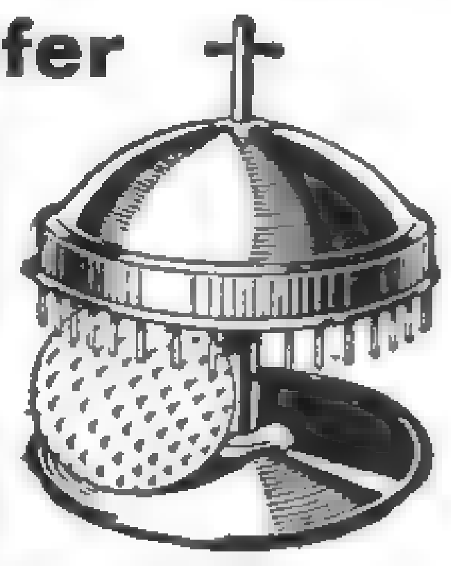
Recorded By The

ORIGINAL ALL-SOLDIER CAST

The record-scoop of the year... the big hits of Broadway's biggest hit show, recorded by the soldier boys themselves: **Overture; I Left My Heart At The Stage Door Canteen; The Army's Made A Man Out Of Me; I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep; American Eagles; What The Well-Dressed Man In Harlem Will Wear; Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning; How About A Cheer For The Navy?** You'll want an album for yourself, and one for that lad in the service! Four 10-inch records in attractive album, complete, gift-wrapped and postpaid in U.S.A., $3.00.

Write for FREE Illustrated PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 18, NEW YORK



Gift for the Golfer

Score a hole-in-one Christmas morn with Bobby's Portable Golf Hole! Improve putting right in the living room. "Just like a cup on the Green." Each $1.00 or 3 for $2.75 postpaid.

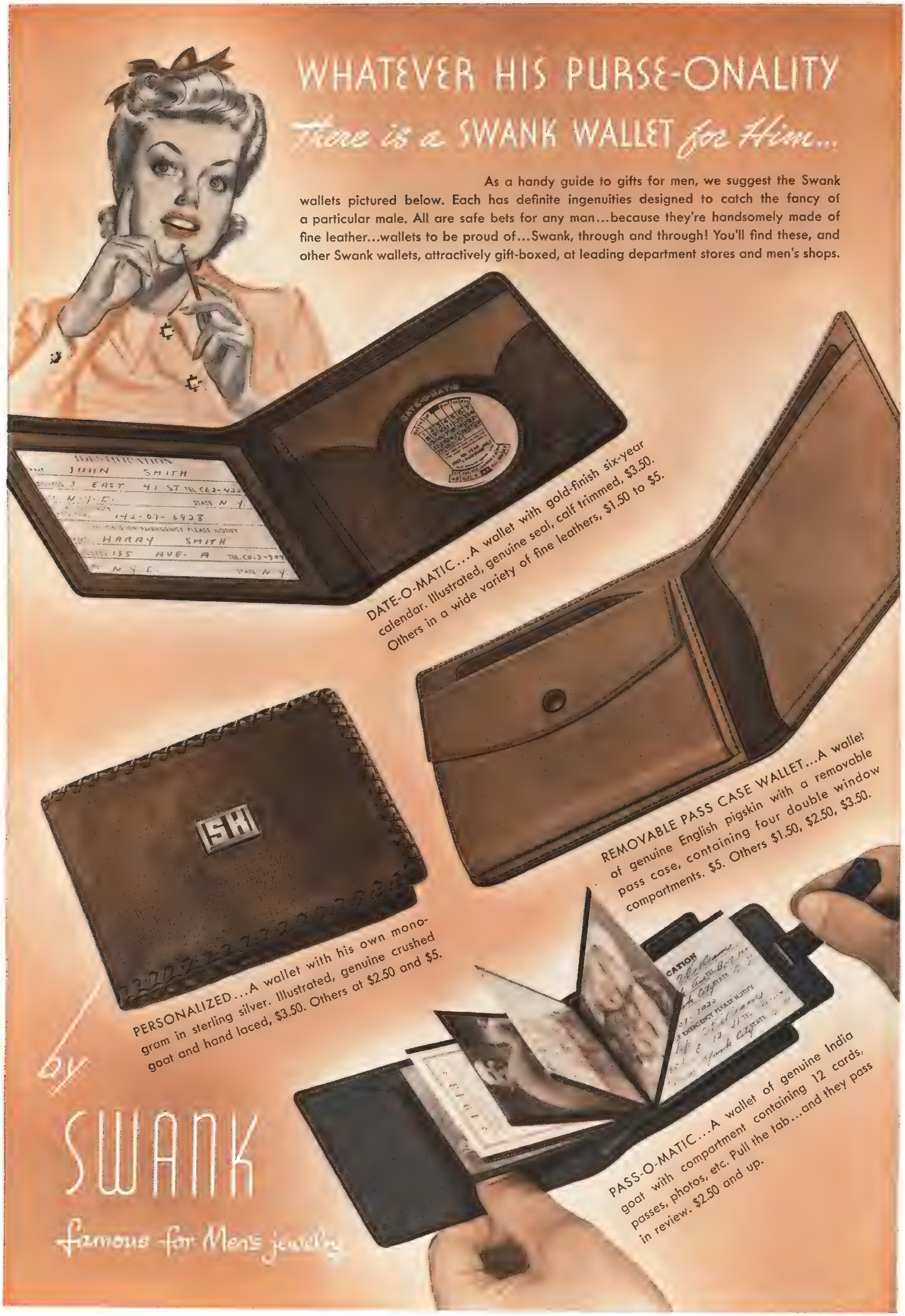
And Skater

Add to skating pleasure. A few strokes with the Berghman Sharpener and skates are like new. Adjustable. $1.00 postpaid. **E. BERGHMAN CO., 1417 Washington Boulevard, Maywood, Ill.**

GLOVER'S SARCOPTIC MANGE MEDICINE
AN EFFECTIVE HAIR APPLICATION

Thousands Praise **GLOVER'S** Mange Medicine with massage for Smart, Well Groomed HAIR! You'll Like It Too!

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES



WHATEVER HIS PURSE-ONALITY

There is a SWANK WALLET *for Him...*

As a handy guide to gifts for men, we suggest the Swank wallets pictured below. Each has definite ingenuities designed to catch the fancy of a particular male. All are safe bets for any man...because they're handsomely made of fine leather...wallets to be proud of...Swank, through and through! You'll find these, and other Swank wallets, attractively gift-boxed, at leading department stores and men's shops.

DATE-O-MATIC...A wallet with gold-finish six-year calendar. Illustrated, genuine seal, calf trimmed, $3.50. Others in a wide variety of fine leathers, $1.50 to $5.

REMOVABLE PASS CASE WALLET...A wallet of genuine English pigskin with a removable pass case, containing four double window compartments. $5. Others $1.50, $2.50, $3.50.

PERSONALIZED...A wallet with his own monogram in sterling silver. Illustrated, genuine crushed goat and hand laced, $3.50. Others at $2.50 and $5.

PASS-O-MATIC...A wallet of genuine India goat with compartment containing 12 cards, passes, photos, etc. Pull the tab...and they pass in review. $2.50 and up.

by

SWANK

famous for Men's jewelry

FOR CHRISTMAS
THE GIFT
THAT RINGS
THE BELL INSTANTLY!

No. 20-BRE
complete with ink

FOUNT-O-INK
INSTANT ACTION
Writing Set

Works like magic! Automatic ink supply feeds the pen that fills itself! Ends dry pen and messy filling. In beautiful mahogany and hammered bronze finish. Pen point of enduring SOLID GOLD. Writing joy to last for years!

No. 20-BRE: $7.15 At Your Dealers or postpaid from the factory. Your money back unless you like it better than any desk pen set you ever used.

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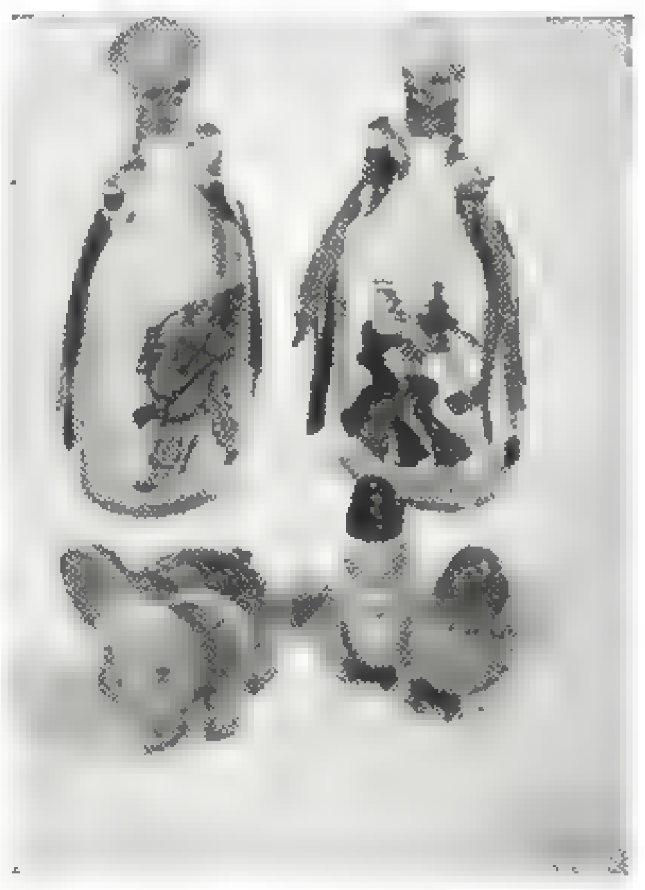
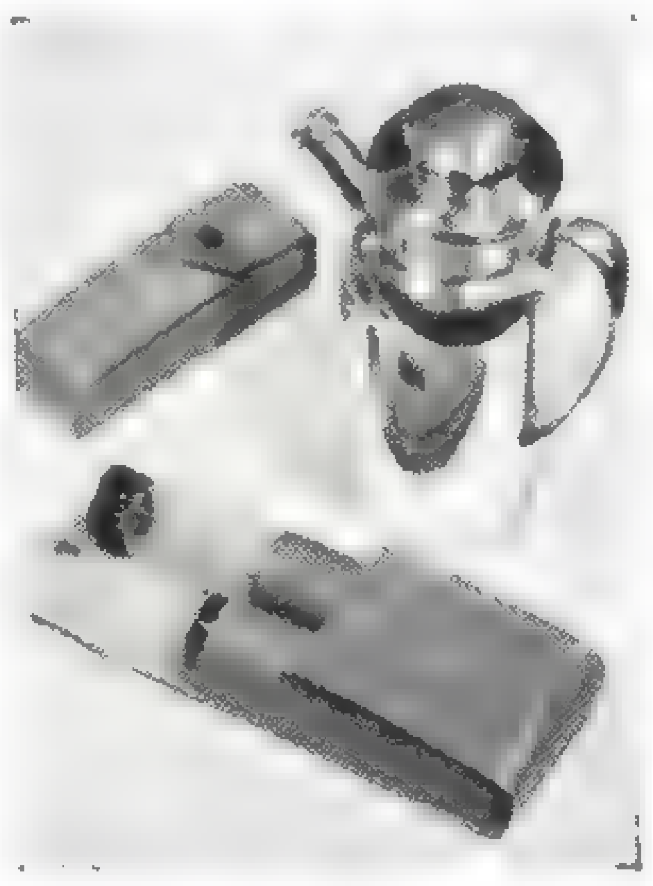
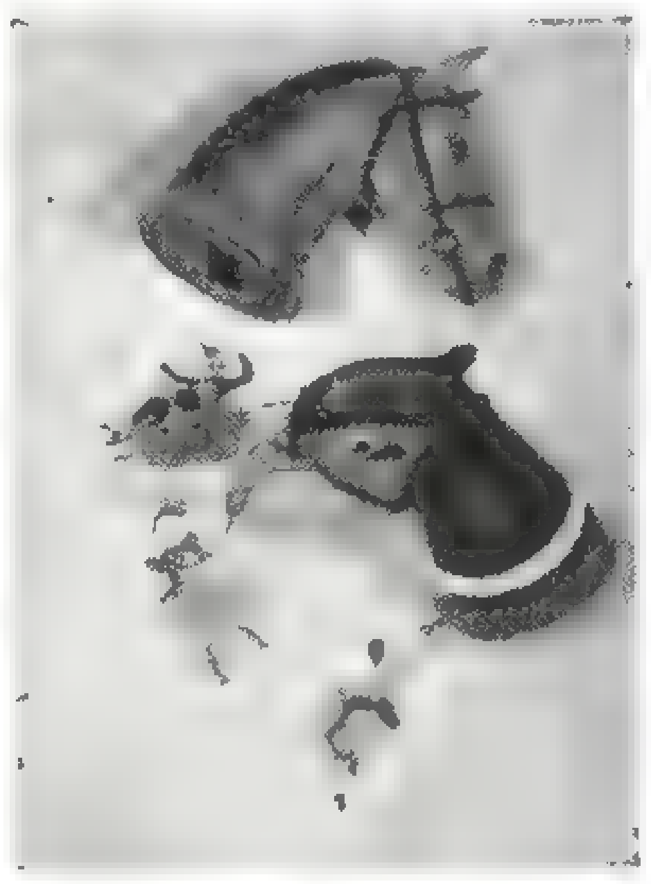


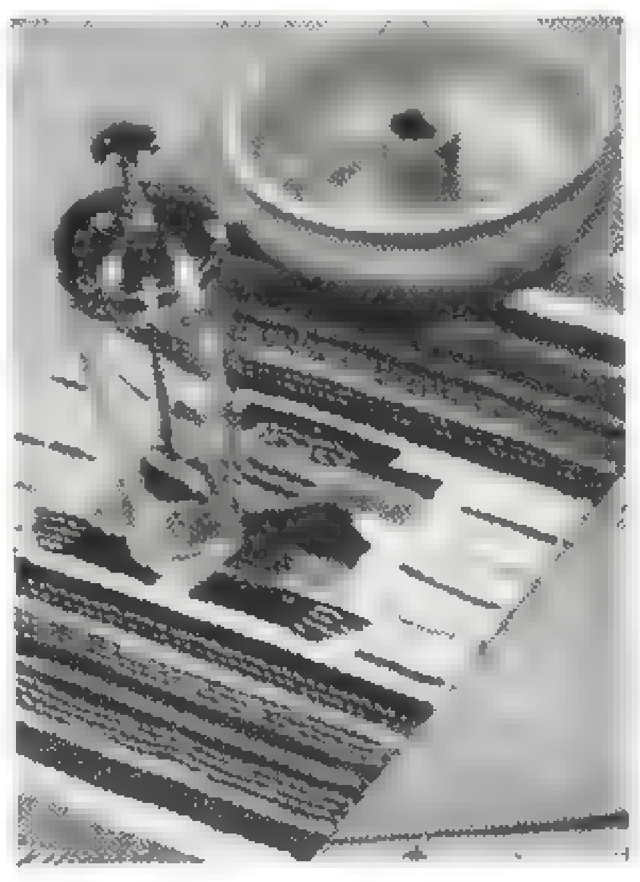
ALL THE TRIMMINGS. With a nod to the boys in the service, and a bow to timeliness, here is a twosome of bar bottles to complete somebody's collection of libational equipment. Each holds a full fifth quart; ribbon streamers tied to the handles enhance the patriotic note... Why must it always be a pink elephant? What you see now is a blue one, which to our mind is quite as possible. He's imported from an English firm... Laurel and Hardy come through with a laugh, interpreted in the shape of salt and pepper shakers, nested on a mutual ceramic collar.



SHORT AND SWEET. The important decision between carrying either a thirst or a flask is hereby decided. You only have to make up your mind whether to give the single or the double leather pocket case. Each vial holds a two-ounce snort... For the *à deux* libation, nothing could be sweeter than the cocktail shaker that holds just enough for two. Silver plated inside and out, it sports a handle for easy pouring. Try giving this to the honeymoon couple on your list.



OPENING WEDGE. A horse is a horse, a pheasant is a pheasant—except when the heads of both are also bottle openers. When their working day is over, they are just as likely to be admired for their true-to-life appearance as for their special talents... And, of course, no bar or cocktail party is complete unless you have solved the cocktail napkin problem for a doily-hating friend. With, we suggest, these; their appliquéd decorations feature authentically rounded contours, to shake mirth out of the most iconoclastic imbiber.



STIR CREATORS. Our nomination for that oft-indicated gift of a cocktail shaker is this neat and efficient, but not gaudy, one. It has a chromium-plated top and a handle that has only to be batted up and down to set the stirring end in motion... Accessory to the drinking fact might well be the nut bowl from the West Indies, with nut-cracking working surface in the middle... While we're on the subject of local color, hand over a small hand-woven Mexican serape to elicit grateful glances come Christmas.

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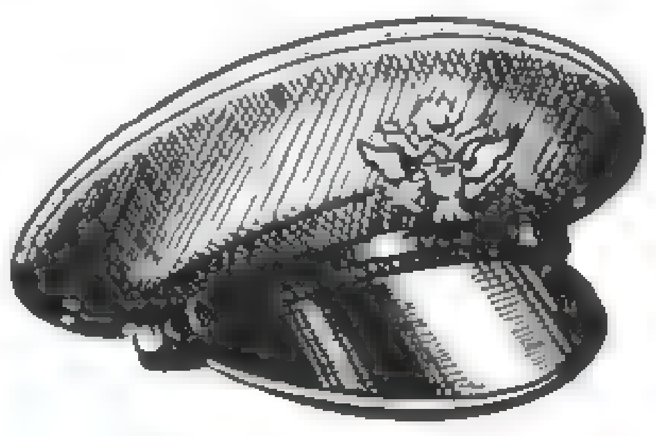

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Painting the Town with Esquire

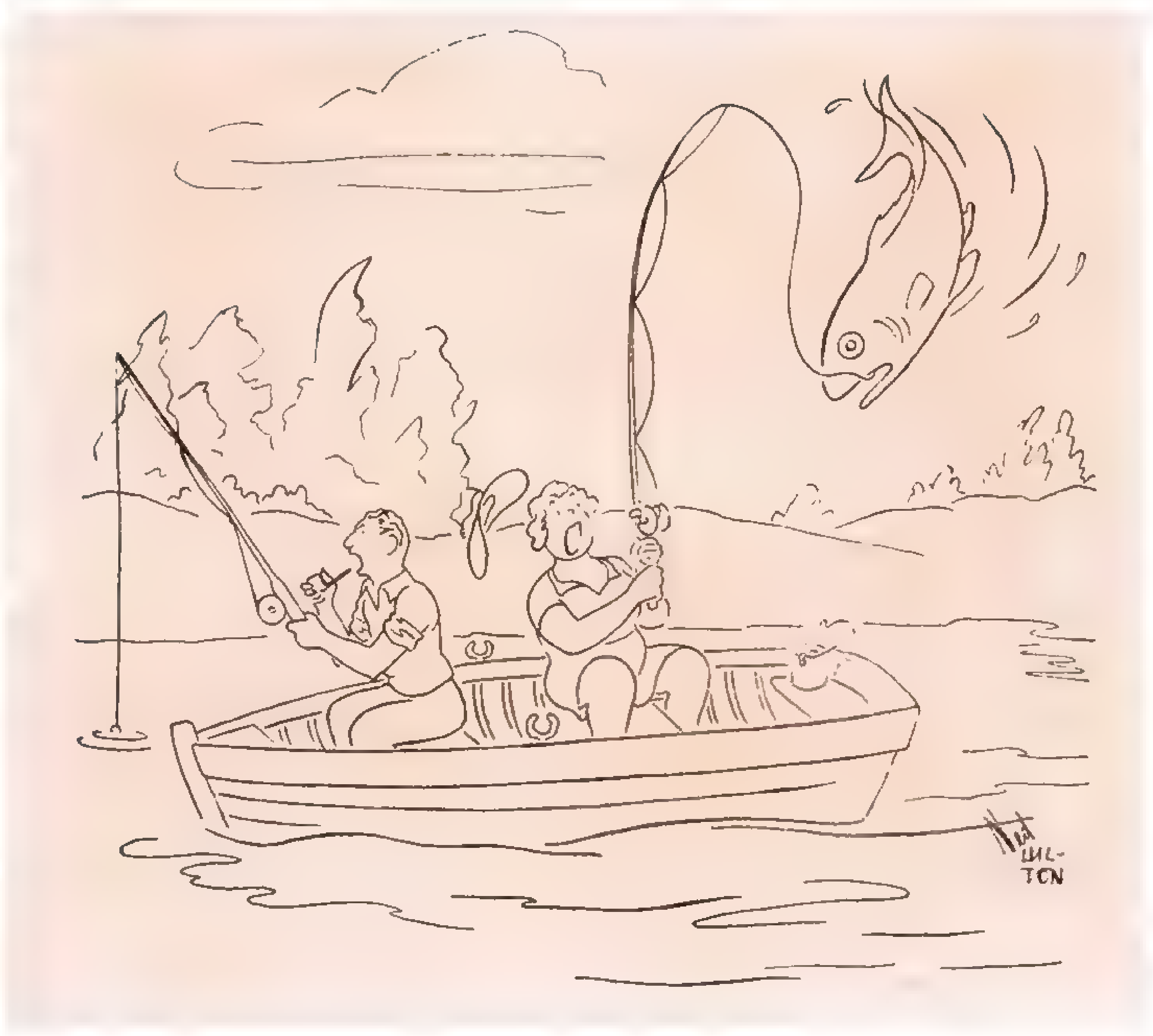
HEFTIEST EXECUTIVE heads and fluffiest coiffed ones are equally transparent to Myrus the mentalist who tops the dinner and supper shows at the Cotillion Room of the Hotel Pierre. Even so, he's put to it to outshine the pageant of maître Paul Gotschi's vivid costumed viand-bearers. Stanley Melba's music is served up for dancing, and a subsidiary Melba orchestra functions in the cherished Café Pierre during apéritif rites and post-theatre rallies. Noons it's Champagne Luncheon in the Cotillion Room.

POP WENT the pulchritude ceiling when the Versailles (151 East 50th) acquired the six damsels listed as Ver-Sighs in the inventory of the revue "Winter in New York" directed by Margery Fielding, with headline appearers changed fortnightly or thereabouts. Personable and vocally agreeable Yaleman Ben Cutler leads his suave rhythm crew, and the invaluable Panchito shakes with emotion in maintaining Versailles rhumba renown. Chef's scope is worldwide.

CELEB SPRINKLED whistlestop: the Encore (9 East 48th), where an open fireplace abets the tendency to linger for dinner. Host is jocund Gabriel, one of the town's most amiable, most sagacious. There's a piano, and when sufficiently dragooned, he'll sing . . . Palmy evenings at Monte Proser's Copacabana (10 East 60th) are melodied by charm ivorist Ted Straeter and his orchestra, with Frank Marti as samba purveyor. That prince of Brazil nuts Joe E. Lewis cracks them wild amid selected beauty and activity . . . And have you, on your quench route, encountered the lush kumquats that Florida sends up? They plop into Manhattans with the greatest of aptitude, and do splendidly when bonfired atop ice cream. A de luxe version arrives jarred in Bacardi.

GAIETY AND VARIETY at the Bowman Room of the David B. Mulligan conducted Hotel Biltmore emanate from a bandstand load of talent presided o'er by Ray Heatherton. Petite Southern drawler Betty Brewer wide-eyes at the mike; Hal Chase, Frank McGuire, and the Heatherton Glee Club gather round harmoniously, and the Drane Sisters throb their "Singing Strings." Out from under, like a bureau drawer, comes the ice rink, forthwith leaped upon by butterfly-on-skates Hazel Franklin and lesser lissomes in a swirly something called "Alice in Rhumba Land."

For further information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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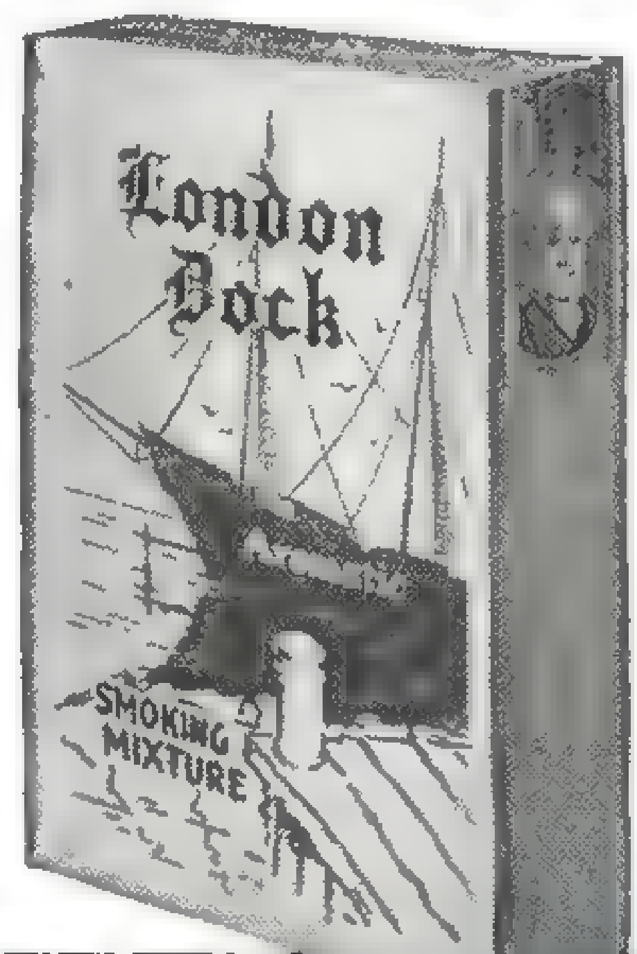

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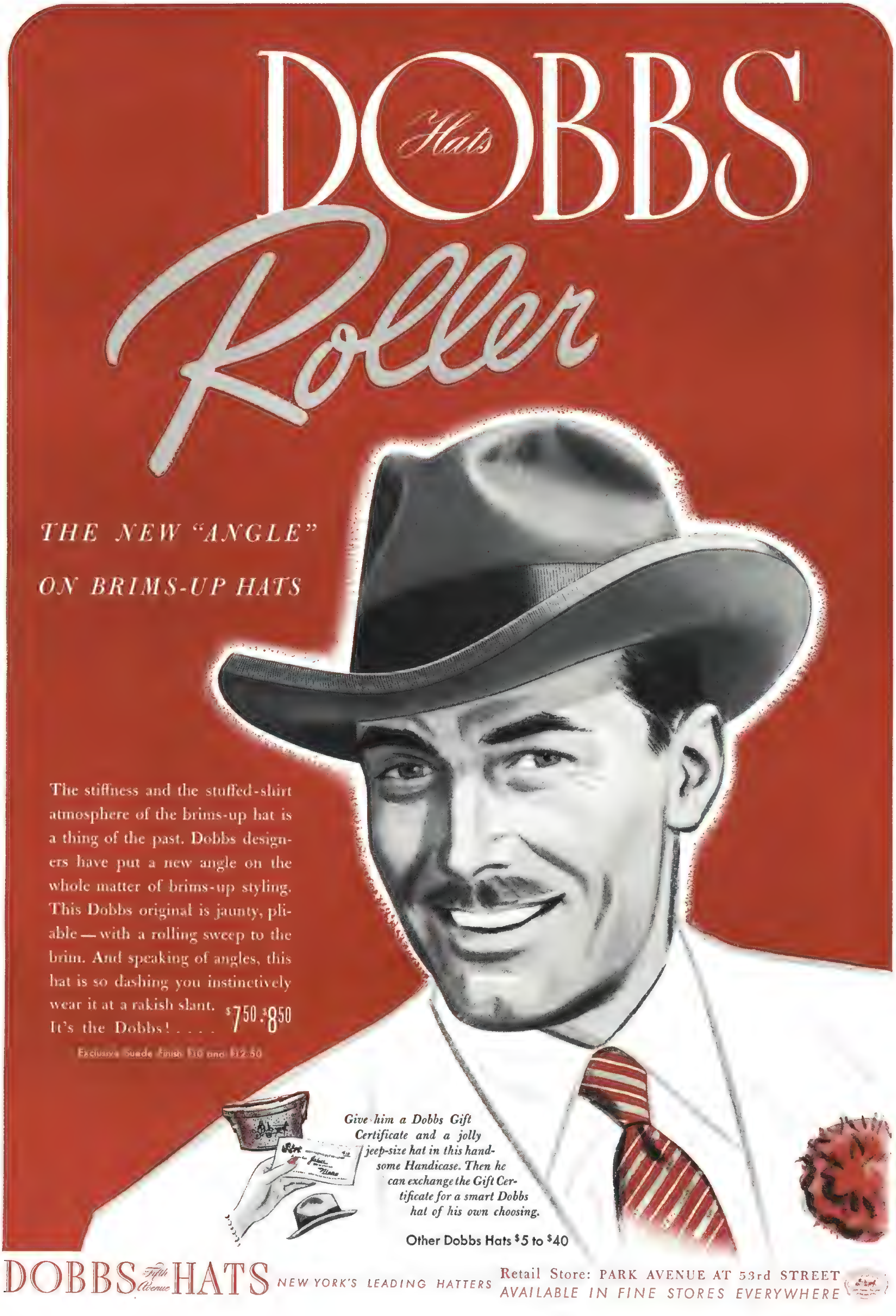

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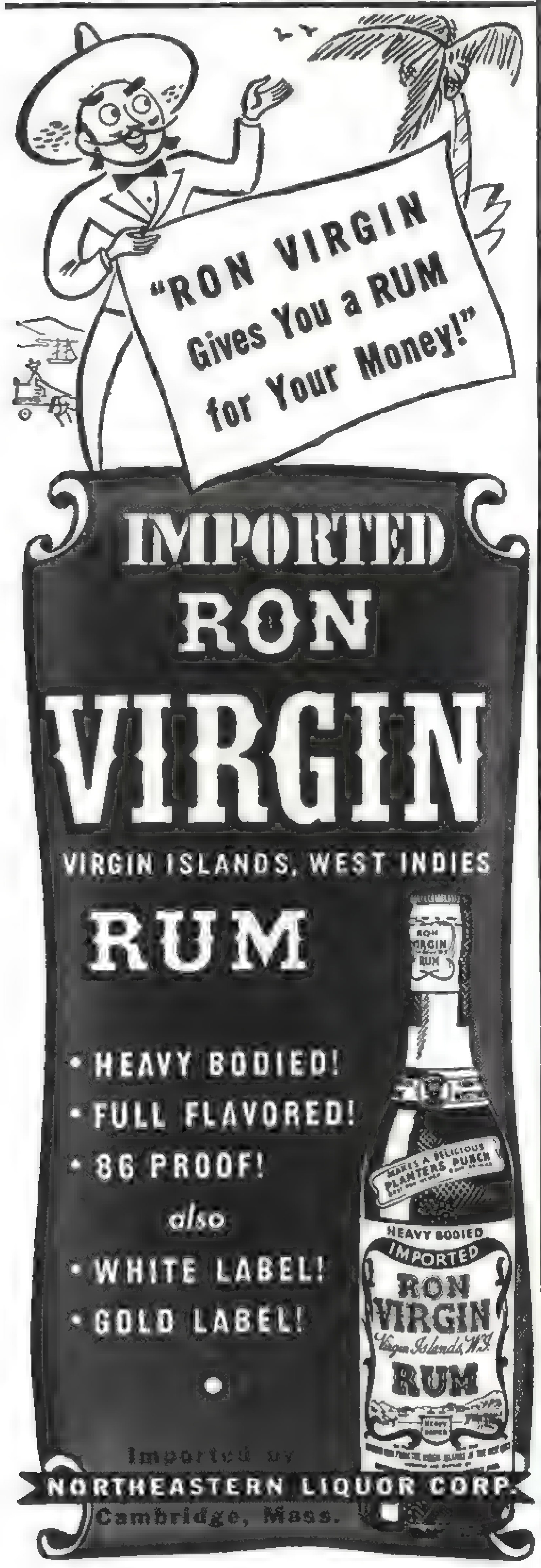

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Painting the Town with Esquire

SITTING ATOP a pile of good stories—64 of them—the Rainbow Room is favoring the footloose with the vervy music of that syncopated Franz Schubert, Leo Reisman. While expert waiters and captains unveil your chow, and sommelier Auguste unpails a bottle, the current floor show craves your looksee. Personally we wish to complain about dark-haired, dark-eyed Victoria Cordova, the warmth of whose singing (no mike, thank you) caused our plateful of opulent-sauced duck Tour d'Argent to grow coolish.

VINCENT ASTOR'S NEAT inn, the St. Regis (hot and cold running Champagne in all rooms and paté de foie gras for your pooch) has oped its basement Maisonette, flaunting new decorations in tones of gold, flame, and brown velvet. Bob Terry and Freddy Miller lead an orchestra apiece. The stately-gorgeous Iridium Room, whose Lucullan eats are presided over by maître John Kroll in person, omits any *divertissement* this season, convinced that patrons dancing to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra and Ethel Smith's trio don't care to be interrupted. Incongruous as it may seem in such surroundings, garb is informal.

ARE YOU AN OLD enough Broadwayite to remember Churchill's? And Albert Berryman, classic headwaiter of that establishment? Well, the identical Albert welcomes you nowanights to the pleasantly-contrived food and drink jungle of the Hurricane (Broadway at 49th). Here many a London Broil is tucked in, with revue distractions of a comely, gracile sort, shepherded by triple-alarm comedian Willie Shore. Nary a letdown till ousting time.

TO NOTABLES ABOUT town who drop into the 1-2-3 Club (123 East 54th) for a chat, a sip, and a listen to the debonair keyboard ramblings of host Roger Stearns, there comes a thought, "All this is very nice, but how about a little food?" Luckily stove virtuoso Fred Mahlke, laboring in caverns beneath, can be relied on in such emergencies, no matter how fussy one's palate . . . Legend has it that Guy Lombardo was standing on the East side of Madison Avenue between 45th and 46th Streets one day, when an architect sneaked up and built a hotel around him, called the Roosevelt. Anyhow, there he is in the Grill, as per always, bemobbed by his impassioned following.

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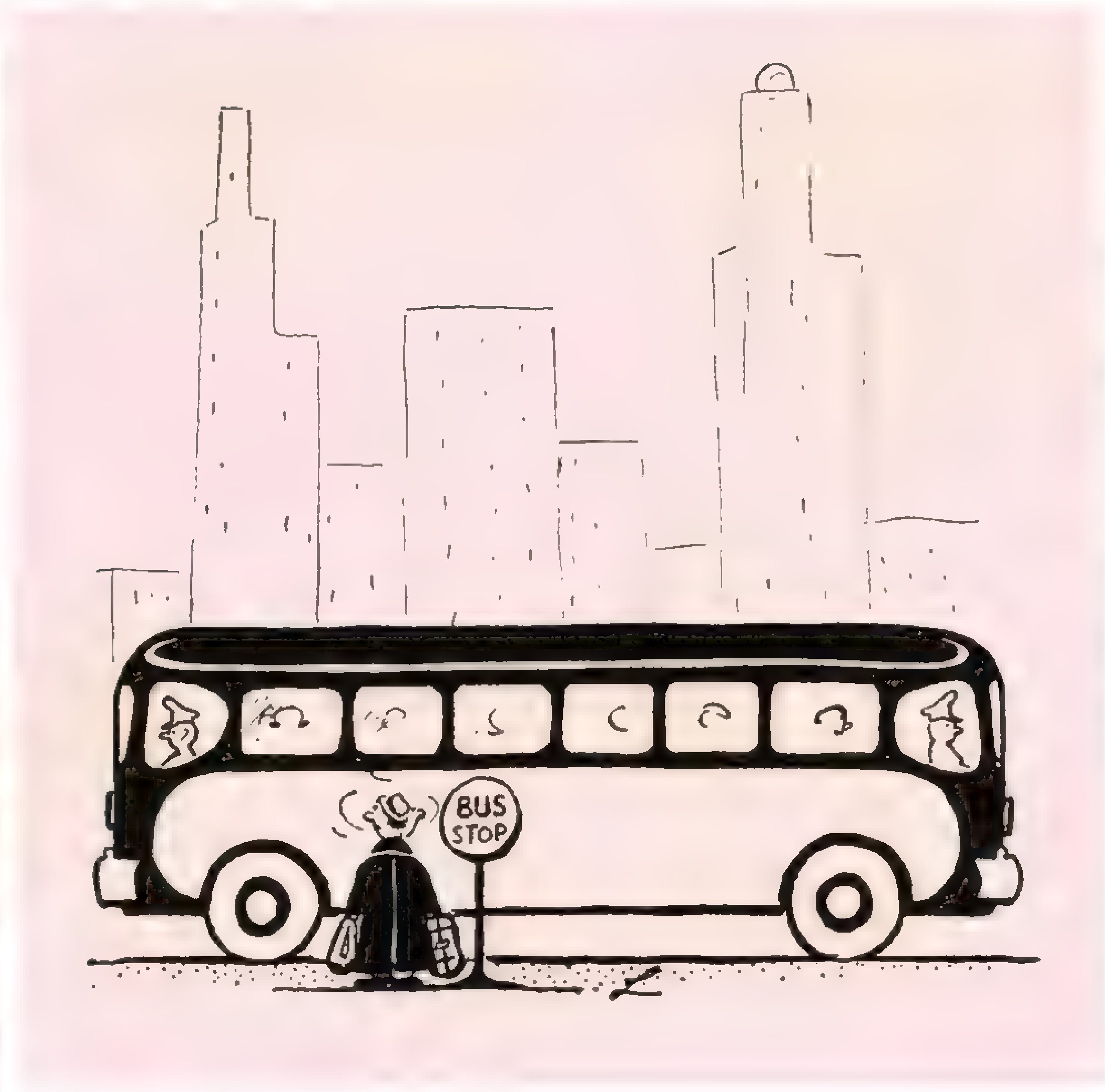

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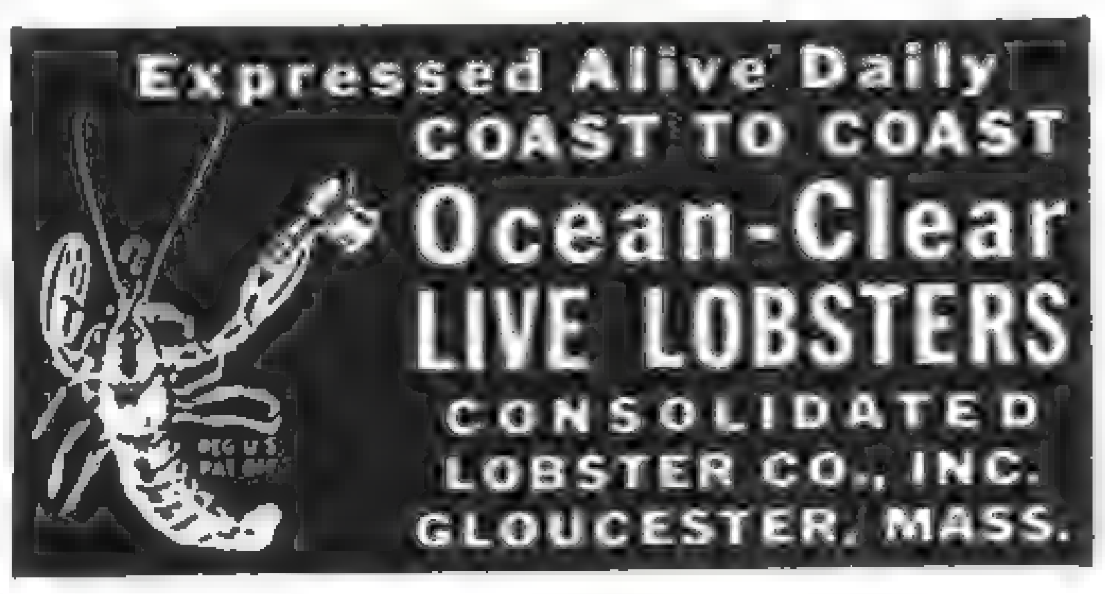

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Painting the Town with Esquire

HUNGERS AND THIRSTS of Eastsidemen who can't wait till sundown for their tropics, are allowed luncheon leeway in the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room. No barefoot Hula honeys at that hour, alas, but swell chowder of the clam, snared from the kettles of the Cape Cod Room . . . So that rinksiders at the Hotel New Yorker's Ice Show won't need to wear woolies, ye management employs Benny Goodman and his crew to keep things sultry. The lustier they blow, the hotter it gets.

FLAMING DAGGERS flipped into a floored portrait of Der Furious are among the highlights of the shashlik-torched Casino Russe, colorful song and skill institute snuggling next to the stage door of Carnegie Hall and drawing many a musical celeb therefrom. Continental diseuse Nina Tarasova unfolds her emotions, and Gypsy Markoff her accordion; demon pan-piper George Sattan pretty nearly blows out a fuse. Toward two of the morn, the Bagdad Room is adjourned to. Harmony closens and closens.

KNITTING HIS USUALLY placid brow, Michael Carlson, patrolling fixture of Shelton Corner cosiness, has thunked up a drink which his bartenders serve up: American Sauterne highball, pinked with grenadine and fruited with orange slice and cherry. Shelton Slaker is the name, and the fame is accumulating . . . Lordly hauls of the "long and green" occur at Zucca's, 118 West 49th. To participate, just ask for those special noodles of the maison . . . Slews of air-minded guys are making pilgrimages to the immortal Gen. Billy Mitchell's favorite New York haunt, Little Venice, 126 West 13th. His regular table, at which the new Gavreau-Cohen book about him was born, is the one abaft tree No. 2 in the southeast corner of the back room.

TALL, BARYTONY AND handsome Vaughn Monroe and his bloc of instrumentalists, who went o'er so big last year at the Century Room of the Commodore, are furored returners there. Raven-tressed Marylin Duke borrows the mike now and then for a few words in rhythm, and two quartets (masc. & fem.) crop up at crucial moments. After dinner brandy and supper's Scotch bring on cavort pageants of which eight Commodorables are eyeous incidentals. You wonder why Commodore Vanderbilt, bronze monumented nearby, ever bothered with mere yachts and railroads.

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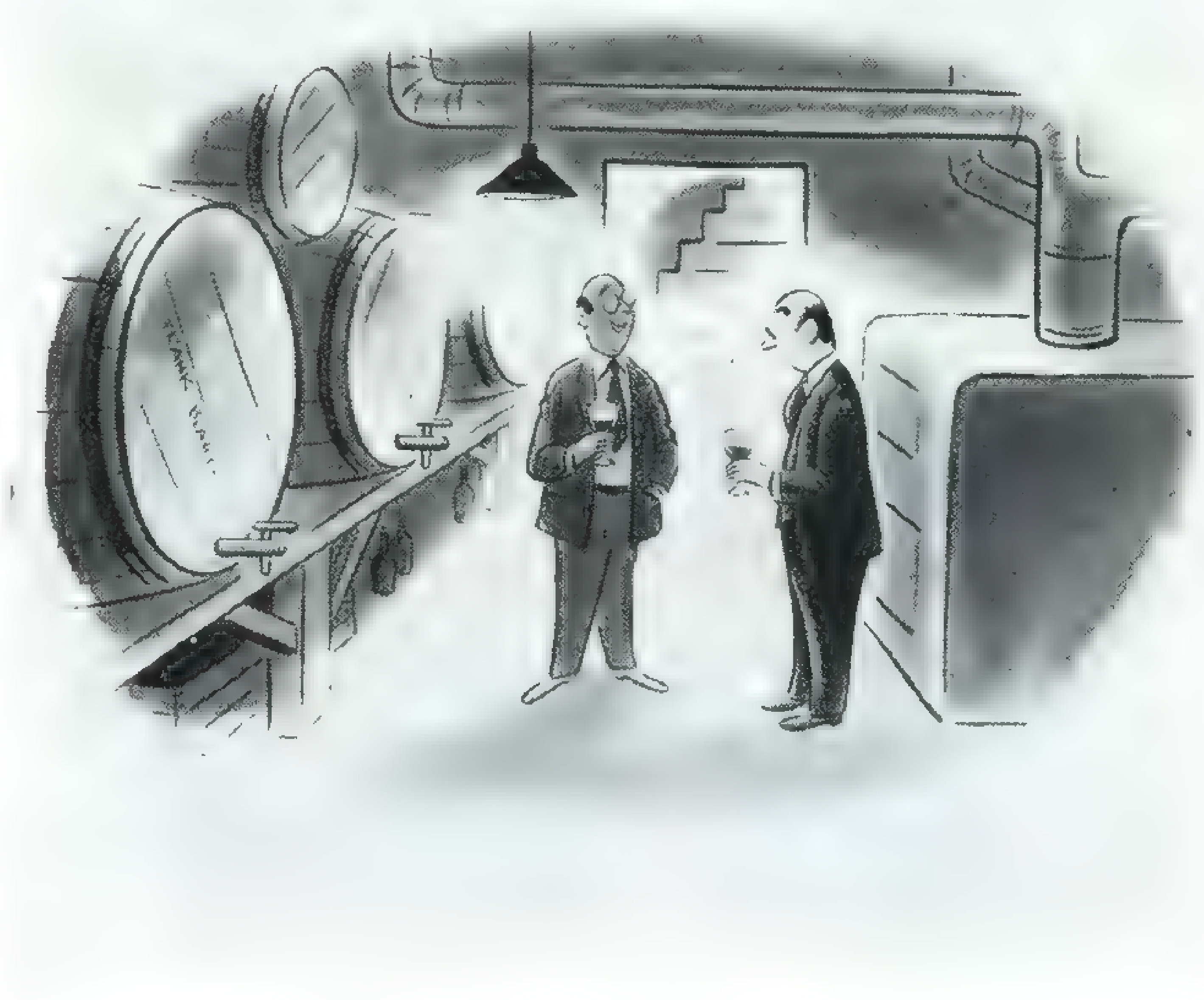
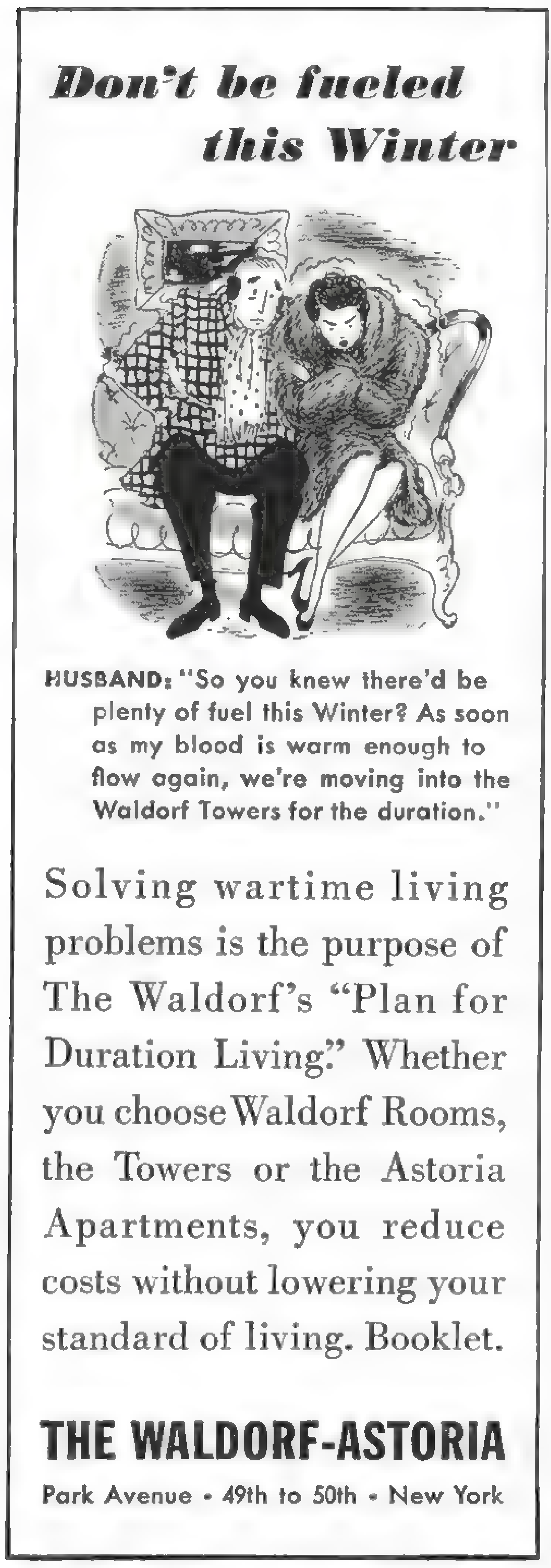


"Do you notice a delicate tang of creek water? The basement was flooded in '38"



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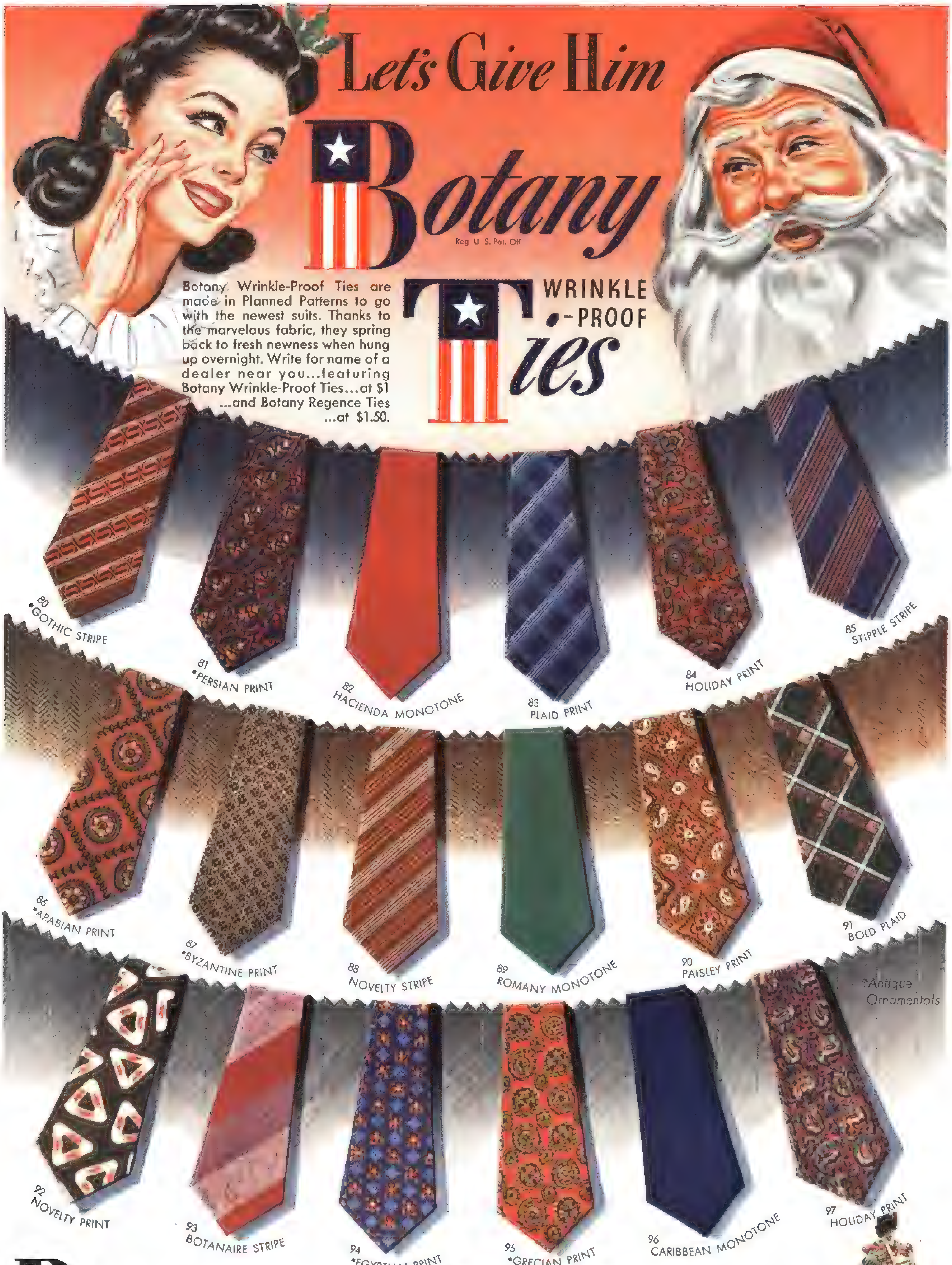
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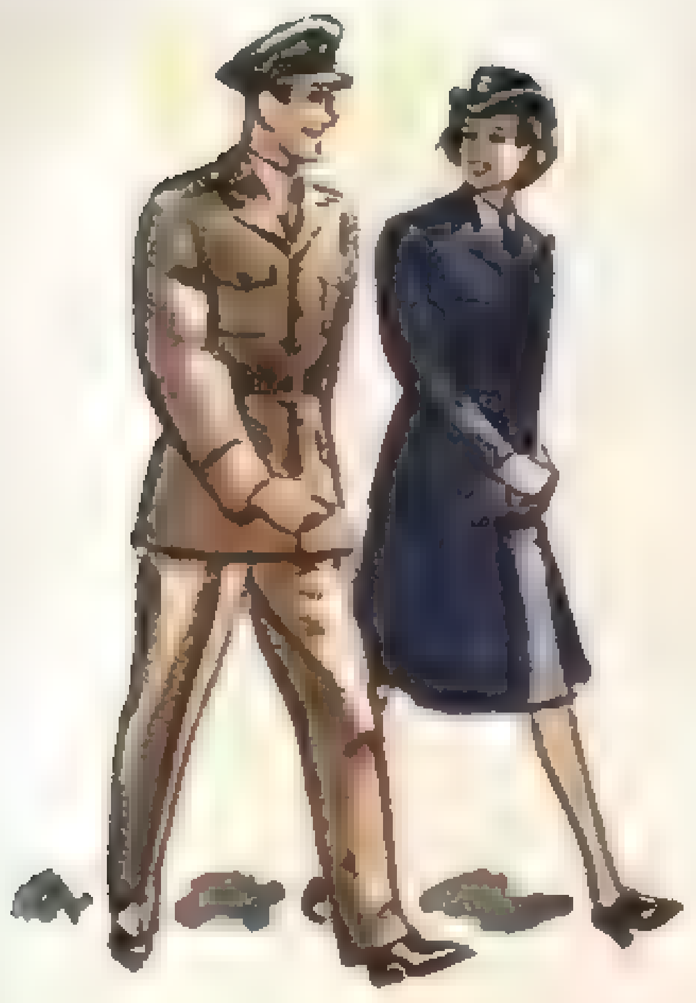

GIFTS IN GOLD

by Forstner

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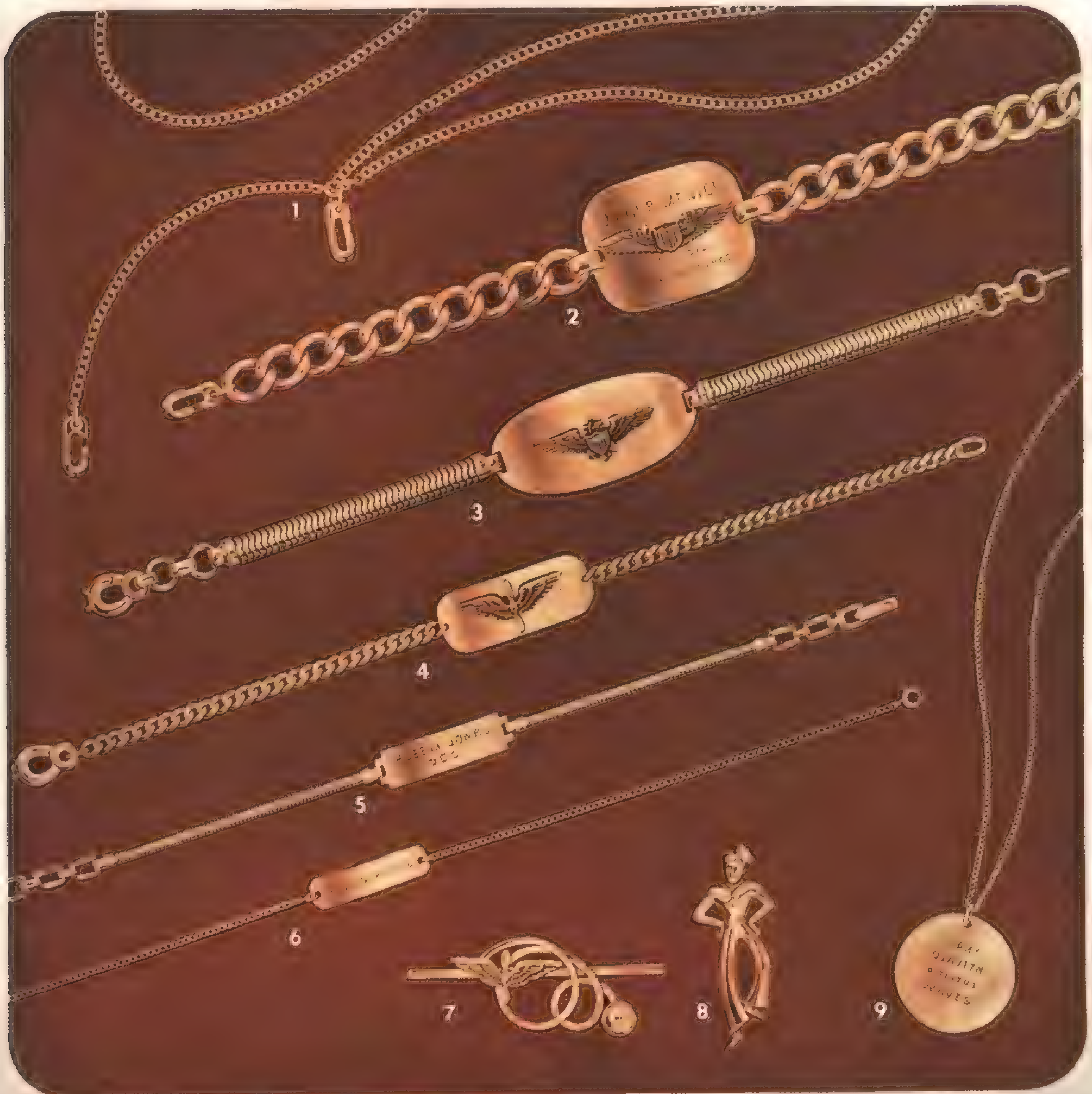

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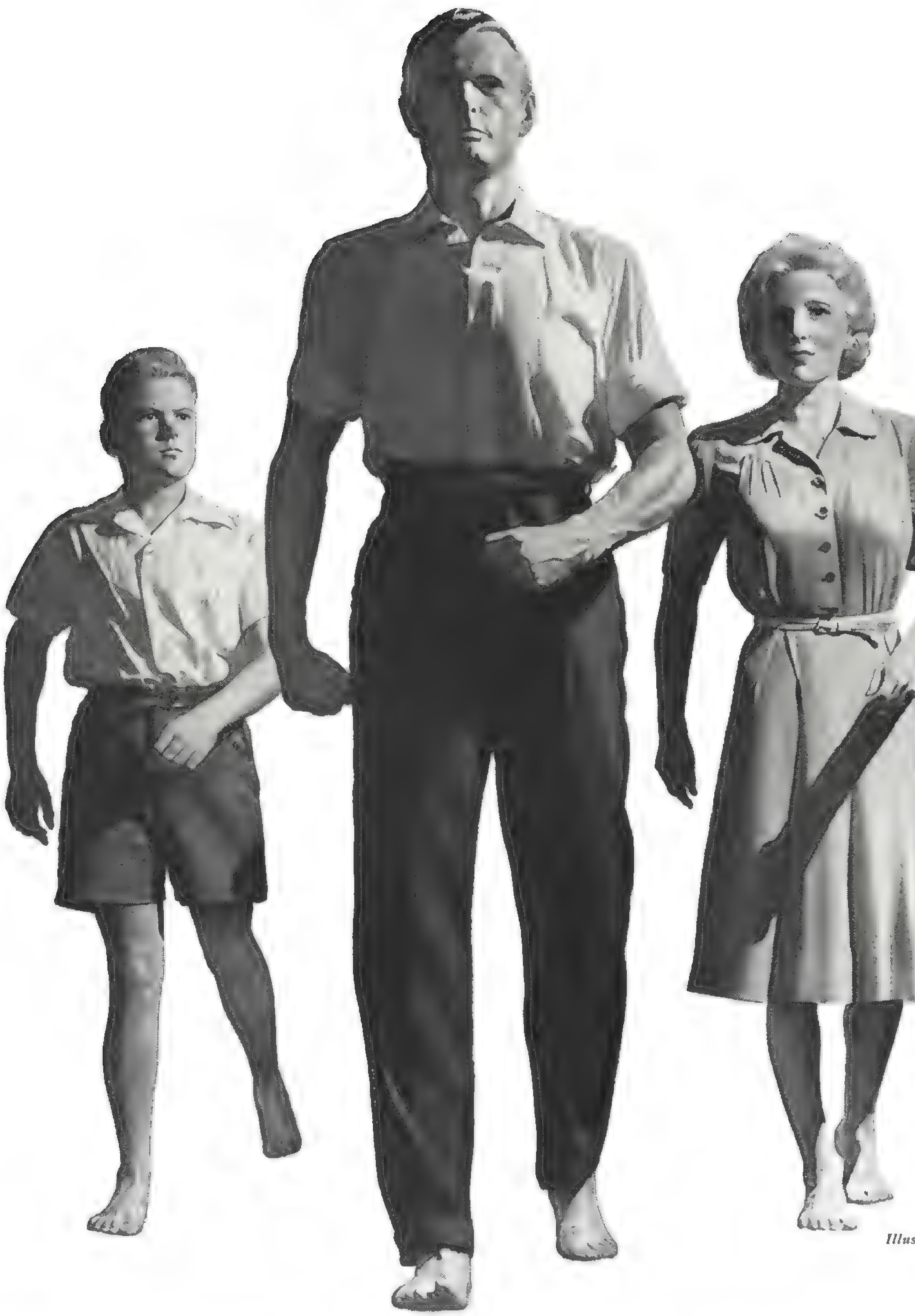

Illustration drawn by Ronald McLeod

We'll walk barefoot in America if necessary

TO SAVE RUBBER···TO WIN THIS WAR

RUBBER is a vital necessity of war. There's a serious shortage of rubber and every ounce must fight.

Most of the rubber in use in America is on the tires on our family cars. These tires and these cars must be kept going to provide *necessary* transportation . . . to take men to work, women to market, children to school. Without the private cars necessary for essential driving, American life and America's war effort would bog down.

Drive only when absolutely necessary. Always drive under 35 miles an hour. Follow the common sense rules given here.

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Drive only when it is absolutely necessary.
Pool your mileage with others. Don't drive alone.
Keep under 35 miles per hour and well under.
Take it easy. Start, stop and turn slowly.
Keep away from curbs, ruts, holes, rocks, bumps.
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Keep wheels balanced and aligned and brakes adjusted.
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward J. Flanagan

After he was ordained a Catholic priest in 1912, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward Joseph Flanagan's first parish was St. Patrick's Church in Omaha. It was here he started his Workingmen's Hotel, which proved to be the stepping stone for his founding of Boys Town, ten miles west of that city. He has long been an outspoken critic of a reformatory system based on the precept of punishment. He received his early education in his birth place, Roscommon, Ireland, his A.B. and A.M. degrees at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and studied further at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, the Georgian University in Rome and finally the Jesuit University, Innsbruck, Austria.

•

William Pachner, Esquire's Art Director, was born twenty-seven years ago in a Czechoslovakian village. When he was sixteen his parents sent him to Vienna to enter a business school. Bill secretly enrolled in art school instead, writing reassuring letters home about his excellent progress in banking and economics. Disquieted by a query from the business school, his mother came to Vienna, expecting to find her son living riotously on his tuition funds in this city of waltzes and wine. Not at all cheered by his determination to study art, she consulted the Director of the art school who agreed with her that the misguided boy had no talent, that it was a foolish waste of time and money. For three years, Bill worked like a termite in order to persuade his parents and instructors that he was good enough to be allowed to remain in the school. Then came the Wiener Festwochen, sponsoring an international contest of student fashion designers. Competition in the division he entered was feeble, he confesses, and he won first and second prizes in a walk. The school's Director forthwith decided this young "discovery" of his had a great future. Meanwhile Melantrich in Prague, largest publishing company in Czechoslovakia, offered him a job on their art staff. Bill remained there until he was wooed away by the Ozvěny Domova I Světa (translated: Echo of the World and Home). Hana Bilá, Managing Editor of this magazine, was the wife of General Joseph Bílý, Commanding General of Bohemia. General Bílý, one of Bill's good friends, was first of the long list of Czechs to be executed by the Nazis. This and other Gestapo "reprisals" have given Pachner personal as well as patriotic reasons for painting *con fuoco*, the current Marching Song illustrations (see page 59). He left Europe in 1939 for this country, having promised himself a job on Esquire. On his arrival in New York he learned of the German occupation of Czechoslovakia. In the Fall of 1940, having accomplished his first purpose, he married Lorraine Koolman, secretary to Esquire's editor. He explained that it was inevitable, since she was the exact personification of the beautiful girls he had been drawing for years. Now the gangly cuties in Pachner's lively fashion drawings, illustrations, cartoons and ads look more like his wife than she does.

William Pachner

COL. MITCHELL DEFENDER. Commander A Seversky, formerly of the Russian air service and consulting engineer of U. S. army, landed with wife (both above) from the Mauretania. He emphatically upheld the aircraft stand taken by Col. Mitchell

•

Donald McGuiness, who did *Roots in the Soil*, spent twenty-one years getting away from farming and seven years trying to get back. At Iowa State College he tried to become an engineer, but wound up with a degree in farm economics. He landed in the advertising department of a farm tractor manufacturer. Henceforth he stuck to farm copy for motion pictures, radio, advertising, magazines and newspapers.

Austen Lake was a college football official for fifteen years (thus *Martyrs of the Grid*, p. 108) and has been a sport and feature writer with Boston newspapers for the last eighteen. His recent assignments outside sports include accompanying a Canadian troop convoy to and from England last year, during which he observed the last of the London Blitz.

•

Walter Duranty is living in Beverly Hills, California, these days, free-lancing and lecturing, and recently completed a book called *Search for a Key*.

•

After twenty years in the newspaper game, Joseph Harrington retired to a farm in Maine, with the idea that "it would keep me when my two typing fingers grew palsied with age. Of course," he says, "I've been busy ever since trying to keep it." His stories and articles have appeared in the *Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Redbook* and *This Week*. He's thirty-eight, married, and has two children.

•

Major de Seversky's defense of Billy Mitchell which occupies pages 143 to 156 is no new stand. This picture at left appeared in the New York *Daily News* October 31, 1925.

•

Commander Gilbert Hackforth-Jones retired from the Royal Navy's submarine service in 1936. Again he's in uniform, inspecting factories at Birmingham which supply His Majesty's ships.

•

Stanley Washburn, Jr. learned to fly in the Marine Corps Reserve at the Navy's Pensacola training school. After that he promoted the development of a new type non-rigid airship, and the nose-mooring system developed by him and his associates has now become standard equipment on every Navy patrol blimp. He was editor of the *Sportsman Pilot Magazine* in 1936, worked with advertising agencies and free-lanced, and for the last three years has done airline publicity for American Airlines. He will soon be flying transport planes.

•

J. J. Des Ormeaux acknowledges he sweated, cursed and despaired over boys like those in *The Pod of a Weed* when he was fresh out of college, discovering the axiom that pupils teach the teacher. He says: "This was right after I had made the grand European tour with a family of millionaires, and the contrast was so shattering that though I have practically forgotten the tour, I'll never forget the boys. I wish I could tell you some of the things that happened in that brutalized classroom. Like the time my colleague and I locked ourselves in our rooms when the alumni, under the leadership of a boy called 'Sleeping Jesus' came back for a visit, went through the building tearing out fixtures and smashing windows. Or the time the boy I have called Charlie fought a door until there was blood all over the panels. You will understand why when you read the story."

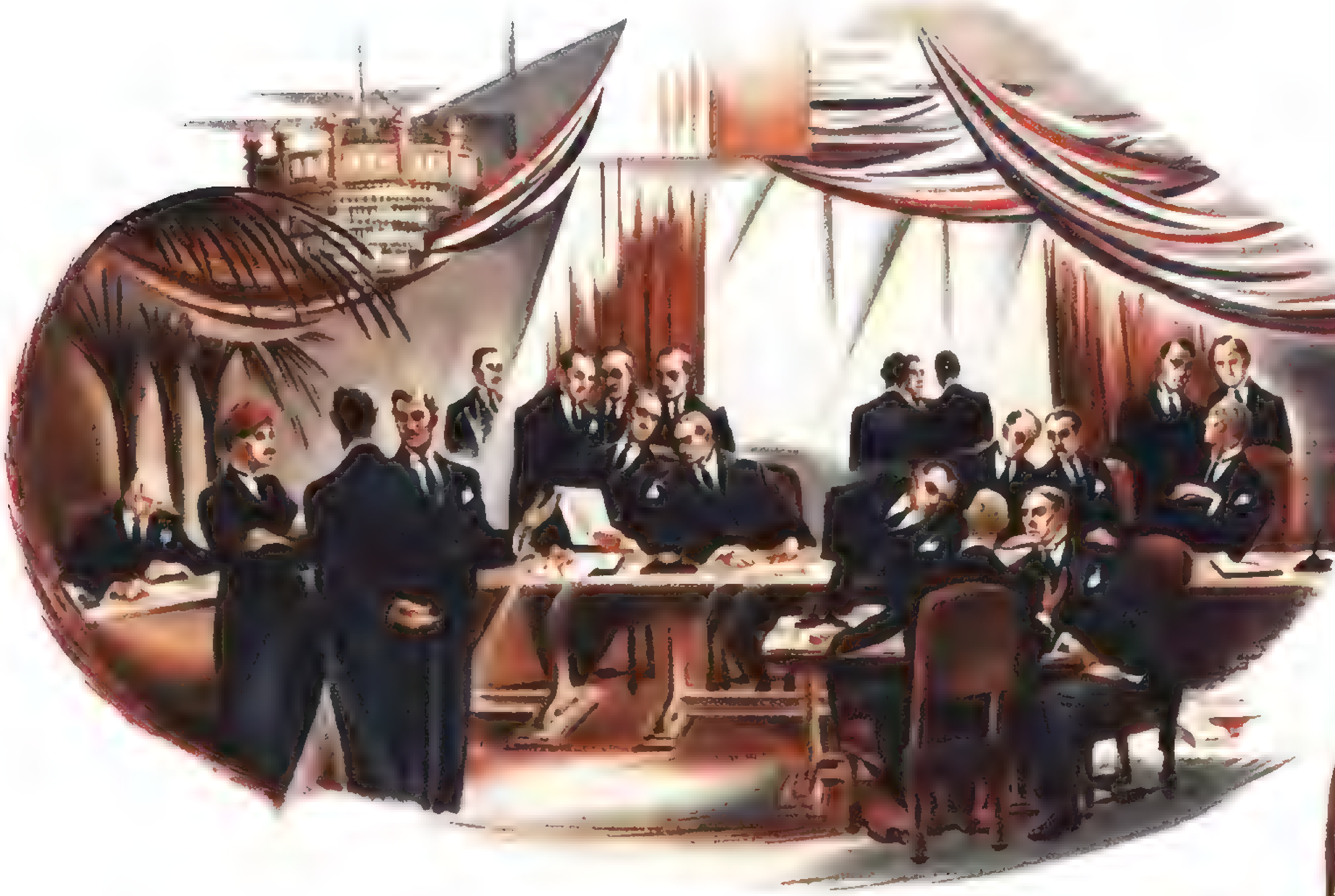
J. J. Des Ormeaux

•

Ernest Henderson, this month's Discovery, says: "*The Ordeal of Mephi* came about in a curious way. I teach an adult Sunday school class, and having a definite theory that any such teacher must be an entertainer de luxe, I go far afield in research so that I can keep my listeners' eyes propped open for twenty minutes once a week. In my rambles in the Good Book, I ran across the obscure passage upon which Mephi's story is based." Week days, Mr. Henderson is Art Editor of the *Birmingham News and Age-Herald*.

Ernest Henderson

Men Who Think of Tomorrow Appreciate The World's Lightest Highball!



Men Who Think of Tomorrow

Even now, with a war to win, the statesmen of the United Nations are planning a fair and finer peacetime world. Will it be based on the four freedoms? Will it protect humanity from another holocaust? Those are the aims of the men who today are building the new world of *Tomorrow!*

* * *

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The Greatest Belief of All

The Stranger said the hope he brought the conquered was only the beginning of the truth which can make men free

by **MANUEL KOMROFF**

FICTION

A STRANGER came among us and spoke with us. Three times he came and each time . . . No one knew him. How could anyone suspect? So long have we lived without hope—weeks, months and even years—so long, so long that we have lost all thought and memory of . . . But once we did live in peace. All Europe was at peace. It is hard to believe but it is the truth.

We have lived through fire and slaughter. And now we are settled down, as most of Europe, to hold hands with white famine. We are no longer people and our memories of the past are dim and far, far away. We have nothing and can share nothing. There is no such thing as brothers. And a strange face is regarded with suspicion.

Who is the stranger? He is the spy. The informer. The one who worms his easy way into your confidence and then . . . He is the agent who provokes events to send you away to your doom.

That is how we now live and no difference is made between one strange face and another. All this I must explain for it was I who opened the door when he knocked.

"Not here! Not here!" I cried.

He stood silently before me. His knock on the door was gentle. His face was grave and the eyes looked out fully and earnestly.

"We have nothing!"

But he stood in silence.

"There are rich men's homes on the other street. There are hoarders and speculators. They still have something. Go beg from them!"

"I have come here," he said softly.

"We have nothing tonight. Not even a crust. Go away!"

With these words I banged the door shut.

But hardly had I turned in the hall when I again heard the soft knock on the door. I stood still and did not reply. Again there was a gentle knock and after a little pause another.

With a mingling of suspicion and irritation I quickly opened the door and shouted: "Not here! Can't you understand plain language? There are other homes on other streets. But here nothing—nothing but sorrow. Do you want a share of this fruit!"

His lips parted slightly as though to speak but no words came from his mouth. His full blue eyes looked at me frankly. His gaze was disarming. I felt a little ashamed at having spoken so harshly.

"If you do not believe," I said in a quieter tone, "come inside and see for yourself."

"I will come in," he replied simply.

"I told you we had nothing," I said, leading him to the kitchen and opening the cupboard doors. "Nothing. Nothing. Not even a crust. And the soup pot on the back of the stove has only water."

He shook his head gravely. "You need not show me all this. I know."

"Well then, good. You believe me."

"Yes."

"And yet if we had food or money I think I would give you something even though you are a stranger and we have so many who are in dire need."

"You would give me something?"

"Yes, truly I would, if only I had it."

"Why?" he asked frankly.

"Why? Because . . . Well, it is late at night and in our land so many are homeless and hungry. Because once we were people—decent people. And I would give you something only to remind myself that once we were human beings."

"And now?"

"Now we are beasts of prey. We are a vanquished people. The enemy has trod hard over us. Shall I tell you that once we had a home and children? We had furniture and silver and rugs. We worked, we ate and drank and laughed. Ah! Little did we dream of this nightmare. My wife and I have lived through it all. It would be better if we were dead."

"Why?" he asked simply.

"If we were dead we would not suffer. And if there is a heaven, then we could join our children."

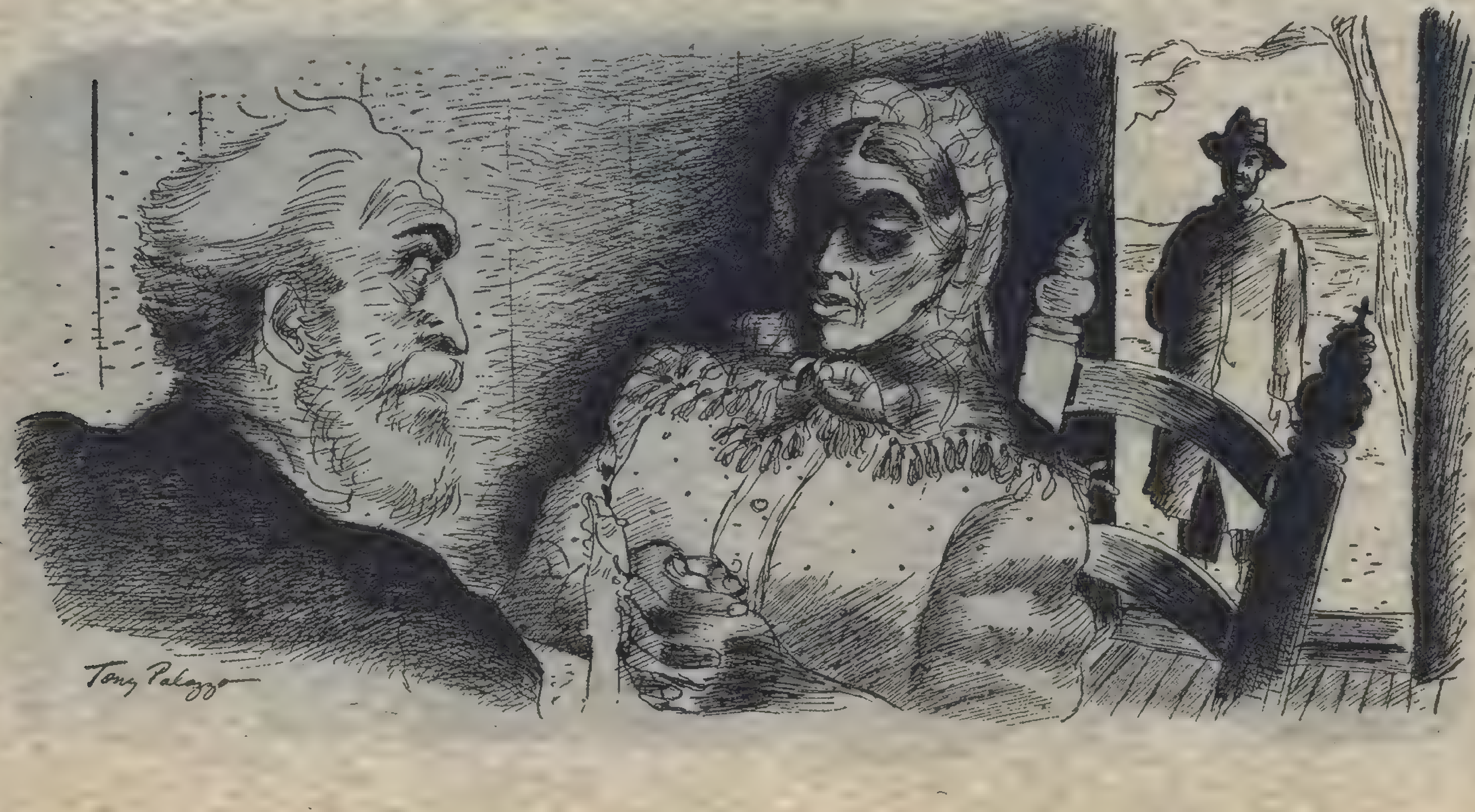
"They are dead?"

"Yes."

"All?"

"Three boys killed in battle. And the girl . . . She was taken away—arrested. It is over a year and not having heard a single word, we now must give her up for dead."

"When did you decide this?"



"A few days ago. We counted the weeks and months and . . . There is no hope. We must face the facts. Some word would have reached us in all this time. She is dead."

He shook his head. "No," he whispered. "I would not give her up."

"What is that you say?"

"Do not abandon your children. They need you."

"Sir, we are not the kind who abandon children. No, no. Not that. Our children loved us only . . . Not even a dog would we abandon. Not we. We are the ones who are abandoned. We are alone without our children, without our home, without money, most of our friends are either dead or escaped to some other land. It is we who are abandoned for even God in Heaven has turned His face from us."

"No, no," he said. "That could not be."

"Look at us!" I cried. "It is the truth."

He smiled and shook his head.

"No, it is the truth," I insisted. "Come sit down. You will have to believe me."

We took chairs beside the kitchen table and I noticed as we sat down that his hands seemed covered. Or rather one was partly covered with a sort of a mitten and the other he held in the fold of the cloth of his old coat.

"You have been wounded?" I asked.

He did not reply.

"Your hand . . . Do you want some medicine for it?"

"No, thank you," he said. "It is an old wound and . . ."

"Let me see."

He hesitated but I insisted. Uncovering his right hand, I saw a pale red scar on the palm and back of the hand.

"I'd leave it alone," I said. "It looks well and in time it will be gone."

He did not reply.

"I suppose you tried to stop bullets with your bare hands. Yes, don't tell me, I know. And you see how useless it is to try to catch bullets with bare hands. Not only is it useless but it is foolish. And you can consider yourself fortunate. A hand wound is nothing."

He was silent.

"Do you know," I said suddenly, "why I talk to you so freely? You are a stranger and strangers are regarded with suspicion. You came into the house for a purpose. When I showed you the empty cupboards you said: 'I know.' You think I did not notice it but I did. Very well, you have business here. Admit it!"

"Yes, I admit it."

"And I talk freely to you because now it does not matter. Nothing matters. We are no longer humans. We cannot act or think as humans do. We have become what you see before you—creatures, not men. So it matters not what kind of an agent you are or what further intrigue and trouble you are plotting. We will not be here much longer so you are really wasting your time."

"Where will you be?"

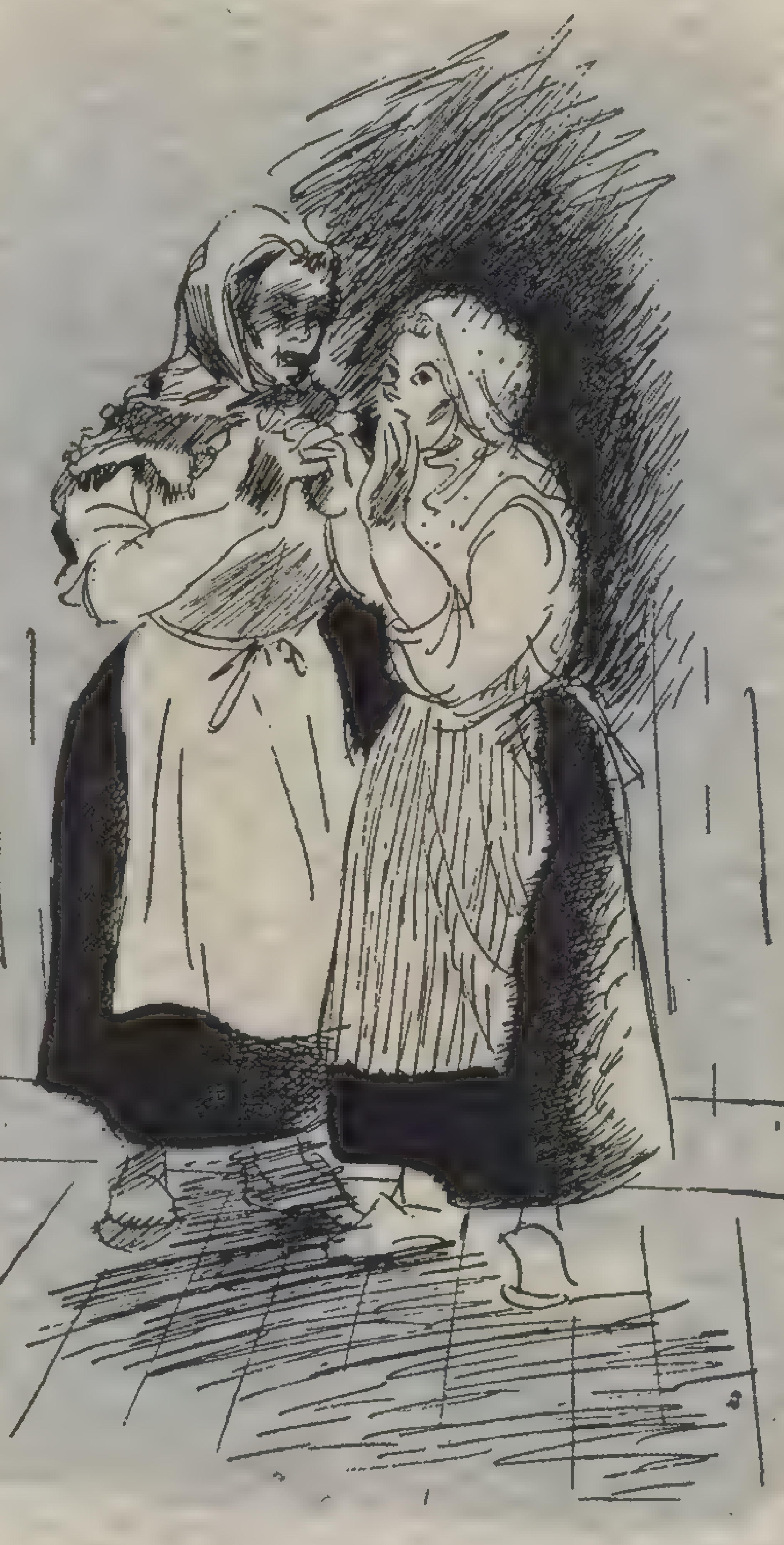
"My wife and I will be in a safe place where nothing will again disturb us. You understand. In fact, we planned it for tonight . . . A long draught of that medicine is ready. Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Courage we have. Do not think otherwise. But Clara, my wife, has been called next door. Mrs. Paul is a widow and her little girl—Anna is six years old—is very sick. Her mother holds her in her arms and prays, but the good Lord in Heaven has turned His head the other way. The child's bones are soft and her teeth are black. She cannot live, and yet . . ."

"Yet what?"

"The mother still has hope in her breast and my wife Clara is with her now. And that is why the dark deed is delayed a little. You understand! We who live without hope are ashamed to show our condition to those who still have something left to hope for. A few in Europe still remain clinging on to life. But most of us are indifferent and we who have been in Hell's fire have come through with charred souls and hardened sensibilities . . . Hardened just as the nerves of a criminal are hardened. We who have fought the criminals are now becoming criminals ourselves. And I tell you all this freely because we are not here for long and no matter what the business that brought you here . . ."



"You think I am a spy?"

"I do not say so to your face. Only you are a stranger and . . . Three sons and one daughter . . . We have nothing more. So you are just wasting your time here."

He protested mildly that it was not a waste of time and he made a slight gesture with his hand.

"Listen, my friend," I said firmly. "I have spoken to you frankly and freely. Now tell me what it is you want here."

"I want merely to speak with you. That is enough."

"Very well, then, ask me what you want to ask and I will answer you."

"Do you think you could go on?"

"Yes, if there were only a shred of hope. But we live without hope and without hope one cannot live long. We are not alone. All of Europe has the same illness. We are without hope."

"And supposing . . . Supposing something happened tonight that would . . ."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed in his face. "What could happen? You mean something good?"

"Yes."

"The face of the Lord is turned the other way. No good has come to us and no good will come. Only a fool could live on such soft pap."

While these words were being spoken, my wife Clara returned from our neighbor's house.

"Little Anna seems a shade better," she announced. Then she saw that I was not alone.

"He came for something," I explained. "But we have nothing."

"You have a good deal more than you think," he said quietly.

I smiled and addressed my wife. "He was just telling me before you came into the room that ahead of us, in the rosy land of time, there might be something for us . . . Something good."

"Not there might be," he spoke. "There is."

Clara sat down at the table beside us. She looked deep into his eyes and asked: "For instance?"

"Madame," he said, speaking his words slowly and with feeling. "Your youngest son Peter . . . He is alive!"

"No, no!" she cried. "It can't be! We would have heard by this time."

"How do you know!" I exclaimed.

"I know, I know. He was wounded and taken prisoner, both in one day. He is now in a camp and has fully recovered and for the past month he has been trying desperately to get a message to you."

"I suppose you saw him?" I said with a bit of sarcasm.

To this he did not reply.

"And you bring a message in his own handwriting?"

"No."

"Then how can we believe you?"

"Yes, how?" added Clara.

"You can believe, you will believe and you must believe!"

He spoke these words with such earnest conviction that my wife Clara, ready to grasp at any straw, exclaimed: "I pray it is true."

"True! True!" he said. "This is only the beginning of the truth, the full truth is greater than any son in the whole world. The truth can make men free."

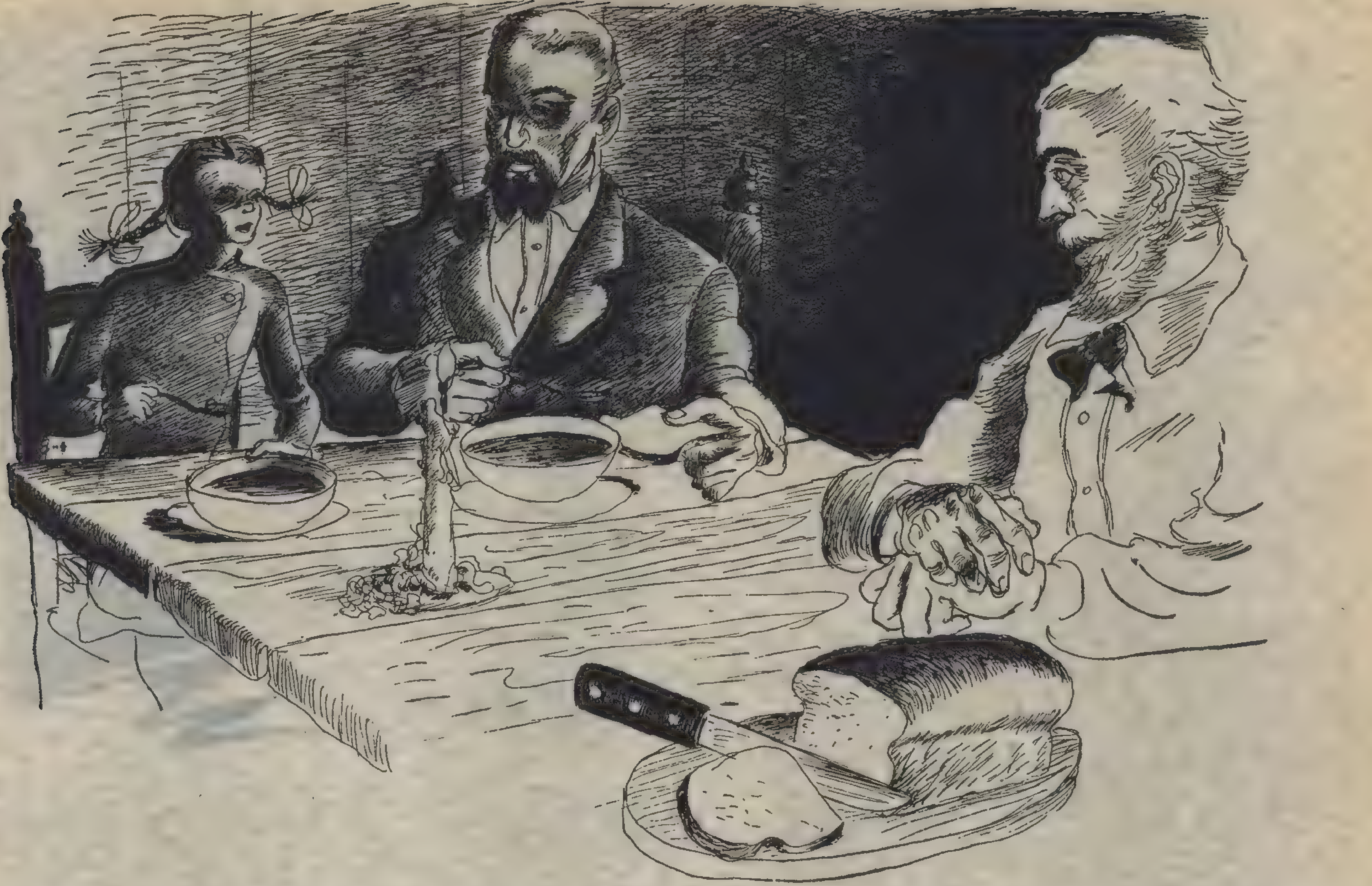
"How can you sit there," I said, "and talk about men being free? Our little nation has been bled from every pore. Our youth has been killed, our hope destroyed, those who still have an ounce of strength left in their bones are now in slavery, and you speak about men being free!"

"Yes. Men can be free and will be free."

"You are a peddler of false hopes!" I exclaimed.

"No. Tonight I bring you hope. Your son Peter is alive."

"Would that we could believe it," added



my wife.

But these words were hardly spoken when there was a loud knock on our door. A deep brief silence came over us.

"It is late," my wife said nervously. "Who can it be?"

I went to the door and opened it apprehensively. A dark hooded figure stood before me. As soon as the door was opened he thrust a letter into my hand and ran off. There was no address or writing of any kind on the envelope. I brought it inside.

"A letter," I announced. But my hands were trembling.

"Who brought it?" asked Clara.

"I don't know. He ran away."

"Then it cannot be good news. One need not run from good news."

My hands shook so that I could not open it. For an instant I laid it on the table before us. Then suddenly I looked up at the stranger's face.

"What is it you want to ask?" he said.

The words came slowly from my lips. "Is this the news?" I asked. "If you know so much, then perhaps you know this also."

"Yes," he replied. "It is from your youngest son Peter. He is alive."

"Open it!" cried Clara.

With one rip at the back I tore the envelope. And I needed but a single glance.

"It's his handwriting!" I exclaimed.

A stream of tears came to my wife's eyes. She put her head into her arms and sobbed. My own eyes filled and dimmed so I could not read the letter. But it was enough to know that Peter was alive.

And looking up I noticed that the stranger had risen from the table and was walking toward the door.

"So it is this," I called after him, "that you have come for?"

"This and more."

"What more can it be?"

"More, more. Your daughter too lives, and you will hear from her very soon. And you too will live and work again. The one who brought you the letter, he also had at one time given up everything. And now . . . Now he is only one. There are a million such as he in every corner of Europe."

"And so tonight . . . I thought you were a spy. You will never forgive me . . . Tonight you came here merely to . . ."

"Hope," he said softly. "Tonight I bring you hope and with hope you will believe and must believe. Tomorrow I will return."

My mind was confused. I wanted to say a number of things and ask a number of things but his hand was already on the latch of the door. It opened quickly. The night outside was dark and I caught a glimpse of a single bright star in the sky. In an instant he was gone.

The letter was as he said. Peter had been wounded and taken prisoner both in one day. He had been months in a hospital and also months in the prison camp. It is part of the conqueror's terror to allow no communication. Uncertainty and doubt is part of the technique designed to corrode the spirit of the people. But through some mysterious channel Peter had managed to get the letter out.

In the morning my wife went at once to our neighbor, Mrs. Paul, and related to her the full details of this stranger's visit. The child, little Anna, who the day before seemed improving, now seemed worse. Yet her mother held her tightly in her arms and kissed her papery pale cheeks.

The news that our son Peter was alive and well soon traveled all over the town. How quickly such things make themselves known is always a marvel to me. The words are whispered and in no time at all it seems everyone has heard the news. Even old retired Colonel Roland, who lives a half-mile away, even he heard about it and sent a message to me saying . . . The message was not written. It was only spoken and spoken in great secrecy.

I met him at the edge of the woods. He was pretending to gather faggots when I came upon him. We had a long heart-to-heart talk about many things . . . Things that need not at present be mentioned.

I asked him where he heard the news.

He told me then that the man with the covered face who thrust the letter into my hand was one of his boys.

I told him about the visit I had had with the stranger. "This is most unbelievable," I said, "yet every word I relate is true."

"I know," he replied. "I have myself seen him and spoken with him. That is why I was anxious to see and speak with you."

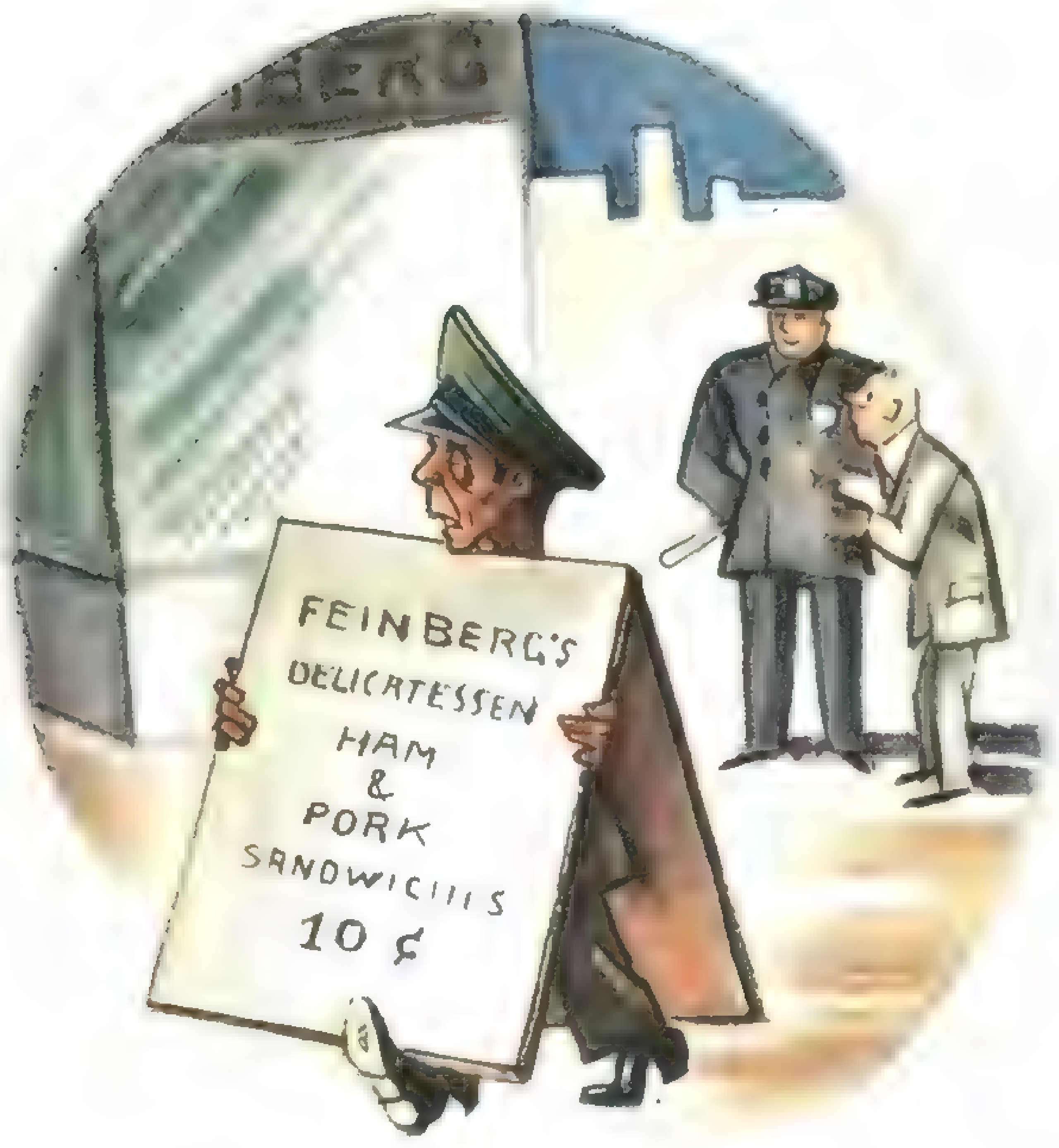
That night at about the same hour as on the previous night there came a gentle tap. I was waiting and lost no time opening the door.

"This is the right place," I said. "Come in."

And as I closed the door behind him I was reminded of my words on the previous night. How different they were! I recalled how I shouted: "Not here! We have nothing." And all this change took place in a brief twenty-four hours. His words, simple and few, and the letter from Peter had made all the difference.

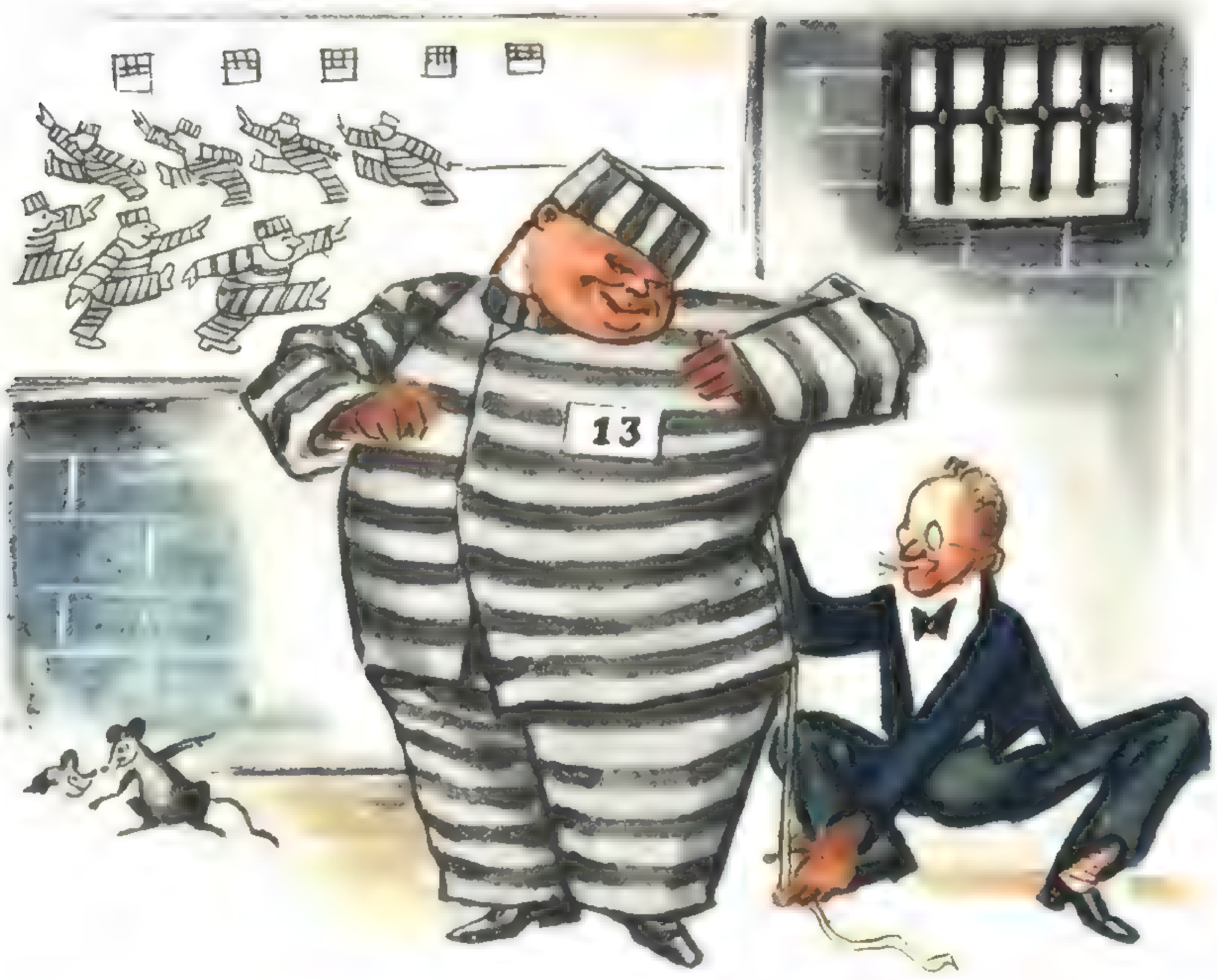
"Come in," I repeated. "This is the right place. And tonight we have some food in the house. A loaf of bread and a pot of hot soup. It came to us only a short time ago. A man with a covered face brought it, the same I believe who came to the door late last night with the letter. Perhaps he is one of those

The Shape of Things To Come...

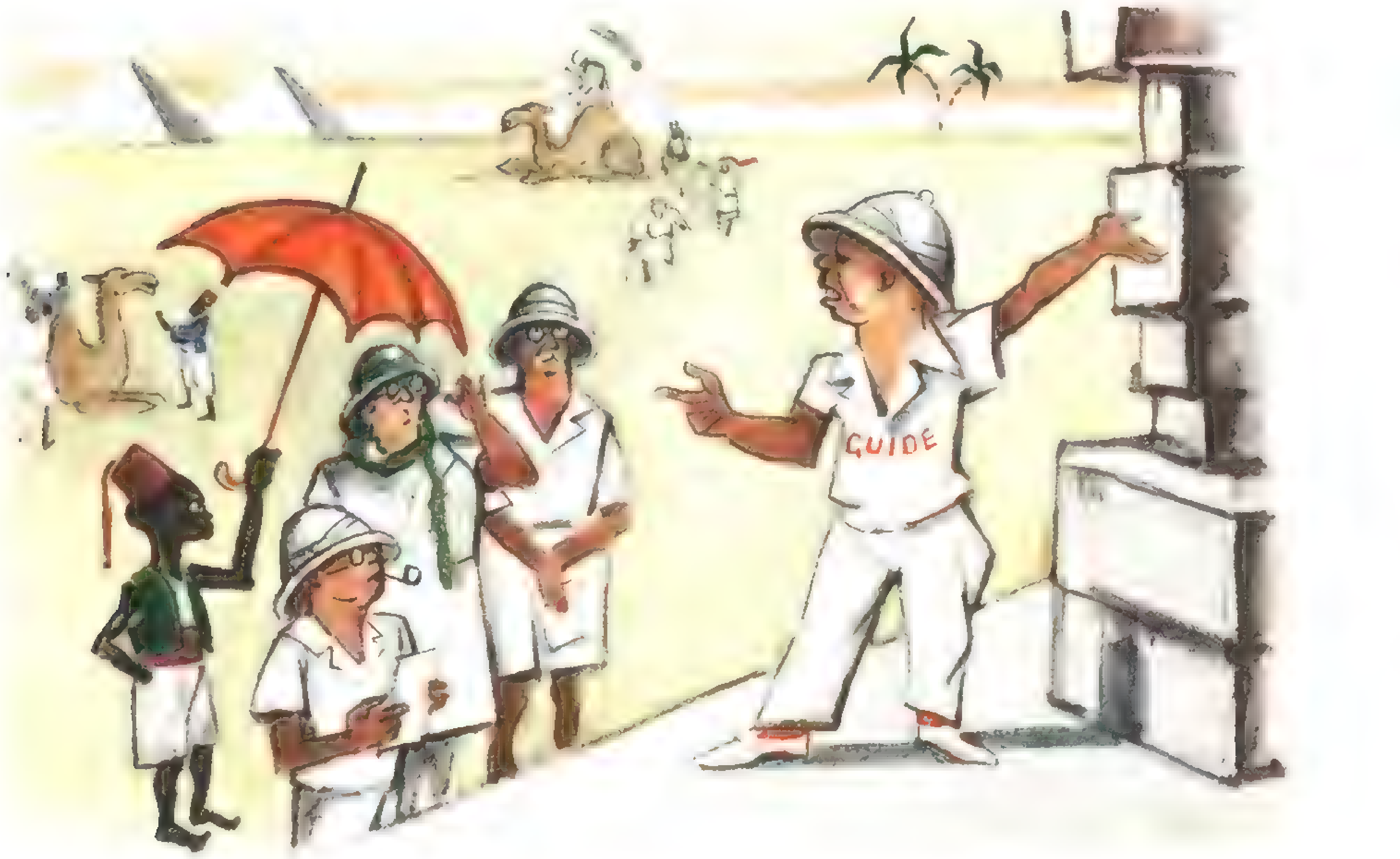


FEINBERG'S
DELICATESSEN
HAM
&
PORK
SANDWICHES
10¢

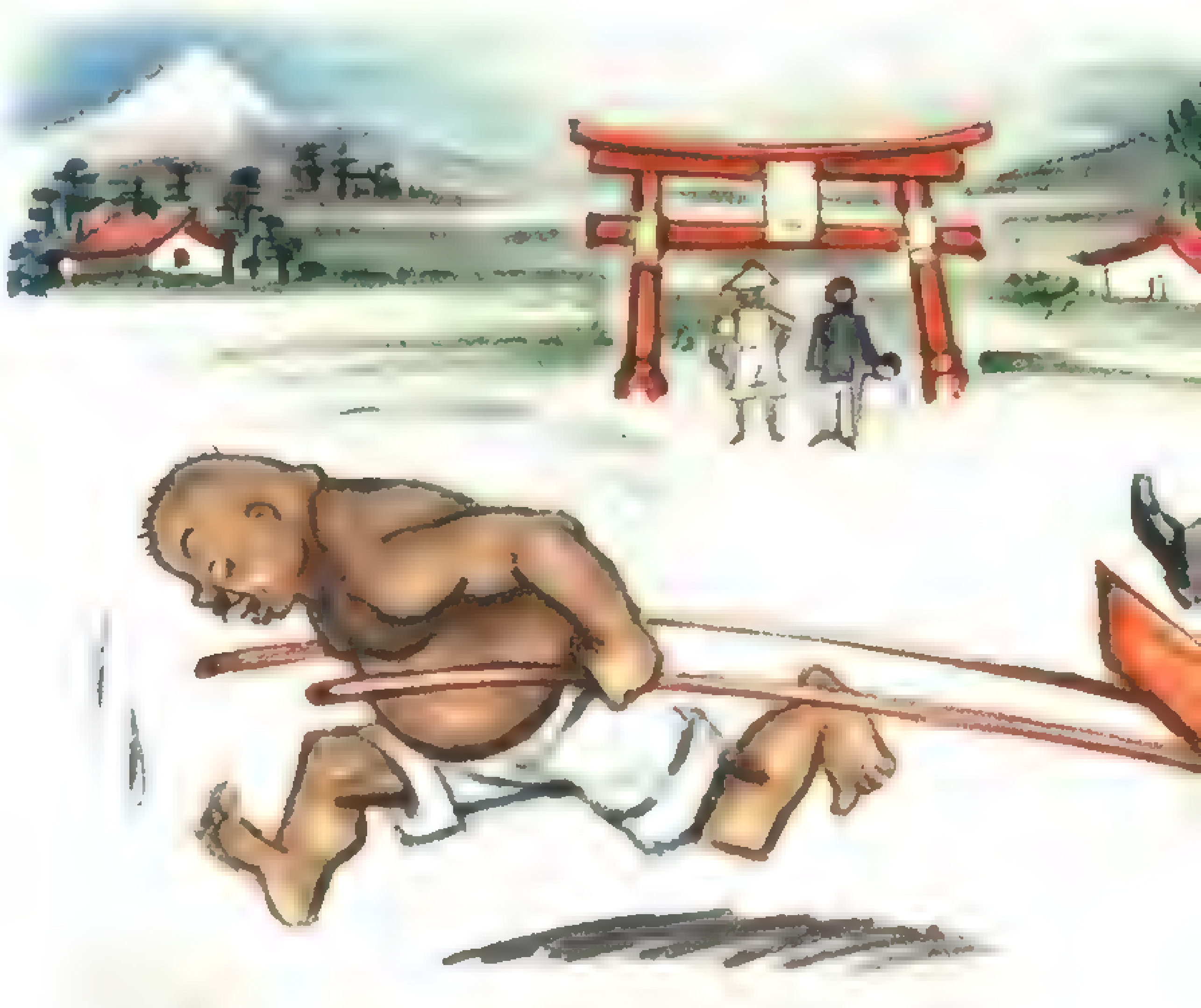
Goebbels stays in the propaganda business



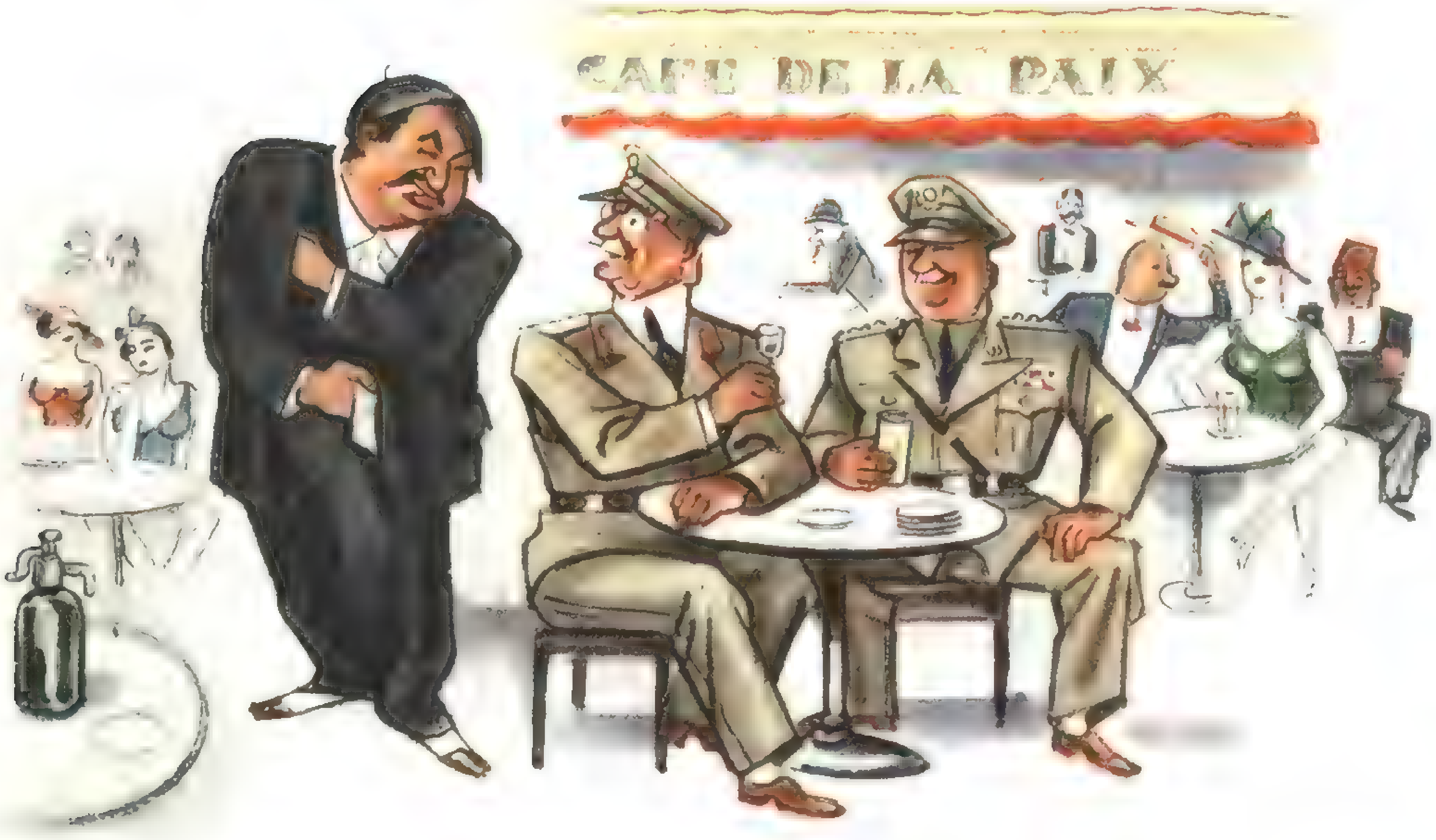
Goering puts on his last uniform



Rommel, the guy who knows his way around Egypt

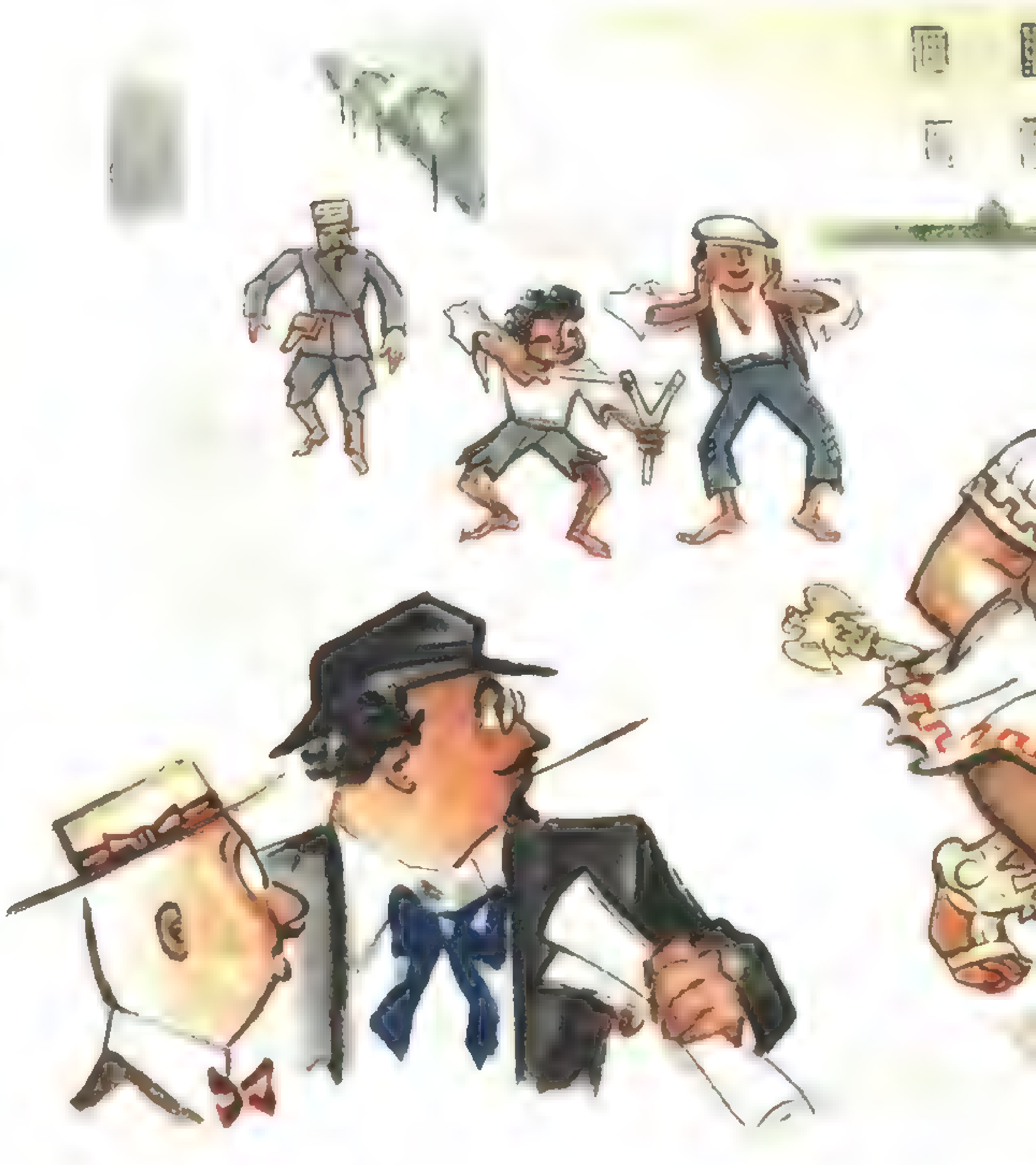


New diplomatic relationship between Jap Premie



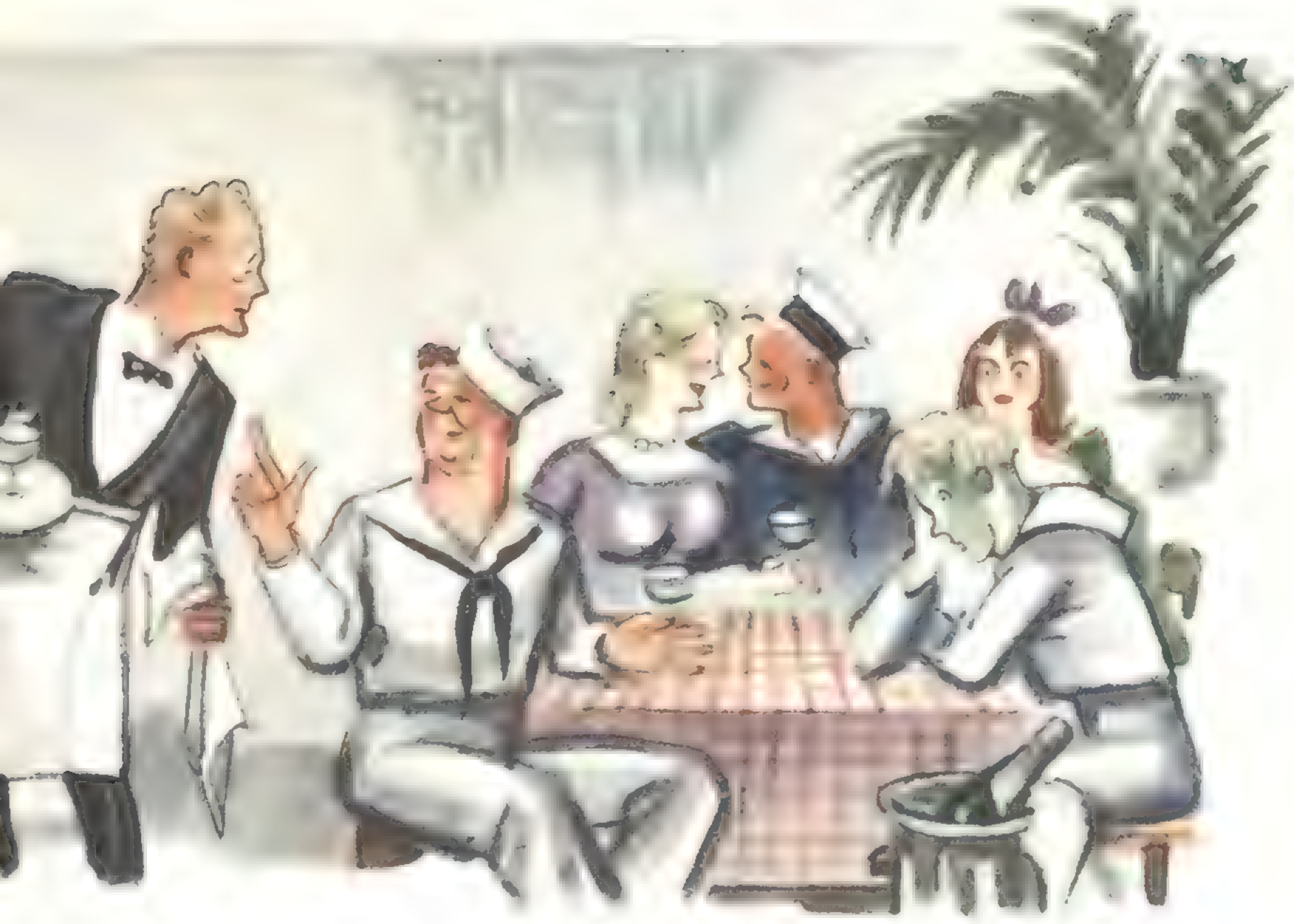
CAFE DE LA PAIX

Laval! Feelthy Pictures?

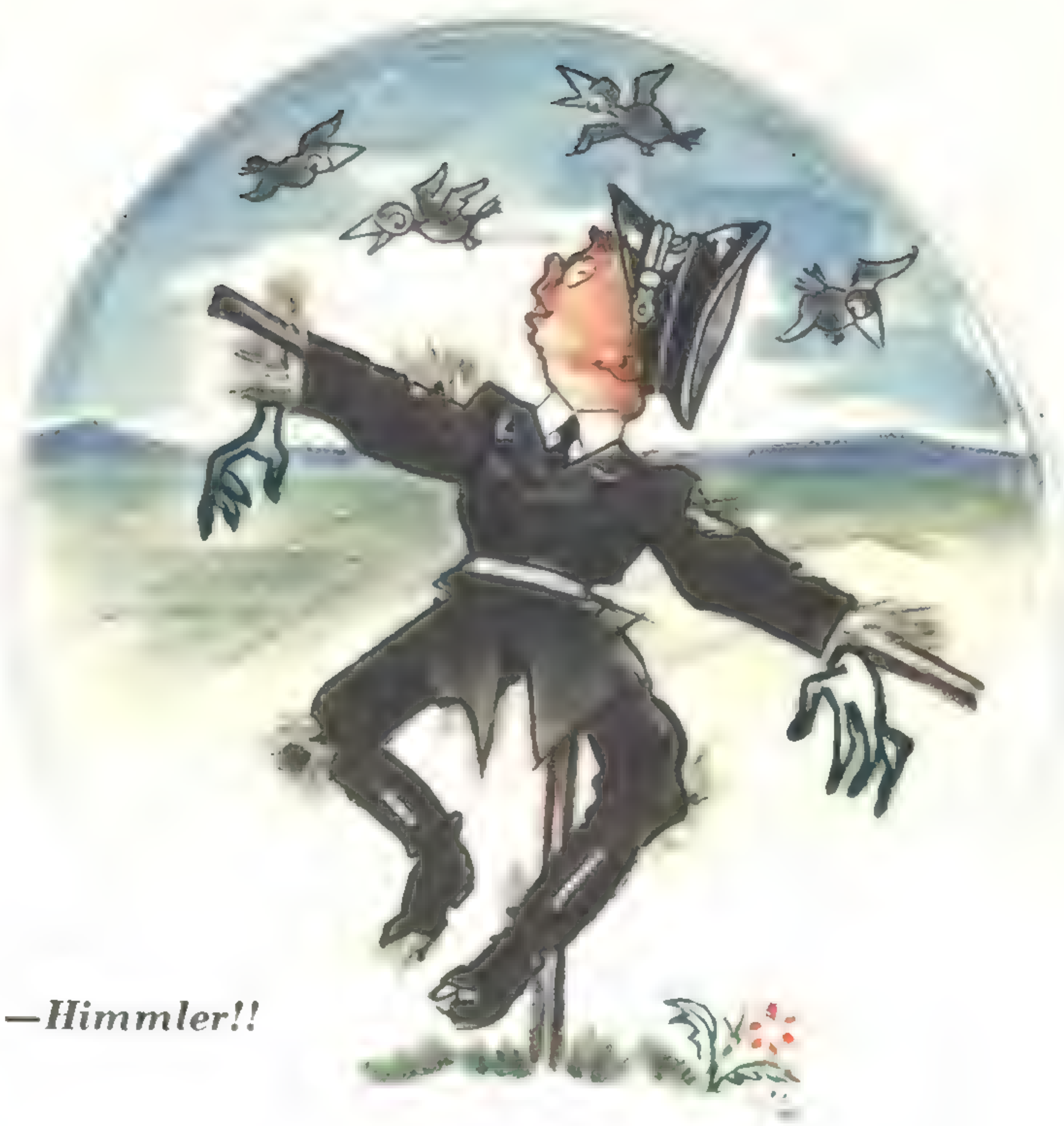


—Sapristi! He's esc

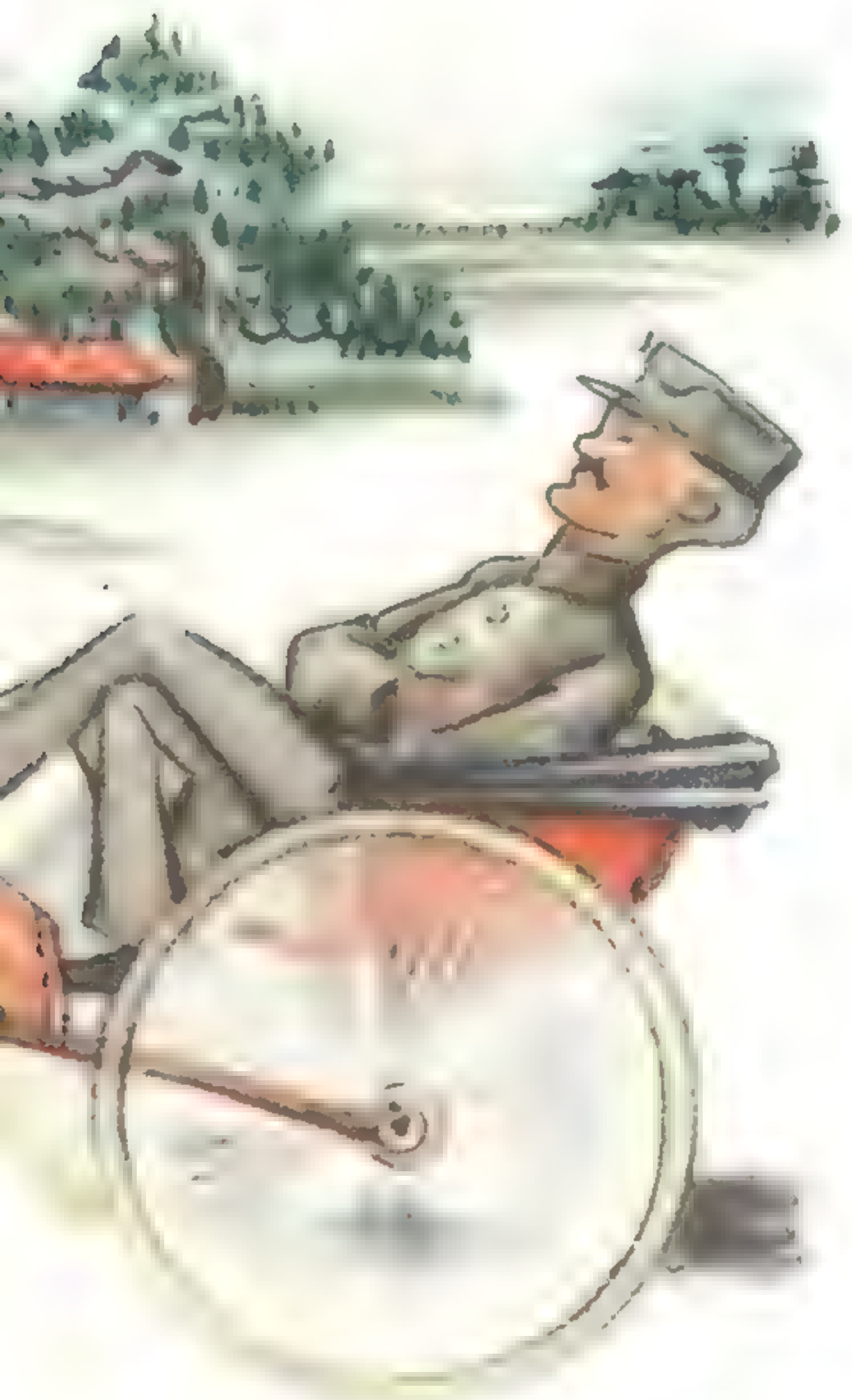
***by* DERSO *and* KELEN**



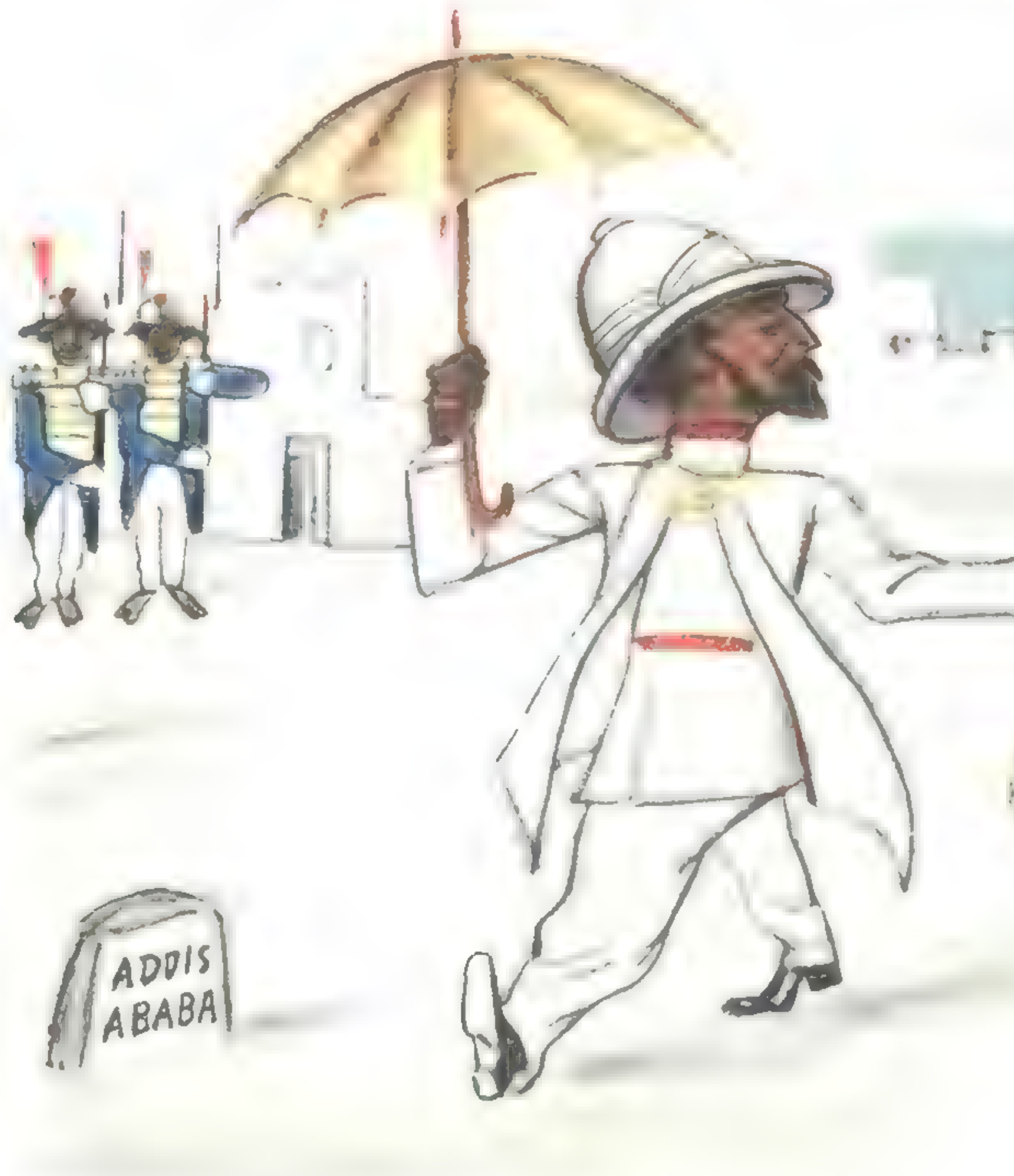
Ii, Ribbentrop, one more bottle of bubbly!



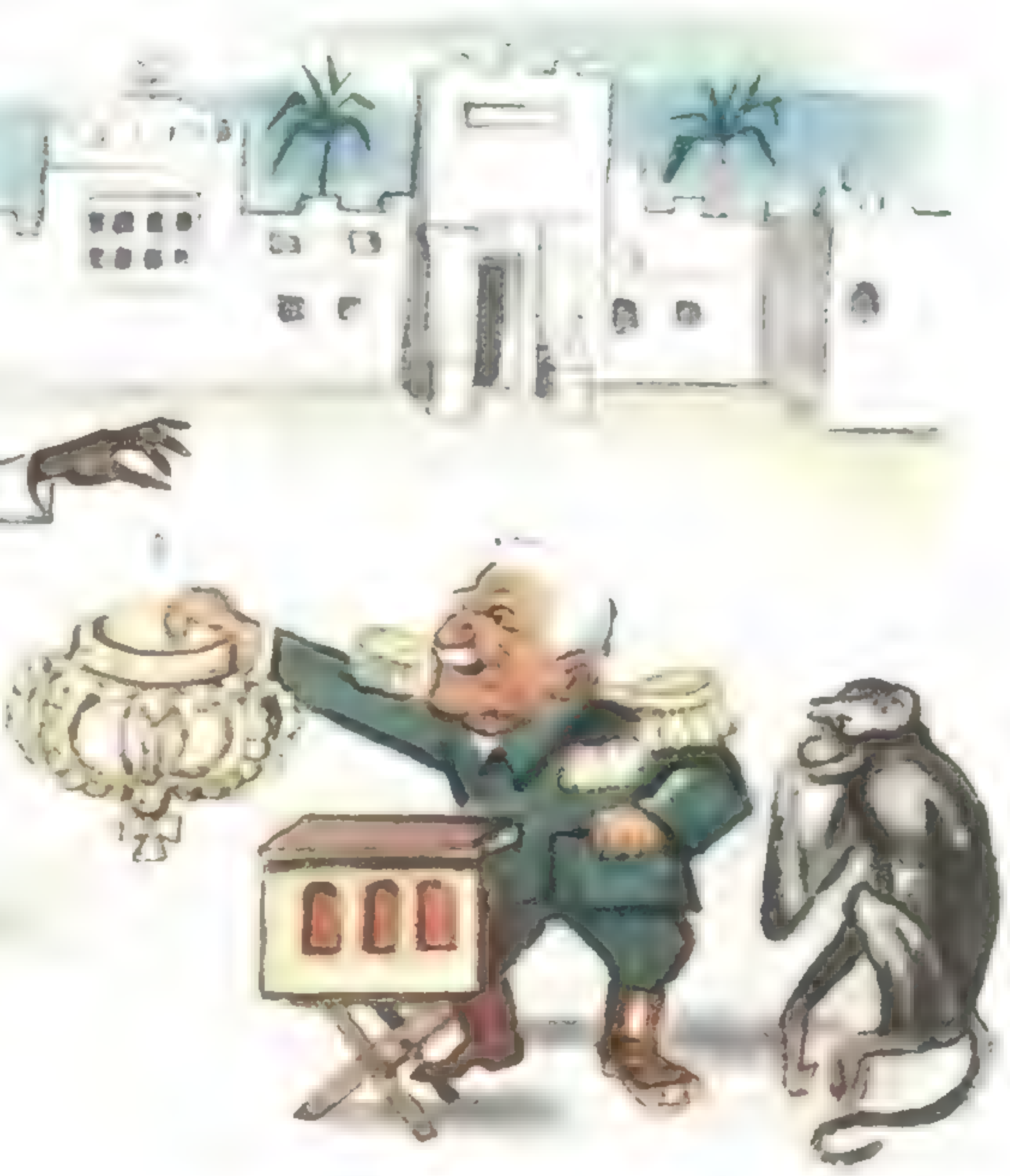
—Himmler!!



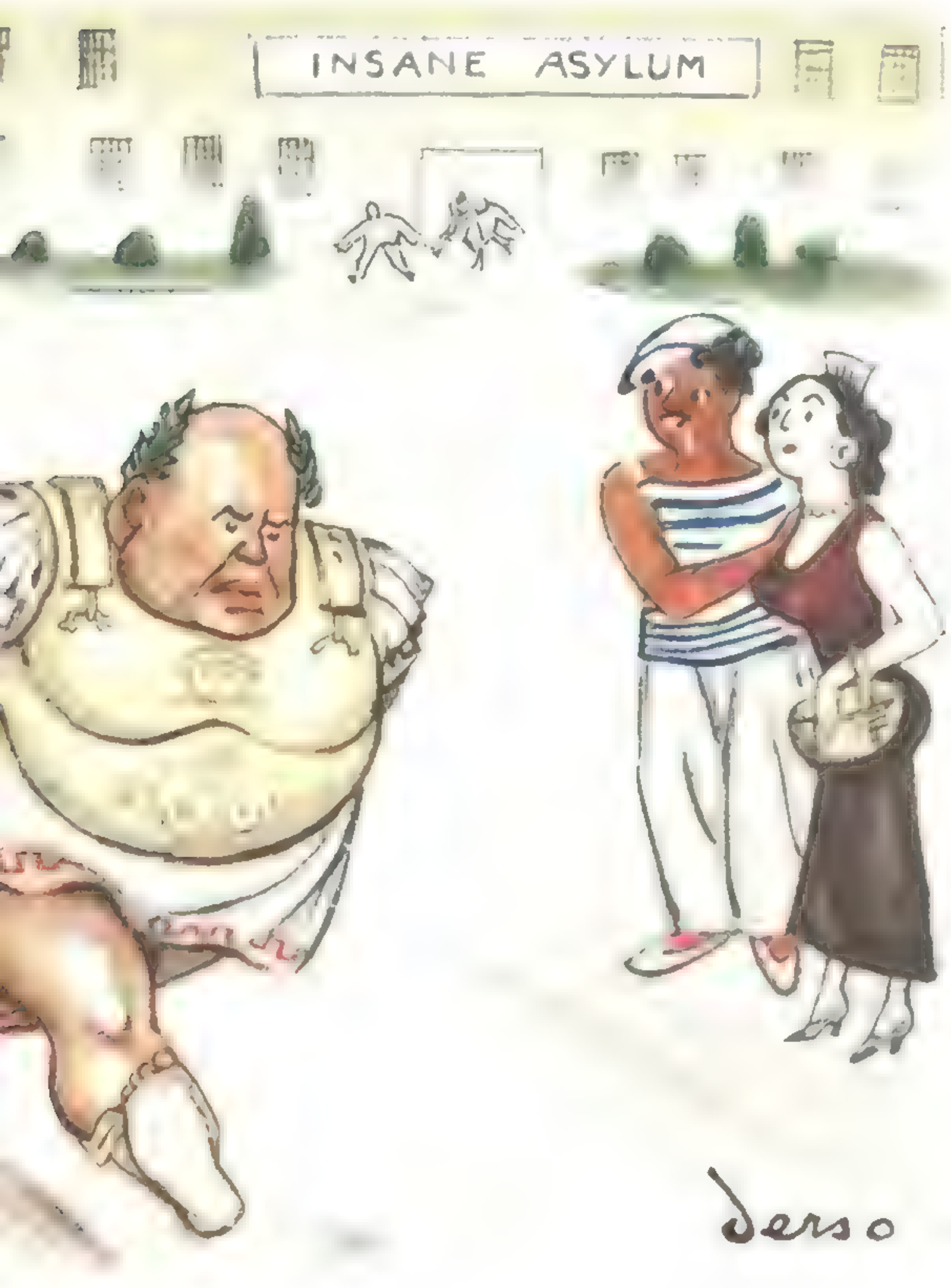
r Tojo and Gen. Chiang Kai-shek


ADDIS ABABA

Scene in the Roman Empire

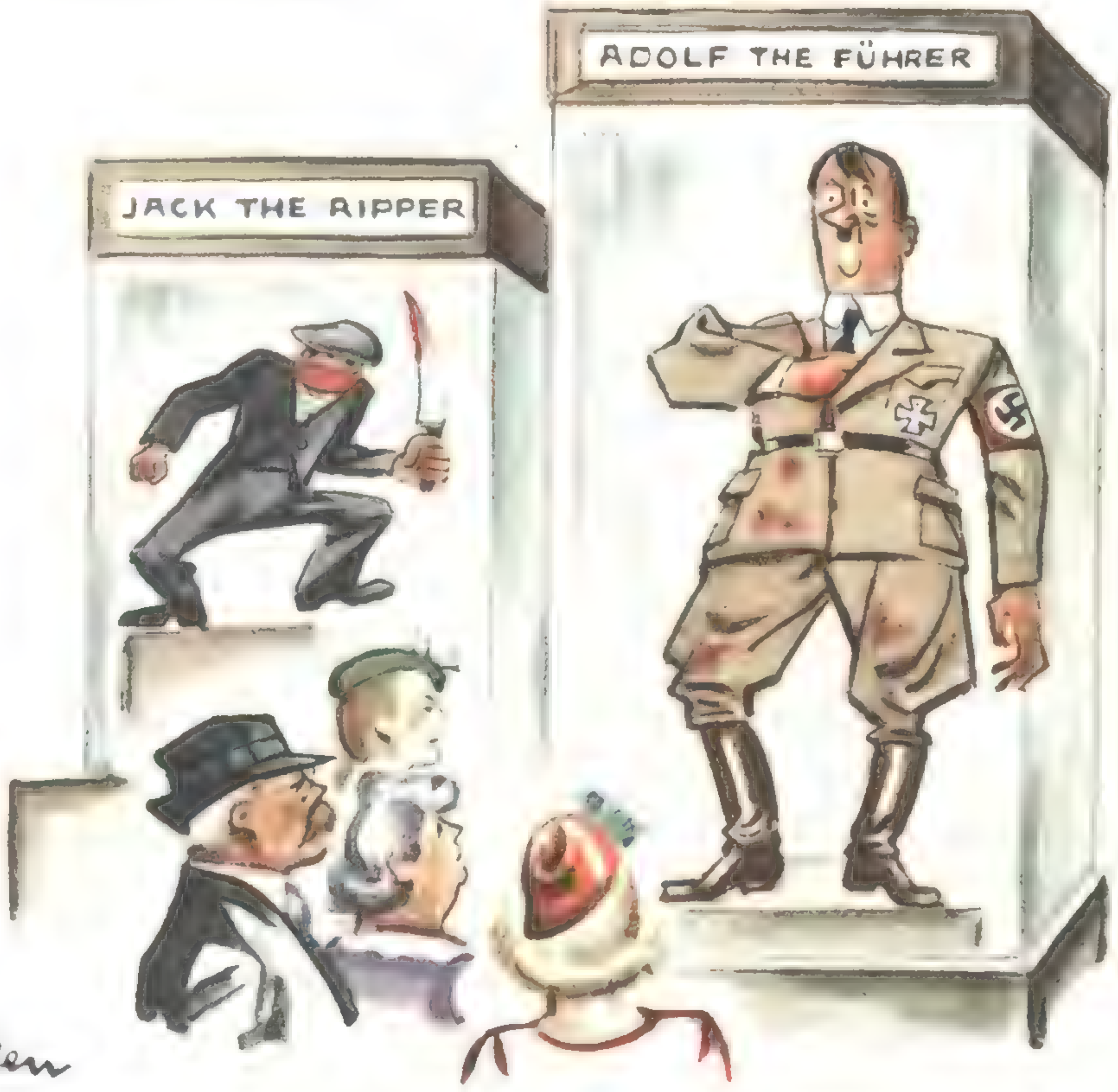


Vittorio


INSANE ASYLUM

Derso and Kelen
1942

ped again!

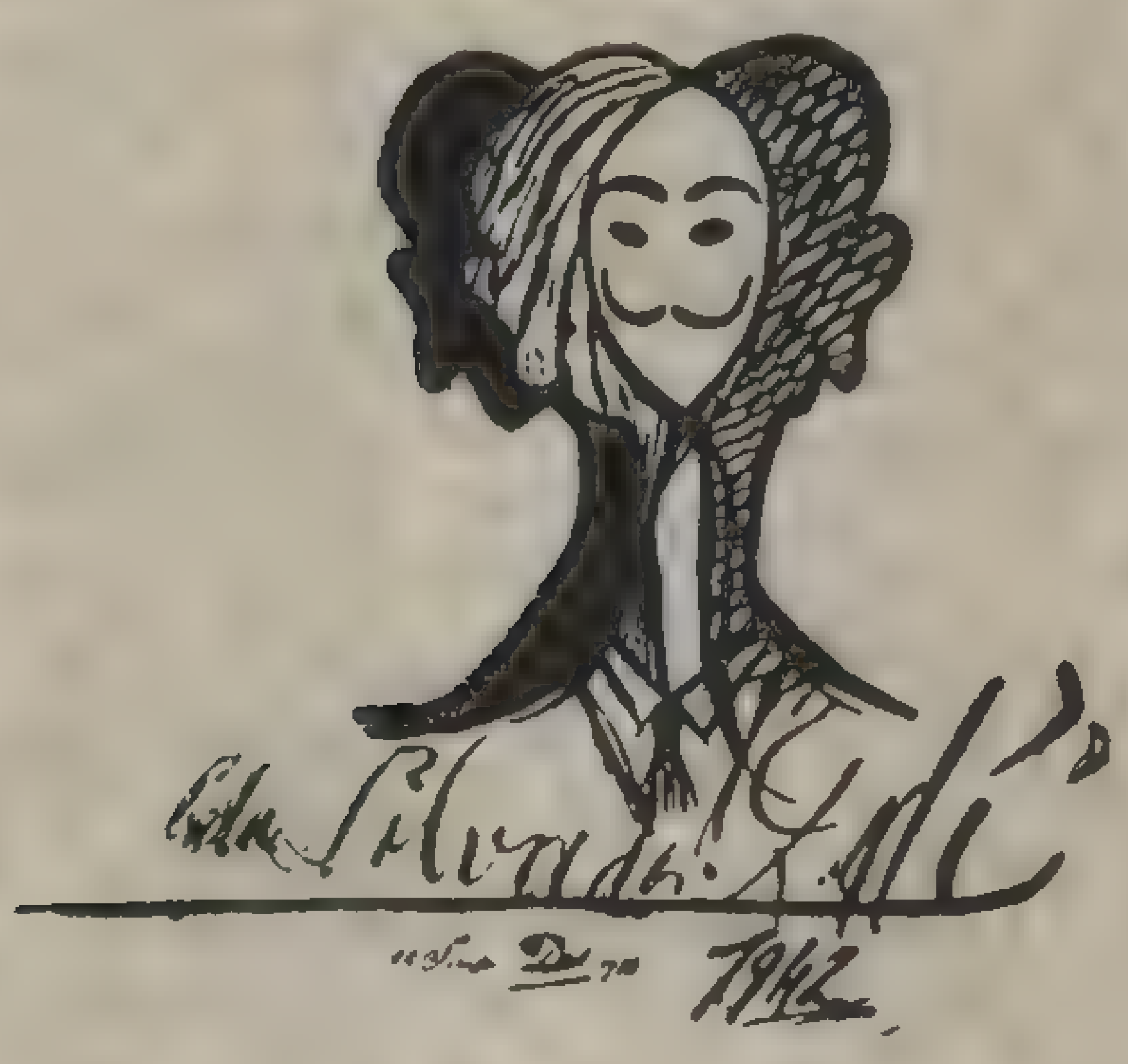

JACK THE RIPPER
ADOLF THE FÜHRER

Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's

Nativity of a New World

A concept of the outcome of today's travail, created especially for this issue of Esquire *by the most discussed of all living painters*

SALVADOR DALI



A comment on the painting opposite

by **RAYMOND GRAM SWING**

All new things that are born are produced out of elements already in being, and the Nativity of the New World can be no exception, it must be the product of the old world. The sense that the new can only be the transformation of the old pervades Dali's symbolic phantasy. His New World is the product of the physical America of today, with its contours, canyons, deserts, geysers, redwood trees and sloping hills. The central individuals, a cowboy and a Negro, worshipping at the luminous center from which the future is to emerge, are genuine representatives of the America of today. His painting, then, is both profoundly realistic and inspiringly imaginative. His message is not in cipher, but is revealed in the power and sweep of a single overwhelming concept. But it may assist those studying its specific symbols to understand that in Dali's intention, the crystal ball represents the embryonic first gleamings of the next biological phase. Birth is nature's optimism, hence the basis of man's faith. Without the conviction that these anguished days are indeed creating the New World, and creating it from the flesh of our present-day America, courage to meet these days would be hard to muster. Dali's painting is pervaded by the strength of nature's optimism. It is a call to courage.

Visit on the Nazi Front

Frenzied propaganda in newspapers of Germany and occupied nations assures your reporter we shall win this war

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

I WAS sitting before the microfilm projector, running off some strange films. Through the open window I could see and hear the traffic on Madison Avenue. All around me, men and women were working at typewriters or looking over the latest news reports, getting ready shortwave broadcasts to Europe—to occupied countries and to Germany itself.

I was sitting in one of the many offices of the so-called Donovan Committee, which for some time was called The Office of the Coordinator of Information and now is termed Office of War Information. It is one of the many new departments the United States Government has created for the purpose of conducting this war which is not only a conflict of tanks and bombers, but also of psychology, propaganda and information.

A microfilm projector is a complicated—at least for this reporter—device which makes it possible to show very small films very much enlarged. Very slowly you turn the crank and there are several gadgets with which to adjust any particular part of the film so that you can study it at your leisure. The films which had been given to me for inspection—for the explicit purpose of writing an article—contained photographic reproductions of a great number of newspapers. And, of course, in order to know what's in newspapers you have to read them.

There were newspapers from Germany and from the different countries which Germany has occupied. There were newspapers in many languages, but most of them in German. There were newspapers from Berlin, Cologne, Essen, Munich, Prague, Paris, Copenhagen, Bucharest, etc., etc. Reading them, studying them very carefully, I could not help feeling more and more that I was making a visit to the German front. Berlin, Paris, Prague, Copenhagen . . . Madison Avenue with its traffic noises faded out.

But while reading the newspapers it was not a picture of Berlin or Paris or Copenhagen or Prague which came to my mind first. Somehow it was the picture of one man who kept appearing in those films, rolling through the projection machine. It was the picture of Joseph Goebbels, the little cynic, sitting at his enormous desk in the Berlin Propaganda Ministry, pushing a great many buttons and giving a great many orders and directives, telling Germany, telling the whole European continent what to write and what not to write.

No photograph of Goebbels we have ever seen, no x-ray which could ever be taken of him showed him to me more clearly for what he is, showed more clearly his utter contempt for mankind in general, truth and common decency, than these films which kept rolling along before my eyes.

If the German Propaganda Ministry is trying to tell the world that there is even the slightest bit of liberty left to the editors in making up their newspapers, the newspapers themselves belie this completely. It is astonishing, to say the least, to what degree they resemble each other. On any one date all of them, in Germany and in the occupied countries, carry exactly the same headlines, talk about the same subjects. Of course, I am not referring to the news of the day. It is only natural that all of them should carry the news of the day or whatever is handed out as the news of the day over there. But the similarity extends even to general subjects, to subjects which are not timely, which could be published today or tomorrow or in four weeks or not at all.

Outwardly, the newspapers look exactly as they looked ten years ago. Outwardly, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* looks like the great liberal organ of Germany that was; the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* like the conservative and slightly gossipy newspaper of old Vienna; *Paris Soir* like the exciting boulevard sheet in which Pierre Lazareff, the editor, so well expressed the soul of Paris.

Inwardly they are all Goebbels.

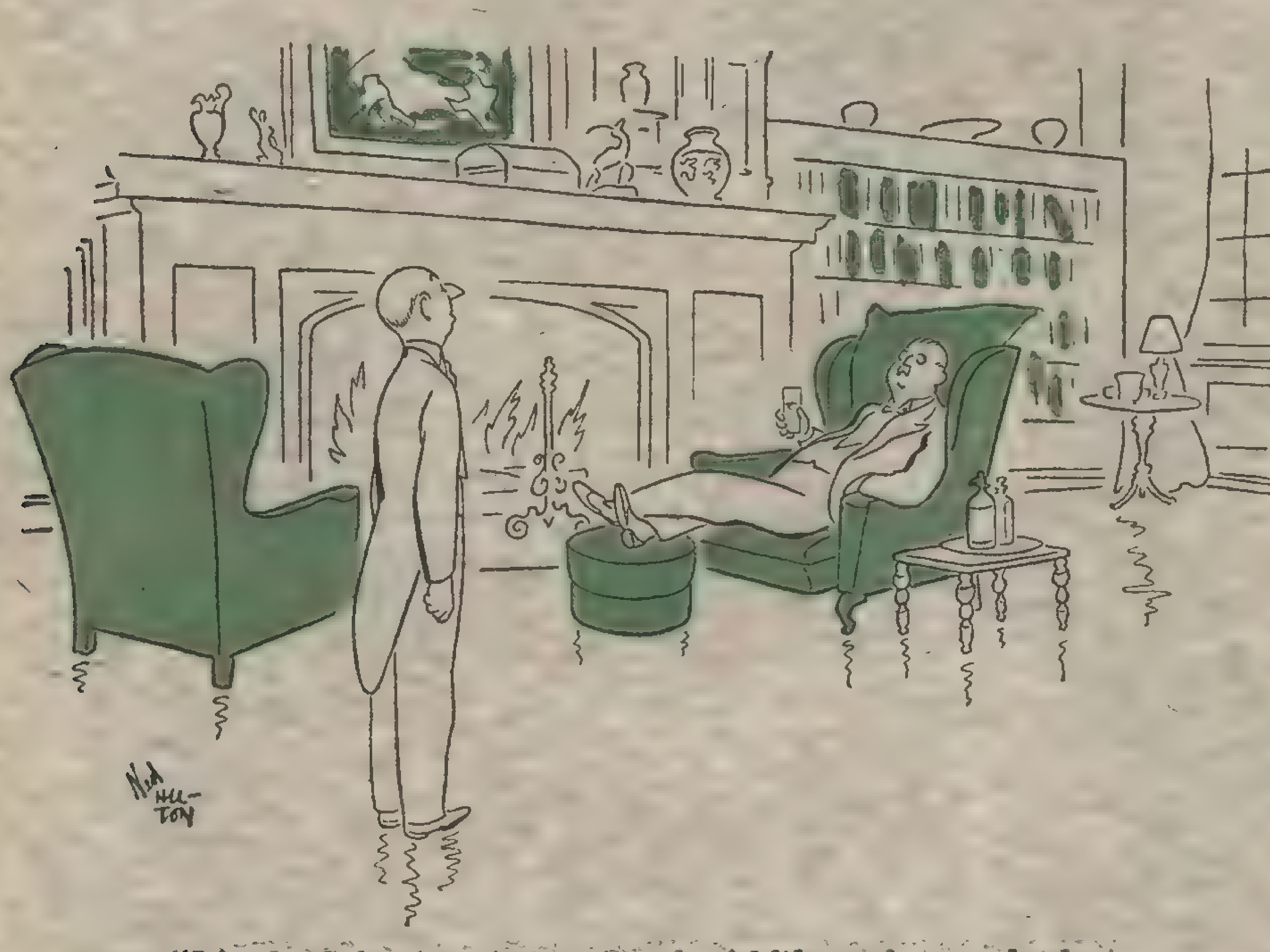
The thing that strikes you most: there is very little war news in German-controlled papers. There are, to be sure, all the notices of promotions: the new generals, the new commanders. There are also items listing decorations conferred for some distinguished service or other. And there are a lot of what they call in Europe *feuilletons*, colorful and gossipy essays or think pieces which have to do with the war. But there is precious little news. There are some very good *reportages* on the life at the front or in U-boats or in bombers, and some good photos. The Germans were always good at that. But when it comes down to actual information, if you really want to know something—you don't get much.

While there is little war news, there is, of course, no news at all on the struggle between the people in the occupied countries and the occupying forces. All this is strictly off the record. The new disorder which Hitler has created becomes, by simple omission, the New Order.

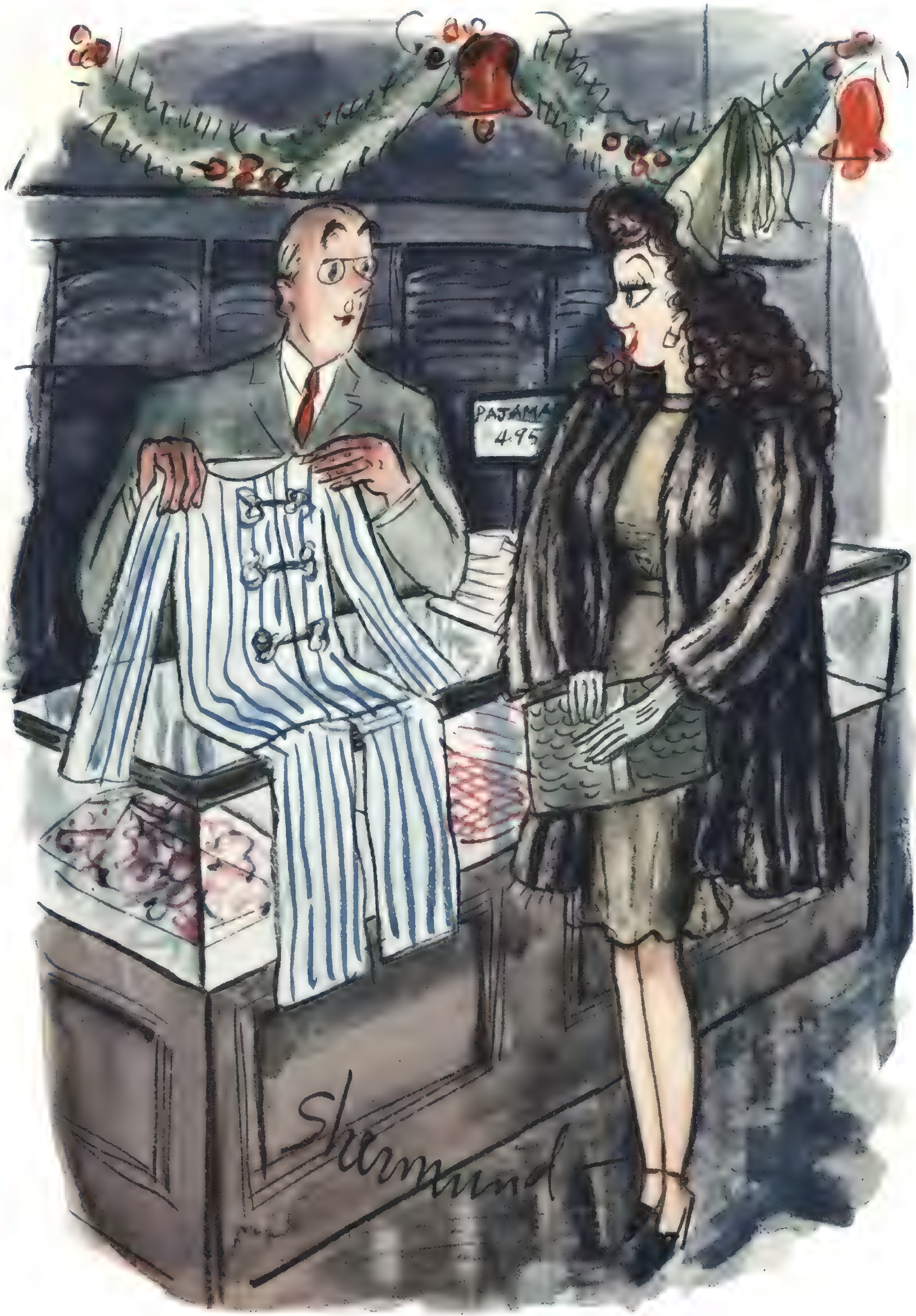
The weekly *Signal* (which is the edition for foreign countries of the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*) publishes, for instance, pages of cartoons called *Paris Everyday Life*. I read with amazement: "The colorful series on which Paris caricaturists have collaborated here is born from the air of the boulevard." From the cartoons you get the idea—which of course you are supposed to get—that Paris just goes on in its happy-go-lucky way, Hitler or no Hitler.

In the *Pariser Zeitung* (Paris Gazette) a great fuss is made over the many German painters and sculptors who have moved to

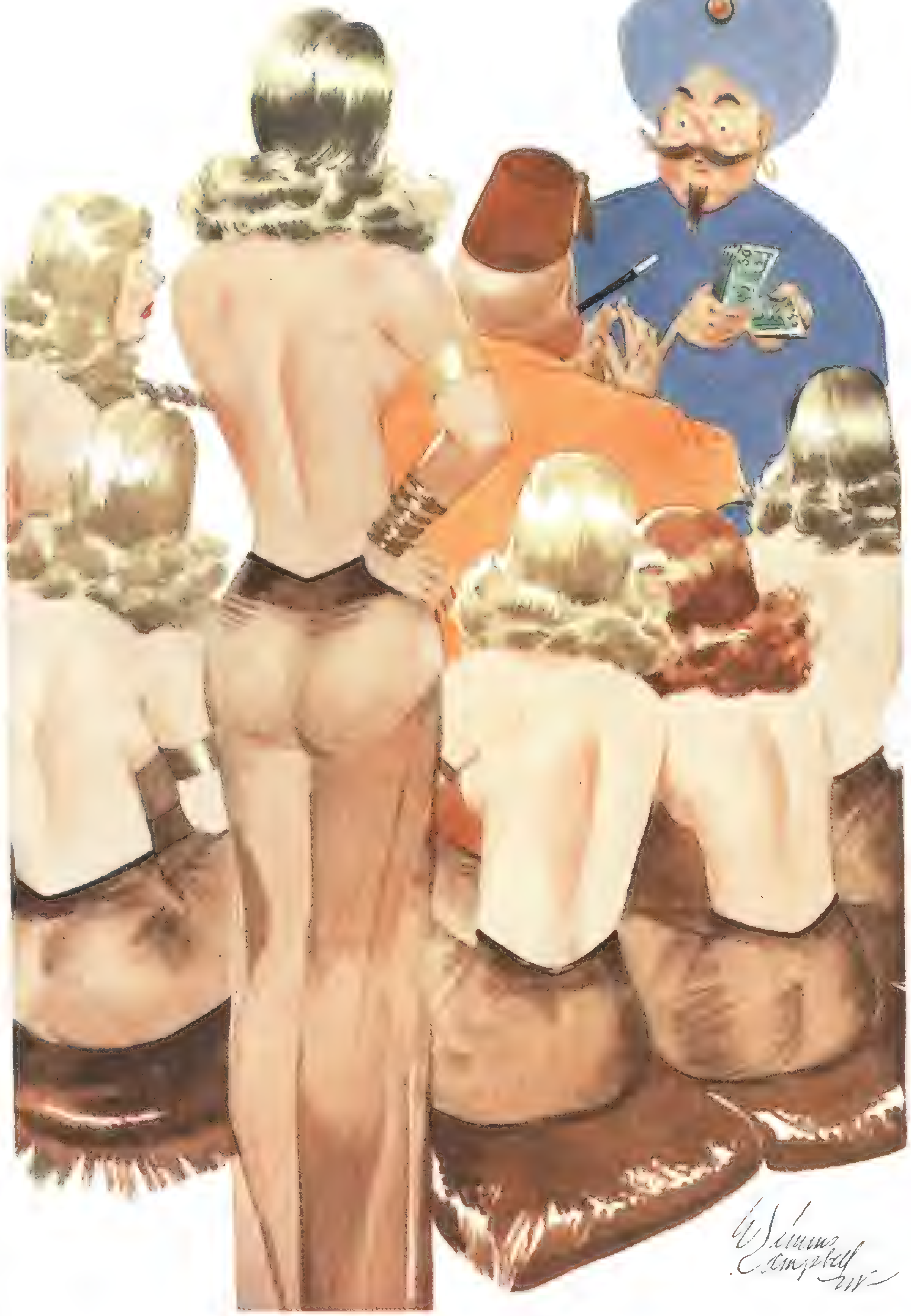
Continued on page 239



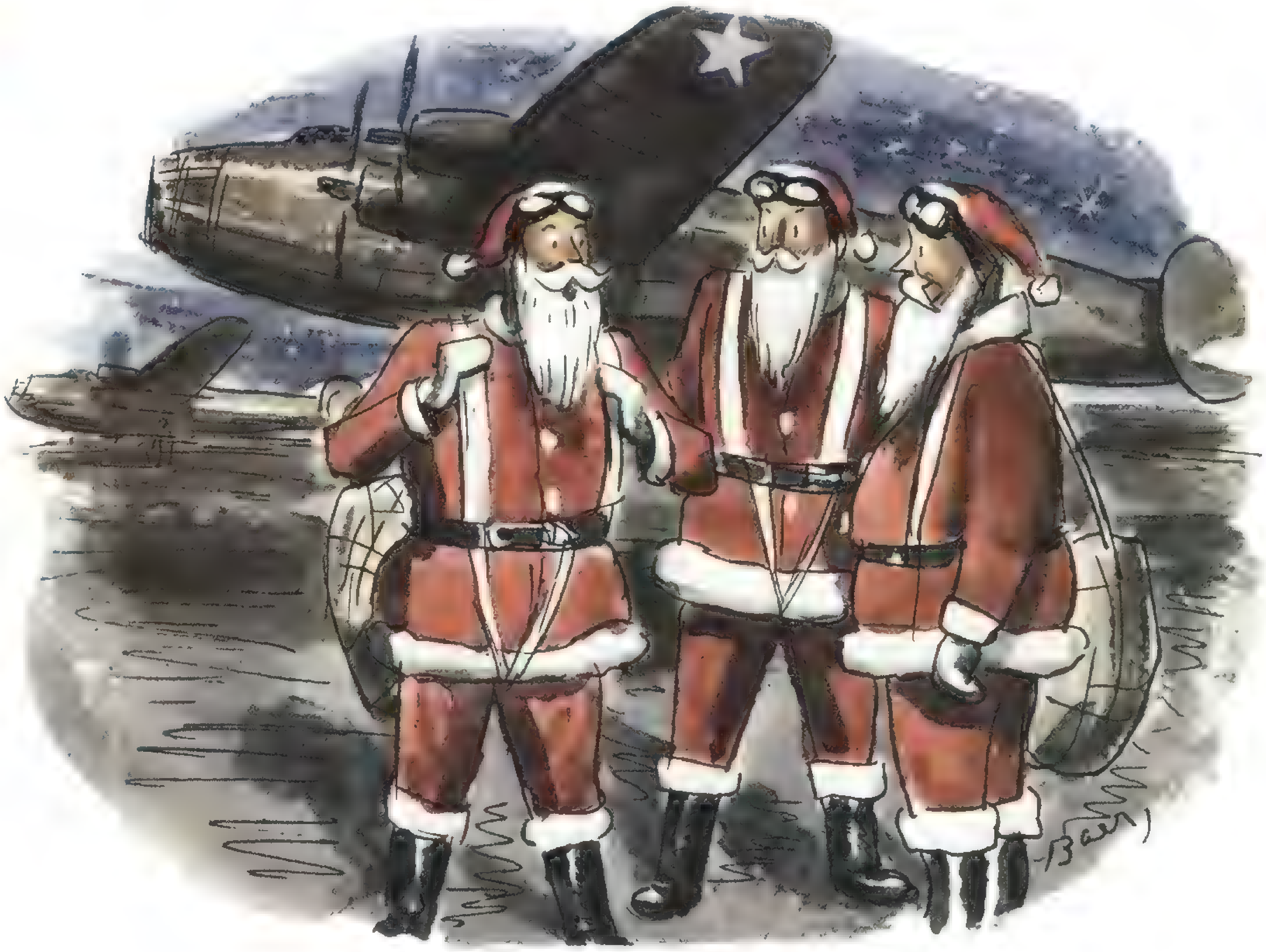
"It's the Salvation Army, sir—they'd like to know whether you have any old rags, bottles or newspapers"


PAJAMA
4.95
Shermund

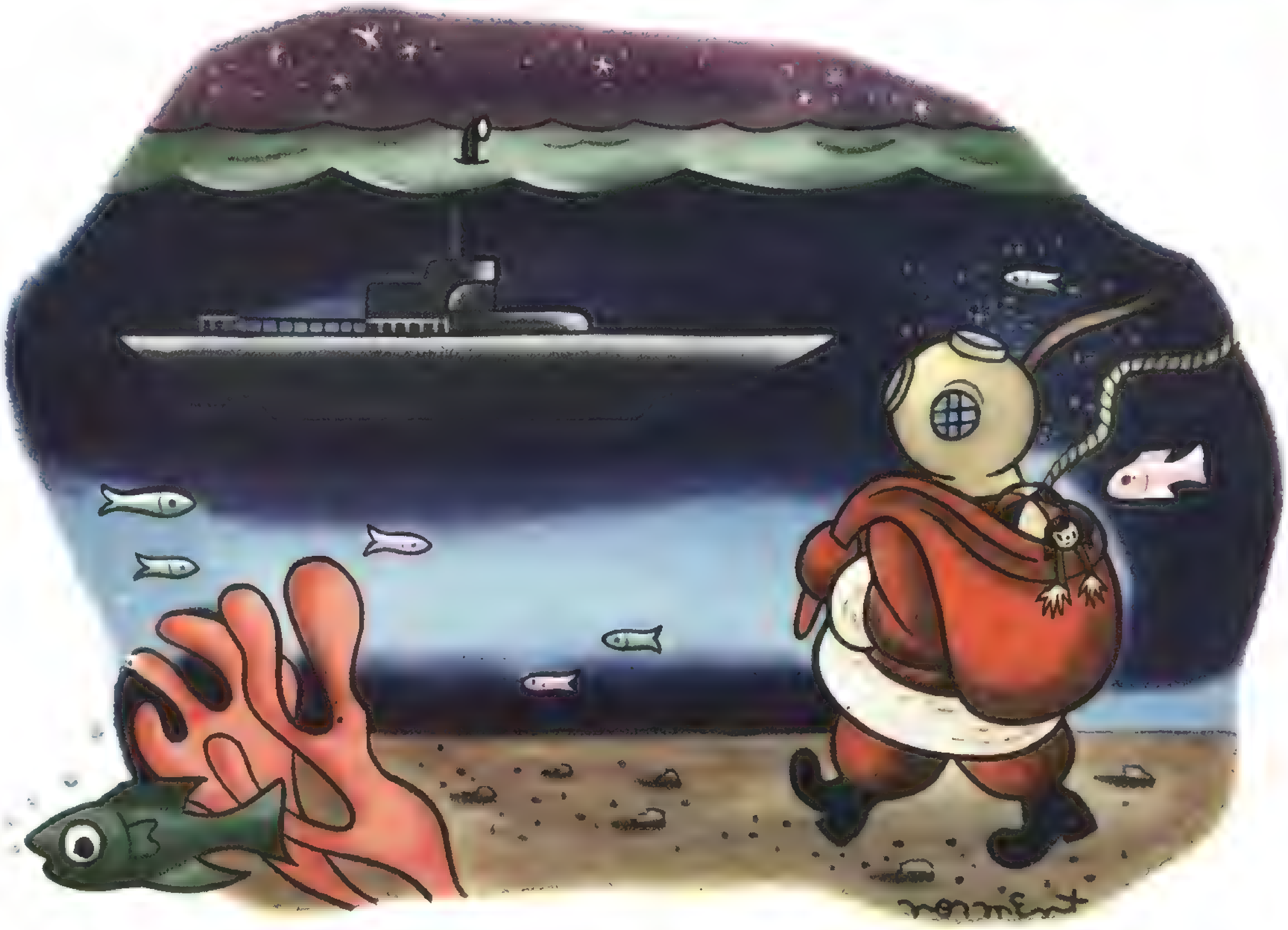
"Do you have any with sergeant's stripes on them?"

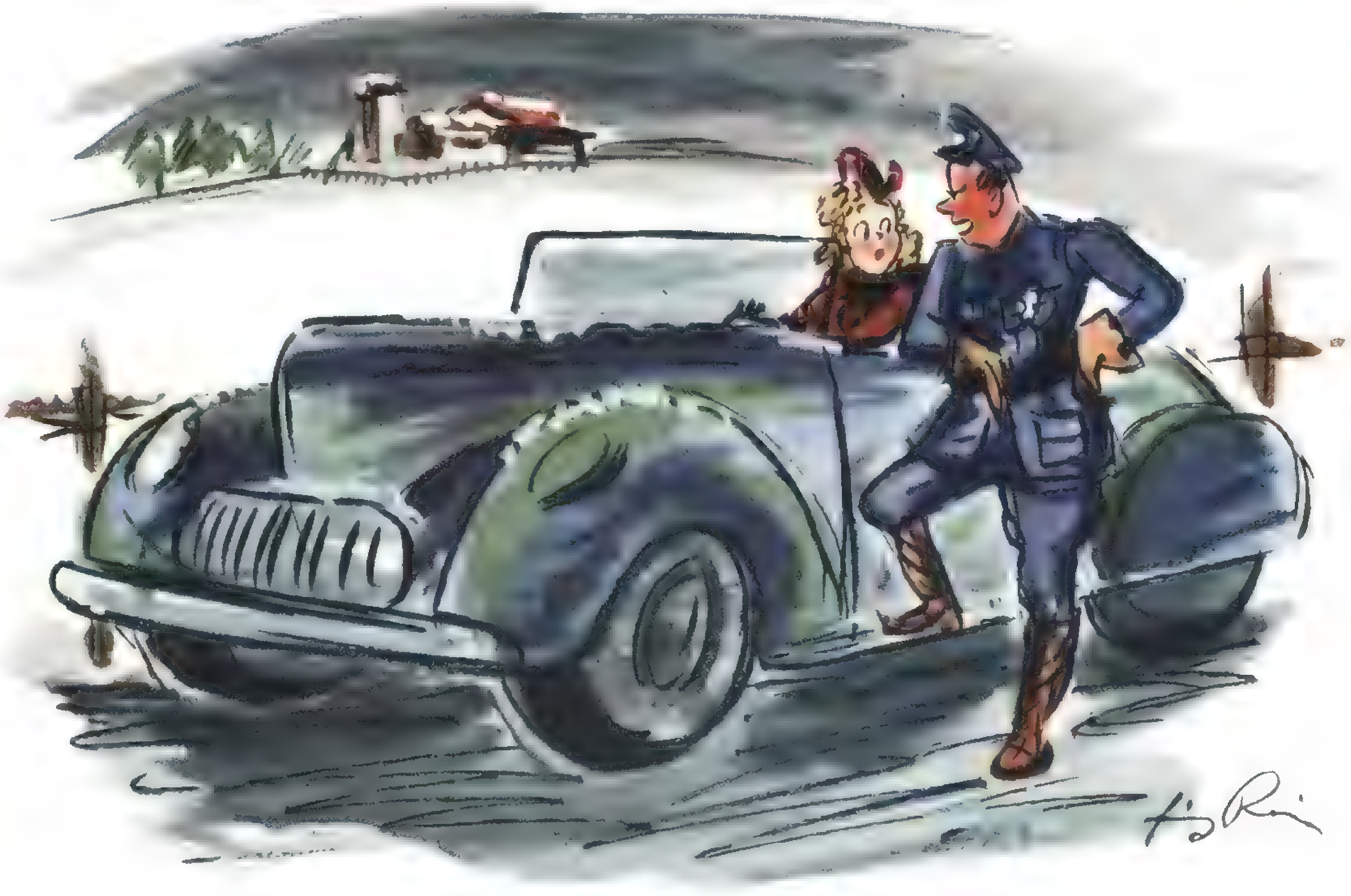


"Have you got your rationing card?"

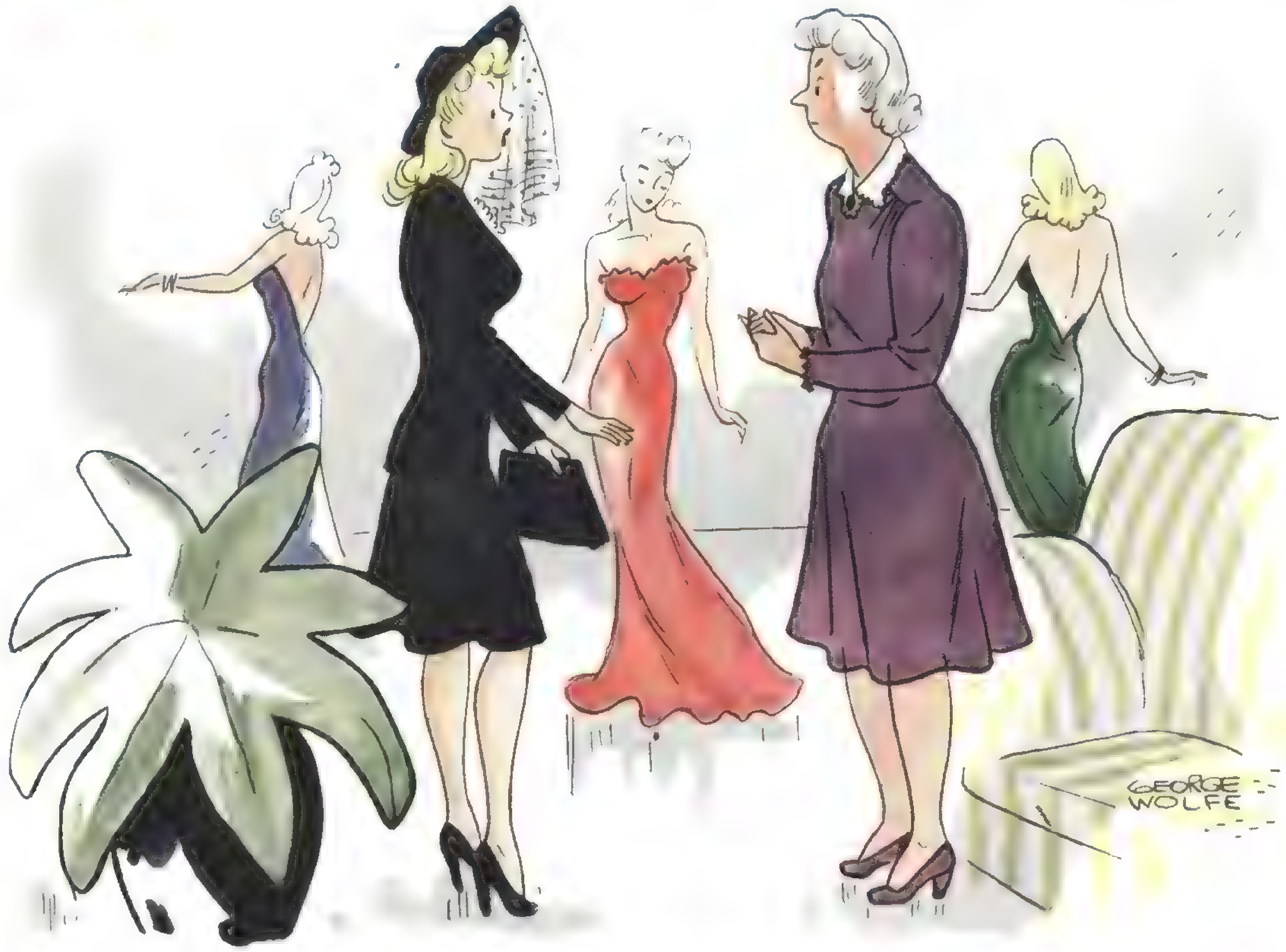


"O.K. men—are we all set to deliver those gifts to Tokyo?"

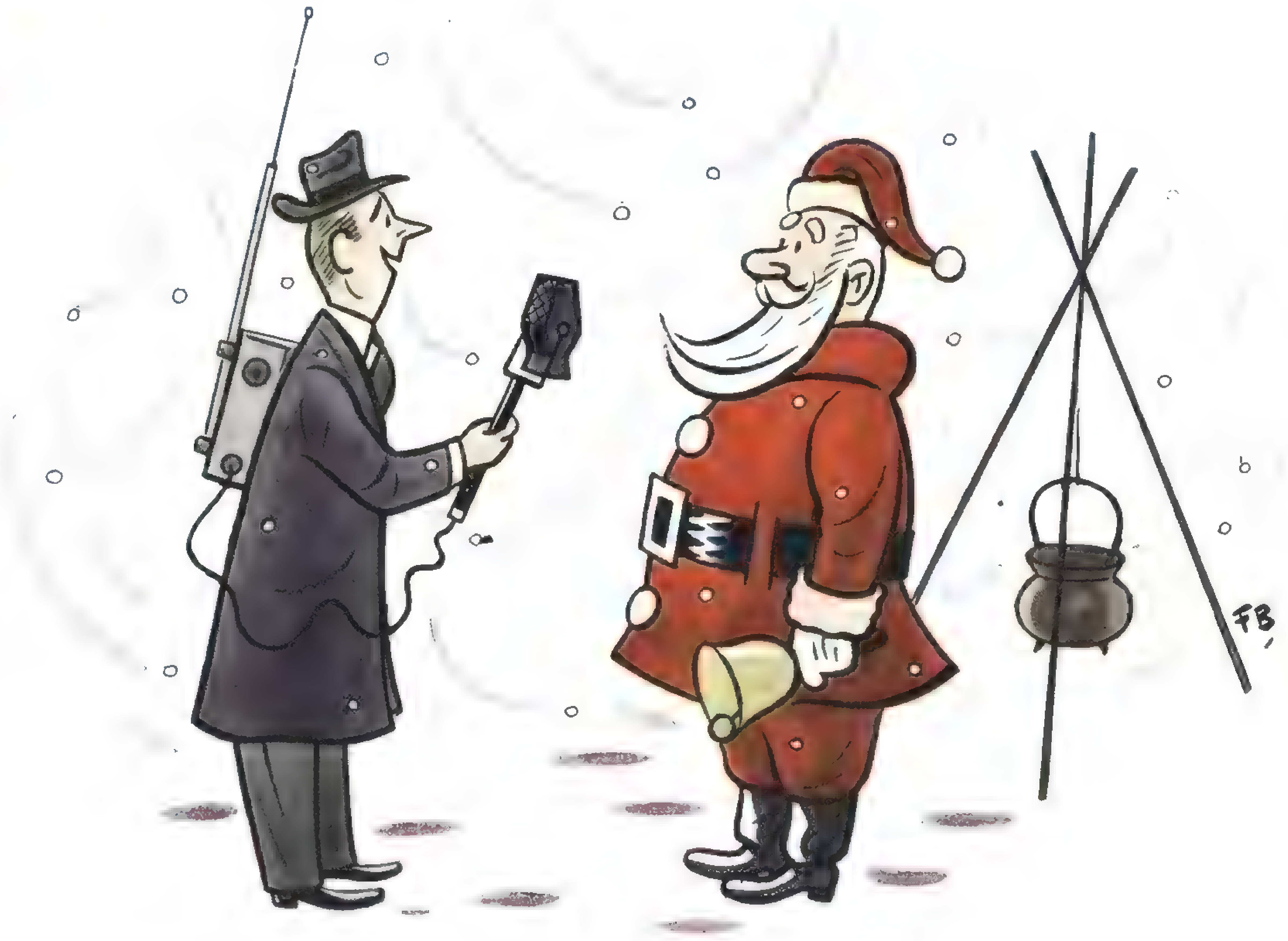




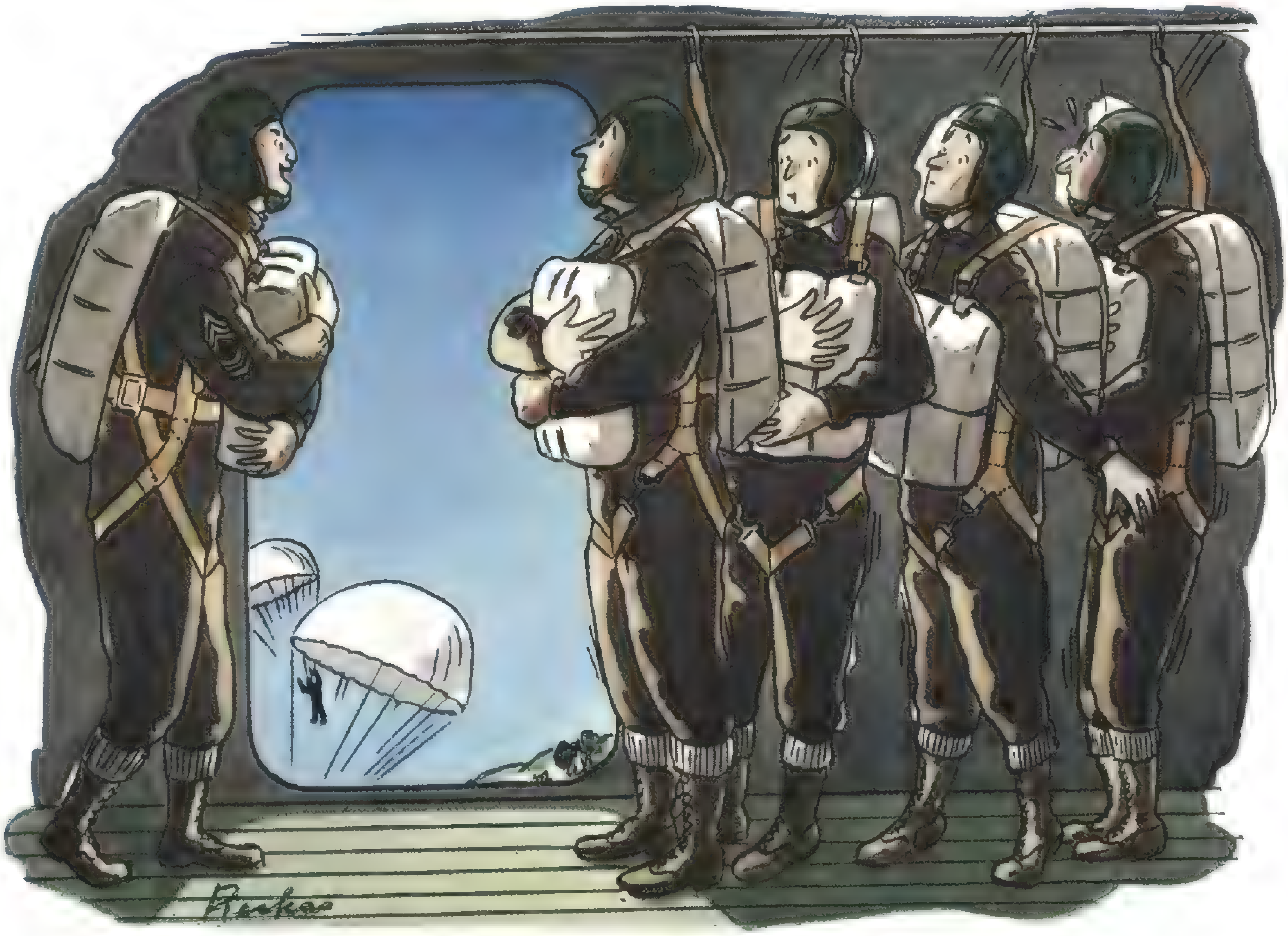
"Sorry, lady, in my business the customer is never right!"


GEORGE WOLFE

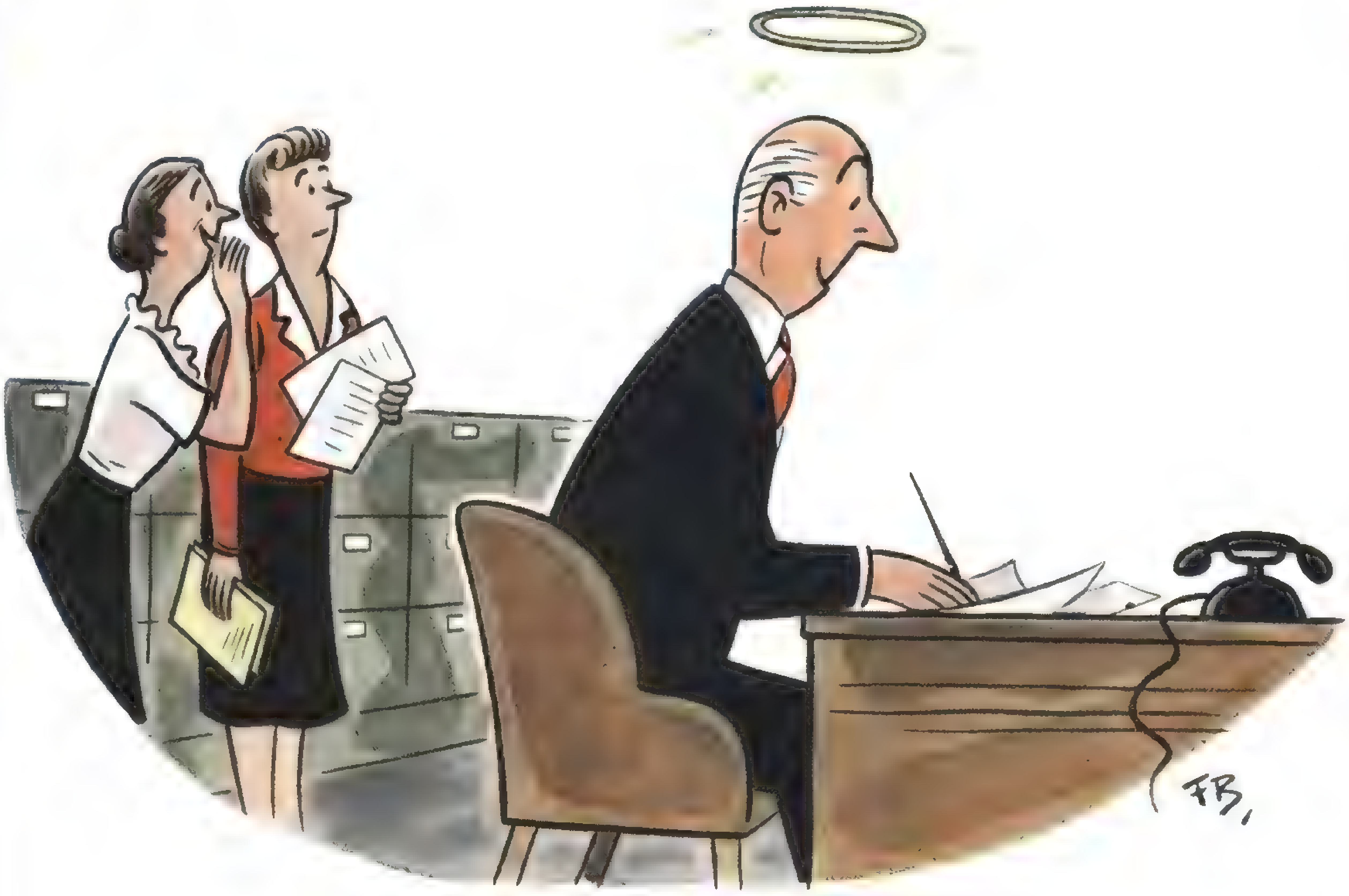
"I'm coming out of black—and I want to come out with a bang!"



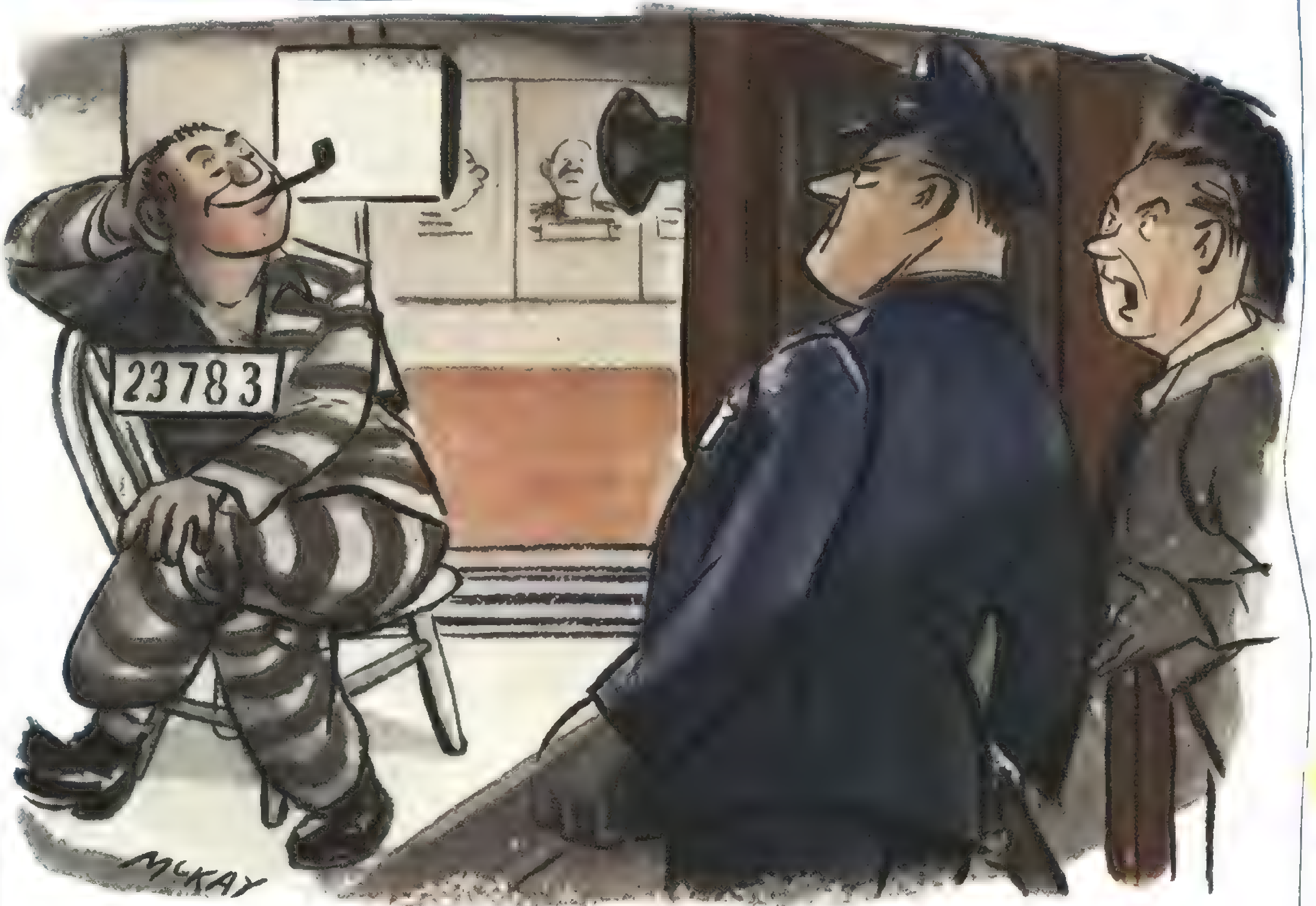
". . . and what is your name, sir?"



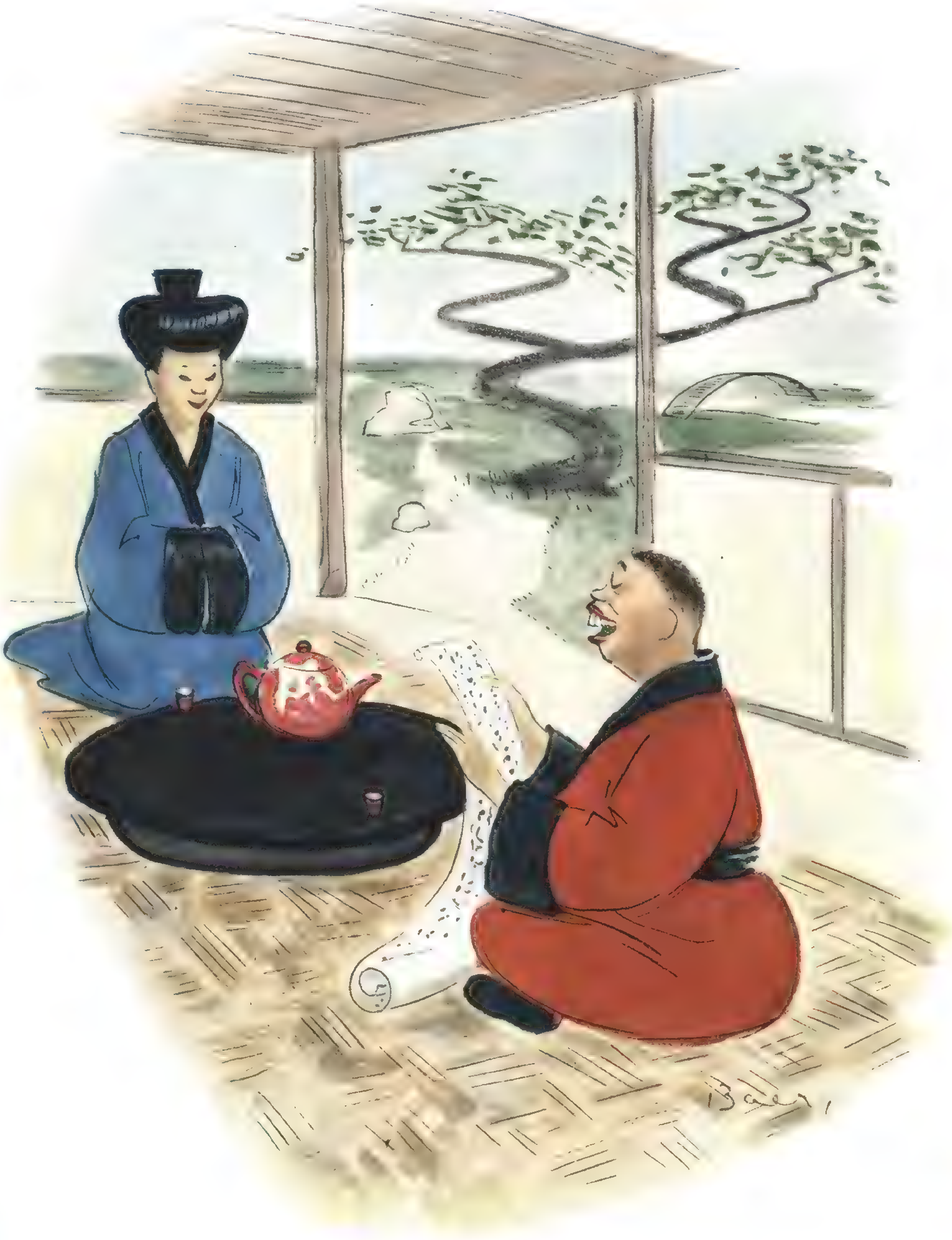
"And in case the second one don't open, try flapping your arms like a bird!"



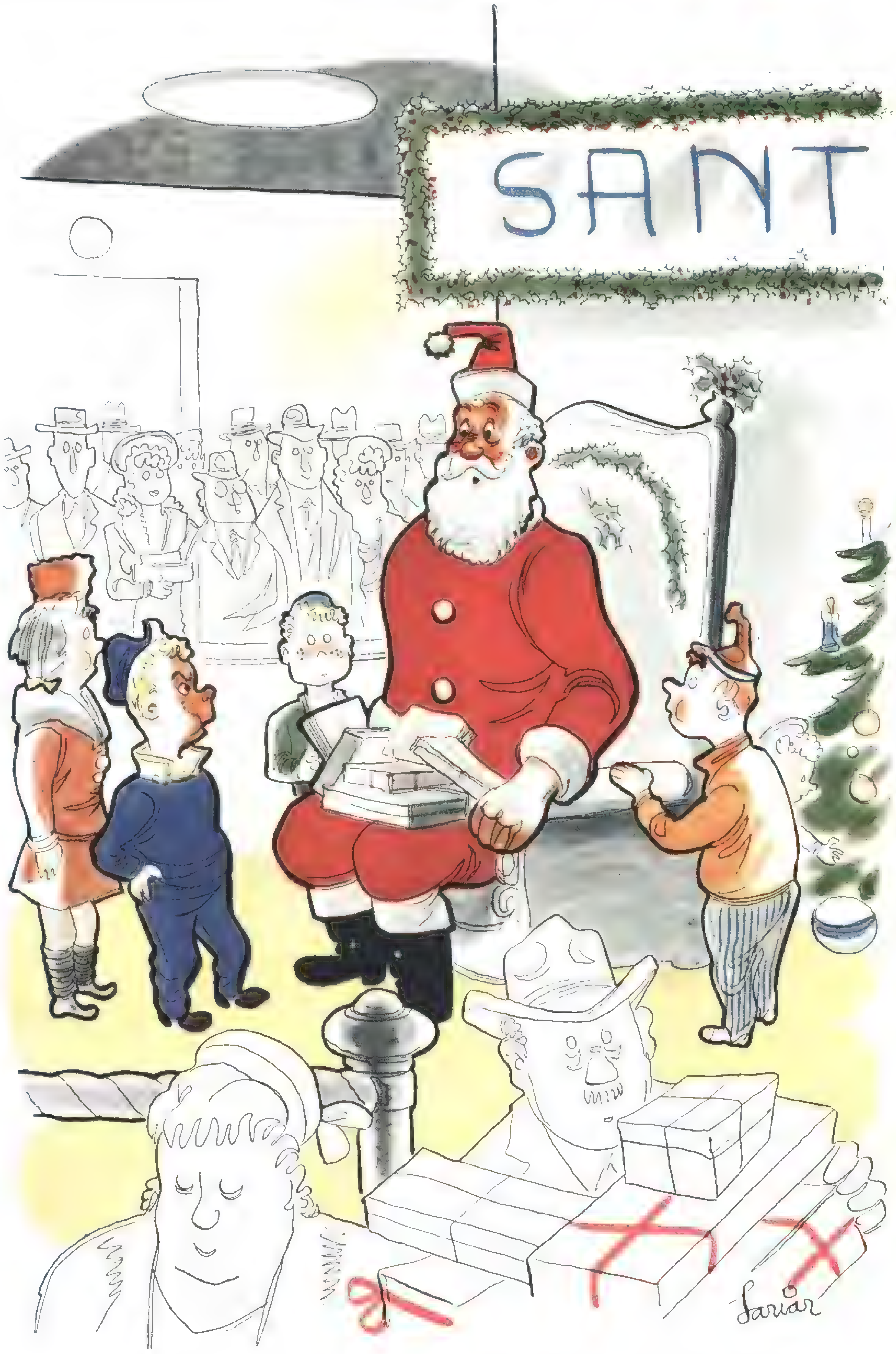
"It's been there ever since he returned the ten dollars the bank overpaid him"


23783
McKAY

"He prefers an informal pose"



"Our son in the navy writes that they captured a little island with 47 U.S. Marines on it—it was a great victory, we only lost 3 battleships, 14 bombers and 2 aircraft carriers"


SANT
Fariar

"Now for the twenty-dollar question—do I get that bike this Christmas, or don't I?"

Preview in Dreamland

An English mathematician concluded after several years of experiments that normal people often have semi-prophetic dreams

by KEITH MONROE

• ARTICLE •

In the end, J. W. Dunne's queer dreams were to set half of England talking. But in the beginning, Dunne would not talk about them even to himself. He wouldn't even think about them.

The first of his odd dreams was quite simple. He imagined an airplane crashed in a large meadow. Then he saw walking toward him a British flier whom he had met once or twice.

Dunne, in his dream, asked the pilot if much damage had been done.

"Oh no," the other answered. "It's all that beastly engine. But I've got the hang of it now."

Several days later Dunne read in the London papers that the aviator about whom he dreamt had been killed in an airplane crash at a large meadow near Oxford.

Being a professor of mathematics, J. W. Dunne did not believe in astral wandering, clairvoyance, or spooks. So he soon found a logical explanation for his dream.

He decided he had been a victim of the aberration which psychologists call "Identifying Paramnesia." Meaning that he'd never really had the dream at all; but that, when he read the newspaper item, his brain built up a delusion of previously dreaming about the event reported in the paper.

The next dream was harder to explain, even with the help of abnormal psychology.

It was a nightmare about a wild horse. The horse was in a field fenced in by high iron railings, and was bucking and rearing murderously. Dunne hastily inspected the fence to make sure the beast could not get out, then continued strolling outside the fence. A moment later he heard thundering hoofs behind him. Looking back, he saw the horse had somehow got loose after all, and was charging toward him. Dunne was running for his life when he awoke.

The next day Dunne was fishing along a little river when he glanced across it and saw the scene of his nightmare. There was the fenced-in field and the rampaging horse. Dunne ran his eye along the railings—more carefully than he had in the dream—and made sure there was no gate or opening.

"Well, this horse can't get out, anyhow," the professor thought, and turned away to resume his fishing.

But a little later the noise of hoofbeats made him look up. The dream was inexorably coming true. In some mysterious fashion the horse really had escaped from the field and was racing along a path outside the fence, just as the dream-horse had. Soon it swerved off the path and plunged into the shallow river, heading straight for Dunne.

The mathematician was braver now than he had been in his dream. Instead of running, he dropped his fishing rod, snatched up a big stone, and stood waiting while the horse splashed across.

At that point resemblance to the nightmare ended. When the animal reached the bank it looked uncertainly at Dunne, then tossed its head and trotted off down a road.

The professor sat down and pondered how to explain his queer, half-prophetic dream of the night before.

Identifying paramnesia didn't fit, because as Dunne reviewed the nightmare he remembered many details quite different from the waking event. The dream-field had been big and park-like, but the real field was much smaller. The fence, too, was different: an iron railing eight or nine feet high in the dream, but only a five-foot wooden barrier in actuality. The real horse was only a small animal, instead of the great plunging brute of the nightmare. And, of course, Dunne had not strolled beside the fence; instead he watched from across a river, of which there was no sign in the dream.

The professor realized that his dream obviously had been no clairvoyant vision of a future event. Instead, it was the sort of nightmare—half-truth and half-figment—which would have been quite normal on the night *after* his experience with the horse. The only thing peculiar about his dream was that it had come on the wrong night.

Apparently, Dunne saw, he was suffering some queer fault in his relation to Time. This only indicated that he must be a freak straight out of H. G. Wells. Annoyed at the idea, he determined to forget about his odd dreams. He mentioned them to no one.

But he continued to have them.

One day he was reading a book in which he noticed a mention of a peculiar type of combination lock which has letters instead of numbers.

As he read this, something stirred in the back of his mind. He paused, and in a moment it came to him. During the night before, he had dreamed of just such a combination lock.

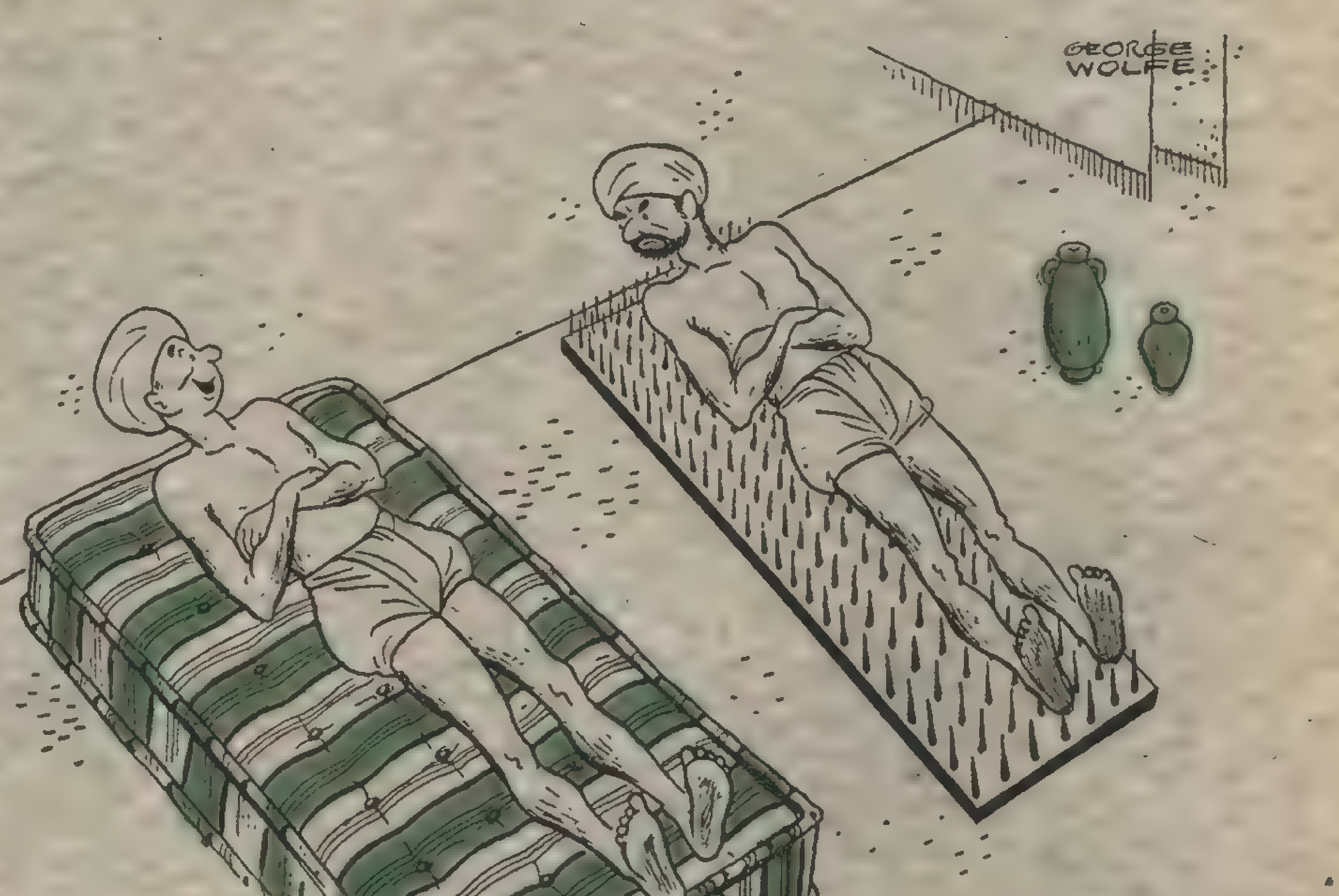
"Coincidence," Dunne snarled, and read on. He hadn't seen or thought of such a lock for years, so the mathematical chance of both dreaming and reading about one in twenty-four hours was small, but no matter!

A few weeks later England's historic Silvertown explosion occurred. On the day of the disaster, Dunne was in a nearby hospital recovering from a minor operation. The detonation shook the whole building, breaking windows and putting out the lights.

Naturally, Dunne was momentarily scared, and it wasn't surprising that the experience should give him a nightmare. And so it did. But again the nightmare had come on the wrong night—the night before the explosion!

After the disaster, while attendants were sweeping up the broken glass and Dunne was

Continued on page 279



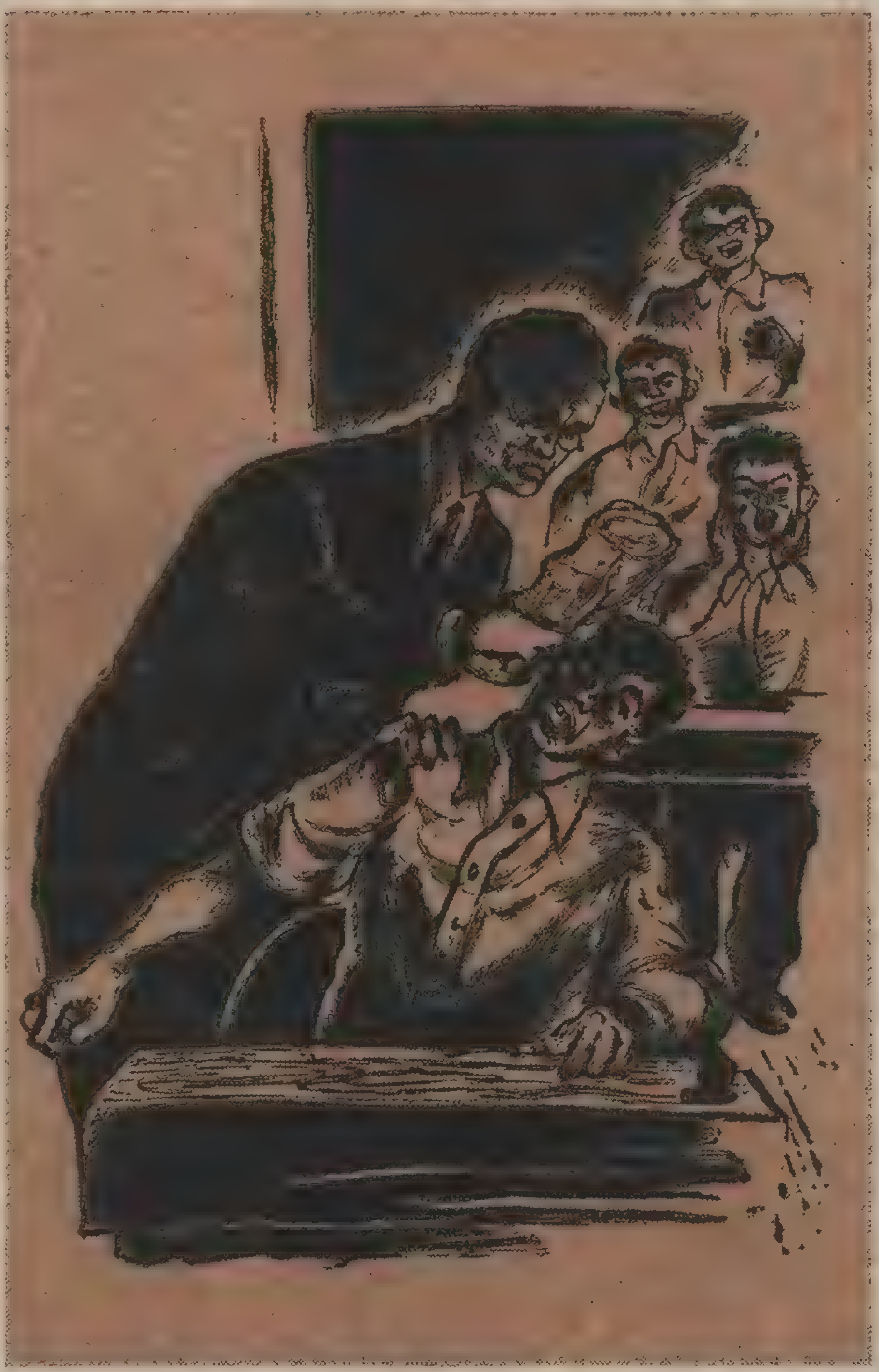
"You don't know what you're missing, not using a mattress!"

The Pod of a Weed

No one could really teach these subnormal, incorrigible boys and Mr. Jackson wished desperately for the senior high school job

by J. J. DES ORMEAUX

FICTION



The interview with the principal had taken only five minutes, but when Mr. Jackson came across the junior high school yard to the isolated bungalow at the far end, the place was a bedlam as usual. The boys seemed to be milling and scrambling, and the softball shot across the window. Mr. Jackson lumbered like an ungainly Newfoundland up the stairs, took the rolled newspaper he always carried in his pocket, and belabored the open door with it like a drum.

"Silence! Silence!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

Yacob was standing in the rear aisle with his cap on. Mr. Jackson whacked it off like a golfball off a tee. Gibby the Goon shot up an arm, fielded the cap neatly, and sailed it out the door. Yacob, without paying any attention to his cap, leaped headlong for Gibby. The two boys rolled pummeling in the aisle.

"Swats! Swats!" chorused the boys gleefully.

Mr. Jackson reached down and got Gibby by the belt—he had long since learned that a hold by the collar merely ripped the poor stuff of their shirts—and heaved him like a bale of hay toward the front of the room.

"Get in the printing room," he said.

The printing room was a cubicle off the front of the bungalow which contained a broken chair, a hand press, and a quantity of hopelessly mixed type. It had been the original intention to occupy these special disciplinary cases with constructive hand work, but after the boys had daubed printer's ink on each other and had a free-for-all with the type, the project had been abandoned. The room was now a kind of solitary detention ward, where, on sufficient provocation, Mr. Jackson dealt out "swats" with a thirty-inch strap of harness leather.

If there was one thing Mr. Jackson loathed in the world, it was swats. If for any reason he could defer them, or ignore their necessity, he invariably did so; and that undoubtedly represented one great pole of his pedagogic failure. At the moment, however, he had no need of inventing any excuse to himself about the swats due Gibby, for the interview with Mr. Sparkman was so stunningly with him that he forgot the harness strap completely.

Of course Mr. Sparkman hadn't said, "Jackson, you're a cinch for the job." But the inference was clear enough. If the visit of the Superintendent went off satisfactorily this afternoon, Mr. Jackson was very likely slated for the senior high school vacancy.

He picked up the ball where it had rolled in the corner and replaced it in the cupboard.

"Get to work," he said.

Work, in the connotation of the bungalow, meant doing anything they cared to so long as the boys kept quiet. This represented the other pole of Mr. Jackson's failure. Of course nobody—nobody with any experience of such boys, that is—expected him actually to teach them anything. They were the dregs of a tough harbor school system, the truants, thieves, subnormals and incorrigibles collected from three junior high schools, corraled here for Mr. Jackson to police.

But he had expected something of himself. When he first came here, a year ago, he had been full of real and honest fervor. He had thought something could be done with the boys; he had sweated like a galley slave to inch them just a hairsbreadth, just a millimeter, along the educational branch. Now the lines were deeper in his pouchy, drooping face, and the gaping ring of his coat collar showed how much more stooped his ungainly shoulders were. But the physical signs were no index of the capitulation, the exhaustion of his soul. He was at the nadir of any conception of his job. He had slipped downhill to the minimum that was required of him—to keep some modicum of order, not to bother Mr. Sparkman with disciplinary problems, and to stage, on the occasion of the Superintendent's visit, a certain convincing show of activity.

His mind clutched at the prospect of the high school like a starving man after bread. Everything depended on the Superintendent's visit this afternoon. If he could put over some simulation of successful teaching, the job was probably his. He felt a contraction through all his muscles with the very desperation of his longing. To be out of this. To be through with this sickening travesty in the bungalow, these twelve impossible, brutalized, heartbreaking boys, these dozen millstones of failure that hung around his neck and had broken the very spirit in him. He had to get the high school job. He had to. It meant life to Mr. Jackson, it meant escape from defeat, it meant a new, clean, finer page, a page with bright and normal young faces on it, looking up at him with hope and aspiration and intelligence in their eyes.

He sat staring at the dull impervious clay out of which he had to produce some telling effect this afternoon. There was Tony, with the pocked face and large, liquid, sleep-glazed eyes. He was, in fact, asleep at this moment, sitting bolt upright with his mouth open. Mr. Jackson could hardly blame him for that, for he had probably been up all night helping his father make Italian pastry in the bakery.

There was Cookie, the colored boy, who put his shoes in his desk and sat in his bare feet all day. Cookie was the brightest boy there, a mischievous, grinning mulatto who could steal an automobile without a key and perform multiplication and division on the blackboard. Mr. Jackson would have to lean very heavily on Cookie this afternoon.

There was Marco, with the wild look on his face, always ready to burst into laughter or uncontrollable rage. Marco with the wild dramatic sense, who delighted in telling pointless anecdotes and howling at them immoderately. He could not read two consecutive lines, but he had been over the story at the beginning of the fourth reader, called *The Giant with the Hundred Heads*, so many times with so many teachers that he could recite it by heart.

There was Charlie Catfits, the worker. Mr. Jackson felt a quick glow when he looked at Charlie. He was a blond, pimpled boy who kept his nose to his desk all day and worked with savage intensity. It was something extraordinary, as freakish in reverse as the lumpishness of the others, a kind of hammering fury, like a man running for a railroad crossing before the train got there. Charlie made drawings of leaves. Of tree leaves and weed leaves, of any leaf you brought him, every vein and crenelation executed with architectural precision. He kept his drawings in a cigar box at home.

They would be, of course, the pearl of this afternoon's inspection, and all semester Mr. Jackson had encouraged him with this eventuality in mind.

There was Yacob, who had precipitated the scuffle. Yacob the Lithuanian boy, with the livid scar on his forehead and the horrible burns on his hands that mangled his entire forearms. Yacob had a shock of hair like a palm tree and a rapt, inward look. You would have thought he was concerned with some tremendous idea, except that he had an I.Q. of fifty-five and could not spell his own last name.

There was Baptiste, the parolee from reform school, with the shoulders like a piano mover, who could hit a home run holding the bat in one hand. There were Chendo and Guppy and Maxie and the Root Toot and the Steckna twins, who had put a teacher in the hospital for five weeks. Mr. Jackson took a deep breath and gathered himself together. He rapped on the desk.

"Pay attention to what I say," he said. "Something very important is going to happen this afternoon. You are going to have a visitor. It is going to be Mr. Kedgery, the Superintendent."

A belligerent murmur arose.

"What for?"

"I know that fat squab."

"What's he comin' here for?"

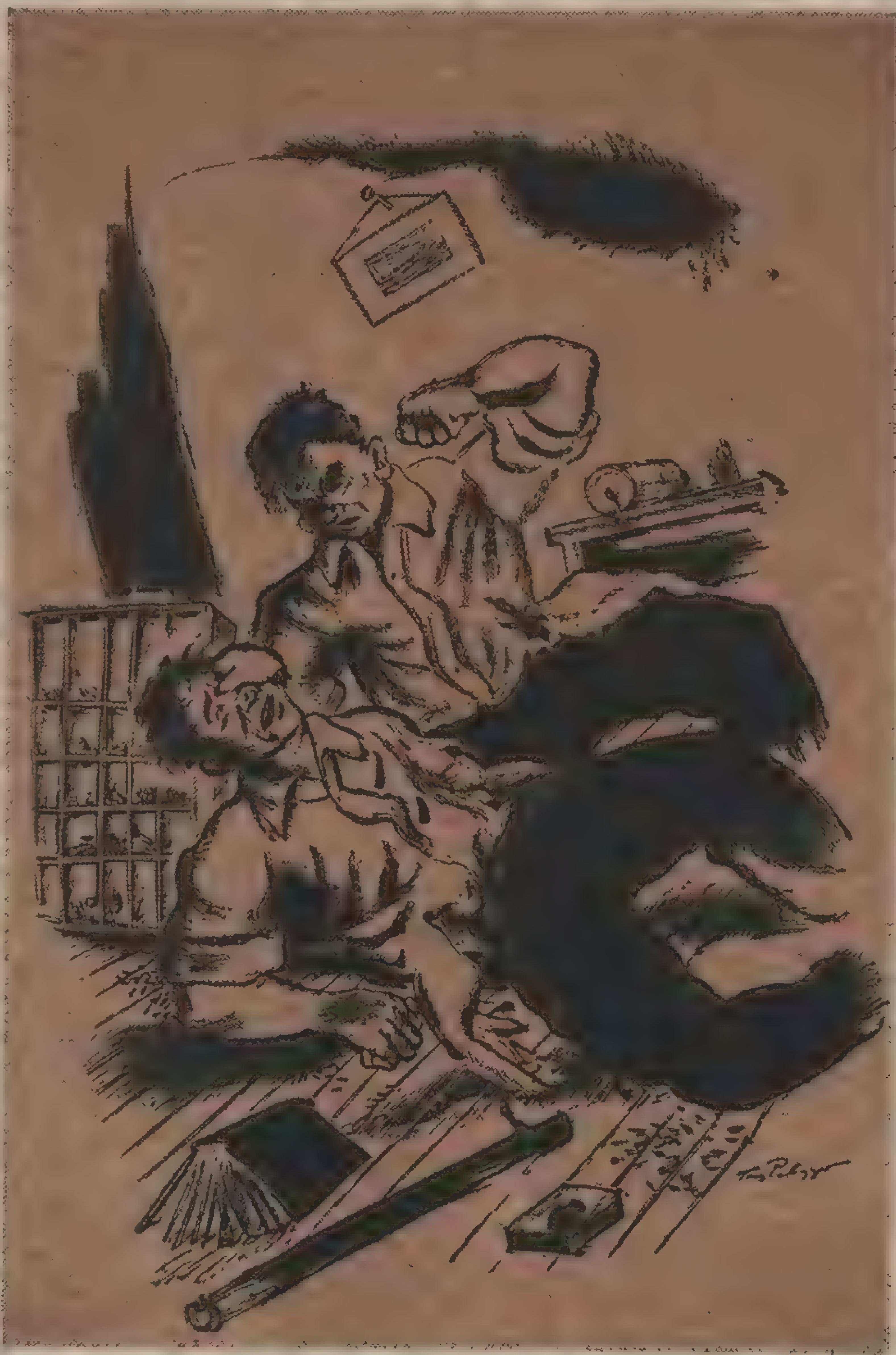
"He's coming to see what you're doing," said Mr. Jackson. His mind cast desperately for some subterfuge to induce order this afternoon. "When he comes here, if he doesn't think you're doing anything, he's going to send you off to the reform school."

The boys blinked at him. They moved uneasily. They didn't like the idea of the reform school. Here, in this halfway house, there was an out-at-the-elbows freedom, a kind of camaraderie with Mr. Jackson, who was not such a bad scout. He let you play softball for an hour at a time and when Maxie had lost the three bucks to get his abscessed tooth pulled, Mr. Jackson had given it to him. The teachers at the reform school, according to Baptiste, carried billies in their pockets and you got in or out of your seat when they blew a whistle.

"When Mr. Kedgery comes," said Mr. Jackson, "I want this room absolutely quiet. I want every boy with a book in his hand, caps out of sight, and no papers on the floor. Do you understand that?"

Under the reaching paw of the reform school, they seemed to.

"Charlie, when you come back at lunch time, bring your cigar box of drawings with you. The rest of you are going to have your arithmetics open at page ten. You, Cookie, are going to do that problem for Mr. Kedgery."



"Kahee, k'hee-hee," said Cookie. "Punks, look me over."

Mr. Jackson took the newspaper truncheon from his pocket. "Get up to the board now."

It was a simple problem involving the distance around a square, and Cookie could do it with his eyes closed. With a strut and a shuffle he went up and drew a square on the blackboard. "Y' see," he said, "y' take this yeah side, supposin' it's th'ee inches, see, and all y' do is tams it by foah . . ."

"Hold on there."

A solo by Cookie was not enough. There had to be much more than this. Co-operation. Class participation. Questions. Volunteering from the group.

"You, Marco, when he finishes drawing the square, ask him, 'Isn't that like our softball diamond?'"

"Me ask the smoky baby is that like our softball diamond?"

"Gee, it is if you turn it around," said Guppy.

"That's it," pounced Mr. Jackson. "You say that, Guppy. You say, 'It looks like our softball diamond if you turn it around.' Do you get that?"

Guppy emitted a lip-tittering blast of derision. "Why should I ask him that? Gee, this is goofy. What's the idea of askin' him them questions?"

"You don't have to bother about the idea," said Mr. Jackson. He leaned forward, his jaw clenched. "Just do it, that's all. And you, Chendo, say, 'Why, the distance around that square is just like a home run.' "

He labored tooth and nail for the next five minutes, pounding their roles into the boys, assigning parts to the ones he could reasonably count on, trying to develop a situation that would make it look as if the class, not Cookie, solved the problem. The other boys grew immediately restless. The Root Toot cut two pieces of chalk to size and dotted them with ink for dice. Yacob scraped a handful of soft mud off his shoe and leaned over to plaster Charlie Catfits with it. Mr. Jackson glimpsed this from the corner of his eye and yanked Yacob from his seat.

"Get in the printing room," he said.

He had forgotten all about his previous incarceration of Gibby. He had sucked a lungful of air to launch into his second rehearsal when a violent racket broke out in the printing room.

Mr. Jackson revolved on his heels and started in that direction. He threw open the printing room door and saw Yacob and Gibby going at each other like wildcats. He saw the blanched, fear-stiff look on Gibby's face, the flash of the knife in Yacob's hand. Mr. Jackson, flinging out his arms like an ungainly cormorant, grabbed Yacob from behind. He pinned the boy's arm to his side and twisted the knife from him.

Gibby plunged out the door, baying, "He pulled a chive! He tried to murder me!"

Mr. Jackson swung around to the room. His voice was hoarse, panting. "Get out to recess. All of you. Get out of the room."

He went back in and closed the door of the printing room.

Yacob was sitting in the broken chair, twirling his cap, looking at Mr. Jackson with unblinking steadiness. Mr. Jackson stood in front of him, his shoulders sagging, suddenly engulfed in the most utter helplessness he had ever felt in his life. What was the use. What was the use. It was so horribly, so absolutely futile. What, in heaven's name, could anybody do with a situation like this? He looked at the knife in his hand and closed the blade. It was a scaling knife, which still reeked of fish.

"Where'd you get this?"

"I kiped it from my uncle."

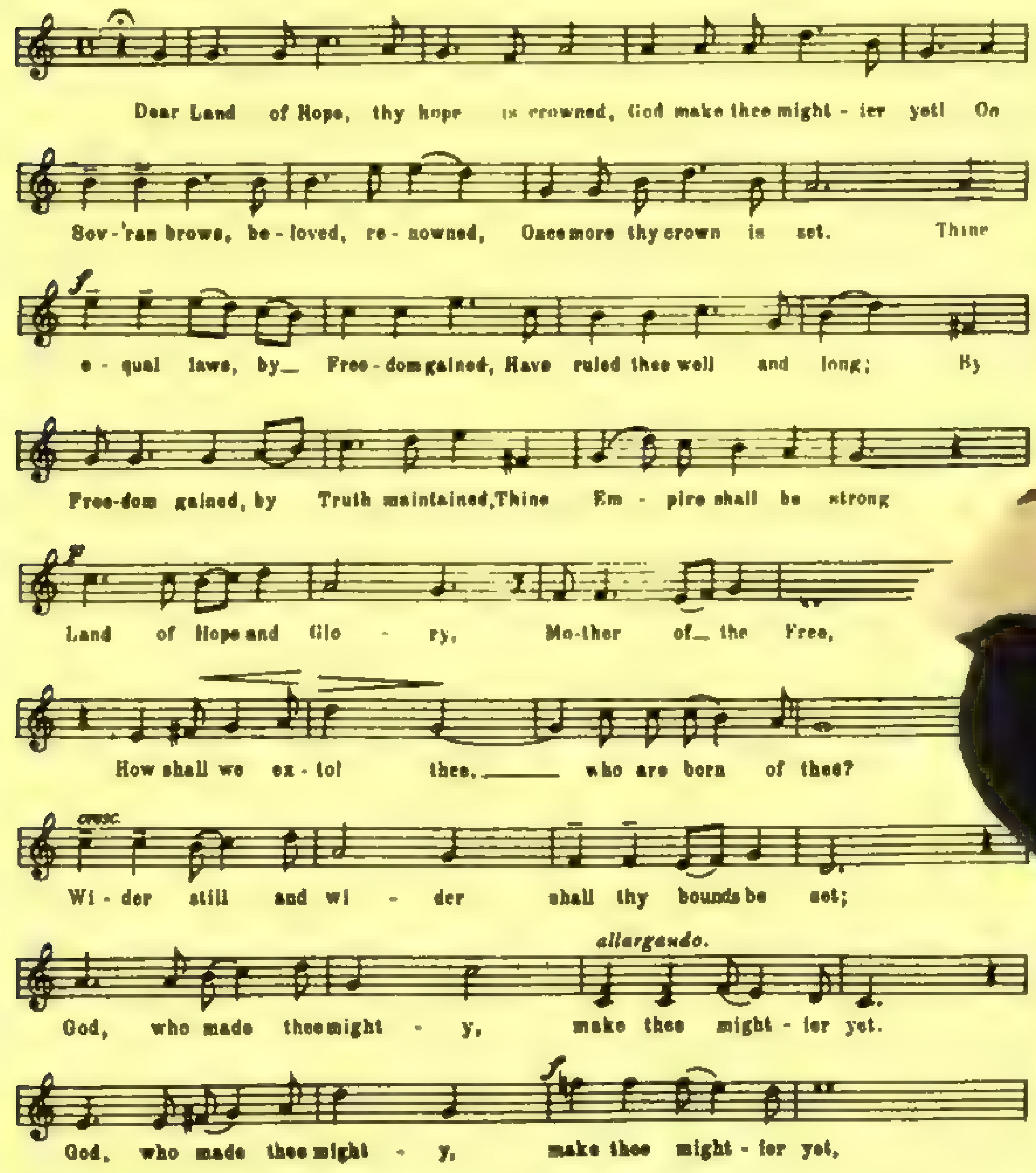
"What's the idea of pulling a knife on

Continued on page 283

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.

Words by
ARTHUR C. BENSON.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.


Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned, God make thee might - ier yet! On
Sov-'ran brows, be - loved, re - nowned, Once more thy crown is set. Thine
e - qual laws, by_ Free - dom gained, Have ruled thee well and long; By
Free-dom gained, by Truth maintained, Thine Em - pire shall be strong
Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of_ the Free,
How shall we ex - tol thee,____ who are born of thee?
cresc.
Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;
allargando.
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.

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LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.
Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As Ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

CHORUS:

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

CHAMPION SIRARNO'S SOPHISTICATED LADY

(Kerry Blue Terrier)

by HENRY WAXMAN

Color Photograph

Bear with an Admiral

Since the Commander refused to keep Venus in a cell, Able-seaman Jenvey decided to teach all hands a lesson

by GILBERT HACKFORTH-JONES

▪ FICTION ▪

"You shouldn't oughter of 'ave." The sweeper of the cable locker flat of His Majesty's Cruiser *Empire* thus rebuked his aggressor. "Arter all what I done for you, you blinking ungratified quadroopt."

The sweeper was fond of using words which took his fancy when reading the Sunday papers. He prided himself on his vocabulary and now he vented his entire repertoire on the Ship's mascot, a shaggy Caucasian honey bear who stood shifting its fore feet alternately and weaving a pattern in the air with its long snout whilst the victim of its unprovoked assault thus held forth. "Stealing up be'ind me so veraciously. If I've told you once I've said it numerically. Come 'ere, you."

There was a sharp tussle between man and beast which would have surprised any stranger. Over and over they rolled, the bear's teeth snapping viciously but ineffectively whilst her guardian sought to gain control. Presently it was all over. The bear lay quiescent on her side with her master sprawled across her body whilst his free hand fastened muzzle and chain to the leather collar adorning her neck.

"There, my beauty," he grunted, rising to his feet and securing his captive to a link in the ship's cable which hung like a giant watch chain from the Navel pipe overhead. "Just you sit yourself down and mediate on your manifold sins and wickedness. I'm finished with you—see—you blooming snake in sheep's clothing. 'Enceforthward some other perisher can comb your fancy 'earthrug. You and me is come to the parting of the ways."

The bear took little notice, but curled up on the cable-locker lid and closing its eyes gave a vast snort and went to sleep.

Able-seaman Jenvey took off his cap, straightened the ribbon, buttoned his overall suit to the neck and gingerly felt the spot where the bear had registered a direct hit. A small tear in his clothing paid tribute to the sharpness of the animal's teeth. That would be something to show to the First Lieutenant who was inclined to be of a disbelieving turn of mind, he reflected as he made his way aft to the Officers' quarters.

As he passed along the upper deck, a sharp-eyed Ship's Corporal spied the tear in his clothing and ordered him speedily to repair it. Able-seaman Jenvey sniffed and, passing on, saluted the quarter-deck and descended the after hatch in search of the First Lieutenant.

First Lieutenant Lankister was writing to his fiancee when the curtain of his cabin door was pulled aside and the woebegone face of the able-seaman peered in.

"Beg pardon, Sir. May I 'ave a word with you?"

"Certainly, Jenvey, come in." The First Lieutenant laid down his pen with a sigh. From experience Able-seaman Jenvey's "word" was likely to be a lengthy one. "What is it?"

"It's Venus—she's bit me again." Jenvey's face crinkled as if he was shortly going to burst into tears.

"Bit you—where?"

"In the cable locker flat, Sir. It's not right."

Lankister clicked his teeth sympathetically. "Dear me, is there much damage?"

"There I was on me 'ands and knees drying down the cortecine when I feels a sharp pain —there." He pointed dramatically to his posterior. "I said to myself that's Venus—arter all that I've done for her, I said, biting the 'and what feeds 'er, I said."

"Not the hand, surely," Lankister could not help himself.

"A figure of speech, Sir—metaphoring I was, Sir, if you can take my meaning. Up she comes astern of me and bites me unawares. It's not right. I'm sorry to say it, Sir, but I chucks me 'and in. It's not that I mind the agony, it's the ingratitood of the quadroopt, Sir, not to mention the wear and tear on me clothing."

The First Lieutenant bit at the top of his pen and debated within himself whether it was worth while spending half an hour talking the aggrieved sailor round into continuing the guardianship of the ship's mascot. Venus certainly was a problem. She was a present to the Cruiser from an influential statesman in Turkey and a well-established member of the Ship's company, and to get rid of her was unthinkable, but if Jenvey refused to act as bear-ward there was no one else capable of looking after her. These tiffs between Venus and her master were becoming increasingly frequent, and every time the onus of settling their differences was thrust on him. He sighed and began with the usual opening.

"Well, Jenvey, if that's how you feel about it, we'll have to find someone else to take her on. There's a Marine who would probably volunteer."

Jenvey sniffed. "I'd like to see any bullock 'andle Venus, Sir. She's very promiscuous as to her fancies. (Lankister guessed that he meant particular.) It's on account of them Marines that makes 'er so gregarious 'er being a vegetarian and that Butcher finding her bits o-meat, making 'er into a carniverous hanimal . . . It's not right." He spoke with heat. Lankister read through the last lines of his letter and wished the interview were ended.

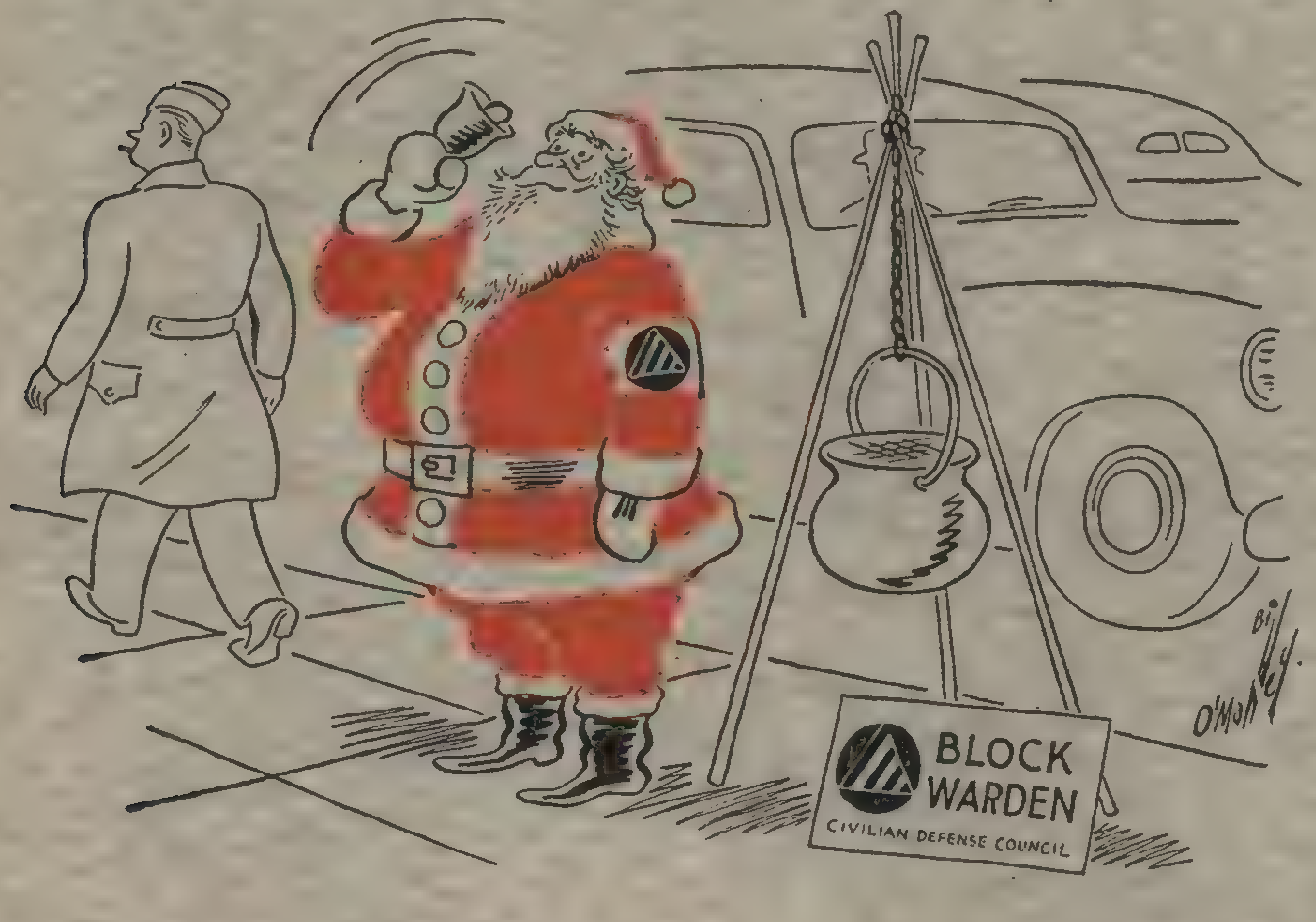
"Well, what do you suggest?" he asked.

"If I might 'ave the cell flat to keep 'er in," began the bear-ward, but he was interrupted.

"You know perfectly well that the Commander has said No to that."

"Well, Sir, I don't like to make it a nultimatum, but if I can't keep Venus away from the Mess decks when she gets the wrong sort of food and too many nips of rum, then I

Continued on page 272



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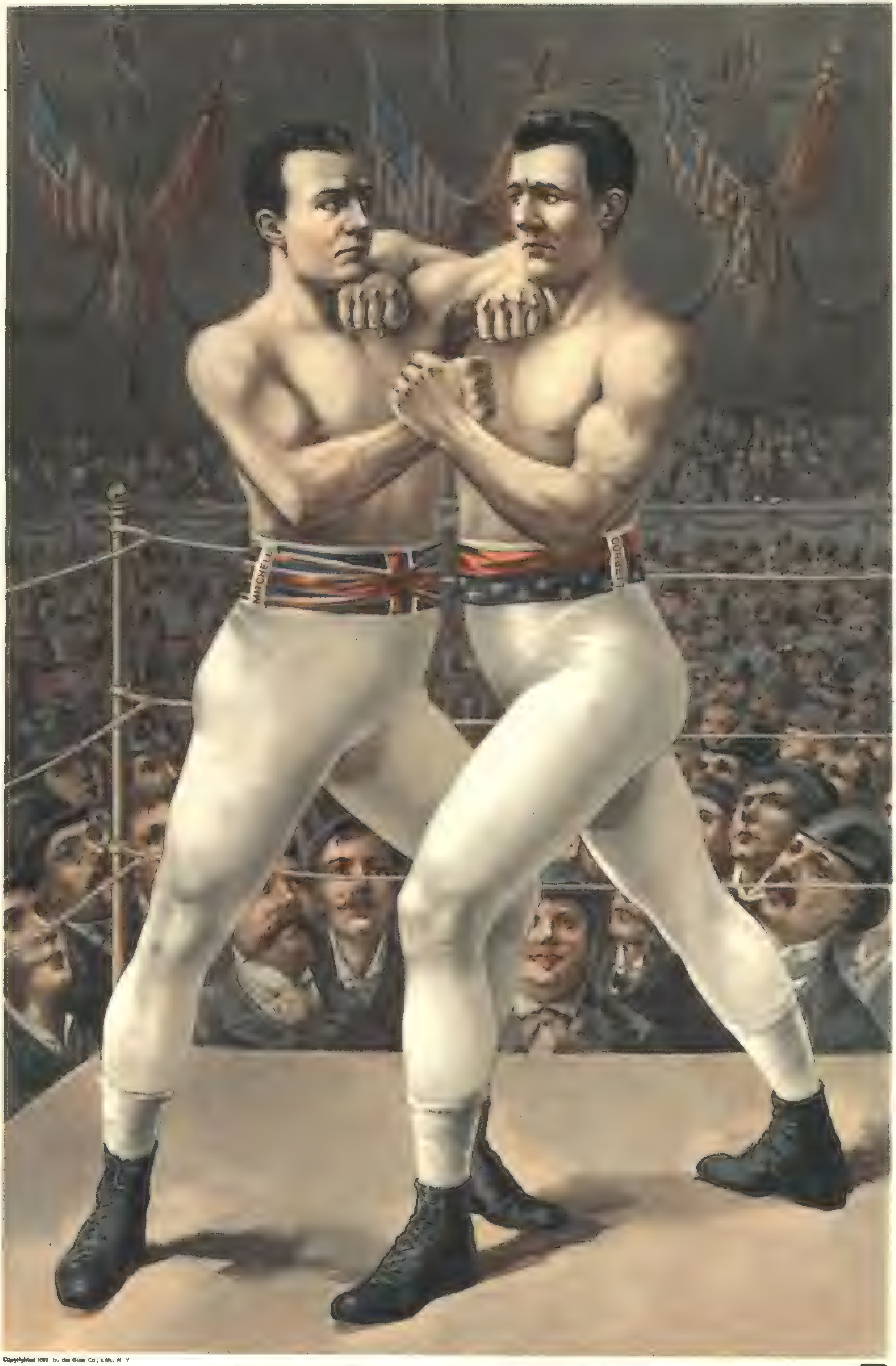
MITCHELL
CORBETT

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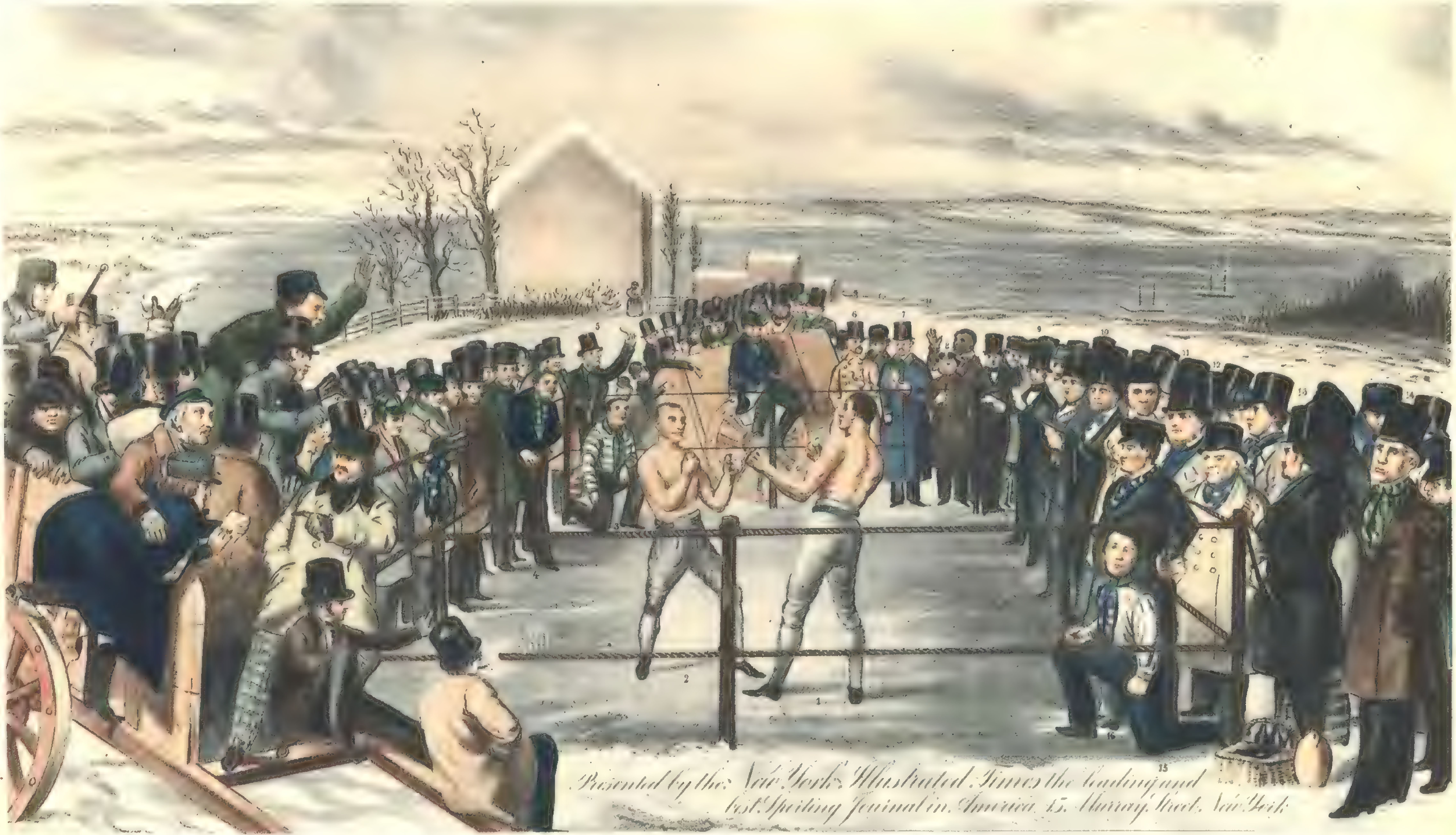
MITCHELL AND CORBETT.

No15



Presented by the New York Illustrated Times the leading and best Sporting Journal in America, 15 Murray Street, New York.

1 Tom Hyer.
2 Yankee Sullivan
3 Johnny Ling
4 Mc Cluskey
5 Joe Murphy.
6 John Way.
7 John Colton.
8 Van Nostrand

THE GREAT FIGHT,

between **TOM HYER & YANKEE SULLIVAN,** for $ 10.000.

The Fight took place Feby. 7th 1849 on Still pond heights, Kent Co. Maryd. & was won by Hyer—16 Rounds in 17 minutes & 18 seconds.

Hyer stands 6 ft. 1 in. weight 180 lbs. — Sullivan 5 ft. 9¾ in. weight 156 lbs.

This Print is dedicated to the Patrons of the P.R. as an "Antidote to the Knife" by their obliged Servant. James Baillie.

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15 Tom Barns
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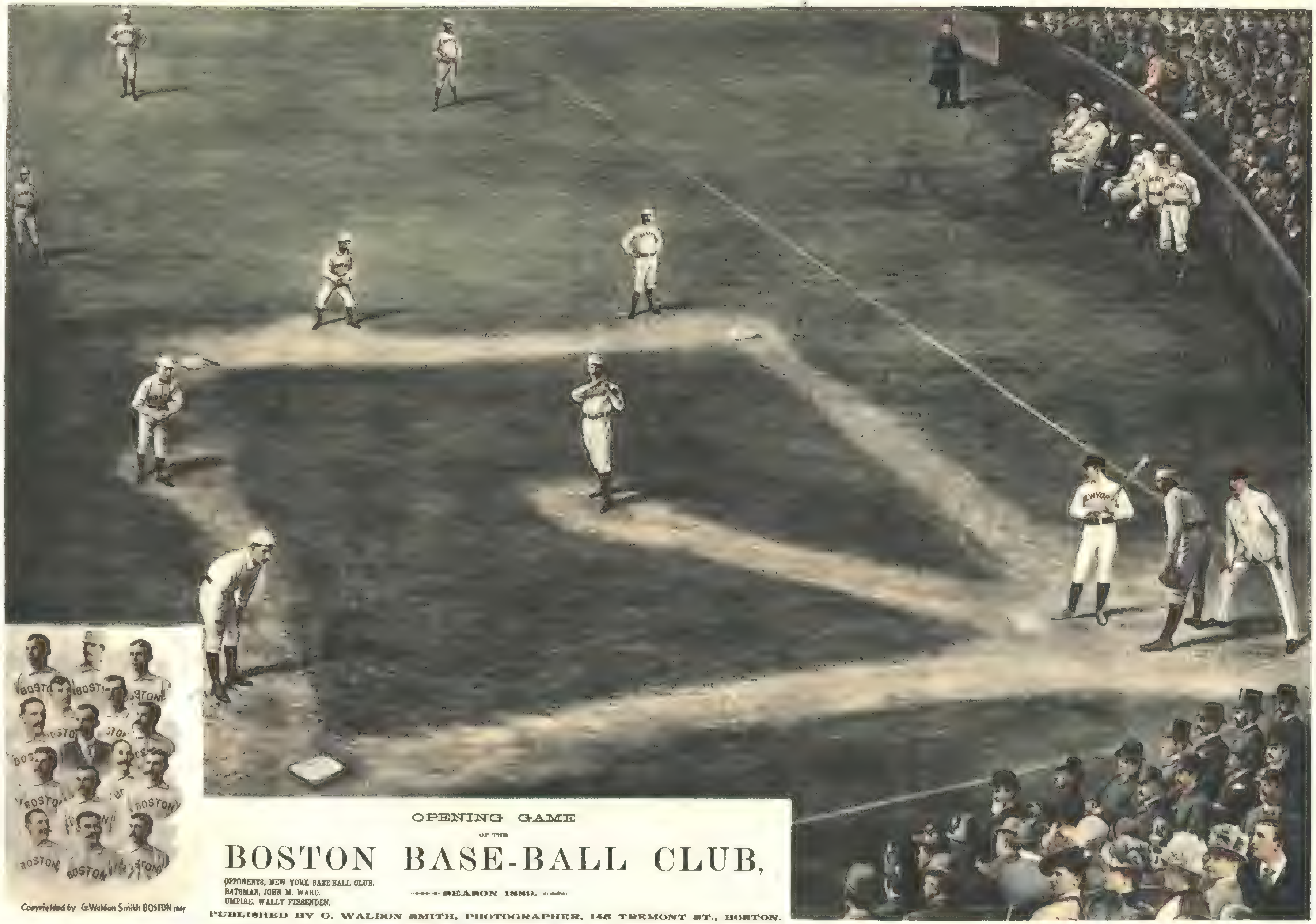
NEW YORK
BOSTON
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OPENING GAME

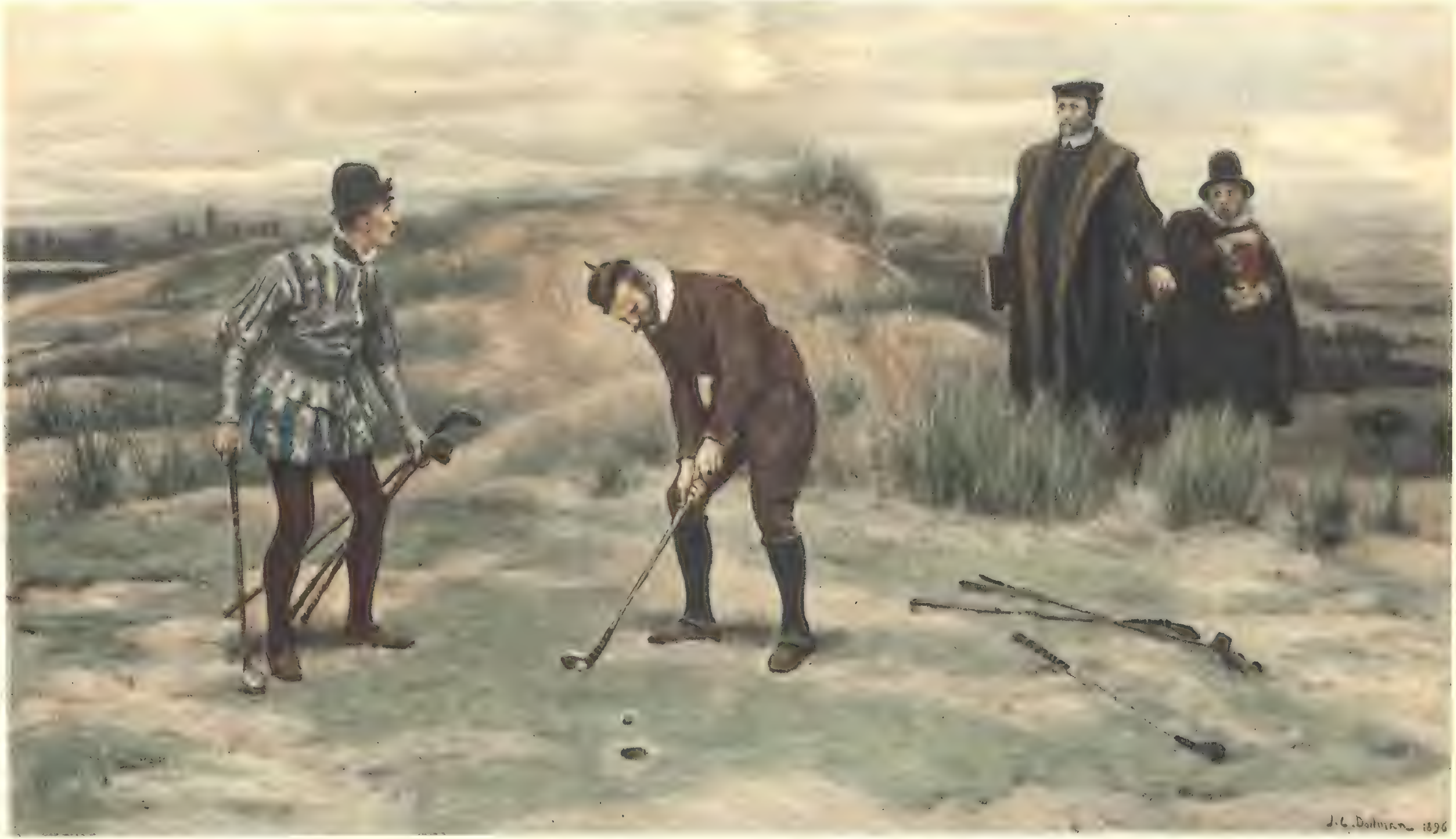
OF THE

BOSTON BASE-BALL CLUB,

OPPONENTS, NEW YORK BASE BALL CLUB.
BATSMAN, JOHN M. WARD.
UMPIRE, WALLY FESSENDEN.

SEASON 1889.

PUBLISHED BY G. WALDON SMITH, PHOTOGRAPHER, 146 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.



Painted by J C Dollman R I

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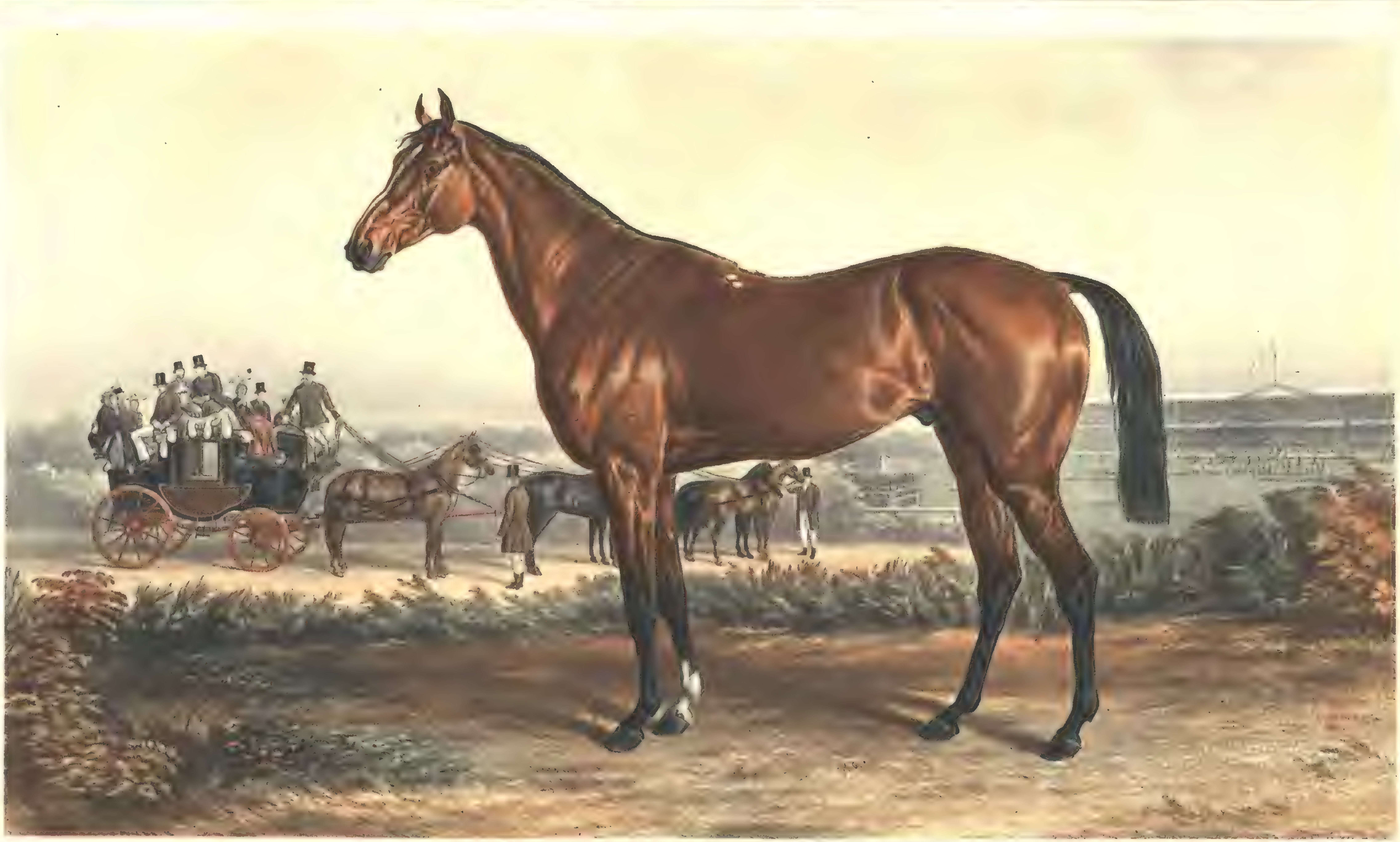
The Sabbath Breakers

In 1592. John Henrie & Pat. Rogie were prosecuted for playing gouff
on the links of Leith every Sabbath during the time of the sermones.



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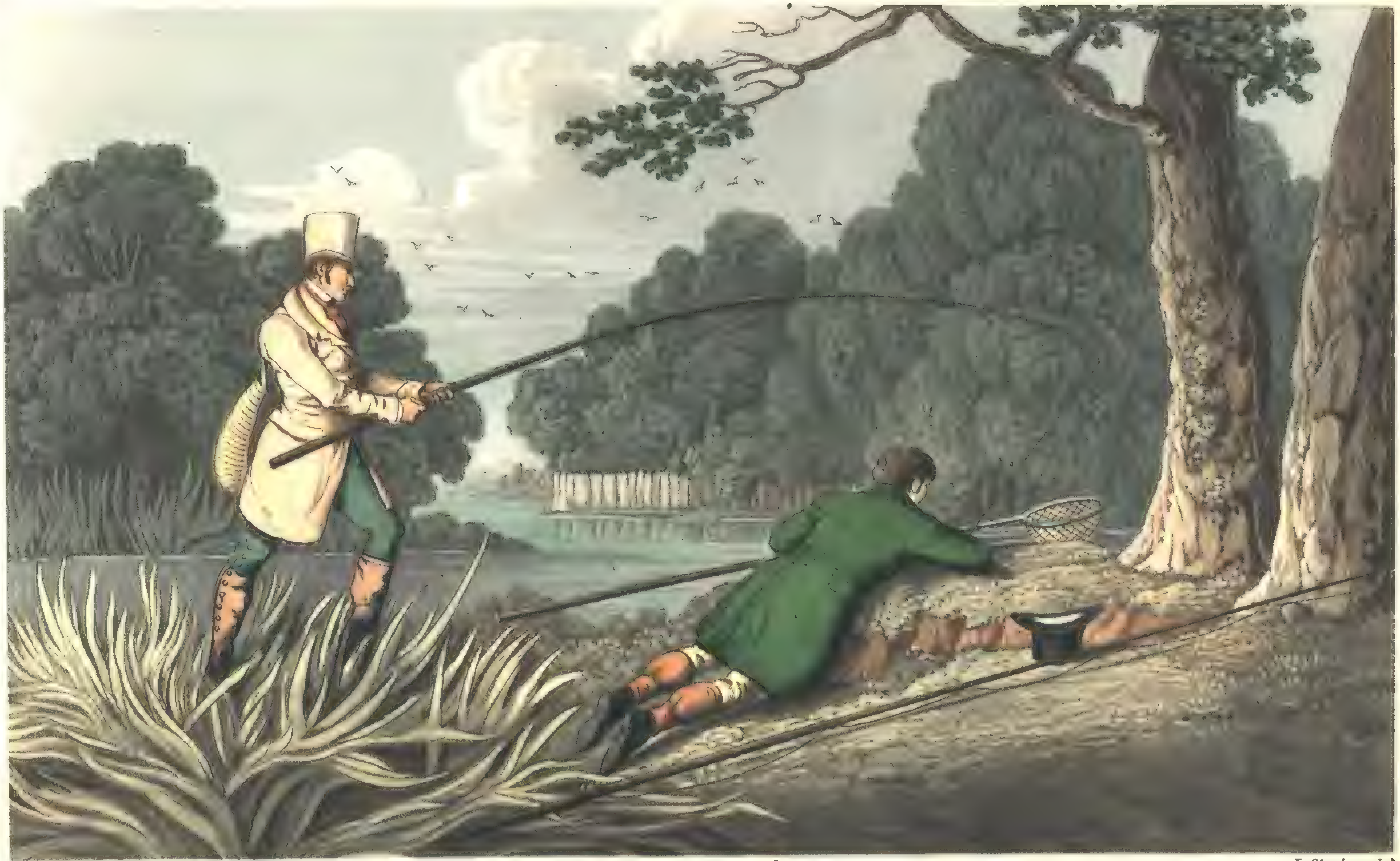
KENTUCKY.

BY LEXINGTON_DAM MAGNOLIA BY GLENCOE G. D. MYRTLE BY MAMELUKE FOALED 1861.

Bred by John M. Clay Esq. now owned by Leonard W. Jerome Esq. of New-York-to whom this Engraving is most respectfully dedicated.

New York M Knoedler Broadway



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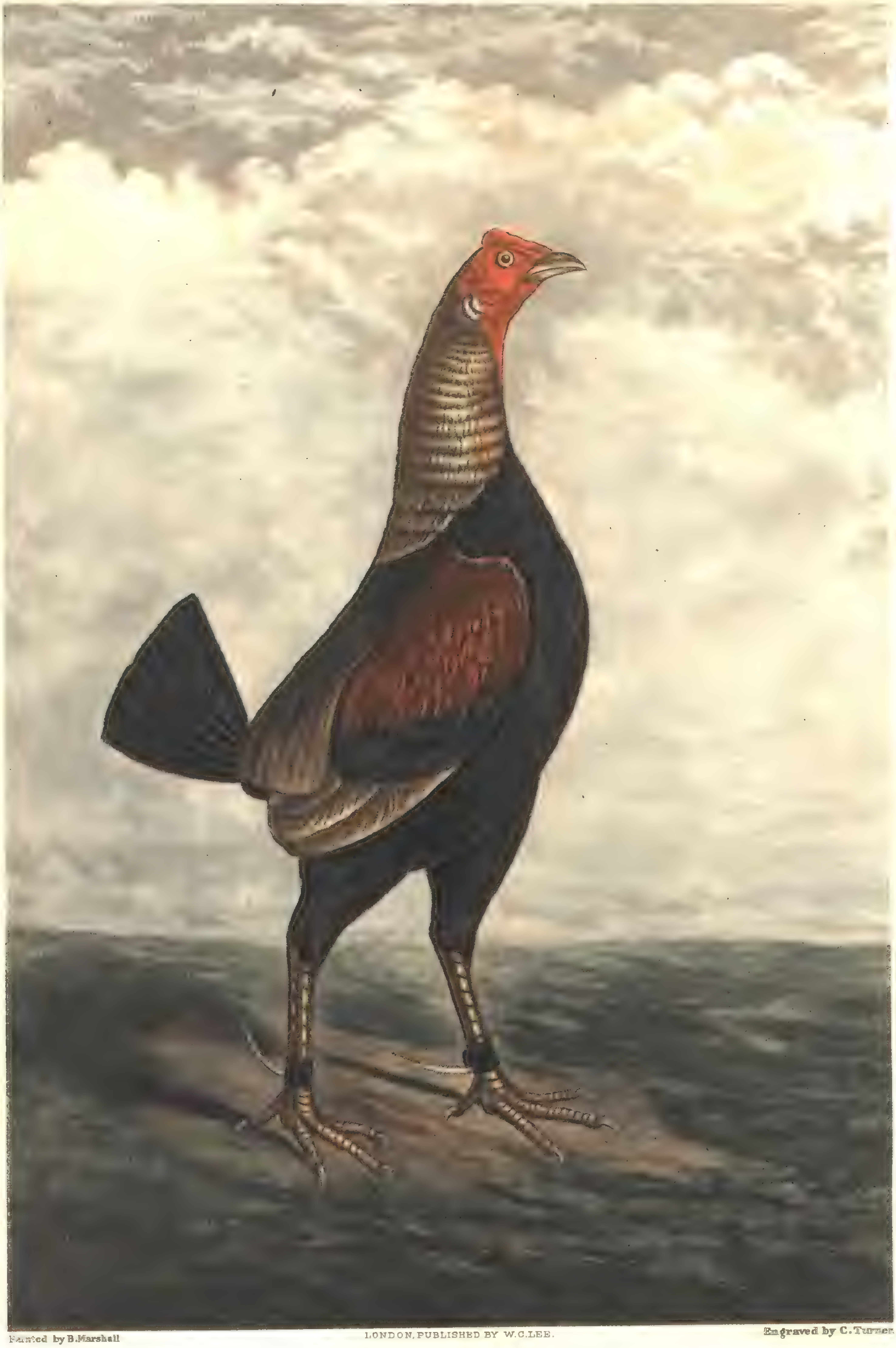
PIKE FISHING.



Painted by B. Marshall LONDON, PUBLISHED BY W.C.LEE. Engraved by C. Turner.

READY FOR THE BATTLE

Roots in the Soil

To earn the fun of farming and avoid playing sucker, city men should gauge every deal by five simple yardsticks

by **DONALD McGUINESS**

• ARTICLE •

FARMING is fun for the city man. It gets him out in the open. It gives him a chance to pit his wits against nature and the elements, and it satiates his natural desire to build things.

Farm ownership places a mark of distinction on any man. It makes him the envy of his lunch table cronies, opens new fields of interest, often gives new meaning to his business or professional life.

It's as refreshingly different from the humdrum routines of business as a good adventure story. It's a business and a sport at the same time—a business devoid of politics and professional bric-a-brac, a sport that provides some tangible evidence of accomplishment.

Perhaps you have heard week-end sailors say that the minute they step onto the deck of their boat, the cares of the world dissolve and disappear. There is a great deal of that in city farming, too. When you wade into the billowing gold of a wheat field—your own wheat field—or stand in the pungent dampness of a crowded cattle barn, the troubles at the office recede into their own smoking haze. It makes you want to beat your chest and thumb your nose at those stuffy little guys who buzz around you five or six days a week.

There is solid satisfaction, too, in crumbling a clod of freshly plowed loam between your fingers—when it is your loam. And when that loam raises premium soybeans, or a baby beef which takes a blue ribbon at the county fair, there is a thrill for the city man which no "birdie" or big business deal can match.

But, in all fairness to the facts, successful city farming has another side. Like golf, or hunting, or bridge, the pleasure which it provides depends on the skill with which it is done. According to some estimates, there are about 200,000 brothers in the fraternity of city farmers. The pledges who someday hope to be initiated are easily five times that number. And yet, among all these, the number who have made successful ventures of their farms could probably be seated in a medium-sized barn. Too many are playing a losing game with the land, whether they like it or not.

The most common scapegoat for the failure of the city farmer is his traditional ignorance of agriculture and its ways. Usually, such lack of knowledge can be rectified, if the farm is reasonably productive, by a little concentrated study or, at best, the aid of a skilled manager.

However, ignorance at the time a farm is being purchased may prove an irreparable sin. As a matter of fact, many a city farmer's troubles can be traced directly to a "poor buy" in the first place. Too many wake up—too late—to the fact that, in the first blind rush of enthusiastic ignorance, they made mistakes which no amount of work, money or interest can right.

Buying a farm is hard work. It takes patience and study, and more chasing around the country than the WPB may be willing to allow you right now. But it is a painful agony which must be endured before you are in any position to get in on the fun of farming.

Whether five acres or five hundred are involved, poor buys very often can be prevented by applying a few simple yardsticks to every prospective deal. And the first of these—there are only five—concerns your own motives. Do you really want to buy a farm at all?

There is a misleading rumor on many tongues to the effect that there is security in a piece of land . . . that a farm is "a good hedge against inflation" . . . that "if all else fails, I'll at least have a place to live and raise food."

The disciples of landed security are right to a certain extent. The soil can be injured, but never completely destroyed, and that fact, presumably, makes it preferable to more perishable goods. From a barter standpoint, it can be assumed that you will always find a buyer for something to eat, and that probably is some security. But truthfully, neither premise would be very reliable in actual practice. Drouth or some kind of pestilence can strike the land, temporarily destroying its productivity. When such a catastrophe occurs, the soil may be an anchor chain rather than a life raft—it may drain your resources, send your work and hopes up a blind alley, give you nothing in return.

There is considerable disagreement as to the value of land as a weapon against monetary inflation, but the conservatives point out that it actually is no more reliable than any other article which people must have—and it may prove a more dangerous hedge than some commodity with which you are more familiar.

Even more debatable is the prevalent belief that, "if things get bad," land at least can supply food and clothing. Unfortunately, the American farm today is not self-sufficing. An obvious example is clothing. There is a long industrial step between wool on the sheep and the shirt on your back. American civilization has forgotten the arts of spinning and weaving at home. The tools are in museums. And, if we arrived at our economic judgment day, we'd probably all have frozen to death by the time we learned the methods and built the tools again.

So, to be on the safe side, the first step in buying a farm is to dismiss any illusions about its invulnerability as a final refuge in an economic storm.

Before buying a farm, you should also ask yourself what you are willing to put into it, mentally as well as financially. Most experts agree that even to gain the right to succeed, a city farmer must acquire an understanding of agriculture and its methods. He must be

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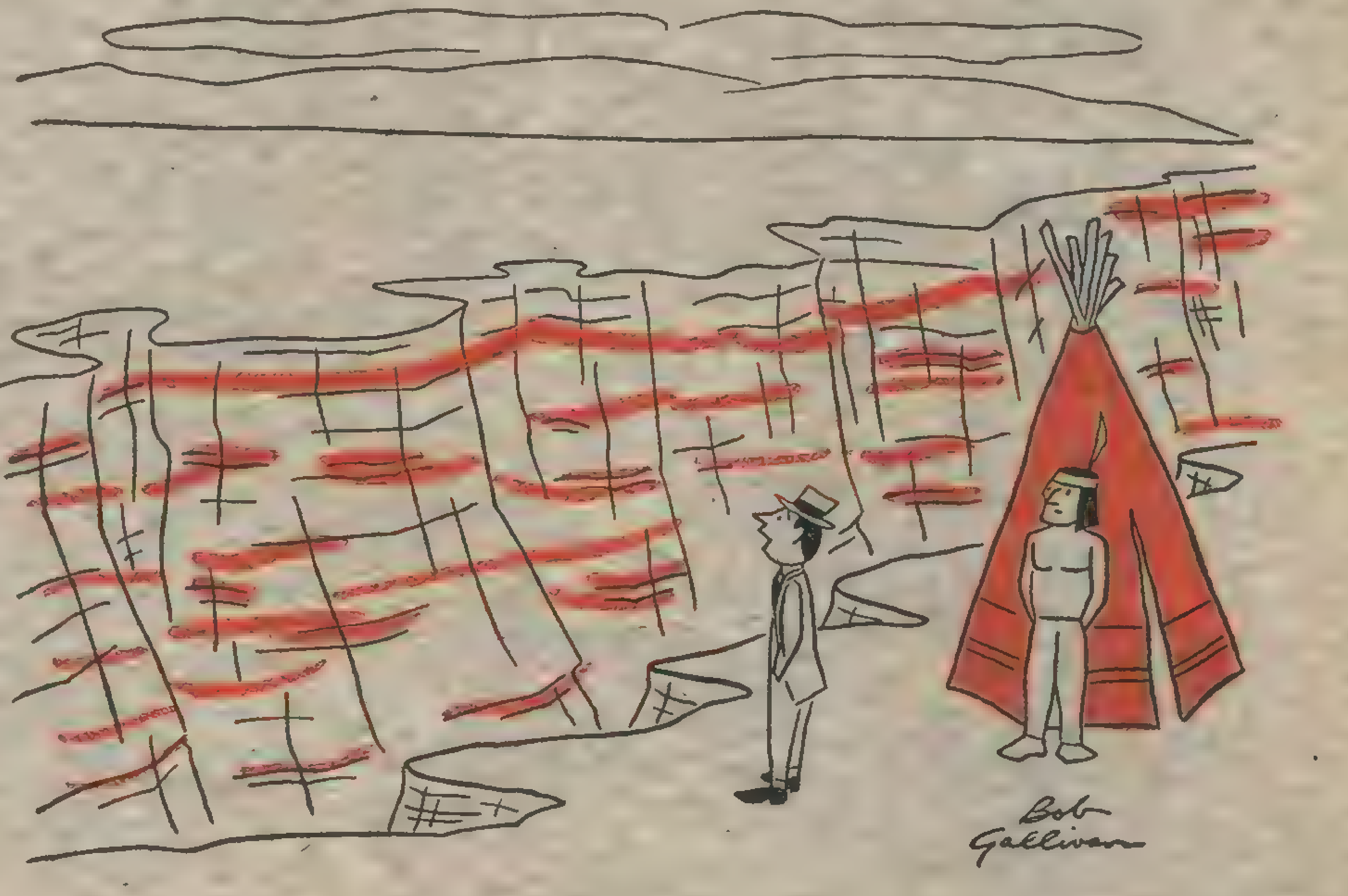

"Nice place you got here"

The Frailty of Minnie

With righteous virtue the mares and geldings drew the plow, their only wish to work and loathe the outcast

by **HUGH S. ROBERTON**

FICTION

This is a story about an Australian wheat farm. That it is not about people is because there are very few people on an Australian wheat farm. It is about horses, draught horses, as they are called. The story is true in substance and fact, and all the characters are real.

It is curious how I came by Minnie. I did not want her, but what could I do?

I was short of horses, and they were going to shoot old Toby. It was a dry year and old Toby had become superfluous with age. He was, to my certain knowledge, as good a shafter as ever sat in a britchin, and he was staunch. They told me that I could have him, but they didn't tell me about Min. And when I went to get old Toby, there she was in a grassless paddock with him. The scarred old veteran was showing his age, and she was showing her youth. He was standing on three legs contemplating her, and she was exhibiting herself—there is no other way to describe it.

She was ornamental, was Minnie, fine-boned and fine-haired; she had three white feet, long legs, a small head, and a good top. If there was a doubt about her parentage, it was in her top; she was too wide in the chest, too well-sprung in the rib, and too well covered to have had strictly honorable parents. "A twelve stone hack" would describe her, and still leave room for speculation.

The old draught horse was proud of her; she was so fine and featherless below and so big and roomy on top. He was proud of her; she was so light and so young and so feminine, and he was so old and so heavy and so masculine. He stood there and contemplated the beauty of her—it was as bad as that.

They told me that if I took old Toby, I would have to take Min. Thus I came by her.

Every horse on the farm came down to the gate to meet us. They took one look at the two strangers and screamed and tore away, lashing out with every foot. They disapproved. They sensed indecency in the friendship between her who was so young and beautiful and him who was so old and worn. They disliked old Toby, but they hated Min, they loathed her.

And Minnie kept close to him. He was honored. He whispered to her with a flutter of his lips and she showed herself; she danced around him with her head up, her neck arched, and her tail, her beautiful, long, tapering tail, flexed. She kept close to him and they went away over behind the hill.

Not for an instant did the other horses blame old Toby; they pitied him with a scornful pity—the poor old fool! They blamed the filly—the shameless hussy, the designing wretch! They were full of their own rectitude. They would have nothing to do with the strangers. If they grazed near them, they bared their teeth and laid back their ears and old Toby would shepherd Minnie away.

Toby was in the team, but not of it. The other horses would work with him—they had to, but they ignored him. If, in the crush of the yoke, his flesh touched theirs they would squeal and kick and lash their tails until the pure, clean air was between them again.

That was it. They considered that old Toby was unclean—but they considered that Minnie was foul. It was death for her to go near the stables; they would have torn her limb from limb. Out of necessity, Toby and Min fed together and the old gelding grew bold and possessive, and the filly grew shy and possessed.

The virtue of my team appalled me; the virginity of my mares and the continence of my geldings was displayed before me as though it were a self-imposed condition, and they worked as they never had before. They had no thought but to plough and sow and reap and mow—and loathe Minnie.

Normally I never breed horses, but I could find no use for Min and so, in the spring, I sent her to the stud.

* * *

Old Toby was lost without her. The team let him mope for a week or so, and then they took to him. They told him to be his age, to have some sense, to have some pride, to remember who and what he was, and who and what they were, and who and what she was—a faithless besom, a loose libertine, a jezebel! Toby stood off them with his ears pricked, snorting with rage. He wanted to tell them that they weren't fit to wipe her boots, to tell them that they weren't fit to breathe her mane, to tell them that their minds were only fit for a midden, that his friendship for Minnie and her beautiful friendship for him was something that was beyond and above them, something that would endure. He wanted to tell them that, and then smash them. But they were too many for him. He stood there with his old head high and his old legs taut; they spent themselves on him, and they left him.

* * *

Minnie came home in the summer. She was settled, there was no doubt about it. Old Toby saw her come. He lifted his head and neighed like an entire and galloped to meet her. He always knew that she would come back to him. He fussed and whimpered to her at the gate. The horses were watching, and he was glad of it. This was his moment, after all these weary months of waiting.

He caressed her with his voice; deep, low notes of love and adoration; deep, low notes of exultation—the great load was off his heart. She came through the gate slowly, wheeled, laid back her ears, and crashed her two heels into his ribs with all the strength that was in her. Minnie was settled, there was no doubt about it.

The team stood aghast. The knowing ones saw what they knew. They moved around in consternation. In a moment the whole place would have been in an uproar, but old Jean silenced them. The sin had been sinned, the shame had been shamed, the place for the fallen was outside redemption, the time had come for bitter anguish. Old Jean silenced them, and went mincing down to Minnie, dry-eyed, tight-lipped, hard.

Minnie stood with her long legs apart, conscious of the warm joy that was in her, and listened to the acid of old Jean's narrow-gutted virginity. She pitied the old mare and, when she saw that her pity was wasted, she laughed at her, and moved away.

That was the end of Minnie—she was out; not that she was ever in, but she was out irrevocably. To fool old Toby and then actu-

ally come home and flaunt her shame was not to be borne—she was out. It didn't worry Minnie. Gestation suited her; as the sun of her maternity rose, she bloomed.

* * *

Old Jean went to Toby to comfort him. She laved his wounds with the story of her own experiences, of her own goodness, of how her virtue had its own reward. Her great feet, her coarse hair, her spavined legs, her ewe neck, flat ribs, and wormy tail-rump annoyed and disgusted him. He wanted no mim-mouthed saint to bring him soulful solace. He wanted to lick his wounds alone in the winter of his discontent.

Minnie had a colt foal, and she was full of motherhood. At the end of a year he was still a little fellow, and I left him alone. At two years old he was still an entire. He had a splash of white on his belly and he could rise on his hind legs and scrape and paw with his forefeet. No other horse on the farm could do that. Old Jean despised him; he was the child of sin. His antics left her cold—if he only knew whence he came, he would hang his head with shame.

He amused the team. He could squeal like a stallion and prance and play. The mares thought him a tease, and the geldings thought him a lad, a character. He was popular, but for Jean; she hated him. The stain of his birth was a personal reproach on her. If he would only come to her in humility she could make him sorry for his mother's wantonness, and sorry for himself. All Jean's righteousness was in the narrowness of her loins.

But he was never humble. Minnie's colt began to show authority, he began to stamp an imperious hoof, he began to trumpet and thrust and boss. At first all the other horses thought it was a great joke, then they thought he was going a bit too far. When they realized that it was no joke, his authority was established. It was as easy as that.

* * *

Jean was getting on in years. She had been up on the near side in the lead with a rein hanging on her ever since she was three years old. I left her out for a spell to rest.

Minnie's colt was grazing alone in a little paddock. Jean went over to his gate. She was rough, shaggy, collar-marked, galled with the chains of her slavery. She thrust out her scrawny neck. The burden of his mother's sin was upon her; she would tell him. The colt looked up at her, and moved away.

He moved splendidly. He had his mother's fine hair and flat bones, he had her deep chest and well-sprung rib and her coloring. His father had made him the male of Minnie—he could do no more than that. The colt moved with a regal air. He didn't know that he was born to no throne. She would tell him. Jean waited at the gate.

His coat had the sheen of satin and his muscles moved and rippled beneath. He was only a baby, an almost beautiful baby. The pain of her ingrowing virginity swept over her, down in her bowels she weakened—he was so beautiful.

She only wanted to tell him about his mother, for his own dear sake. It was only right that he should know. And she would comfort him, he would need comfort, and she had a warm heart and a soft breast. If his mother had only thought, in the moment of her madness, of the pain she would inflict. This wounding of the innocent, this visiting of the sins of the fathers—and the mothers. The cruelty of it!

But the colt would not come near her. She pressed against the gate. She had her painful duty to do. The gate splintered with the crackle of old pine. The colt lifted his head and whinnied an impatient query. All her great weight was against the gate. The colt trotted over with his muzzle on the ground, he rose up and pawed at her. She wasn't going to stand that nonsense; she struck back at him, savagely. The gate was shattered at her feet.

He bared his teeth and grabbed her by the withers. She was powerless with ecstasy, an ecstasy of painless powerlessness. He could tear her to pieces, but she would still tell him—if it were the last thing she ever did. The colt let go, and nipped her on the shoulder as he came away. She struck at him again, a cruel blow. He rose, pawing. His two forefeet thrust her head down and slithered over her neck and over her withers on to her back. She could stand it. He could trample her to death, but she would still tell him of the infamy that was his, with her last breath she would tell him.

The colt nipped her on the ribs as he came down. She struck at him savagely, and he laughed deep down in his throat. He dropped his head and snaffled at her pastern; he followed up her foreleg, nibbling all the way. She went down on one knee, she couldn't stand it, and he sank his teeth, painlessly, in the loose skin of her loin. She squealed!

It was a new squeal, it frightened her, she did not recognize it as her own. She was wet with terror. His teeth moved over her and the squeal came again. It terrified her. She wheeled on him and lashed out with both heels. She was screaming. She knew now that she was fighting for her pure, dear life. The colt grabbed her hip, and his teeth ran down her thigh in little sharp stabs.

She bore it, she cringed away from him, but she bore this delicious pain. She was squealing, she could hear herself squealing. She swept round at him and, for the first time, her teeth met his flesh . . . She would never let go, never!

Minnie's colt heaved himself up and shook her off. She could see his whirling feet and she turned to run, but there was no power in her. It was his victory, and her pure, dear life went to its grave.

* * *

The next day she mooched about with a swagger in her old hips and a lift to her old head, but he would have none of her. He was quiet, very quiet, and there was shame in his solitude.

If old Jean has a filly foal, and I would want that now, I shall call her by the name of Frailty.

They'll Fly for the Navy

Tom Hamilton's pre-flight program at Glenview Field makes super sea-going flyers of good average American boys

by **NICK KEARNS**

• ARTICLE •

The flight board, which determines whether the applicant has the potential qualities necessary to be a pilot and an officer in the Navy, was comprised of: Lieutenant (j.g.) John Glenn, USNR, former Northwestern University football star; Ensign James Anthony, USN, and Mr. Leonard Reno, member of the famed Lafayette Escadrille and friend of Guynemer, Hall and Lufbury. In a Paris café Raoul Lufbury once told him: "Don't ever get yourself in a jam. If you don't have an advantage, duck." And Lufbury, one of the great ones, then went out and lost his life, disregarding his own advice and attacking against odds a photographic plane over Paris.

The door opened, and a young man stepped in. Facing him at a long table with piles of papers in front of them were the three members of the flight board. "Have a seat there, son, will you?" said Reno in a firm but friendly tone. "Stand your chair back about one pace. Put your hat on the table. You're from——. So you want to fly for the Navy. Well, I'll tell you exactly what we're looking for. We've found from experience the kind of boys who can go through the ground school and make the grade. Here are the four points on which we will base our judgment. One, education. Two, better-than-average coordination. We're looking for boys with better-than-average athletic background. Three, whether or not you appear to have the qualifications to become not only a pilot but also an officer of the Navy. Four, aviation background."

Reno then proceeded to put such questions as the following to the applicant: "How much math have you had? Pass with satisfactory grades? How many in your high school graduating class? What was your ranking in that class? Were you an officer in any of your classes? We also try to find the spirit of leadership. You're applying here not only to be a pilot but an officer. That means qualities of leadership. Have you held any elective offices? How about your extra-curricular activities? What have you worked at? What do you enjoy doing in your spare time?"

Next the applicant was turned over to Lieutenant Glenn, who asked: "Tell me something about your athletic background. Did you make any of the school teams? How do you think you'll fare down at Iowa City? You know the first thing they do is throw you a football suit. You're going to get a going-over. Think you can take it? What's your racial background? Was your father in the other war? Have you talked with your parents about this? You understand the hazards? Did you have any fights as a boy?"

Ensign Anthony then asked: "Now tell us something about flying. What do you know about it? Have you gone up? Did you like it . . . more than anything else in the world? Have you applied to any Air Corps? Why did you prefer the Navy Air Corps? If you are turned down here, what will you do? Do you drink? Make a habit of it? You think this is the game for you? You've made up your mind? All right, son, step outside. Please keep this in confidence."

The three members of the flight board then rated the applicant on two little white squares of paper—one as a pilot and the other as an officer. The ratings are 1, 2, 3, 4, and decimals thereof. Over 3 a boy may be considered as desirable. The paper tabs of the three men jibed remarkably, and checked closely also with the potential rating given the applicant in his previous examinations.

The boy, the flight board agreed, had the stuff to make a naval aviator. He was sworn in later that day, a proud youngster. He had passed the two mental examinations, the preliminary interview, the flight physical examination, and finally the board interview. And of all these many phases of the process of applying for naval aviation, the flight board is the most important and the most unique. Eye tests and I.Q.'s are measured on the basis of pre-determined standards. But the flight board examines and judges a man on intangibles—on courage, on background, on that combination of qualities that makes a good flyer. For this reason its job is the toughest—and by like token the most important.

It is all very friendly and cordial, though stern and solemn. When one boy said that he had ranked first in a graduating class of 455, Reno said: "Son, you *slay* me." When a cocky little chap with high marks in math referred to his girl as a "red head," Reno bawled him out sharply, saying: "You know here you're qualifying as an officer and a gentleman. You shouldn't speak of a lady like that." One boy, whose courage was questioned, was asked: "Suppose a Jap jumped out and was going down in a parachute. Would you take a poke at him?" The applicant answered: "No, sir." Again he was asked: "Suppose you saw three Japs in a rubber boat, what would you do?" "Try to capture them," the boy replied.

Then Reno said: "You know that these men are still of value to their government. This is not an ethical war. You've got to kill, or they will kill you in the dirtiest way they know. Here we want boys who want to fly and fight above everything else. If an applicant hasn't got that desire, we don't want him."

This will serve to give you a glimpse, I believe, of the procedure of screening out the candidates for Naval Aviation. This is the first step toward becoming a Navy flyer. The essentials are good grades, some fair athletic background, and above everything else an intense and ever present desire to fly . . .

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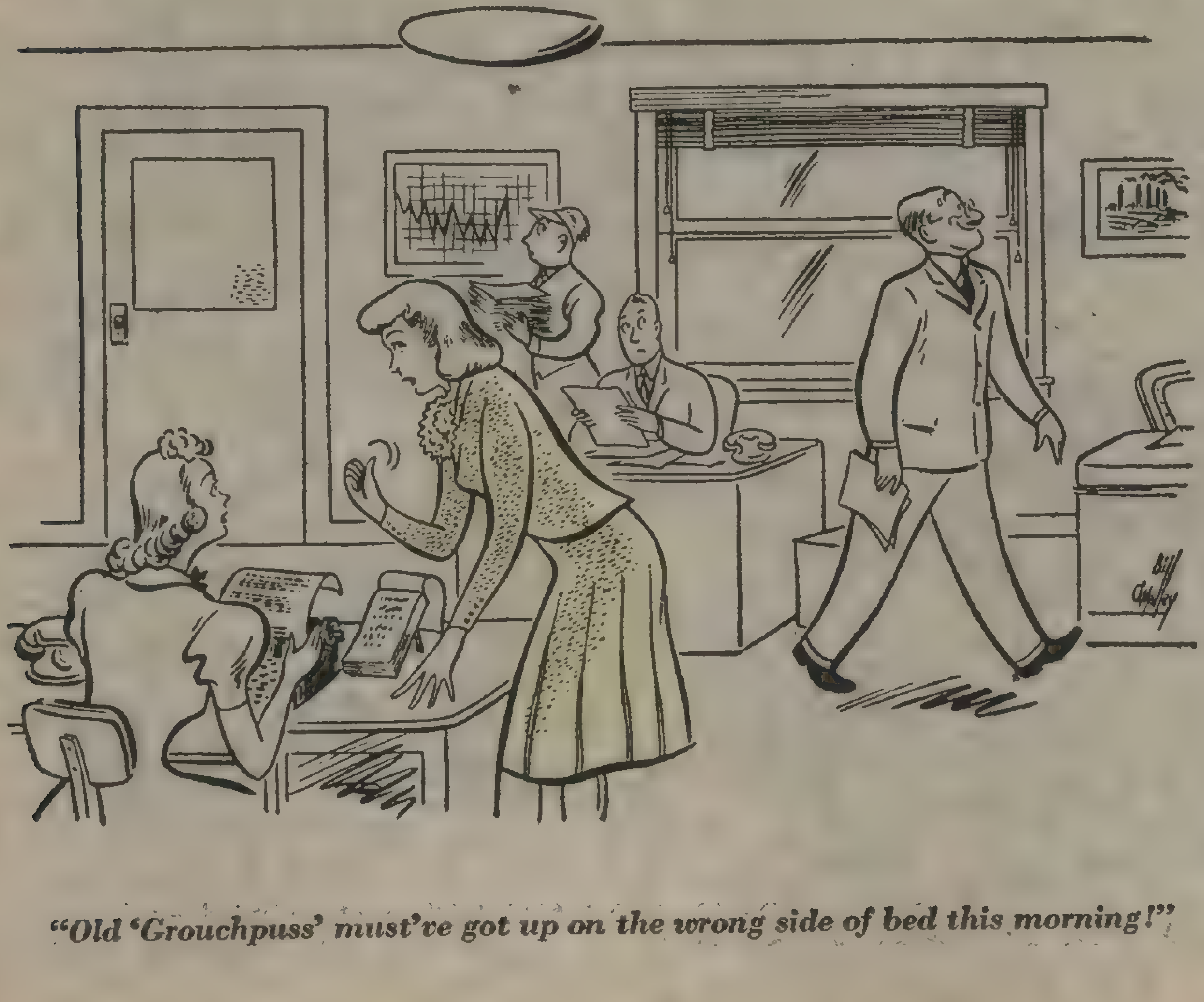
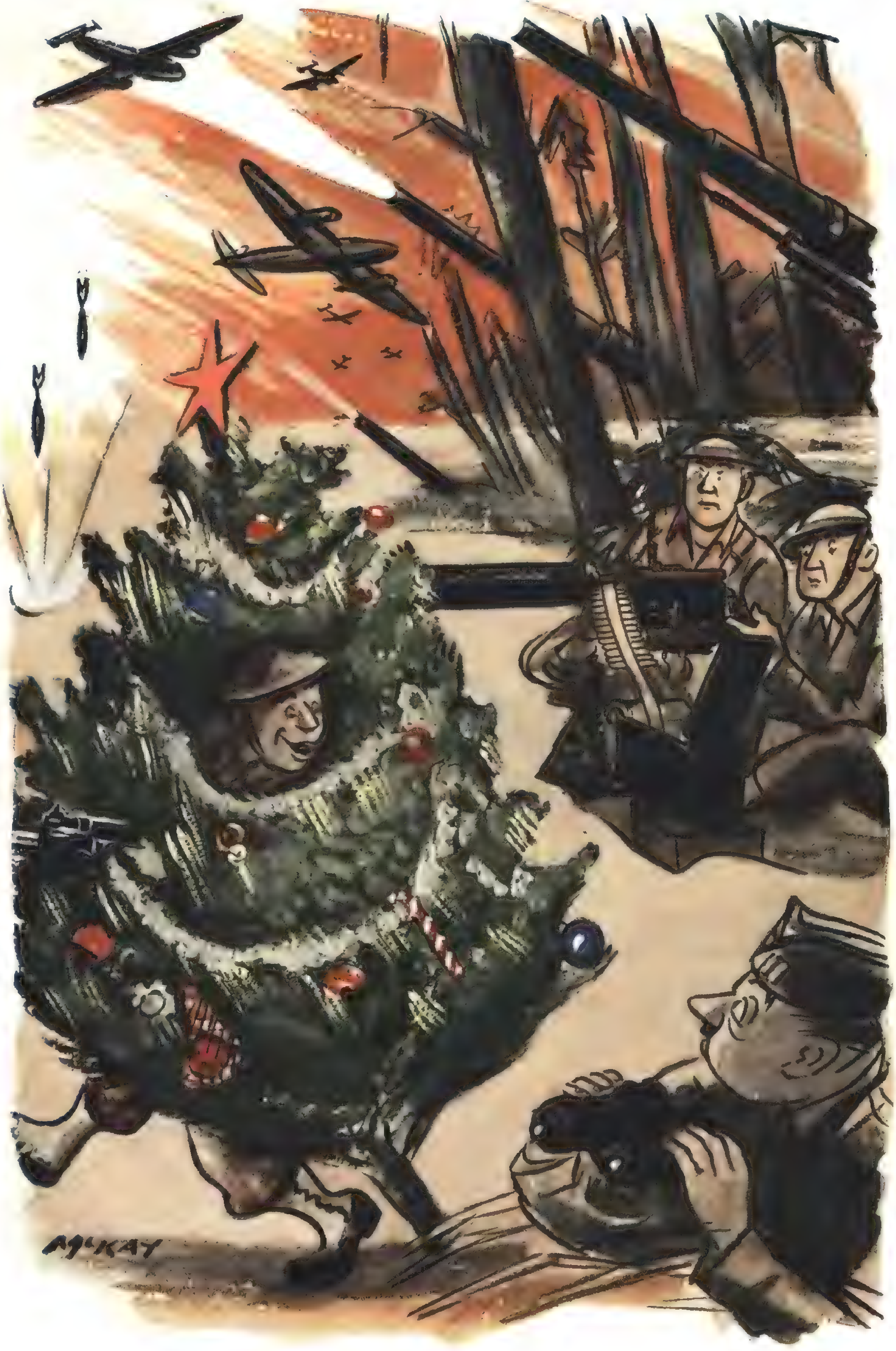
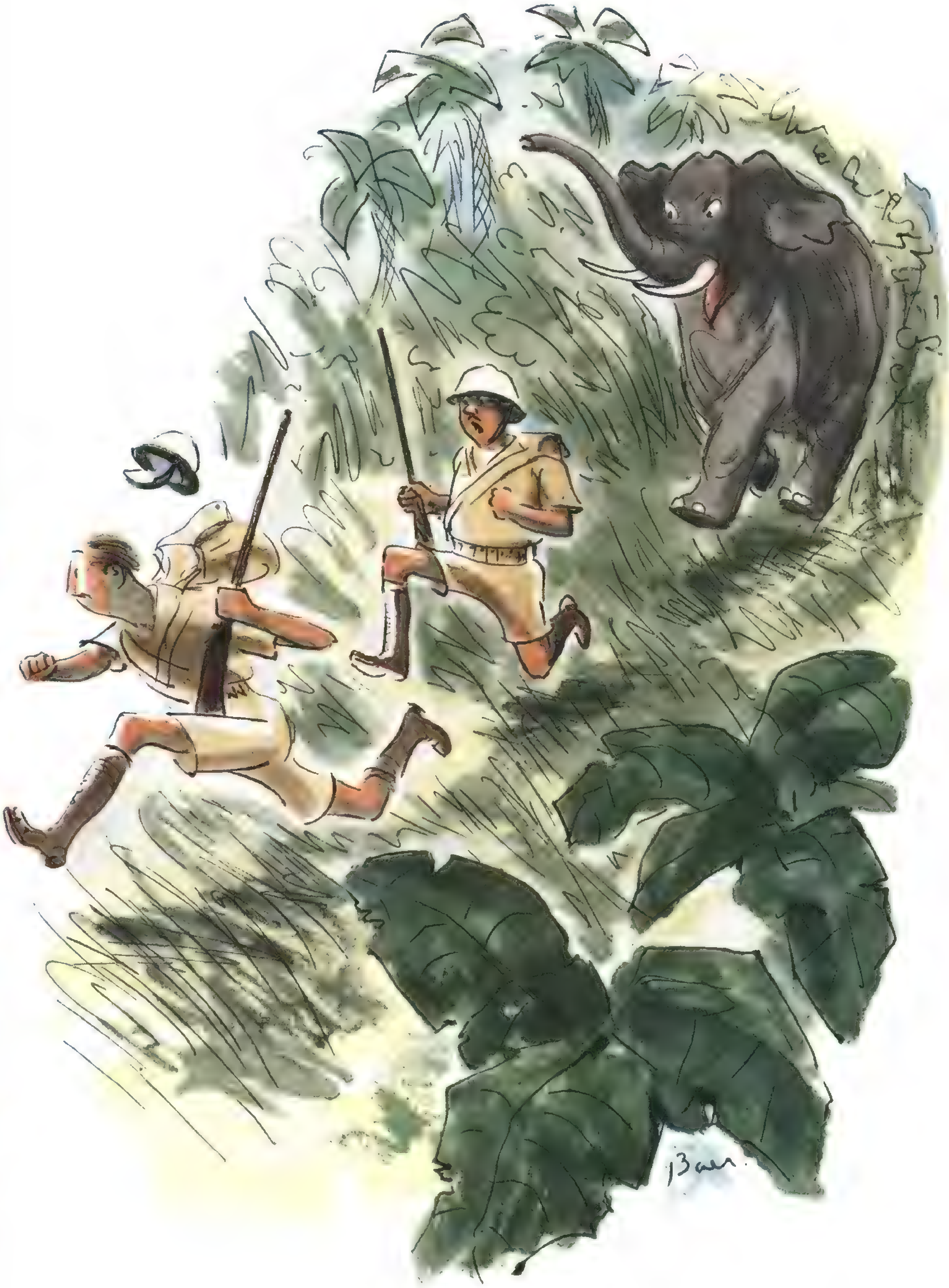


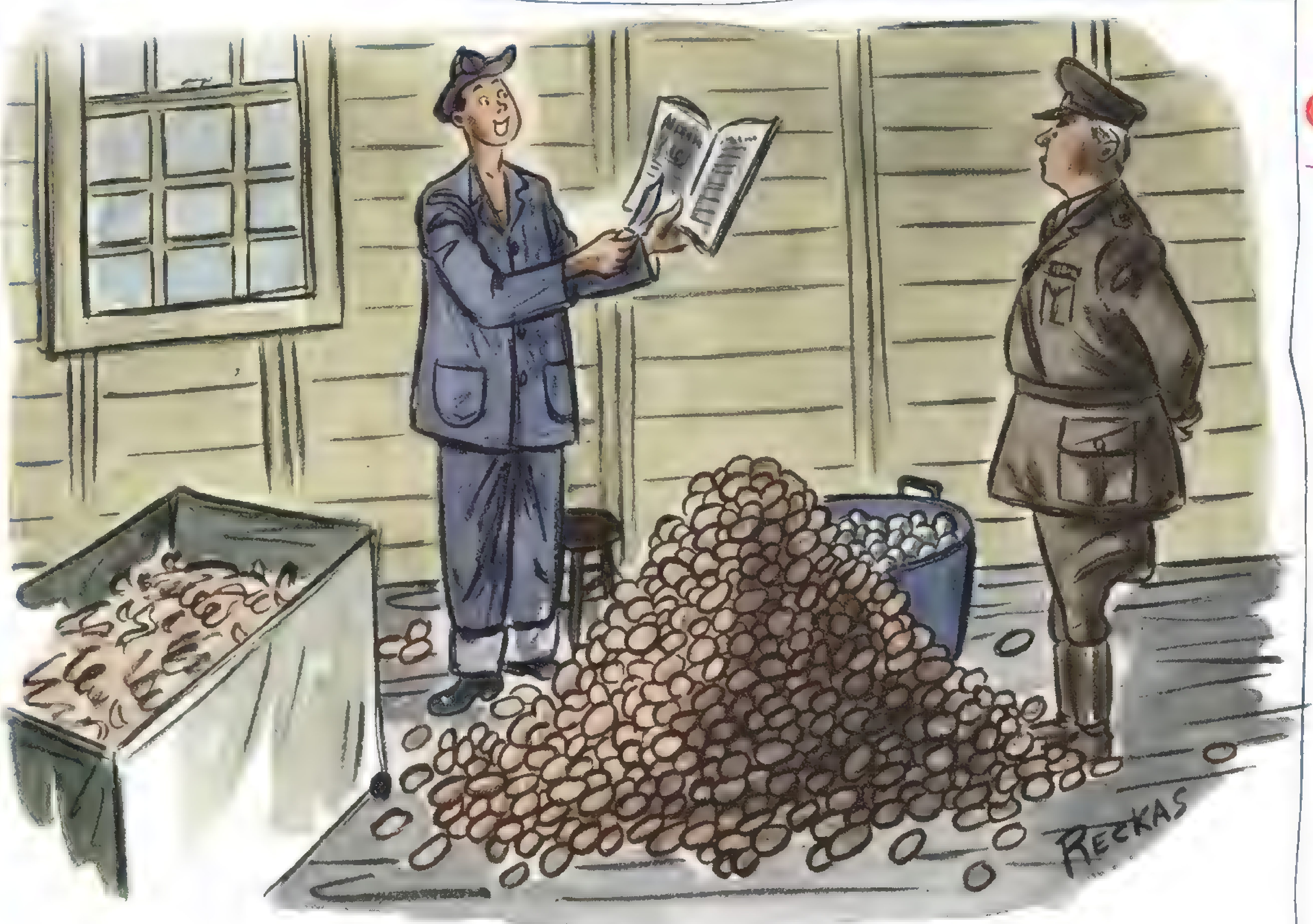
"Old 'Grouchpuss' must've got up on the wrong side of bed this morning!"



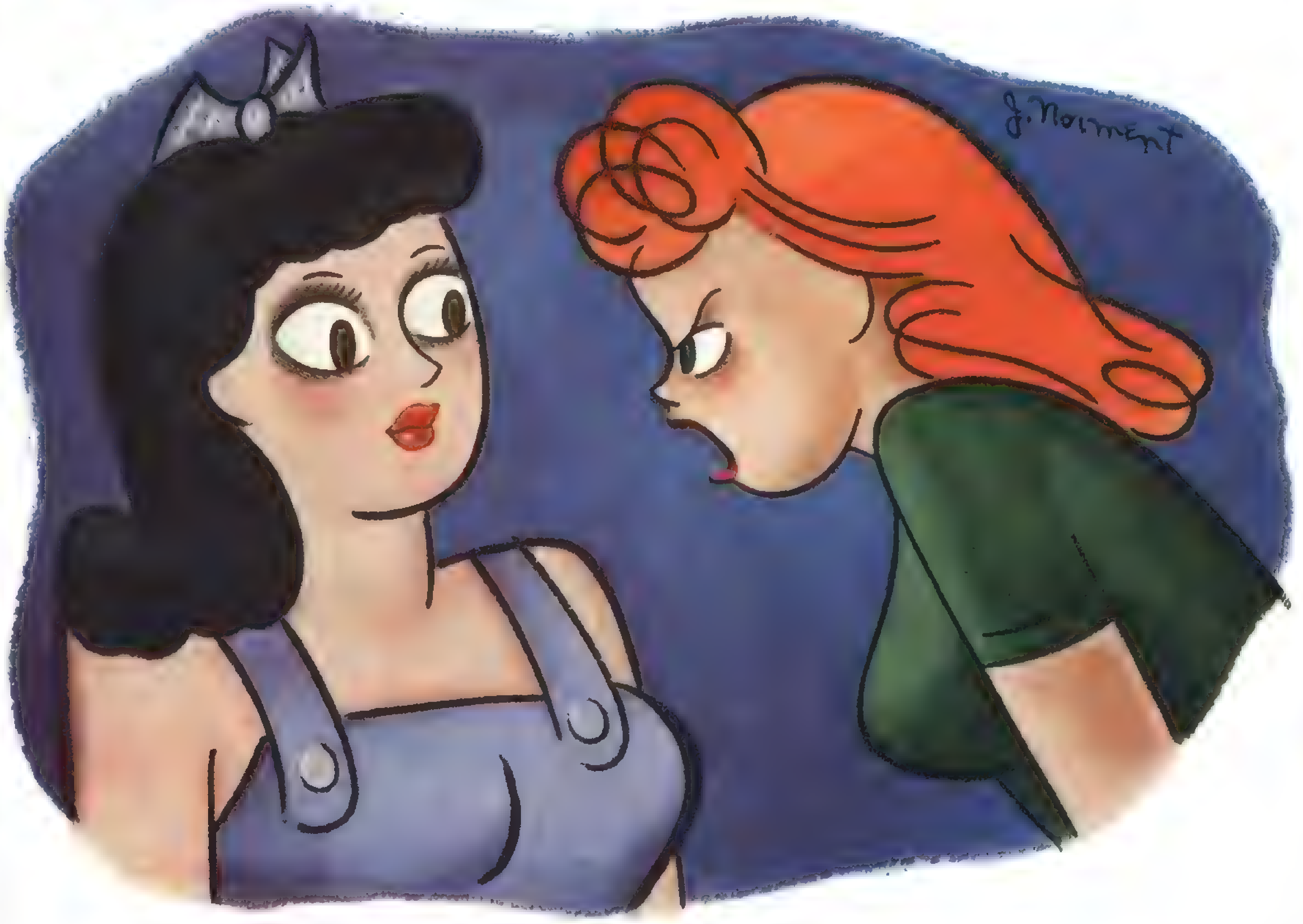
"*Merry Christmas, sir!*"



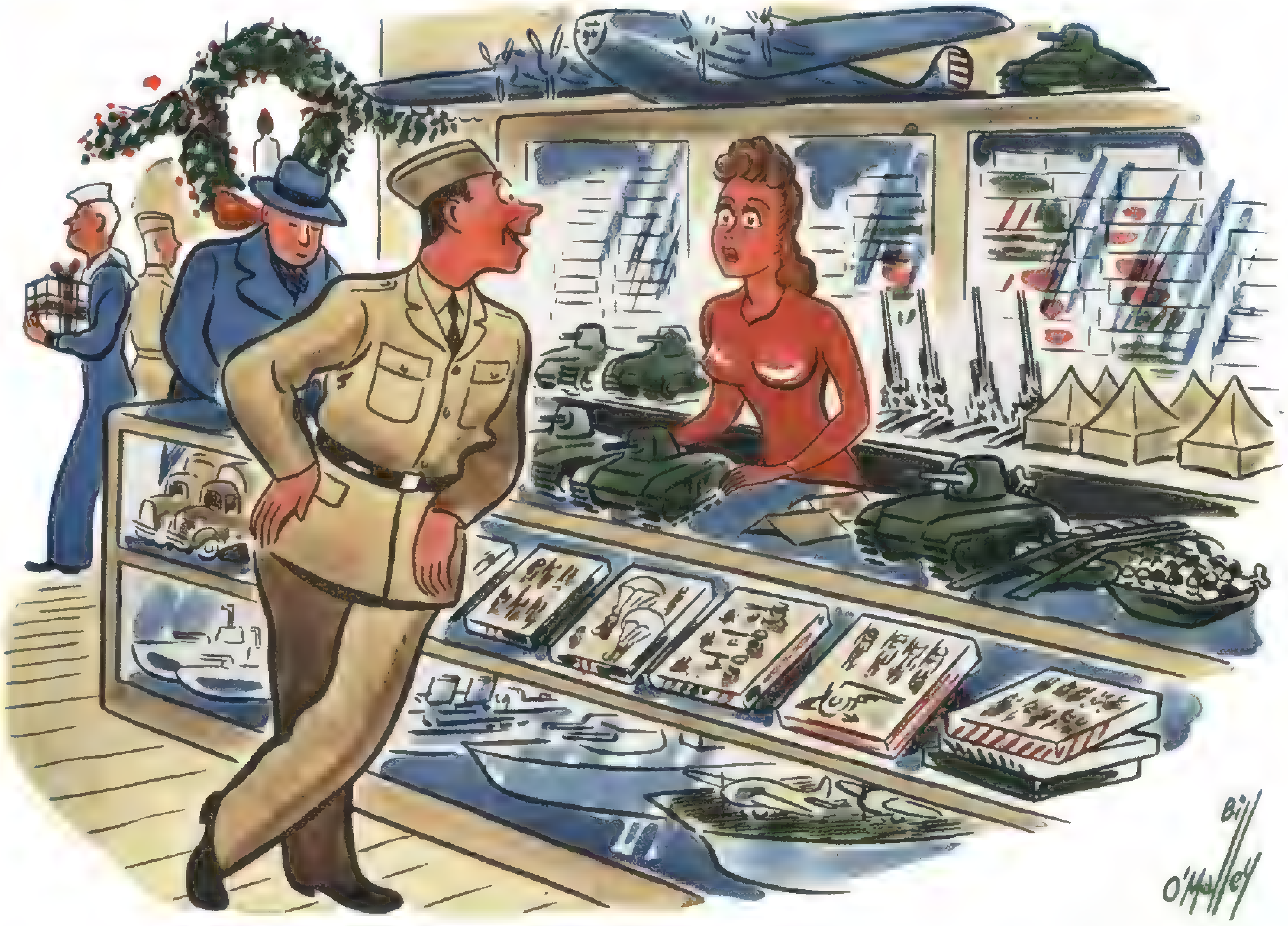
"All right, go ahead and burn yourself out—I'm going to run a smart race"



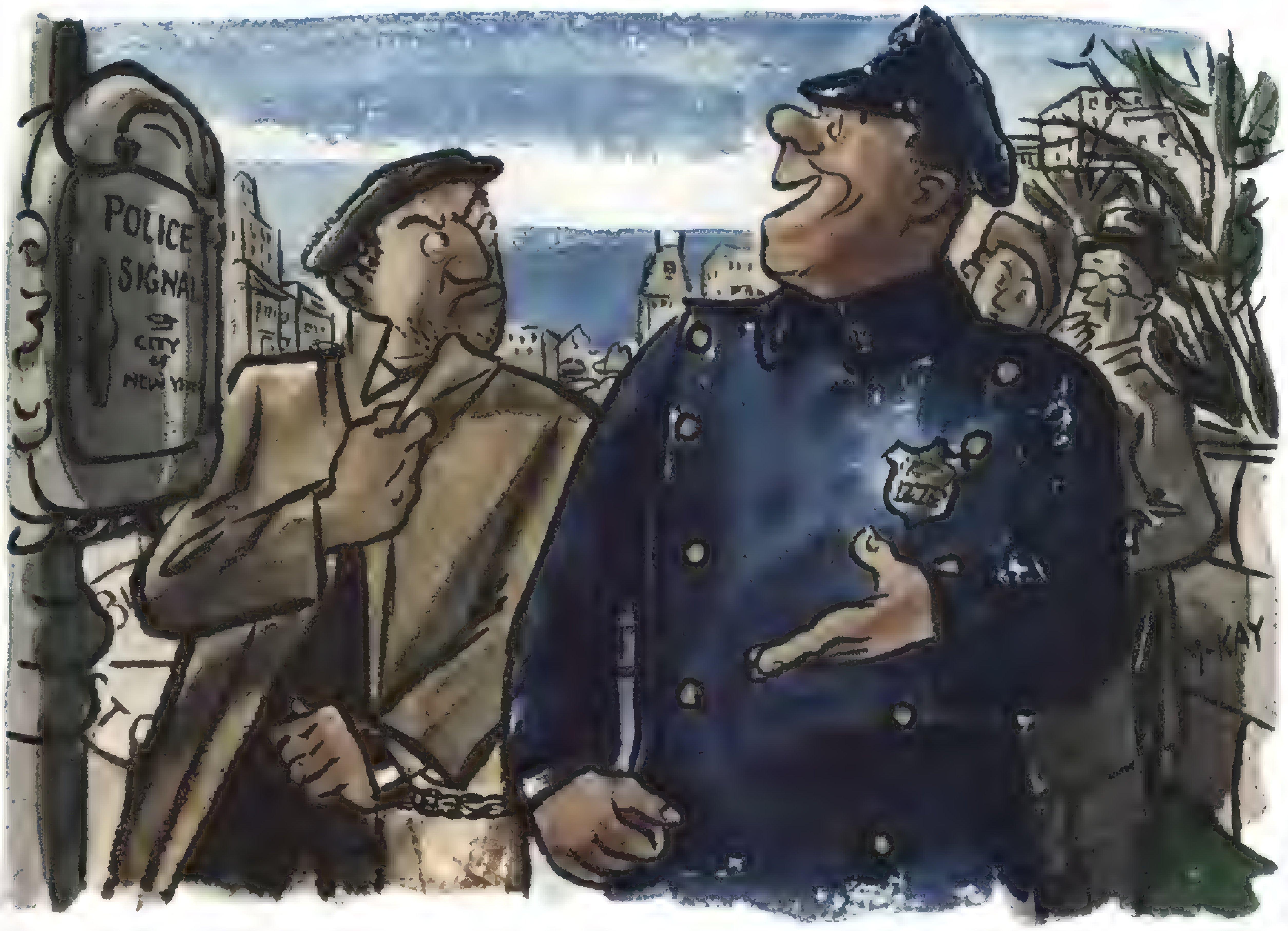
"Sir, I've been reading an interesting article which says much of the value of the potato is lost in peeling off the skins!"



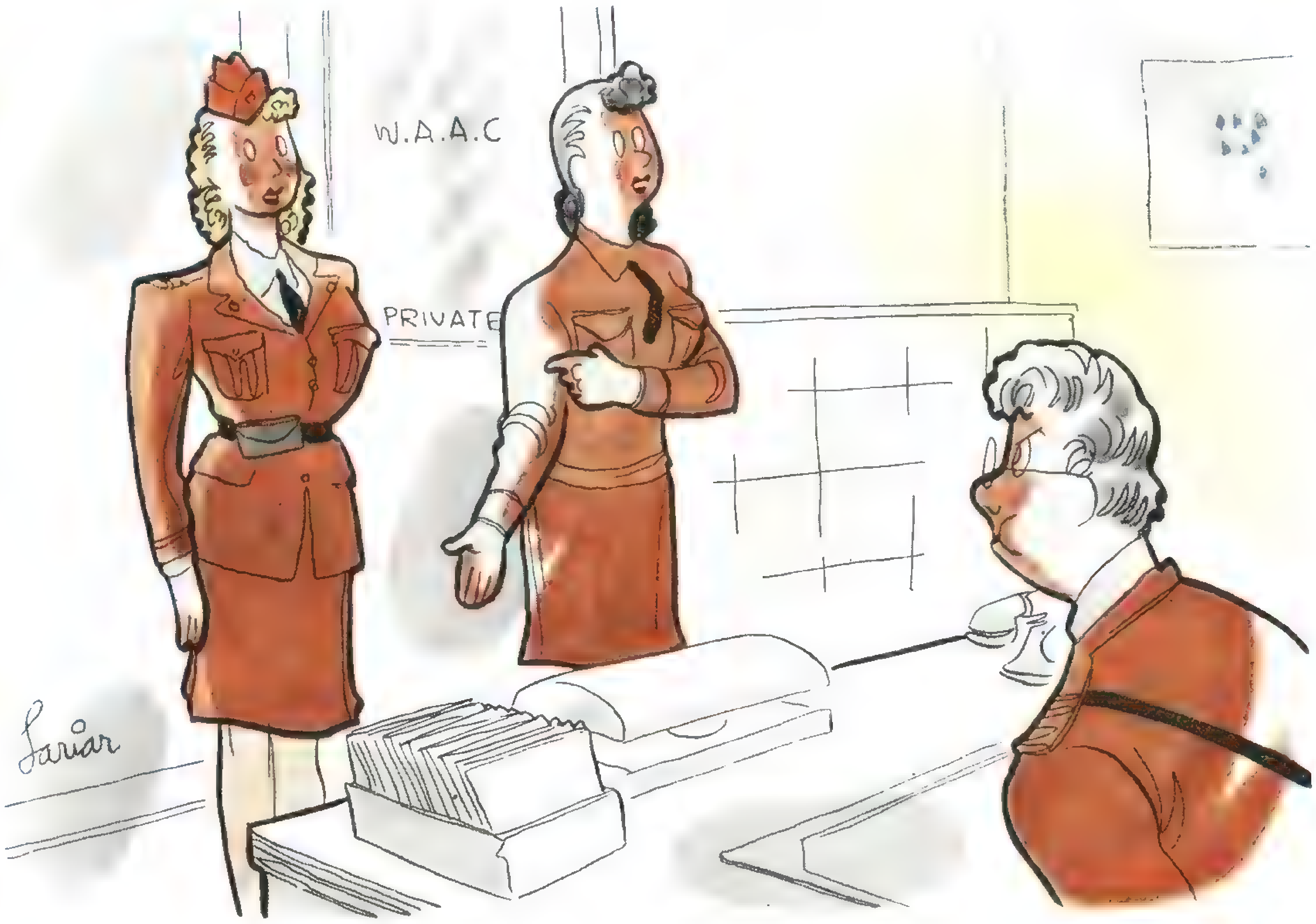
"Since he got his raise in pay that sailor of mine thinks he can afford two sweethearts"


Bill O'Malley

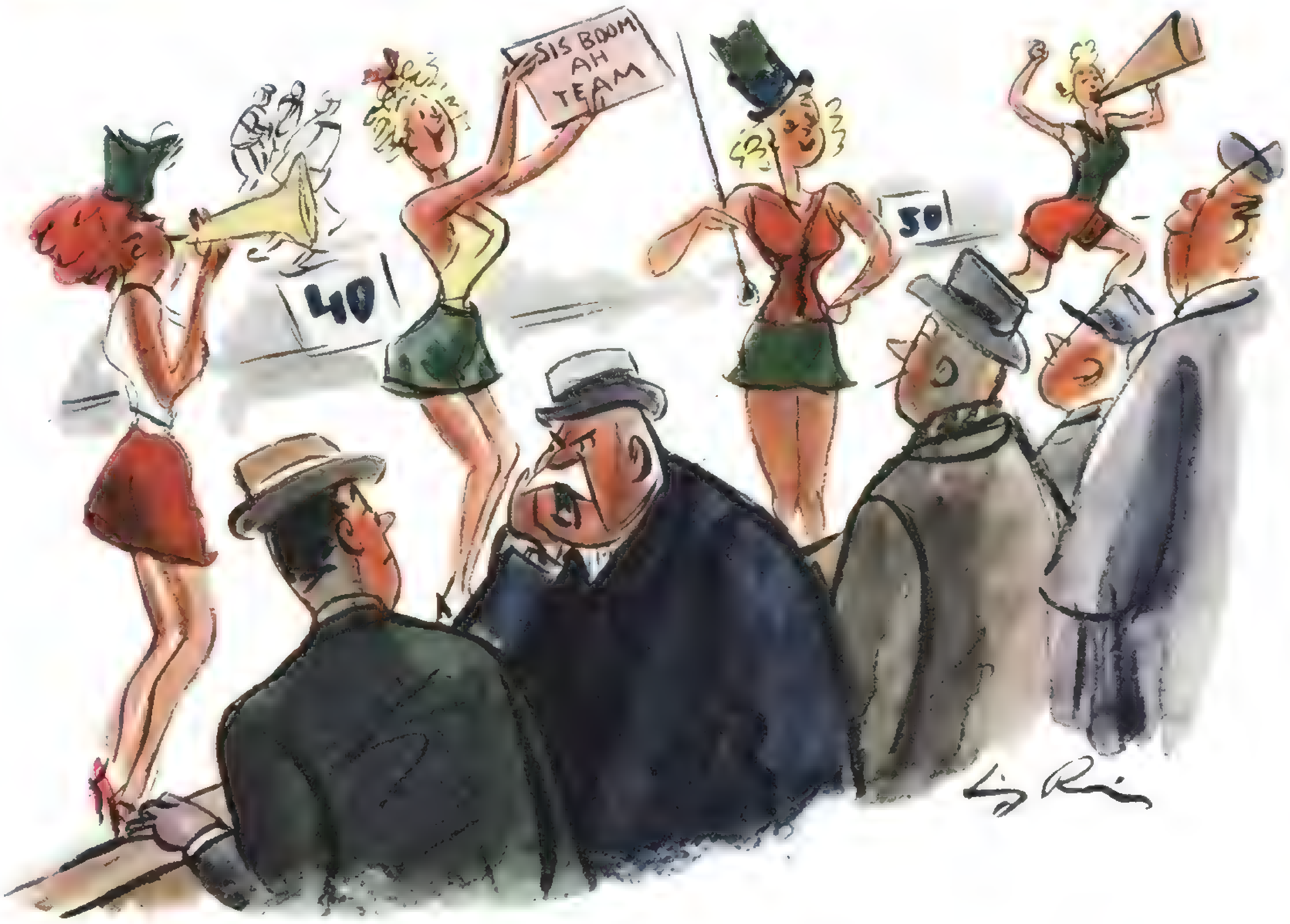
"Wrap me up three bomber squadrons, one tank unit, two infantry divisions, and one engineer company"


POLICE SIGNAL
CITY OF NEW YORK

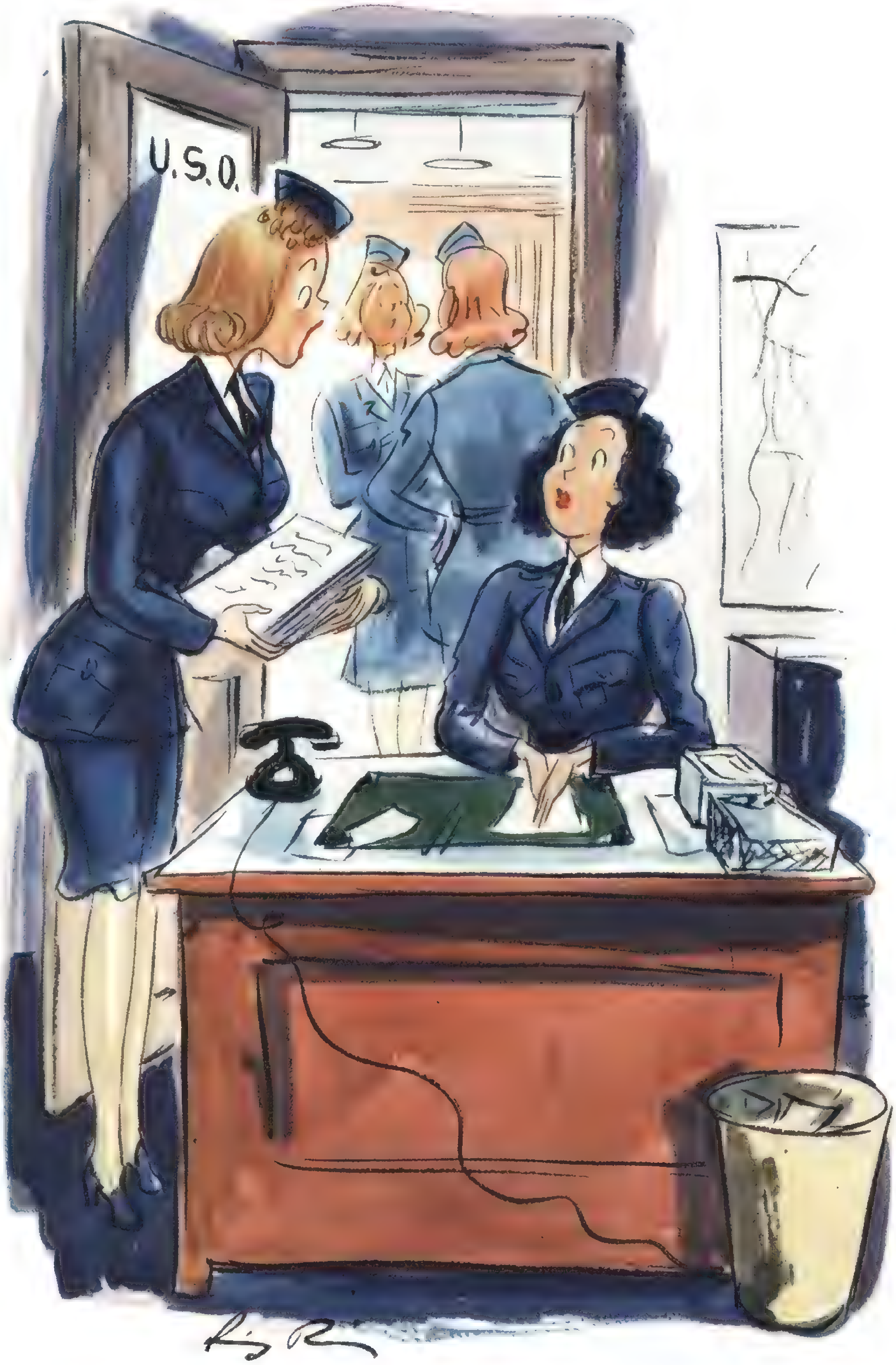
"It's such a lovely day—let's walk to the station!"


W.A.A.C
PRIVATE
Lariar

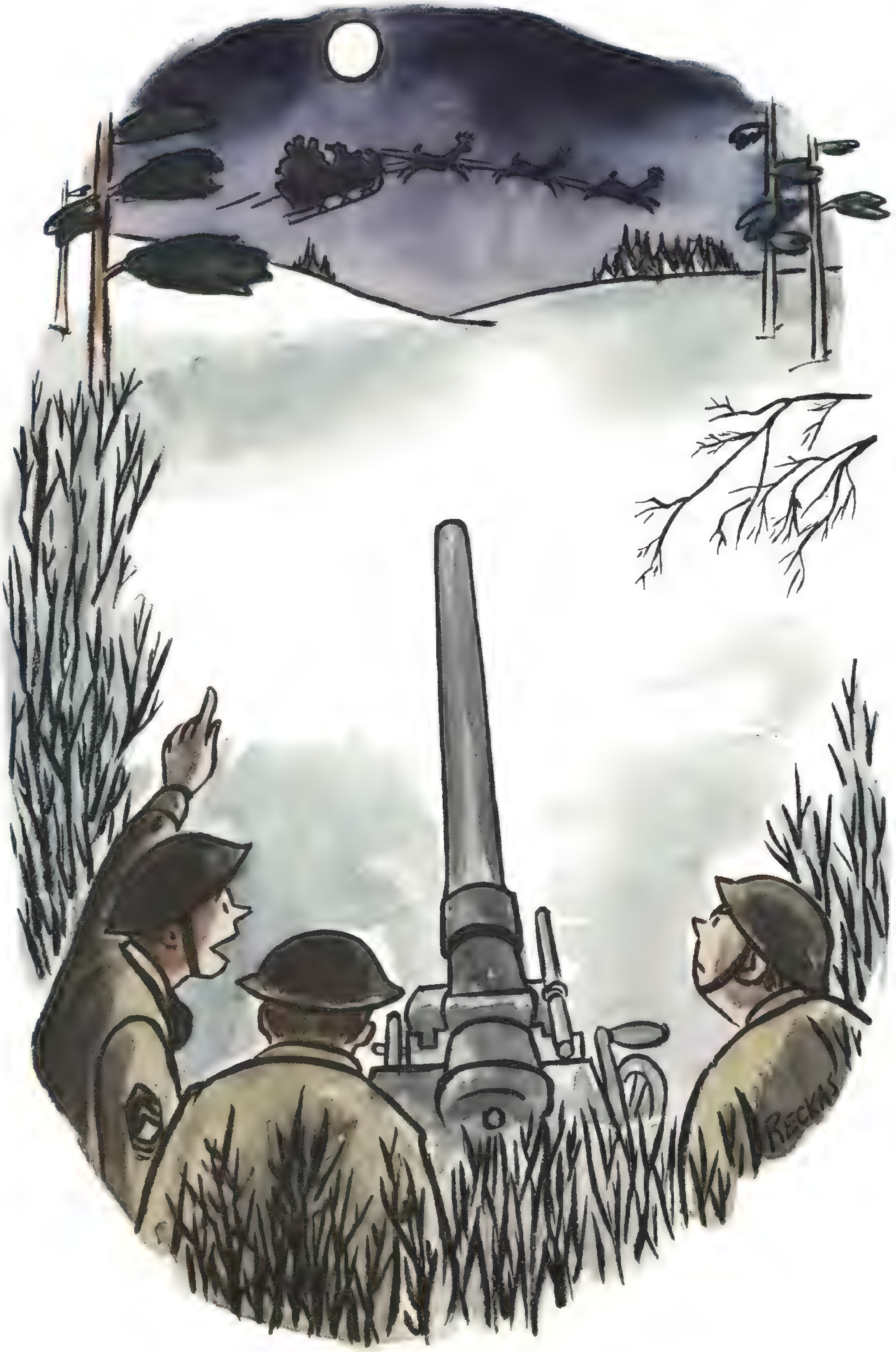
"Lieutenant Blackslee requests a three-day furlough to put up strawberry preserves!"


SIS BOOM AH TEAM
40
50

"I can remember when a football game was a football game!"



"I had the boys of Company 'C' write down what they wanted for Christmas—where can we get 250 blondes?"



"On your toes, boys! It might be an expert camouflage job!"

One Lone Guerrilla

Hunted by Nazis, scorned by officers of his own army, old Anton hid in the mountain, his only friends the leaves

by **JOSEPH HARRINGTON**

• FICTION •

ANTON watched his little strip of muddy road, feeling the bite of approaching winter in his old bones. Winter was hard on guerrillas, particularly the ancient kind like Anton, whose body ached for the warmth of a forbidden fire. Aside from the cold, it stripped the leaves from trees—the kindly, protective foliage that made it possible for him to pick off one or two of the accursed invader with the ancient, double-barrelled old smoothbore, then glide away through the great expanse of brush and trees. He had grown to love leaves. They made him, an impotent old man with hunger-eaten cheeks, a fearless opponent. Behind their kindly cover, he often attacked single-handedly a band of thirty or forty men and picked off his bag of two.

They had machine guns which set up a terrific tattoo, these accursed men in gray. They had cannon, which bellowed fiercely. They could—and often did—radio back for airplanes which came darting low over the treetops, so low that Anton could often see the faces of the gunners and the pilots peering down. So low he could see the torpedo-shaped bombs slung under the planes' bellies, and the snouts of the machine guns jutting from the wings. They had everything—planes, cannon, grenades, radios and bombs.

Old Anton had only the old double-barrelled gun, a wonderful thing that his grandfather brought back from across the sea more than a hundred years ago, long-barrelled, short-stocked, with inlays in the wood and chasing on the metal.

And the leaves—the wonderful leaves.

They blinded the accursed invader, so that their thousands of machine gun bullets only tore into the hearts of trees, which received them and swallowed them painlessly. They blinded the airplane pilots and gunners so that they only wasted bombs tearing futile holes in the placid earth of the mountainside, wasted their bullets in stabbing the same, unhurtable earth.

Behind them, on the mountainside, old Anton was safer than behind stark stone walls. The leaves were his friends.

Once, when he shot a lone motorcyclist invader and saw the gray-clad body fall in the road and the cycle smash into a wall, then lie upside down, its wheels spinning, he had the foolhardy desire to possess himself of the dead soldier's machine gun. It was the kind with a round case of bullets under the barrel, a terrible and wonderful gun that shot a hundred times faster than his old smoothbore.

It lay there, tempting him, beside the twitching gray form, tempting him as a worm tempts a trout. He watched carefully for quite a while. But there was no beat of feet on the road, no rumble of more machines, so he left his cover and crossed the little patch of pasture towards the precious gun. He was nearly there when the strumming of a squad of motorcyclists beat against his ears. He looked back towards the forest—too far, he'd never make it now. The only cover was a little group of bushes, the kind that had sweet red berries in June. So he fell into that. Just fell, and huddled there among the thick green leaves.

They didn't betray him, these leaves, not even when there were so few of them. He heard a foreign voice barking above the strumming of the motors, heard the invaders stop their machines and go clumping around their fallen comrade. He was only twenty-five feet away, in bushes so low the topmost twigs were hardly three inches above his nose. If they searched, if they so much as glanced down from above while passing by this clump of berry bushes, they could not fail to see him.

He heard their voices distinctly. The voices were angry, threatening, but he could not understand the foreign words. He heard them grunting, as they lifted the dead man to the side of the road. Then there was a chatter of motorcycle motors and they roared off. He lay for a long while, to be sure it was no trap. He lay there for fifteen minutes, his ears straining for the scuffle of a foot or even a deep breath. But there was only the friendly rustle of leaves.

When he parted the leaves and looked out, there was only the still gray form on the other side of the road. They'd taken the machine gun with the pot of bullets underneath. They'd done something to the damaged motorcycle—had smashed the motor.

He was grateful. He crawled back to the cover of the forest, where the leaves were high and even kinder. He never took such chances again. The leaves were his friends; he never left them.

* * *

But now the chased barrel of the old smoothbore was icy, clinging to the touch of his gnarled fingers. The leaves were all gold and red. Some were as darkly red as the stain on old Anya's shrunken bosom, the soaking spreading stain near the top of her white dress, on that spring morning that the invader came thundering into town on motorcycles first, then in tanks, then in trucks with strange rear wheels such as Anton had never seen before—rear wheels that were multiple, and belted underneath.

It had been a mistake, shooting old Anya. A regrettable mistake, too, that little Georg was shot through by the same bullet, because he was being clutched to Anya's shrivelled breast while she ran. Georg was Anton's grandchild. Anya his wife.

Later the invader apologized. A trim young

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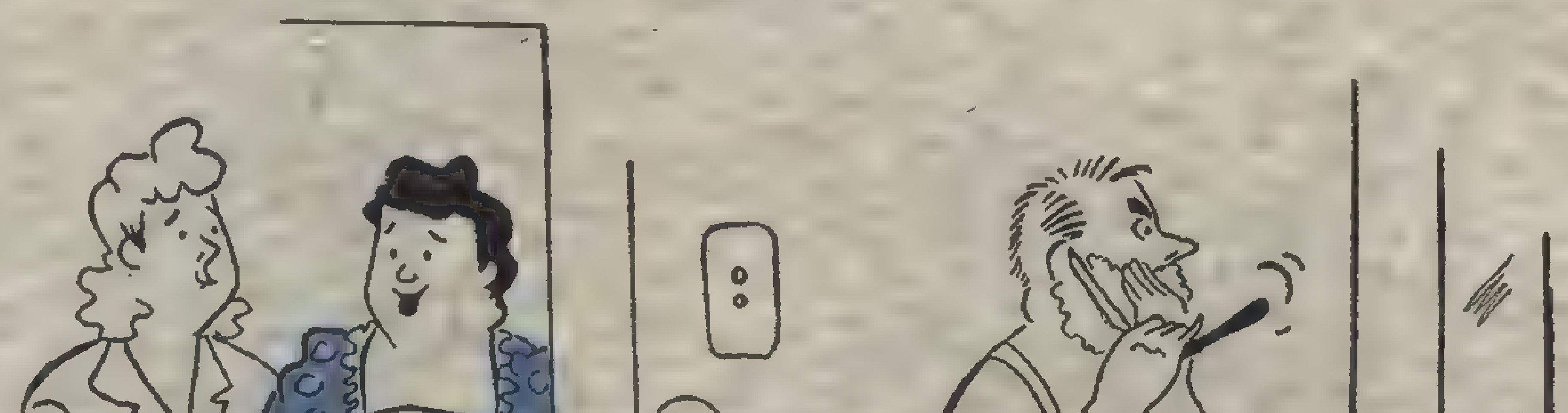


"He has an electric razor, but he says he likes to live dangerously!"

The Beauty Part of a Democracy

Sgt. Smoot and Corps. Ortwingle, Hyler, and Smith, "cogs in the war machine," do right by a conscientious objector

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪

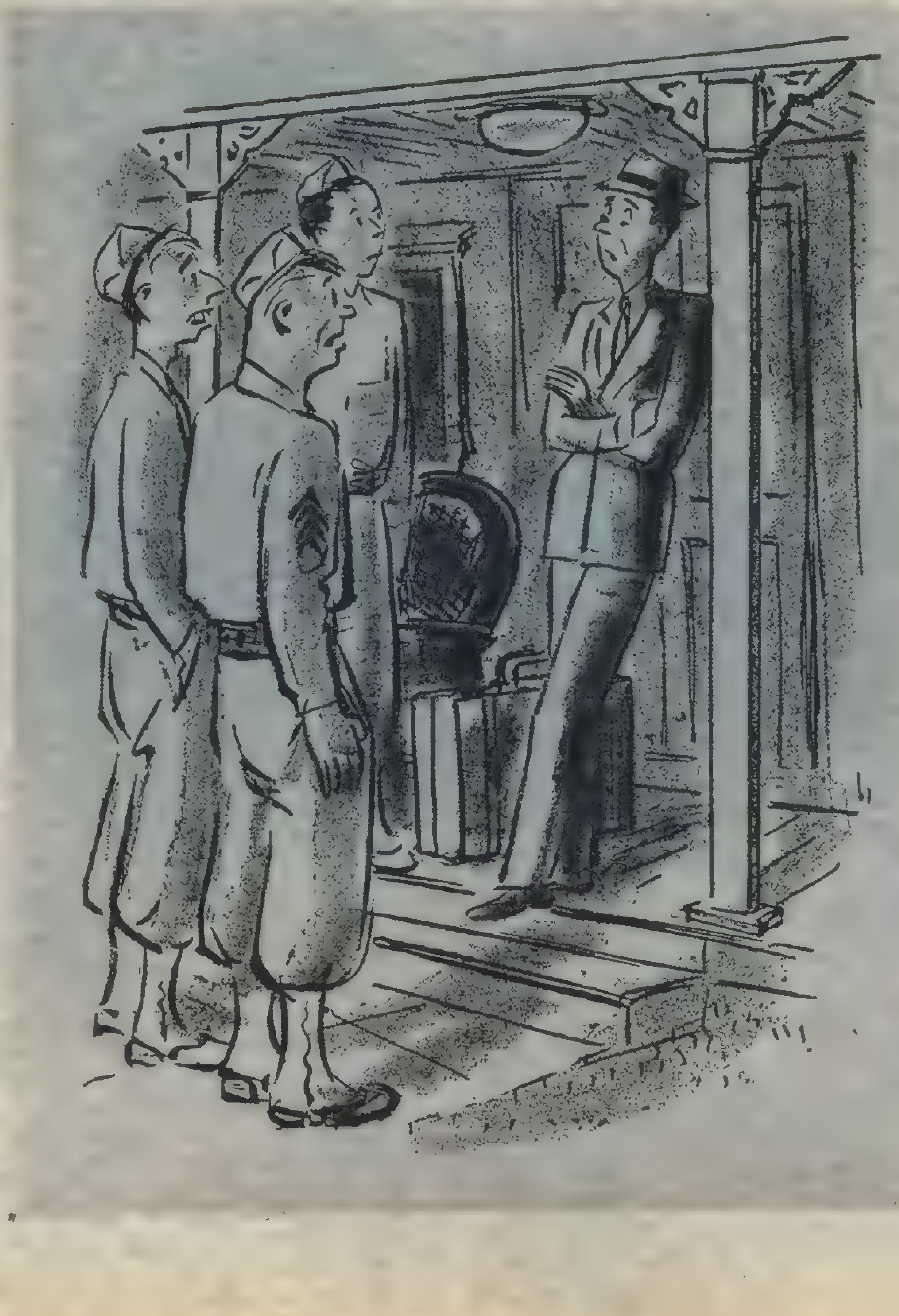
Corky Smith made a sour grimace. "But I don't like to be no policeman," he protested, ineffectually, like a child. "I never enlisted up into the U. S. Army to arrest anybody. I like to fight Japs. I like to be gave a chance to invade Tokyo or Haki Saki. I—"

"Haki Saki ain't no city," said Ortwingle. "That's a drink."

"Come on," said Sergeant Smoot. "Line up, you guys, so as I can inspect your sidearms." Smoot glanced with a quick expert eye at the automatics with which Corporals Smith and Ortwingle and Harrison Hyler were armed.

"Doesn't it strike you as rather strange," asked Hyler, "how often we four men are chosen to perform unusual military duties?"

"No," said Sergeant Smoot, "because for some unbeknownst reason there are certain people in this here world to who funny things is invariably bound to keep happenin'. For instance, why did Corky Smith and Ortwingle haff to go ahead and happen to me instead of somebody else in the whole Army?"



"Ole Smooty is into one of his sarcastical moods," said Ortwingle in an aside to Harrison Hyler. "For about six or nine years us three guys is all been buddies in the army together. If ever Corky and me went away and left Smoot all alone in this world, he would get the melon colic and die of a broken heart."

"He ain't got no heart," said Corky Smith. "They take them up to the infirmary and put one of these here periscopes against their chests, and if it turns out they ain't got no heart they promote them to be sergeants."

"And what do they make them into if they put a periscope against their heads and find out they ain't got no brains?" asked Smoot.

"I know," said Ortwingle brightly. He winked at Corky Smith. "He means us."

"Come on," said Smoot, impatient of this conversational horseplay. "We got a serious assignment. The train comes into the depot in less than a half a hour, so let's get goin'."

"Why don't they make these G men of the Federal FBI go ahead and arrest such people?" Corky demanded plaintively. "I don't like to be a policeman. I had a uncle once name Uncle Charlie who they swore in as a deputy sheriff one time and he got captured by these bandits and they made him be their cook and what happened was that that's the last anybody ever heard of my Uncle Charlie until a piece in the paper said they hung him."

"We ain't arrestin' anybody," said Smoot. "It's jist a job that we got to go and take this conscientious objecter to Pine Crest Camp because it is still under the military jurisdiction."

"Suppose he wants to shoot it out with us?" said Corky.

"Nuts," said Sergeant Smoot. "A guy volunteers to be a conscientious objecter. He wants to go to this camp."

"Then why don't they jist give him his fare and let him go by hisself?" insisted Corky Smith.

"I don't know," said Smoot. "But if you will write all them questions out on a slip of paper, the next time I am havin' luncheon wit' the Secretary of War I'll be ony too happy to ast him."

"When Smooty is into one of his sarcastical moods it is nothin' you kin do with him," sighed Corporal Smith. At the depot the four non-coms boarded the local train when it came in. Corky Smith ensconced himself comfortably on the cushion alongside the window, and although their destination was a short three-quarters of an hour away, he relaxed as for an all-day trip. "Travel broadens a person out," he observed, flexing his arms expansively. "When I'm retired from the service, I think I'll travel from place to place and write a dialogue of my adventures."

"A dialogue is a conversation between two people," said Harrison Hyler.

"All right," said Corky Smith. "I'll bring along a pretty secretary like big business men do and get a double berth and she kin also be my paramount. But what I can't figger out is what he objects to."

"What who objects to?" asked Ortwingle.

"This conscientious objecter."

Smoot stared despondently at the moving scenery. "All the government would need to do to save some train fare is to take a phonograph record of Corky Smith talkin' continuously and give it to us to bring along."

"Do we git ration money to buy our groceries on this here trip with?" asked Ortwingle. "I feel the fangs of hunger already inside my stummick."

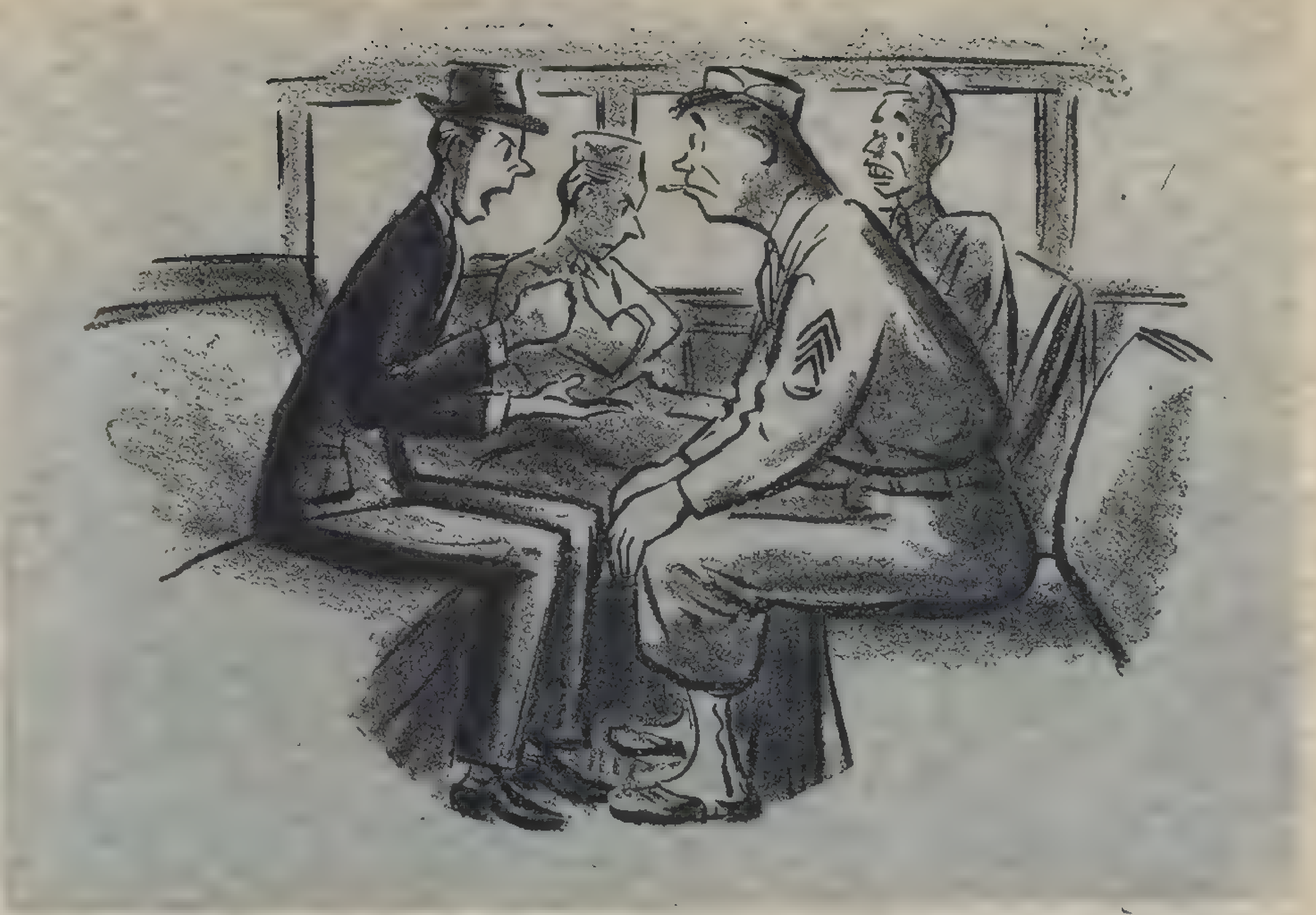
"You ony had breakfist a hour ago," said Smoot. "Well, the next station is our stop. It is a address on this envelope that we got to pick up this conscientious objecter at, and then take this bus that goes to Pine Crest Camp."

It was quite a little walk from the station to the address on Smoot's envelope, and uphill at that. "The army should of furnished a mobile unit to us on a task like this here," Corky Smith complained. "My sacred iliac is beginnin' to hurt me."

"If ever you sometime happen to be sent to them jungles out in the Pacific," said Sergeant Smoot, "you will wish that all that ever hurts you is your sacred iliac."

"If ever I am sent to them jungles I will be gunnin' for rice-eatin' monkeys, not conscientious objecters. I never did inlist up into the army to be no policeman. I—"

The conscientious objector, his suitcase beside him, was



waiting for them on the dusty porch of the little rural hotel and inn. He was a gloomy young man, physically awkward, with hazel eyes and an assumed cockiness of manner. He gazed with a certain studied contempt at the detail of soldiers. "I'm Beasley," he said.

"And I'm Sergeant Smoot," said Sergeant Smoot. "I got orders to take you to Pine Crest Camp."

"All right," said Beasley, picking up his bag. "Don't apologize. You're just a cog in the machine, a little wheel in the juggernaut of war. I'm ready."

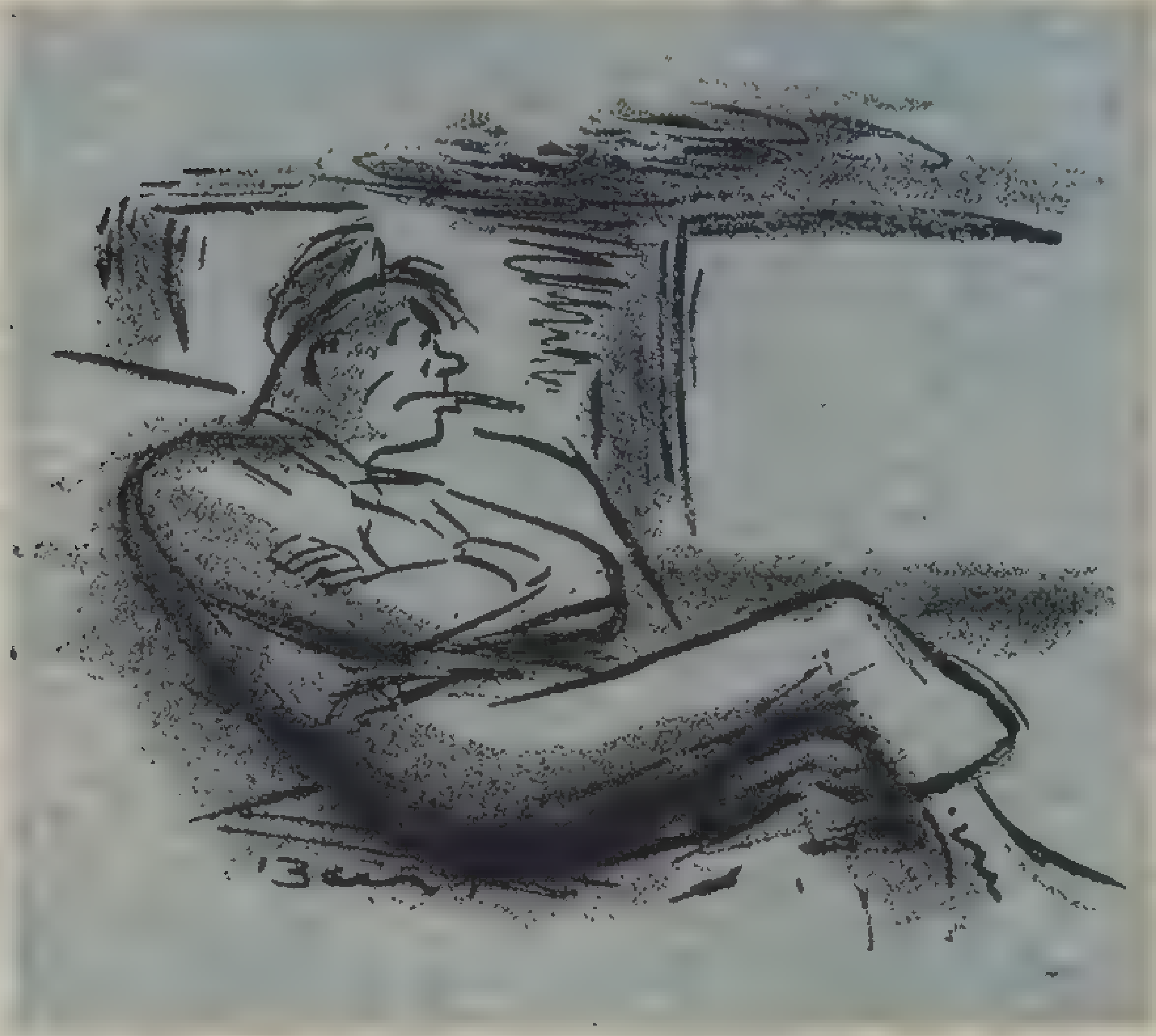
"What does he mean," said Smoot to Harrison Hyler, "that I am a little wheel in the juggernaut of war? I know what a wheel is, but I never hear of a juggernaut before." Smoot turned to Beasley. "This is Corporal Hyler, who I awys ast when I need somethin' translated into English."

"I imagine he means to suggest that since we're blindly executing military orders he feels no personal animosity toward us," said Hyler.

"That's fine," said Smoot, turning back to Beasley. "Also I don't feel sore at you either. That's the beauty part of a democracy—we can hate each other without gettin' mad about it."

"Don't prate about democracy to me, soldier," said Beasley. "I see you as a mere pawn in the bloody chess game of geopolitical aggrandizement."

Hyler offered the gloomy youth a cigarette. "As the sergeant says, we're ordered to escort you to the objectors' camp at Pine Crest. It's a chore. Perhaps it would be better if we didn't discuss our individual political convictions."



"A soldier has no convictions, political or otherwise," said the belligerent Beasley. "For myself, I prefer the ignominy of a concentration camp to the regimentation of my intellectual faculties."

"I don't know what he is talkin' about," said Smoot. "He reminds me of Corky Smith."

"Could I remind you that my belly figgers my mouth has been gave a furlough?" said Ortwingle.

"After we deliver this guy to camp it is time enough to think about eatin'," said Smoot.

"I suppose you think I'm yellow," said the irrepressible Beasley.

"I don't think you're nothin'," said Smoot. "Things like this is continuously happenin' to me. I expect it."

"What I can't figger out," muttered Corky Smith as they boarded the bus, "is what he objects to."

"He objects to having his intellectual faculties regimented," said Hyler.

"I'd rather you didn't make fun of me," said Beasley. "I haven't taken this step without wrestling for weeks with my conscience. War just plain horrifies me."

"We love it," said Harrison Hyler. "We're all natural born killers. We'd have wound up in the electric chair if war hadn't fortunately come along."

"That's right," said Corky Smith. "I wake up in the middle of the night with a terrible incentive to kill Ortwingle here if he don't stop snorin'."

"If all of us refused to participate in the destruction of our fellowmen there would be no war in the world," said Beasley.

"That's what I understand Mr. Chamberlain told Herr Hitler," said Harrison Hyler.

"Busses have the effect on my stummick," said Ortwingle, "that they shake down any food which is still in it, which makes me hungrier than I was hungry in the first place."

"All wars are propaganda wars," declared Beasley. "Without the band playing, the flag waving, the cheap song singing, the chauvinistic patriotism, the hero-worshiping, the manufactured blood-lust, there could be no war."

Hyler was amused. "I don't want to debate your convictions with you, Beasley. As Smoot implies in his homespun way, the virtue of a democracy is inherent in the fact that it permits a man to be a conscientious objector."

"You think I'm a coward."

"Of course not," said Hyler. "If you persist in demanding to know, I think you're a nuisance."

"You haven't any right to say that to me," said Beasley almost tearfully. "Because I won't submit to mob passions and gang rule, I'm to be branded as a slacker and a coward. Because—"

"You're confusing a theory with an emotion," said Hyler. "An egoist such as you are isn't a coward in the accepted sense. He—"

"Why don't you leave the kid alone?" demanded Sergeant Smoot. "The first thing you know he'll be jumpin' out o' the bus and runnin' to the nearest recruitin' station." Smoot patted Beasley on the shoulders. "Pay no attention to Hyler here, boy. He's got one of them fluid drive brains. You jist stick to your principles or whatever they are. We got enough screwballs in the army as it is. A army can't win battles if it is gonna be filled up wit' screwballs."

"But I have a right to know why he insists on stigmatizing me as a nuisance."

"I'll tell you," said Harrison Hyler. "You're a nuisance because you think you can stick your foot out and trip up a historical process. You've got it figured out that everybody is a sucker for propaganda but you. You're not a coward, Beasley. You're not afraid of killing or being killed. You're scared to death of discipline, of being told what to do. You've an

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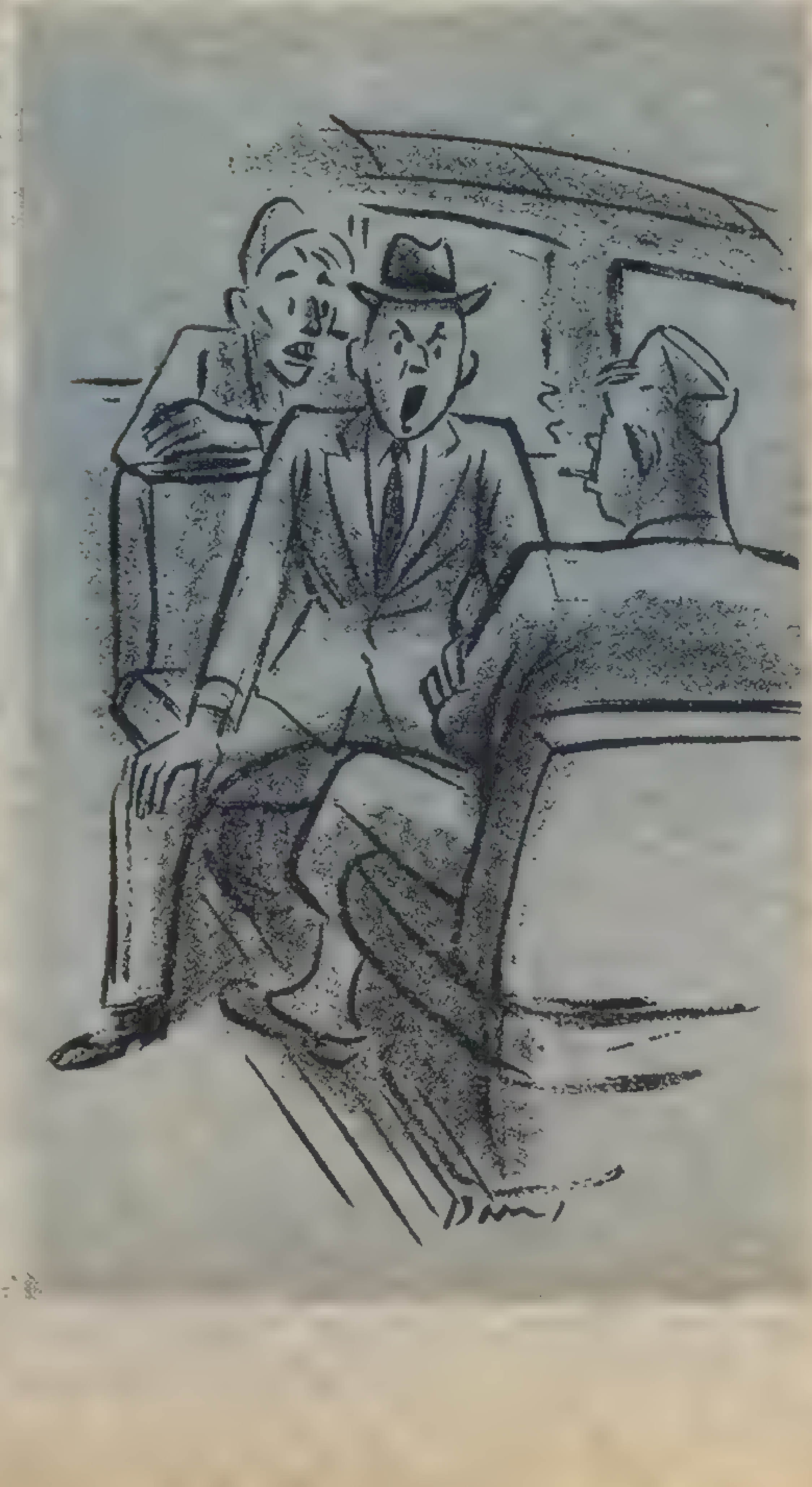

The Ordeal of Mephi

Most accursed of men, nevertheless he waxed strong and self-reliant, fearing nothing man or the devil could devise

by ERNEST HENDERSON

▪ FICTION ▪

His mother and father called him Mephi, as far back as he could remember. The folks of the Carolina coastal village, if they thought much about the matter at all, assumed that for some odd reason, Mephi's folks had simplified "Mephistopheles" to fit the boy. Anyway, it was by far a more apt description, for Mephi's poor maimed feet, his pain-lined face and ape-like arms certainly gave the boy a gnarled, Mephisto appearance. But this was not the origin of the boy's name.

Mephi's mother and father were God-fearing, pious people of the Santee River country. It was the most natural thing in the world for them to repair to the Bible when disaster overtook them.

The disaster to the boy is quite simply explained. When Mephi was just beginning to toddle, Sarah Garrison, his mother, carried him one day down to the well. On the way back to the house, loaded as she was with the baby in one arm and a heavy water bucket in the other, she let Mephi fall. Nearly everyone will tell you that a youngster his age will fall relaxed, and seldom any harm will come to him except bruises, perhaps. Not so this lad. He fell on his feet. The pressure on his tiny legs drove the tarsal bones of his ankles through the metatarsus, smashing his instep. Compound fracture of his shin bones finished the destruction of his extremities.

Without money, or surgical aid, Mephi's parents let a midwife of the village try to fix the boy's legs and feet. The result was shocking. This was why his legs and feet were forever deformed, and why Mephi's tortured little body had to find compensations in his arms and shoulders.

Realization of the boy's future handicap and agony over the accident, made Sarah turn to her Bible. For her it had always been a source of comfort in time of stress, and she expected it to be so now. In the Ninth Chapter of Second Samuel she found what she sought, the story of Mephibosheth, Jonathan's son. She read where Mephibosheth's nurse, left in charge of the boy while Jonathan and Saul were away doing battle with the Philistines at Gilboa, fled in terror when she heard that the enemies of Israel were upon her. In fleeing with Mephibosheth she dropped him and he fell upon his feet, becoming a cripple for the remainder of his life. The son of Jonathan knew nothing but woe and deprivation during the following years of his growth.

This story determined Sarah. She changed her boy's name from John to Mephibosheth, but to save her life, when she wanted to call the boy, Sarah could not pronounce the name. Then it was that Mephi became his name.

During Mephi's childhood there were always two alternatives for him—he could sit and brood and be ignored, or he could wander around like some gaunt ape, dragging his feet behind him in an effort to achieve distance or objects. It was fortunate, however, that Mephi's folks lived close by the seashore, because the boy could pull himself into a boat and row himself around. This he did as soon as he was big enough to hold an oar.

The neighbor folks left Mephi strictly alone, and the youngsters had no time for him. Truth of the matter was they had a certain unreasoning fear of the strange, crippled creature who had to pull himself along on the ground by strength of his arms.

It was his struggle to master some means of usefulness that led him to his second brush with destiny. When he was twelve he made off for the sea, hoping to establish himself as a fisherman, so he'd have to ask no man for help. Being unschooled in the way of ocean swells, his boat got caught in a trough and capsized, spilling Mephi in the brine, miles from shore.

Had it not been for his overdeveloped arms and ape-like shoulders the boy would never have survived the ordeal. For fourteen hours Mephi hung to that chip of a boat. When fishermen finally spotted and rescued him, he wasn't so tired as he was frightened. To the astonishment of the fishermen, when they reached shore, Mephi dragged himself off home without any aid whatever. It was then that his strength and endurance became legendary.

In the little town of Awensdaw, Mephi knew everyone by name, but contrary to the rule of little towns, he never had any friends during his early years. The kids refused to play with him, and for obvious reasons. Perhaps this is why he was astonished when Jim Poole sought him out and asked him to go fishing with him.

Though Jim was but fifteen at the time he heard of Mephi's experience in the open sea, he determined to teach the crippled boy what he knew about boats so that a similar thing should never happen again. Jim was one of the great, natural fishermen and hunters of the coast, for all his youth. South of the Santee, Jim had already made a name for himself throughout the salt marsh country for his craftsmanship and cunning with nature.

Jim's heart must have been touched by Mephi's lonely outlook on life and his poor equipment to cope with his environment, so what started out to be a few lessons in seamanship turned into an abiding affection.

There followed a long and arduous period of "upbringing." Mephi's education, at Jim's hands, was rough and tough, for Jim didn't make the mistake of coddling the boy. He taught him about tides, how to read a compass, where the best oysters were to be found

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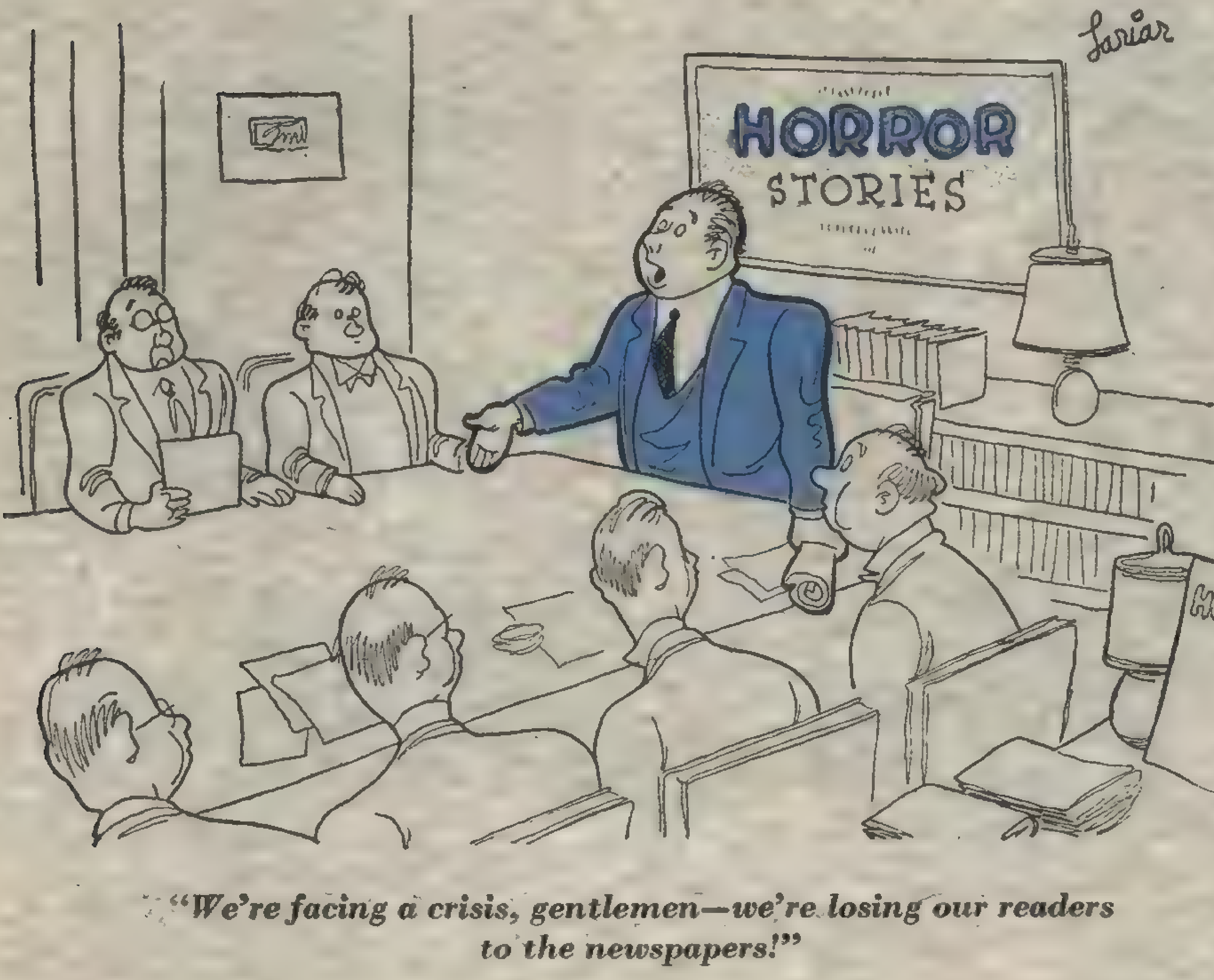
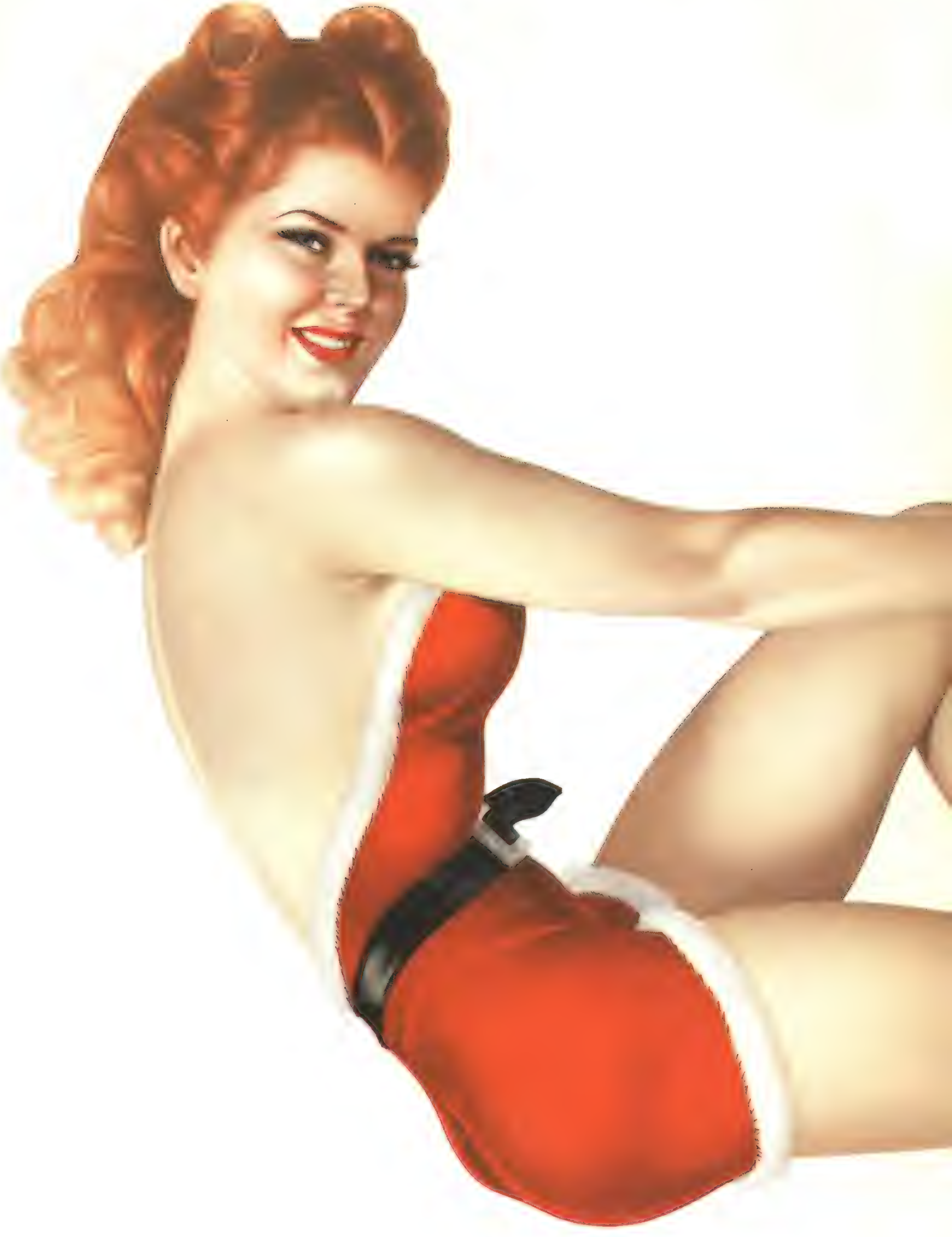


"We're facing a crisis, gentlemen—we're losing our readers to the newspapers!"

Columbia's

JANET BLAIR

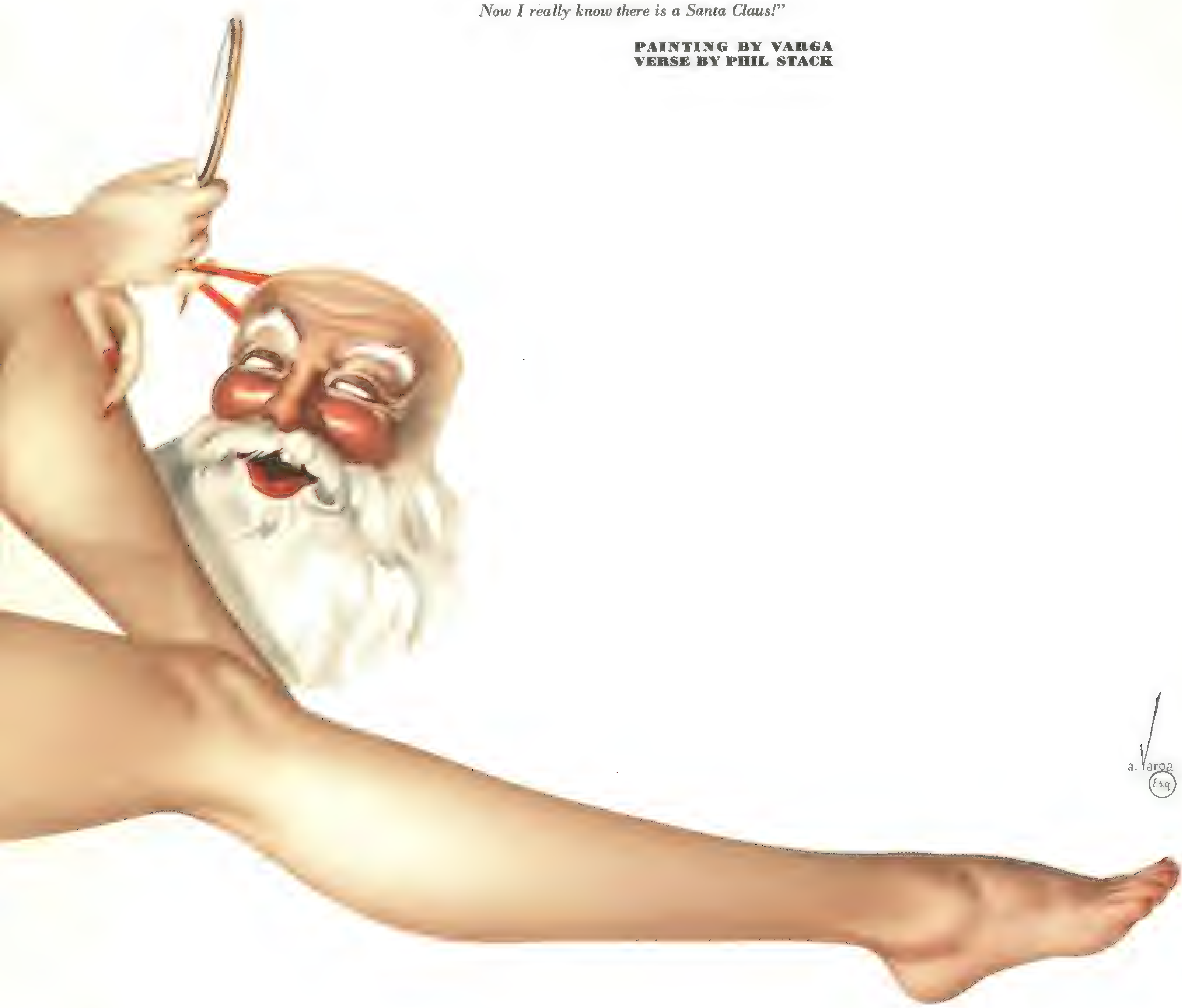
Hurrell Photograph



MISS SANTA CLAUS

I've a patriotic reason
To play Santa Claus this season
And I'm starring in the role for the duration;
For I'm dining and I'm dancing
And I'm flirting and romancing
With the men who fight for our United Nation;
I don't need a poll by Gallup
To denote I keep morale up
For my presence brings the loudest of applause . . .
And each flyer, tar and doughboy
When we're introduced says: "Oh, Boy!
Now I really know there is a Santa Claus!"

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK



The Poor Rich Uncle

A boy could never forget that tempting rainbow of candy nor the way of a man who was dwarfed both in body and soul

by ROBERT GIBBONS

• FICTION •

WHEN great-uncle Roby, who was my mother's blood-uncle, died, my father devoted to the event a short paragraph in a letter to me. He wrote:

> Uncle Roby died yesterday. All his life he was tighter than Dick's hatband. But he couldn't take it with him.

Aunt Lou (she was my mother's sister), who always posted notice of birth and death and marriage to members of our family, wrote:

> Poor uncle Roby is dead—of a stroke. He passed away shortly before daybreak yesterday, poor man. He had his good points. We should try to remember that. He will be buried in a small-sized coffin—like a child.

Uncle Red, who should have been the poet of the family and, instead, operated a fishing-camp on the river, wrote:

> Well, Roby Nolen is dead. Whichever place he goes to they will need only a little pigeonhole to store his soul in. It was as little as he was.

So they buried the dwarfed Roby in a child's coffin.

He was a pygmy of a man with pinched features and slightly humped shoulders. He ran a general store out in the country near Granmaw's farm.

We would go visiting Granmaw when we were little. We called it visiting, even when all of us went and my father was out of a job.

One day, Granmaw said to me, "Trot down to Roby Nolen's and get me a box of bakin' sody. I'm plumb out. Here's a nickel. I know Roby wouldn't charge it—not if I had 'cute indigestion and sody was the only cure."

Granmaw wasn't any kin to Roby. She was my paternal grandmother. Roby was on my mother's side of the family. They used to say that if Roby ever felt kindly toward anybody (and it was doubtful) that it would have been my mother. But she and her mother before her were dead a long time ago now—almost before I was born. I was the last child of six.

That is the way it is with families and people in this part of the country. We have great-aunts and second-cousins and double-first-cousins, and the generations are tightly bound. We can trace and name the generations as they spread backward, fan-like, into time.

Roby and my mother's mother were two of eleven children. I could name them all, if I would. My mother was from a family of nine. That is the way it is in this part: All the children grow up—except the ones that die—and the grown ones have more children. Everybody marries and has children in an effort to mat the generations together.

But Roby never married, and never claimed any children.

I remember the day I went to Roby's to get the box of soda. I went alone, because my brothers and sisters were working in the field.

The gray-black sand of the road was hot; at each step it seemed to be flowing fire over my bare feet. Finally I began to run.

I was young then. I was a child. I wanted to cry because the sand was hot on my bare feet.

In the shade of a hickory tree I stopped, and waited, hoping somehow, with a child's unreasoning hope, that the earth would grow cool. I was happier in the shade. For a while there in the sun, I had known a vicious anger, a futile anger of tears and sucked-in breath, at the sand that boiled around my feet. Now, I could wait in the shade.

I shut my eyes and wished for wings like a bird's wings. Then I shut my eyes and wished for a brown-and-white Shetland pony with brass-trimmed bridle and saddle. I shut my eyes a third time and wished somebody in a wagon or on a horse would come along and give me a ride. When I opened my eyes I was glad. Coming yonder, the same way that I had come, but a-horseback, was Roby Nolen himself.

I wondered idly why he had left the store.

I watched Roby ride toward me. He was like a little boy with the face of a man. He was dressed in his curiously girlish boots, and in his gray tweedy trousers and blue silk shirt. His black derby made him look more than ever like a midget in a circus.

As Roby came closer I could see his slick gray eyes. The eyes watched me. Roby and horse came into the shade. Roby reined in the horse.

I said, openly and cheerfully, "How 'bout a ride to the store, Uncle Roby?" I smiled a boyish and unguarded smile.

Uncle Roby tightened his thin lips. He said, "Too much for one pore horse in this sun, boy."

He sat on his horse a moment and looked me over carefully, as if he were buying me. I felt him see my blue-denim overalls, faded nearly to whiteness at the knees: I felt him look at my rusty bare feet, and at my ragged, bleached and tousled hair. I wore no shirt; my arms and shoulders were as brown as smoked bacon rind. I felt a proud rebellious embarrassment because of my poverty beside his womanish neatness.

Roby took a wooden toothpick from his shirt-pocket and began to chew it. His teeth were small and square—like undersized pony-teeth. Roby said, "When Dora married I said it was a mistake—definitely." He spat out some broken bits of toothpick.

I said, with a child's naïveté, "My mother's name was Dora."

"Exactly," he said, and clucked to his horse, and rode on across the hot sand to his store.

I watched him go. I stood in the shade and squinted against the sun's glare at the man and

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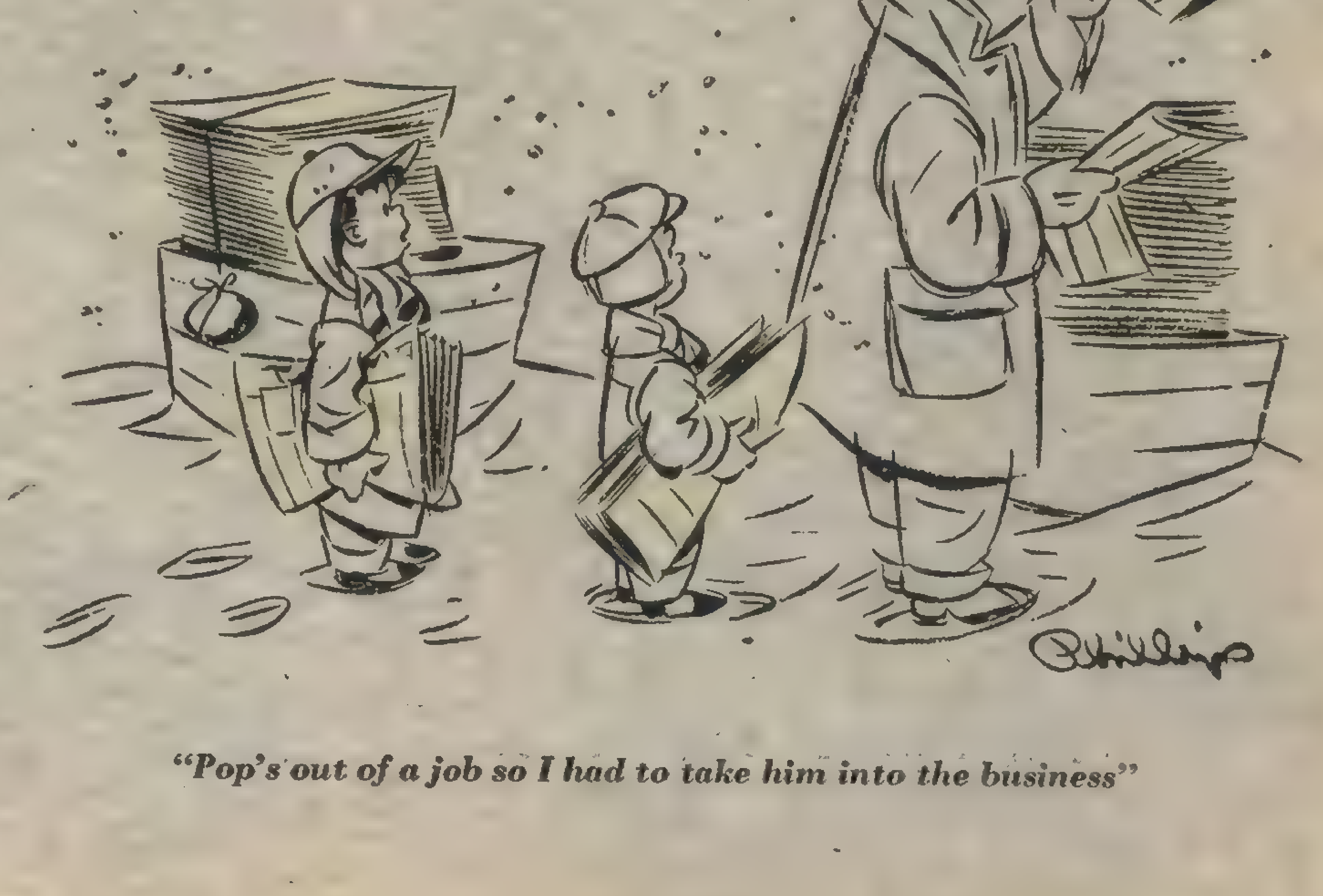


Phillips

"Pop's out of a job so I had to take him into the business"

Nine Out of Ten Can Fly

See if you are fit to pilot a plane by six easy tests of your vision, hearing, balance, muscle co-ordination, tremor and relaxation

by STANLEY WASHBURN, JR.

• ARTICLE •

"FACE the wall!" The prospective student aviator obeyed. Surreptitiously, the military doctor who had given the order slipped a heavy caliber revolver from the top drawer of his desk. Without warning, two deafening concussions blasted the quiet of the small office. The young officer jerked spasmodically, staggered forward, spun around facing the doctor with an expression of horror and belligerency.

"You'll do," the doctor remarked, scribbling an order assigning the young man to flight training. "If you had jumped too much when I fired those blanks," he explained, "you would be too nervous to fly. But if you hadn't jumped as you did, it would mean that your nervous system was too sluggish for the quick reactions needed for flying." The "flight physical" successfully passed, the mystified young officer turned to leave the office.

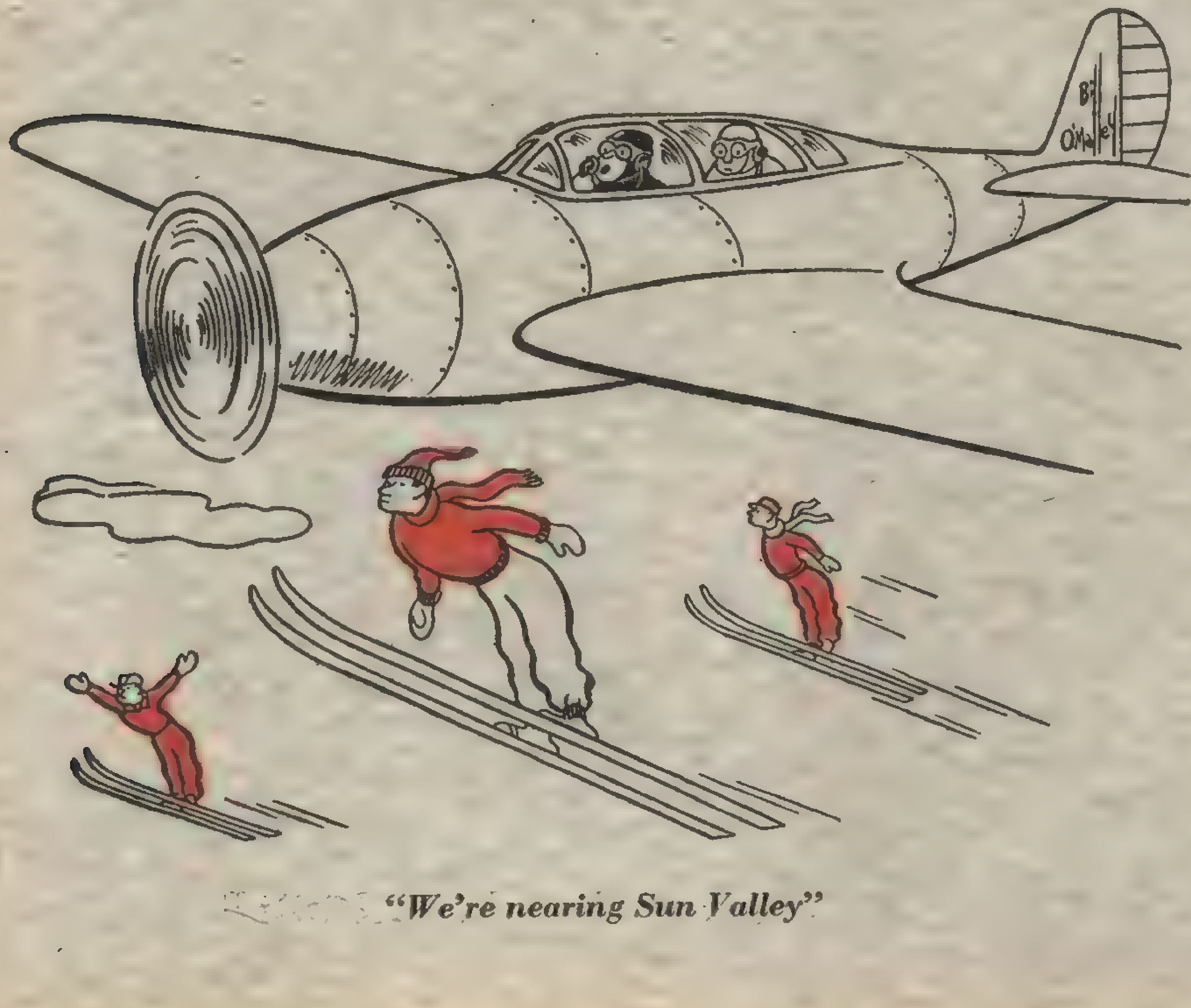
"Just a moment, lieutenant." The doctor's manner became confidential. "Don't tell the other applicants what we did in here just now. A previous knowledge of the test might result in the applicant's giving me false impressions of his fitness for flying duty."

In this way, so it is said, the mysteries of the flight physical examination were born, nearly thirty years ago. This technique for determining a man's fitness to fly is credited to an Italian army doctor who practiced the "two shot" system on aspirants for Italian Air Corps training during the first year of World War I. Since that time, needless to say, medical science has reduced the "flight physical" to an exact procedure. Modern flight surgeons not only find out how good you are, but how good you have been and how good you would be when the engine cuts out over a solid overcast. They anticipate dangerous physical reactions in future pilots—traits which might show up in the air and lead to disaster, such handicaps as double vision caused by fatigue, freezing on the controls during moments of mental stress, fainting spells. But during the development of the marvelous modern technique of "flight surgery," as it is called, the public had been sold the idea that flying must be for the super people only. To thousands of young men hesitating to join the air forces, the flight physical examination still holds the mysteries of a fraternity initiation. There is a widespread public misconception that the slightest physical defect, such as the necessity for wearing glasses, color blindness, or a slight limp disqualifies one from all types of flying. The military services may turn you down, but you can still fly privately even if your eyes are so bad you can't see the largest letter on the eye chart without your glasses!

With the immediate demand for Army and Navy flying cadets, ferry pilots, instructors and glider pilots by the hundreds of thousands, and a tremendous increase in private flying after the war a certainty, millions of people are now subconsciously wondering, "Could I ever learn to fly?" To answer this intriguing question, and to remove the mystery of the flight physical which has scared thousands of people away from even taking their first step in aviation, a book has been worked out called, *Are You Fit to be a Pilot.** With this book and such household props as a chair, table, glass of water, candle, and a set of removable charts, scales and gadgets, it is now possible to give yourself and your friends an amazingly accurate flight physical examination—right in your own living room! By following the simple instructions, you can test the eyesight, hearing, co-ordination, balance and nerves of yourself and your friends against the standards of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, Army and Navy flight surgeons. By an ingenious scoring system worked out by Dr. Ray, the well-known flight surgeon and co-author of this home test idea, you can not only check yourself, but even determine what grade of pilot rating you might hope to qualify for: private, commercial, airline, C.P.T., Army, or Navy. Six of these twelve basic tests are described in this article in such a way that you will have an opportunity to try yourself out on some of the most important and yet not too complicated tests of the official flight physical. If you can pass these tests and are considered "normal" by your friends and associates, the chances are ten to one that you are physically able, not only to fly an airplane, but to fly well and safely! But before trying these tests, let's see how this "home flight physical" idea was born.

In three dark, closet-like rooms on the second floor of a West Fifty-Fifth Street, New York, apartment house, more civil, military and would-be airmen have waited, sat, hopped, balanced, coughed, listened and squinted, than in probably any other place in the world. The address is the office of Erwin L. Ray, M. D., known to aviators all over the U. S. and Canada as "Doc" Ray. He is one of a limited number of federally-appointed flight surgeons in the U. S. qualified to examine all grades of pilots for renewals of airmen's certificates—from captains of airliners to the eager youngsters who are just beginning their flying careers and must apply for the medical certificate necessary for a civilian "Student Permit."

"Doc" Ray is a short, roly-poly, slow-spoken, patient Kentuckian—one of the first doctors to graduate from the U. S. Army Air Corps' School of Aviation Medicine. He also happens to be one of the few flying flight surgeons in the profession. Besides holding an active commercial pilot's license, Dr. Ray also holds a rating of "Airplane Pilot" in the Army Air Corps. His encouraging, sympa-



"We're nearing Sun Valley"

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*(Wilcox & Follett)

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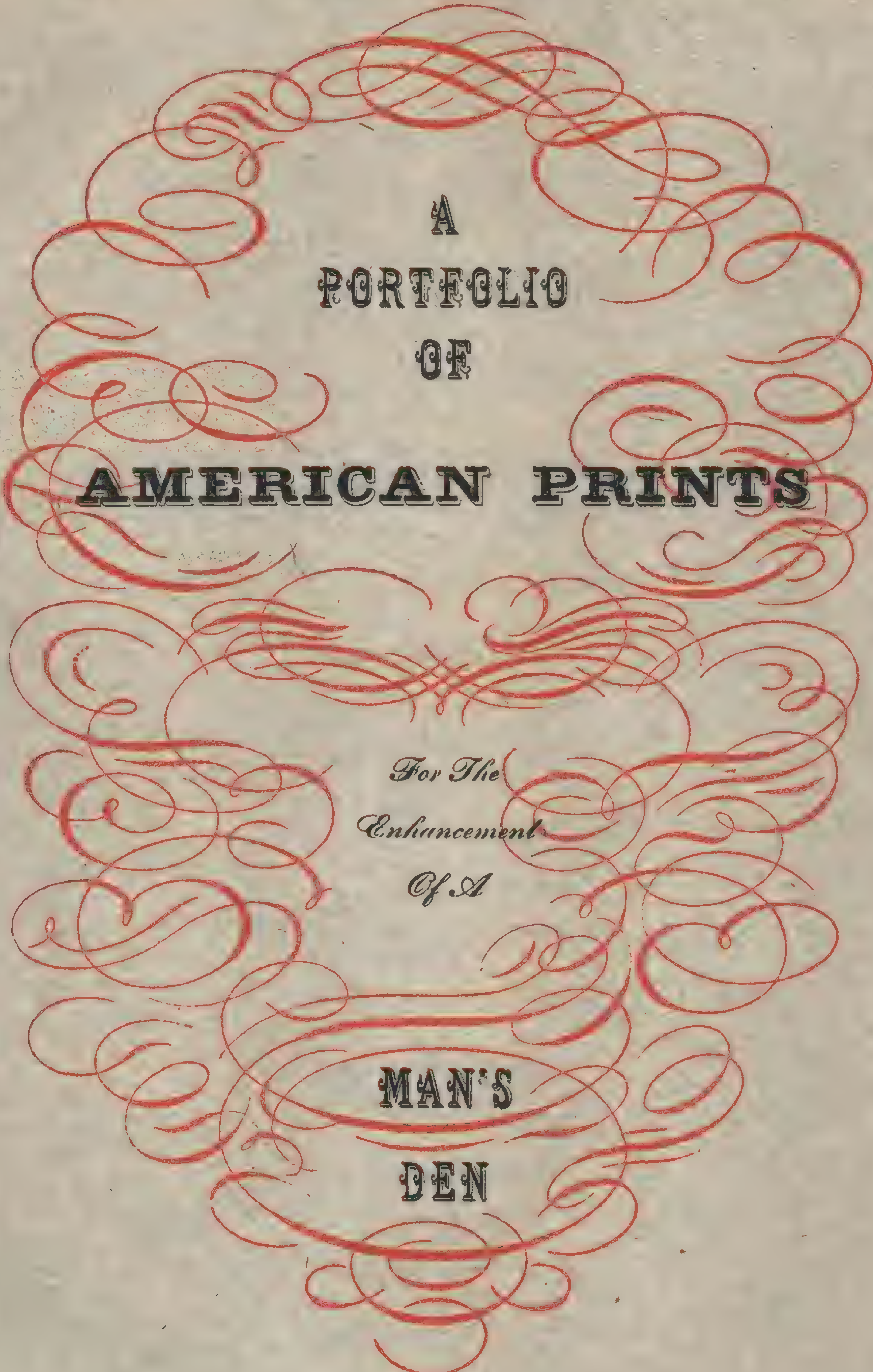

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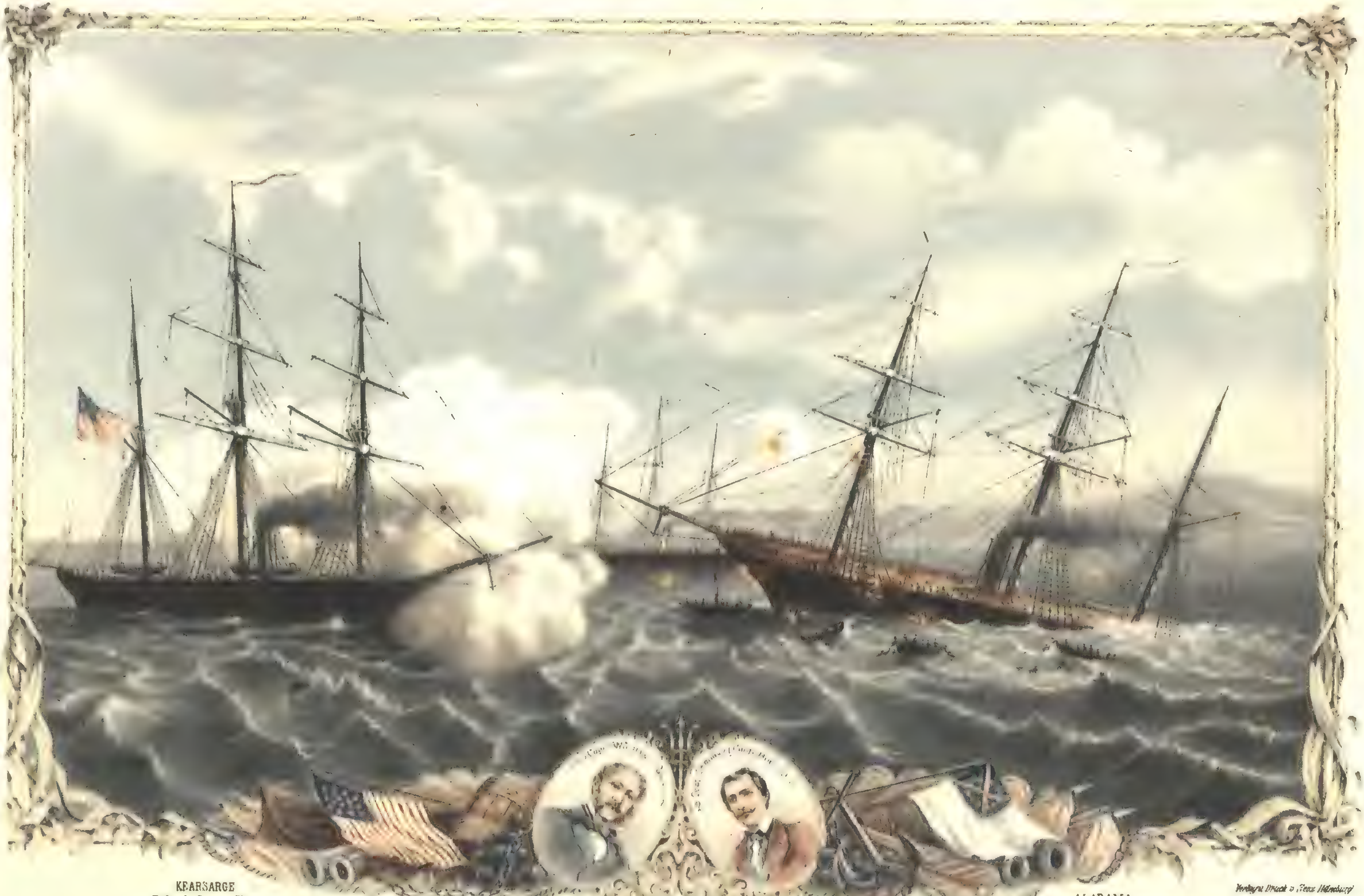
KEARSARGE
Federal Steam-Sloop
DEERHOUND
ALABAMA
Confederate War-Steamer
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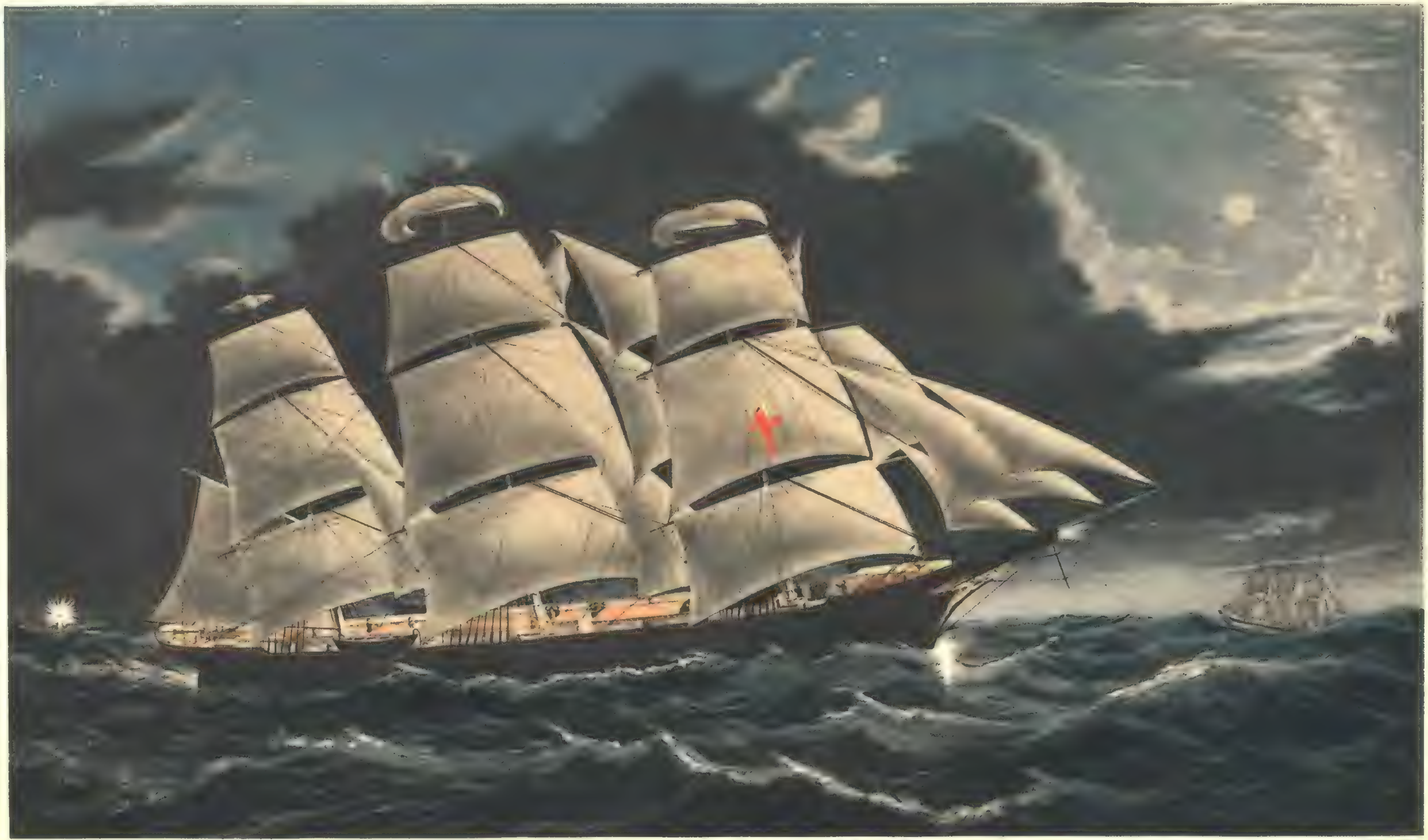
The Fight between the Alabama, and the Kearsarge, off Cherbourg June 19. 1864.



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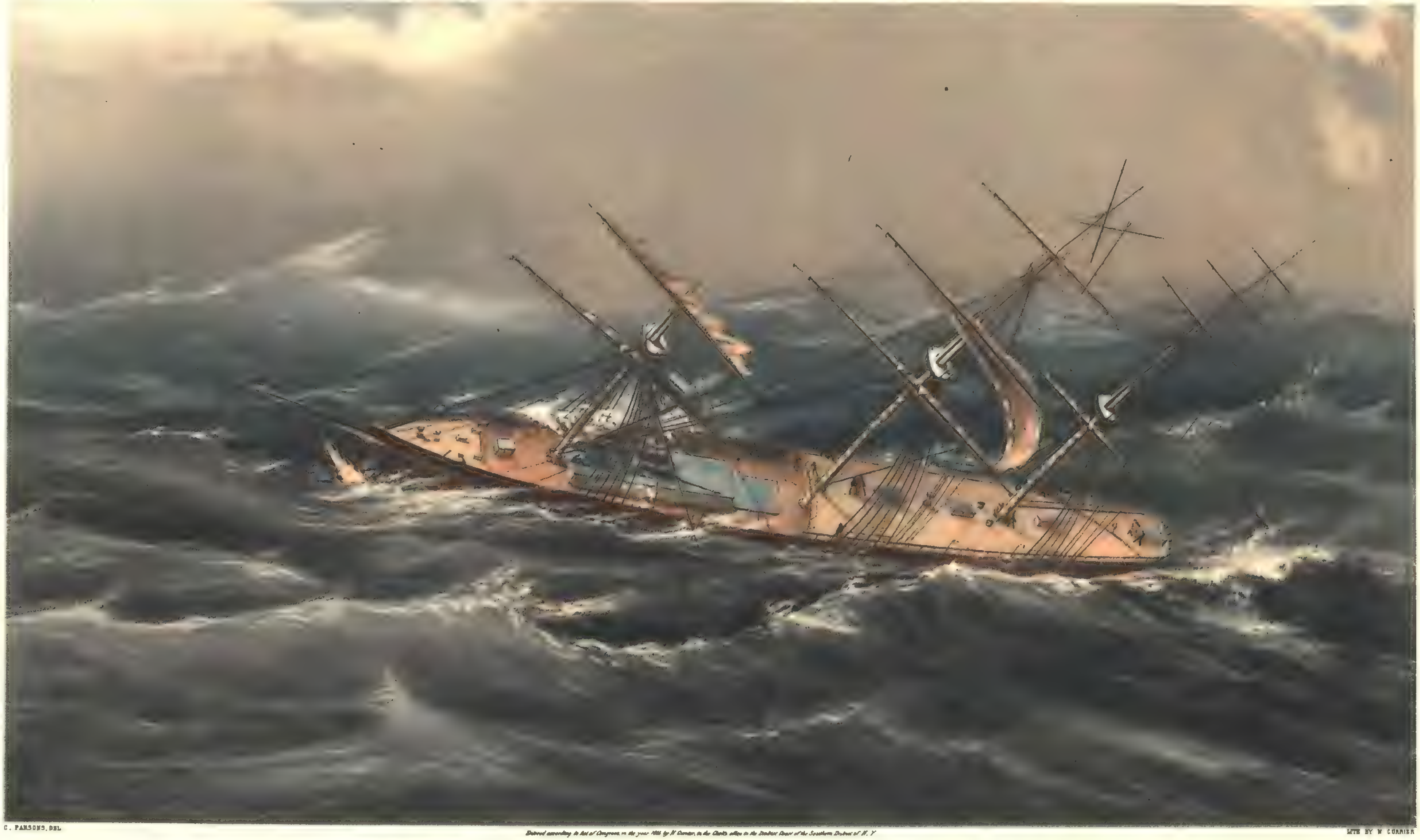
LITH. N. CURRIER

CLIPPER SHIP DREADNOUGHT OFF TUSKAR LIGHT,

12th DAYS FROM NEW YORK ON HER CELEBRATED PASSAGE INTO DOCK AT LIVERPOOL IN 13 DAYS 8 HOURS DECR 1854

To her Commander S. Samuels Esq. this Print is respectfully dedicated by the publishers



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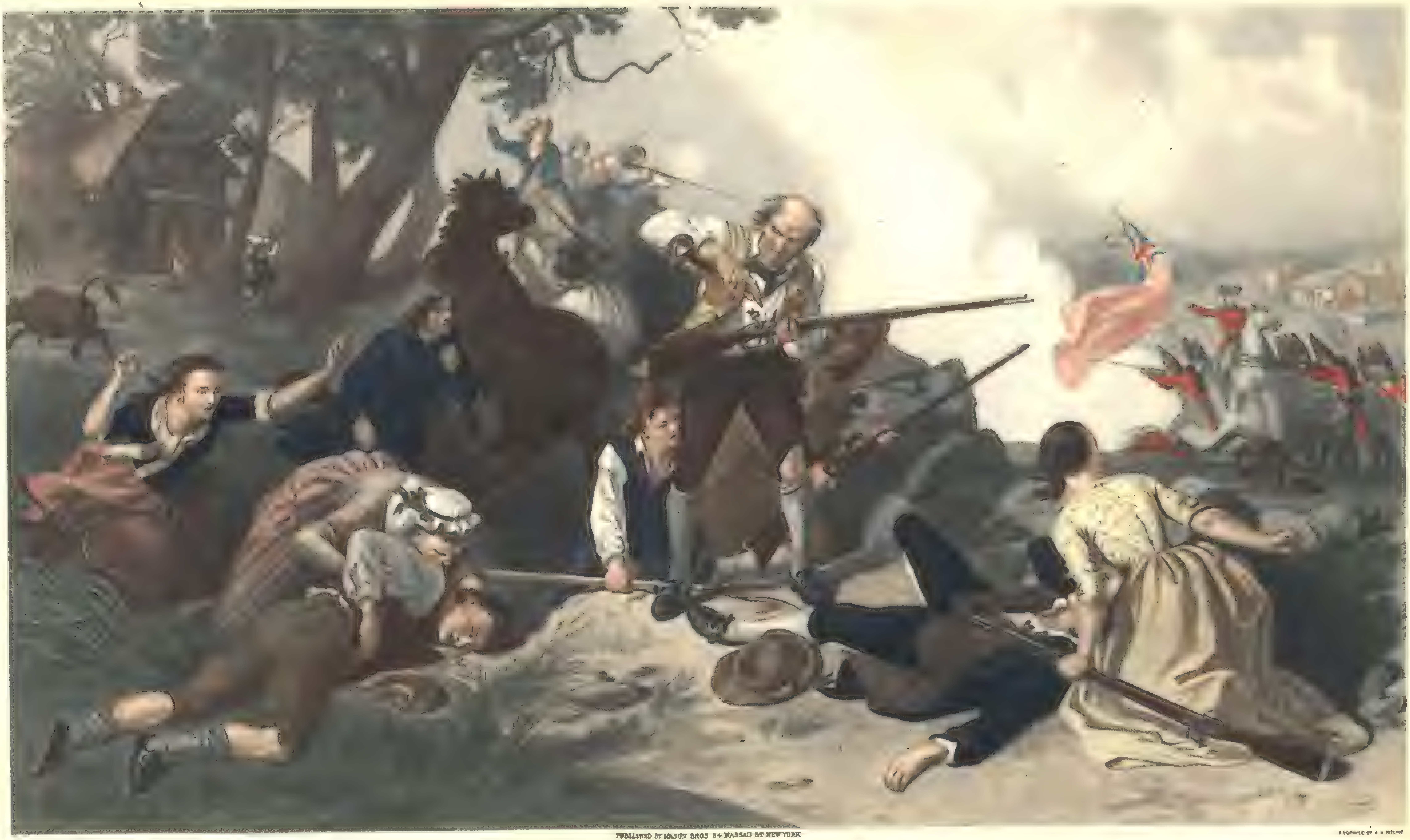
LITH. BY N. CURRIER

CLIPPER SHIP "COMET" OF NEW YORK.

IN A HURRICANE OFF BERMUDA, ON HER VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO, OCT^{R} 1852

E. C. Gardner, COMMANDER

NEW YORK, PUBLISHED BY N. CURRIER, 152 NASSAU STREET



DRAWN BY F. O. C. DARLEY N.A.

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ENGRAVED BY A. H. RITCHIE

"FIRST BLOW FOR LIBERTY."

To the Memory of the Patriots of 1775

HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMERS STOOD
AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."

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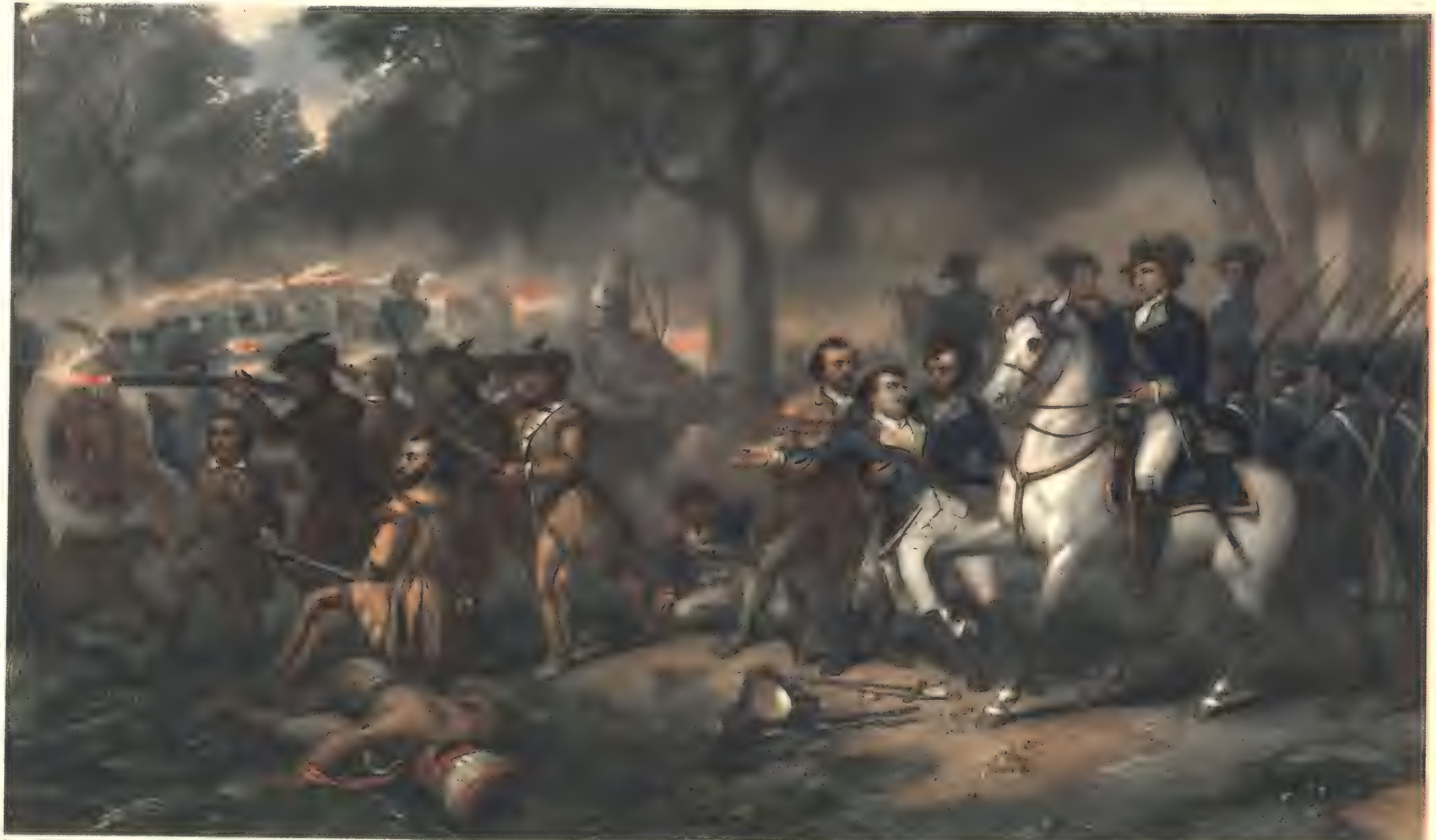

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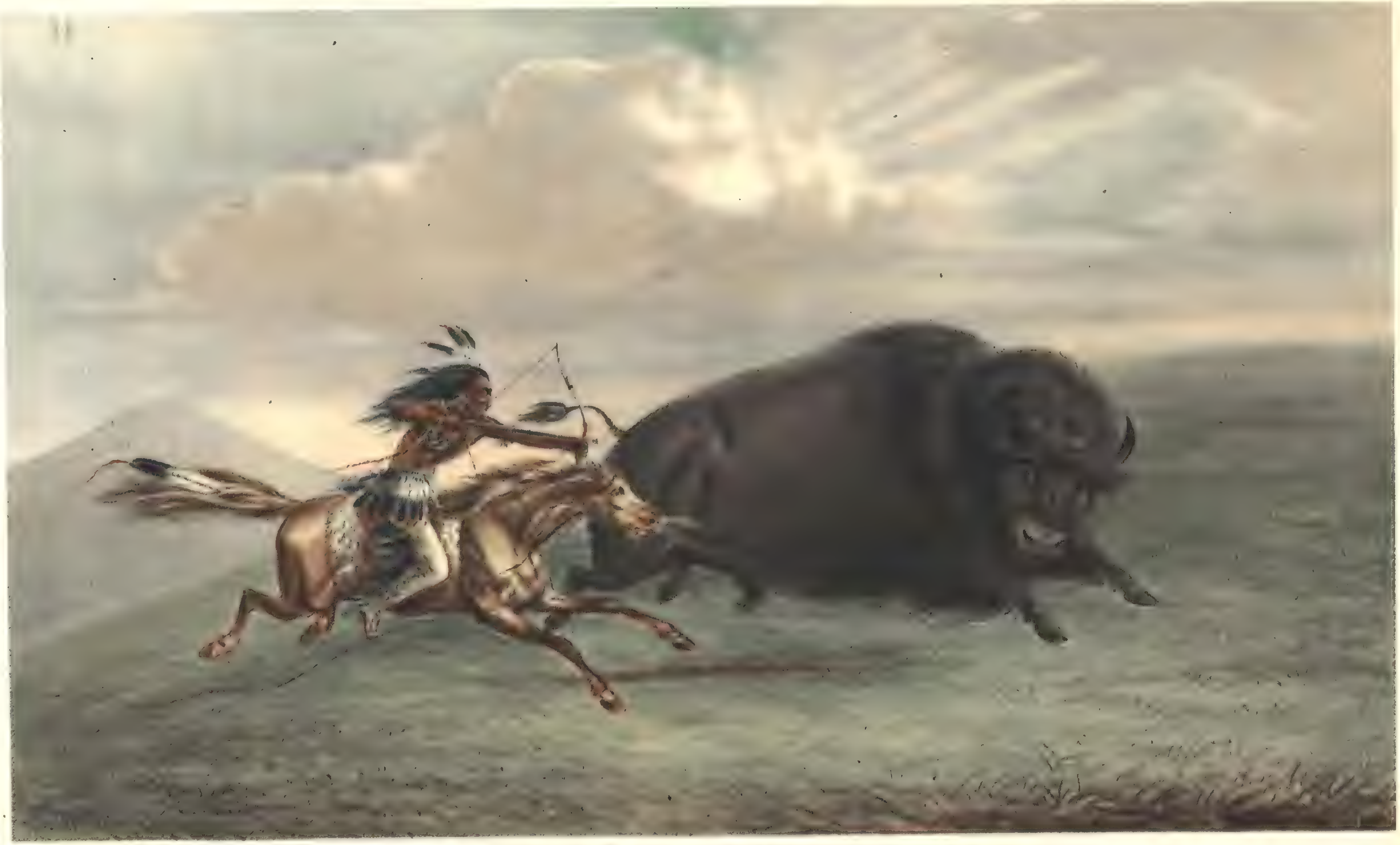
LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

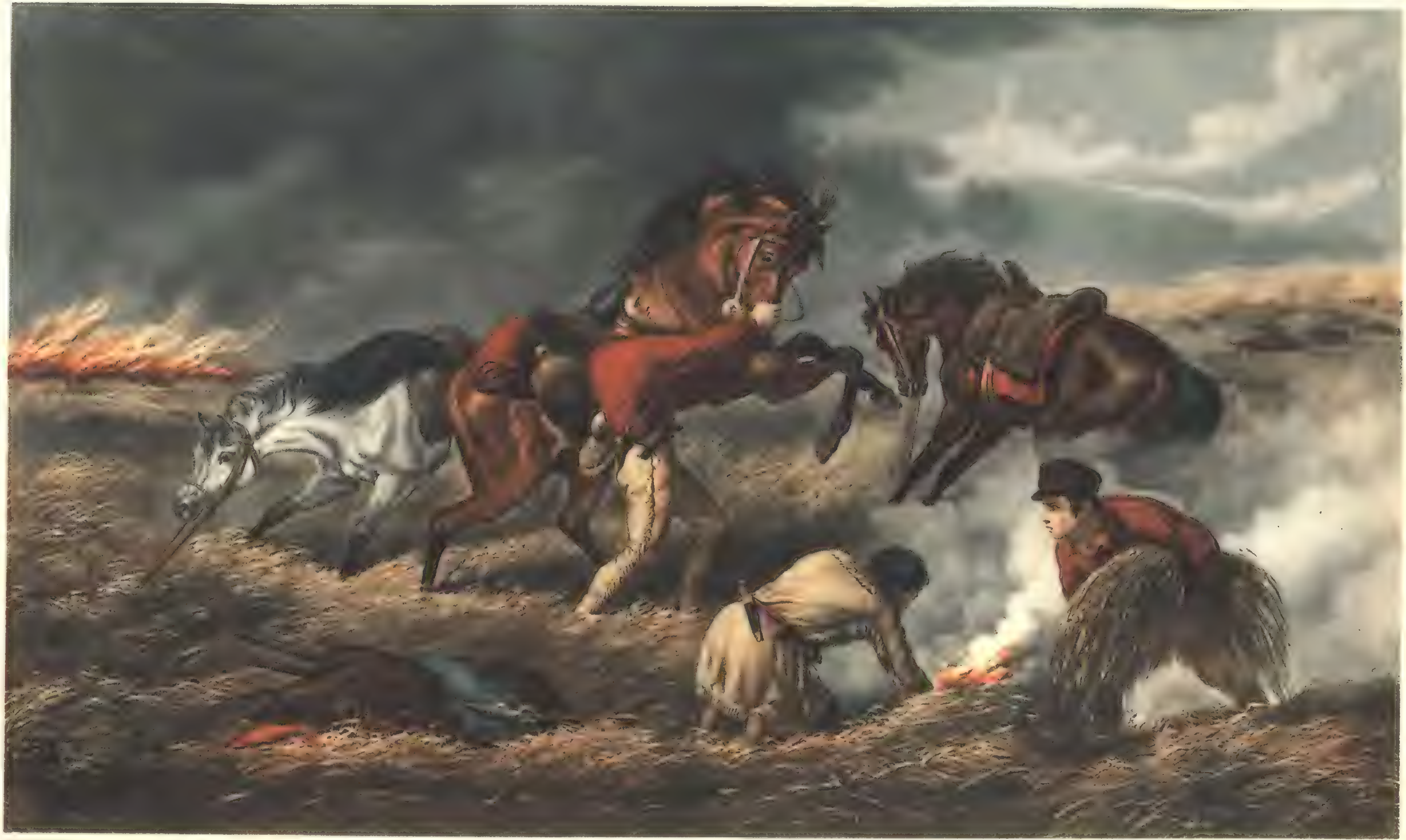
THE SOLDIER

During the whole of the battle of Nonongahela Col Washington behaved with the greatest courage " By the all powerfull dispensations of providence." Said he in a letter to his brother, "I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation, for I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, yet, I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me



BUFFALO CHASE

Colored by G.Catlin



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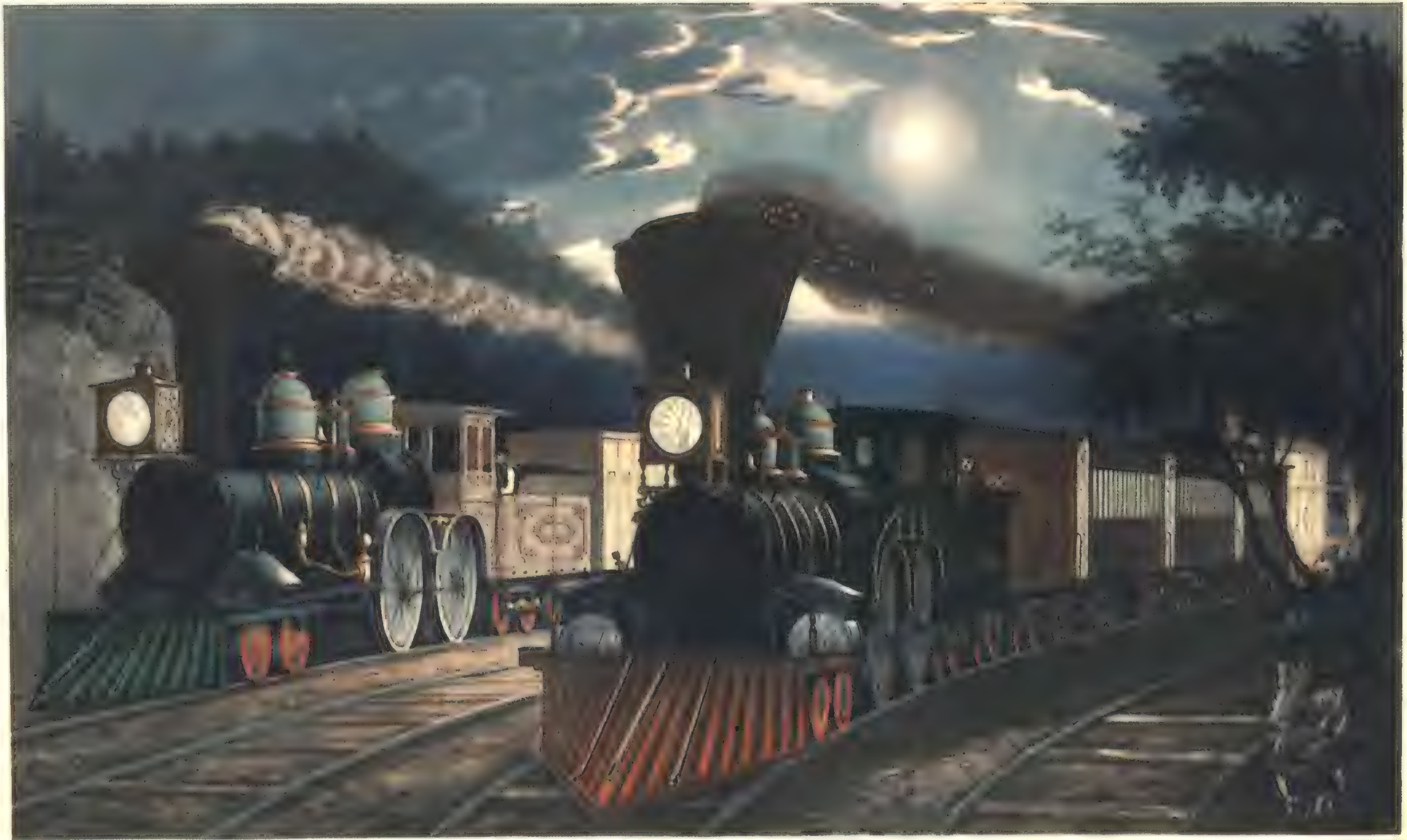

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THE "LIGHTNING EXPRESS" TRAINS.

Leaving the Junction

NEW YORK PUBLISHED BY CURRIER & IVES, 152 NASSAU STREET

The Eagle's Advocate

Iconoclastic William Ziff, author of *The Coming Battle of Germany*, warns we need a bigger, stronger air force

by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

ARTICLE

IN THIS fast-moving world, the unconventional and the unorthodox are often closer to realities than that which is in close cahoots with tradition. In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.

Relativity has blushed the certainties into a cosmic limbo. Metaphysics and simple, flat worlds are dead. And the old schools of thought are as much at sea, today, as a Roman heliographer would be behind a cathode ray oscillograph.

We are fighting a war, not with the clear-cut weapons of Euclid, but with the invisible weapons of the mathematician Lobachevsky, and we have awakened to the curious fact that a straight line is not necessarily the shortest distance between two points. This may sound absurd on paper; it is convincing, however, when translated into atomic physics . . . when the result is a *fait accompli* demonstrated with higher octane gas, television, sub-stratosphere bombing, and devastating explosions in unexpected places.

In short, this is an age of revolutionary change. And Mr. Friedrich Engels, it is clear, made a neat observation about such a change, pointing out that water, once heated beyond 212 degrees Fahrenheit, becomes a new and dynamic entity. Quantity changes into quality.

The Maginot-minded wisdom of such men as those making up the French General Staff could scarcely be expected to concede such queasy truths. But when the dawn came up, as it came up on Byron's Assyrians, "where were they?"

Well, war is being fought, these days, "above 212 degrees." And all the 211-degree military knowledge of the old savants has become as increasingly unimportant as the medieval statistics showing how many angels could sit on the point of a pin.

And into the Newton ring of the new bello-physics a man named Ziff has thrown his non-existent black hat.

Ziff is an amateur. He has had little more military experience than Mr. Saroyan's *St. Agnes-of-the-Mice*. Nevertheless, he has turned out a book, *The Coming Battle of Germany*, whose logic, scholarship, drive, technical accuracy, and horse sense have made the Army's general staff say, individually, "Come to think of it, now, that's what I believe."

Maintaining, with de Seversky, that bombing planes alone can win the war, Ziff has documented his arguments with cold facts, unrolled a plan of strategy in detailed, step-by-step form, and trumpeted through a suitable amplifier a call for action.

William Bernard Ziff was born on the wrong side of Chicago, some forty-four years ago. His father was a factory foreman, never made more than twenty-five dollars a week in his life. Young Ziff, swinging in the opposite direction, determined to be a portrait painter —and earn even less.

He studied for a while at the Art Institute of Chicago, meanwhile reading books on military strategy and fighting sham battles in his backyard. The first World War came along and upset his easel. Ziff joined this war, as he has since joined everything else, in the most unorthodox of all possible ways. He first signed up with the Air Corps for officer-pilot training. Then, realizing that it would take months for his application to be processed, he tried a short cut—and got himself inducted into the ranks. He then telegraphed Washington, saying, "Here I am. Transfer me."

The upshot was (1) he never drilled a day in his life; and (2) when the men who had signed up for pilot training at the same time he did were finally taken into the bosom of the Air Corps, Ziff was there to receive and instruct them.

"There was only one drawback," Ziff claims. "I had no status. Nobody knew I was in the Air Corps—outside of myself."

Once, as an experiment, he went to live in an empty mess hall—just to see if he would be missed. Nobody missed him . . . and he kept himself comfortably and privately billeted, in exile, for weeks.

When the war was over, it took almost an Act of Congress to muster him out. Since he was responsible to no one, no one presented him with discharge papers. Again he took ingenuity by the forelock. "Here I am," he telegraphed Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, "get me out." Previously, his unit, the 202 Air Squadron, had marked him "indispensable." This was very flattering, Ziff admitted, but "inaccurate"—besides, the war was over, and there was little for anybody to do.

His rise, from this point on, was cataclysmic, if not swift. He became a newspaper editor, in Lawton, Oklahoma, then a free-lance cartoonist in Chicago. Attempting to sell his wares to a Negro newspaper, he was told, "We can't pay you; we don't have enough advertising." In short order, Ziff not only brought the paper the necessary amount of advertising, but took over the advertising office, lock, stock, and stockroom.

At twenty-five he was called "The Mussolini of the Negro Press." Ninety-nine per cent of all advertising for the newspapers of this group passed through his hands. The Department of Commerce took note of this fact in a news release.

In time he wrote and published *Ziff's Magazine*, typing out every line of it himself, drawing every cartoon and illustration, soliciting the advertising, and boosting the circulation.

Deciding that truth and poetry lay in the old saw about the other side of the river being

Continued on page 258

CITY AREA
A.S.

"Spotter 372, reports at 5,000 feet flying north by east—Superman!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Public rates sports best relief for war nerves, and favors numbering of golfers in major links tournaments

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

IN doing the Christmas shopping for the answers early, Esquire's sports poll got there before the stock was picked over. There were no brawls at the counters such as have featured previous polls. Energy for belligerency evidently is being stored for use elsewhere than in sports arguments. To our way of thinking that is a pretty fair sign that sportsmen have good sense and that sports interests are keeping the nation's far more important affairs in proper focus.

This time we polled businessmen prominent as executives in war production work and Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Virginia. The recreation program at this station, which is located in a beautiful park-like area of historic Virginia, picked up decidedly with the completion of a new movie hall and recreation building. This new recreation building has a library, bowling alleys, and facilities for basketball, volleyball, badminton, handball, wrestling, boxing, gymnastics and dancing. In addition to this new equipment, the post has tennis courts, swimming pools, an athletic field and an officers' club house. USO Camp Shows also provide good and welcome entertainment.

The Marines voted 73.68% in favor of numbering the golfers in the big tournaments, and then showed their real interests by voting 39.24% for hunting as their favorite long-term recreation, adding to this a 11.39% vote for shooting. Fishing ranked in between these two sports with 27.84%. A total of 84.21% figured that red clothing *is* a safety measure in deer hunting, and 81.33% were in favor of extending the deer-hunting season in areas that are over-browsed. Sports came in far ahead of other methods of relieving war strain with a 45.12% count, the movies trailing with 21.95%.

All blocs were united in picking sports as the best diversion in war time. Sports were cited in 41.91% of the ballots, with hobbies second at 22.09%, and music just nosing out the movies, 12.93% to 11.51%. Sports were liked because they occupied both mind and matter, and have the dual advantage of supplying both active and quiescent recreation.

In the question on the best sport for the long pull, fishing nipped golf at the wire, although the businessmen gave the decision to the noble game of lawn and bunker. In the totals, golf with 23.04% was second to fishing's 31.94%. Hunting took the show money with 15.02%, with bowling next up at 11.03%.

THE QUESTIONS

I

Should the players in important golf tournaments be required to wear numbers? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
74.98%

II

What sport affords a man the most recreation throughout his life? . . . . *Fishing 31.94%*

III

Does the red clothing worn in deer woods as a safety measure really protect the hunter, or does it merely scare away the deer? . . . . *"Protects" 88.25%*

IV

Should the regulated killing of antlerless deer (does) be extended in areas where overbrowsing and lack of winter feed has caused extensive starvation? . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐
78.15%

V

As a tonic to freshen the mind and spirit and relieve the constant strain of war nerves, what do you think best serves the purpose? . . . . *Sports 41.91%*

QUESTION I

Should the players in important golf tournaments be required to wear numbers?

The public	**Yes 74.61%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 74.14%**
Sports editors	**Yes 82.23%**
Businessmen	**Yes 56.89%**

By a long margin the sports editors voted that the tournament golfers should be concerned about the numbers written down on the scorecards. An interesting surmise was offered by several war industry executives who suspected that fewer than 20 per cent of this country's golfers ever had seen a major tournament, hence should have the players plainly identified.

Other businessmen noted that numbers on players might help the sale of programs in which the players were identified by name and number, thus increasing the revenue of the tournaments. One who asked that he not be named commented: "I'd think that players would be in favor of any public service idea that might help the tournament promoters make a profit and increase the gates."

Dissenting opinion, according to the written comments, was based mainly on the idea that at a golf tournament the spectators could get close enough to the competitors to ask the competitors who the hell they are?—and after some shots even the experts dub, why?

Voices from the gallery of voters on this question:

"The attitude of some golf pros that it is beneath their dignity to wear numbers is ridiculous," wrote **Sieg Smith,** WIS, Columbia, South Carolina. "The pros can't make money without a paying public. Any man who pays to see a sporting event has certainly the right to know the name of the contestant he is watching." **Hugh Carlyle,** WRNL, Richmond, Virginia, thought: "The smartest solution yet found is that used in tournaments where the caddies wore the numbers." **Bob Elston,** KVFD, Fort Dodge, Iowa, specified: "If the numbers are a permanent fixture of the shirt, yes. But no loose paper numbers."

"The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales," recalled **Robert E. Harlow,** Associated Press, New York, "wore a number when he played polo at Hurlingham. He had to, so that the referee could spot him as well as others in the event of fouls. If numbers increase the enjoyment of spectators in golf, as they surely do, the players should be delighted to help their tournaments to succeed by wearing identification marks."

"Since when was a golf professional deemed the social superior of a professional baseball player or a college football star?" asked **Bill Stearns,** Dover, New Hampshire, *Democrat.* "If Joe DiMaggio can wear a number in center field for the New York Yankees, and Red Grange immortalized No. 77 at Illinois, it would appear to this observation post that the artistocratic ex-caddies can wear numbers too."

Glenn H. Morris, Glendale, California, *News-Press,* suggested: "Could anyone find objections to the wearing of numerals on the left shoulder à la army division insignia, numbers not to exceed 4 inches in height?" **Henry F. Gruhler,** *Atlantic City Press,* thought: "The pros should have their names inscribed on the backs of their playing shirts. Loose, applicable numbers are impractical and would probably interfere with the swing. Besides, programs would be necessary for identification."

Wesley Youngblood, KFYO, Lubbock, Texas, felt that: "Golfing authorities hit a new low when they recently required that all golfers in a tournament wear numbers. A few more such stunts will drop them to the level of the U.S.L.T.A."

Many a nostalgic comment from sportsmen home-sick for the old playgrounds was elicited by the second question of this month's poll.

Some diversions generally not booked as sports received scattered votes. Among them might be mentioned: playing with dolls, whittling, playing a snare drum, growing roses, and walking.

QUESTION II

What sport affords a man the most recreation throughout his life?

The public	Fishing	31.54%
Sportscasters	Fishing	32.92%
Sports editors	Fishing	32.10%
Business men	Golf	31.71%

It must be said for fishermen that their sport acutely develops hope and confidence. When the area of a fish-hook is considered in relation to the area of the body of water into which it's cast in hope that a fish will bite at this one tiny hook, that's really hope.

Brave testimony revealing the hope that glows eternal in the fisherman's breast comes from Britain. Fly-tying outfits from England and Scotland are in keen demand by British prisoners of war in Germany.

The golfer, too, is a creature of high and enduring hope. He plays a game in which 18 holes of a total of 255 square inches are spread widely around 100 acres or 627,264,000 square inches. On the basis of comparative areas his chance of getting the ball into the 18 holes is one in 2,215, 584. Still the guy groans when his hope of getting around in 100 strokes is not fulfilled.

But enough of such mathematical realities. Now for some comment on Question II by the voters:

"Cane pole fishing is usually one of the earliest outdoor diversions of man," said **Howard L. Emich,** WHBF, Rock Island, Illinois, "and a similarly simple or more complex form of angling his final link with sport after the deterrents of age rule out more active recreational pursuits. We can still cope with a nibble when we can't manage a dribble."

"For the best exercise in a lifetime," wrote **Max Moseley,** *Montgomery Advertiser,* "it's golf, two to one. No other sport gives one as much exercise and fun for an extended time. Other sports play out as golf goes on." **H. S. Reifsnyder,** *Altoona Mirror,* said: "Bowling is the best youth, middle age, old age sport for everybody. Golf rates fine but it is only for the person with plenty of spare cash, as country clubs cost much too much money."

Henry J. Wineberg, *Baseball Digest,* and **Robert E. Hooey,** Columbus, Ohio, *Ohio State Journal,* were among those voting for being a baseball fan. "The dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan," wrote Hooey, "is provided with more recreation than can be found in the entire field. During the course of the season he is following various clubs and leagues. At the end of the season he takes his mind off the troublesome times by following the annual winter meetings and the sales and trades. Shortly after Christmas another baseball season is rushing upon him. His attention is attracted to new hopes given every club. Then comes the spring training gossip. He argues with friend and foe. There's nothing like it day-by-day, week-by-week or year-by-year."

Howard Millard, Decatur, Illinois, *Herald Review,* spoke for billiards as "about the only sport a man could play until he was 70 or 80 years of age." **Roy Weinedel,** WSLI, Jackson, Mississippi, rated "hunting and bowling neck and neck, and of course fishing must be included." **Sergeant E. E. Eicher,** Corps of Military Police, Camp Campbell, Kentucky, and former sports editor of the Clearwater, Florida, *Sun,* said: "One has only to visit a bowling alley and see a ten-year-old boy knocking down pins alongside a veteran of eighty to realize that this is a form of relaxation which provides exercise of a constructive nature for the young and old alike." **Charles Young,** *Albany Knickerbocker News,* added: "Bowling provides recreation for men of all ages. If a man can walk, he can bowl. Therefore my vote must go for bowling." **P. S. Broom,** Atlanta, Georgia, voted for swimming, on the grounds that it "gives a man year-around exercise, relaxation and enjoyment." **George Sutherland,** WFCI, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, said: "It depends on whether or not there are more golfers or fishermen. I fish and I also play golf—and I'll take golf."

Jimmy Powers, *New York Daily News,* rated golf; **Cy Peterman,** *Philadelphia Inquirer,* said fishing; **Sam Otis,** *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* favored bowling; **Dale Stafford,** *Detroit Free Press,* also said bowling; and **Chet Nelson,** *Rocky Mountain News,* Denver, said hunting and fishing.

And now with hunting becoming increasingly important as a matter of something to eat instead of something to shoot, look at

QUESTION III

Does the red clothing worn in deer woods as a safety measure really protect the hunter, or does it merely scare away the deer?

The public	Protects	84.41%
Sportscasters	Protects	90.39%
Sports editors	Protects	92.48%
Business men	Protects	85.71%

Sports apparel dealers tell us that the vote for red garb as hunting protection runs considerably ahead of the per cent of sale of the warning clothing.

However, as near as we can learn, the increased sale of red clothing for hunting has been accompanied by a reduction of accidents per capita hunter.

You will note that the sportscasters who stalk the script to its doom at a mike are strong for something that provides promise of protection.

Some of the gems of succinct comment on this profound topic:

Stuart Dunbar, KSAL, Salina, Kansas, thought: "It probably has no effect. All animals, I'm told, are color blind, so dress or its color probably has nothing to do with deer being afraid of the hunter." **Abe Krash,** *Cheyenne Eagle,* gave even stronger testimony when he explained:

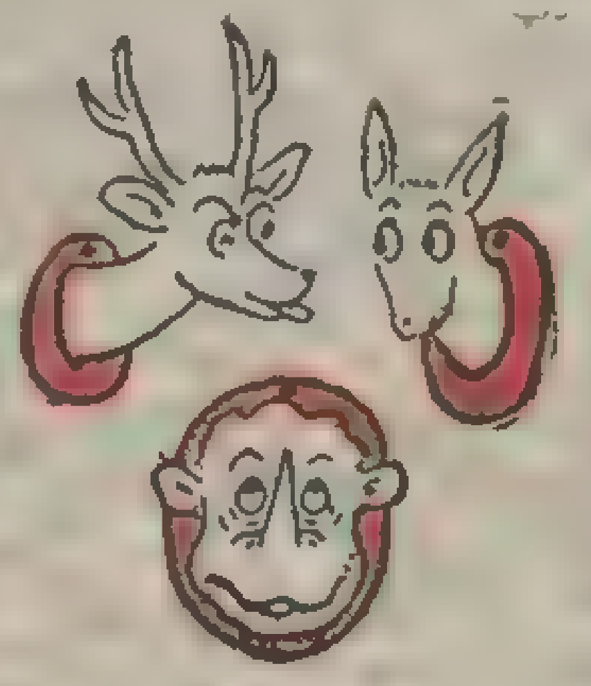
> The Wyoming State Game and Fish Commission which controls this state, a state abundant in hunting, says this: "This is an exploded theory. It obviously protects the hunter, and it has been proved beyond doubt that it does not frighten the deer. With regard to the suggestion to permit extended hunting in areas where deer are starving, Wyoming has made a practice of elimination of elk and does in such areas. Not because of the cold winter, but because of lack of food brought about as a result of overpopulation. It is a humane measure. Wyoming has made some effort to trap and remove these elk and deer to areas in which there is more feed. But this can be done only to a limited extent. By killing off some of the deer, the remainder are given a chance to live."

Monroe McConnell, *San Diego Union,* said: "Possibly the red clothing is not very effective in dense woods, but it certainly does help in the low, brushy hills of portions of California and Arizona where shooting is at long range."

"Only a deer could adequately answer the latter half of this intriguing question," commented **Tait Cummins,** *Cedar Rapids Gazette,* "and only a dead hunter, shot sans red clothing, is a competent authority on the first half!"

Now Esquire's Sports Poll bumps into one that reflects the impact of war on sports in a manner the non-hunting public never considered. It is

QUESTION IV



Should the regulated killing of antlerless deer (does) be extended in areas where overbrowsing and lack of winter feed has caused extensive starvation?

The public	Yes	77.21%
Sportscasters	Yes	81.48%
Sports editors	Yes	74.29%
Businessmen	Yes	79.63%

In times of peace all classes of voters probably would switch their votes. And probably now game conservation authorities who take a long-range and expert view of the deer situation could put up a strong case to prove that the majority in this vote is in error.

Comments made with negative votes were, for the most part, from men known as veteran hunters. Those who voted in the negative were overwhelmed by voters who mentioned difficulty and expense of transportation and expense involved in distribution of food to famished does and the problems of transferring deer to areas where food is available.

Several opined that regulated killing of does in famine districts might be a partial answer to some meat supply troubles. Estimates of the number of deer involved in the question do not give a basis for these hunches. The breeding factor is the main point considered in most answers pro the does.

"The future game population demands protection for does, which is not afforded under present laws," insisted **James Madison,** Walsenburg, Colorado, *World-Independent.* "In this section, there are fifteen hunters for every deer and the slaughter is tremendous. Raise the hunting license to provide adequate protection, and keep the bloody boys out of the woods. Most hunters shoot first and examine the deer later. Let's educate for sportsmanship."

Perry E. Smith, Springfield, Missouri, *Leader & Press,* suggested that: "Conservation authorities arrange to transport these deer to states or areas which have sufficent forage, but few deer. Missouri, for instance, is making every effort to restore its deer population and has been forced to have a closed season for about six years."

"If it is impossible for some of the does to be moved to less thickly populated deer areas where food is plentiful," wrote **Anthony Grove,** Mena, Arkansas, *Star,* "I see no reason why the ban on killing them should not be lifted. However, I have always frowned on killing the female of the specie and believe before that is resorted to an effort should be made either to provide food or to move portions of them."

"The best guides cannot distinguish a doe from a young buck," declared **A. J. MacMillan,** Bemidji, Minnesota. **Lee Karson,** KTAR, Phoenix, Arizona, said: "It's easier to rehabilitate feedless areas than it is to reincarnate exterminated animals."

Continued on page 242

Martyrs of the Grid

Pity the poor college football umpire who loves the game with a pure passion and merely calls them as he sees them

by **AUSTEN LAKE**

• SPORTS •

ONE of the main things wrong with college football officiating is something which has nothing to do directly with officiating at all. This concerns the mob's inherent prejudice toward all sport judges and all disciplinary officers as a whole.

Even we of the old A. E. F. abhorred our military police, just as all sailors detest below-deck marines, and all auto drivers loathe traffic cops and some kids resent teachers . . . but never mind!

By any standard we, the free and untrammeled, democratic Americans, do not yield easily to domestic discipline. Our national character has been to resent restraint. Maybe it is a democratic virtue, and a spiritual bulwark against regimentation. Maybe it's a fault which, until the Japs dived on Pearl Harbor, kept us from national unity.

Anyway, back through generations of American fathers and granddads, the people who have yelled "kill the umpire" and "yuh blind robber" have passed on an example which was avidly copied by current sons. Thus the sport official through the years has grown to be an object of disdain rather than the judge of that thin, wavering line which separates honest effort from heinous intent. By any measure the sport official is not popular.

So it is sometimes considered smart to fool the football referee in little matters like a quick shift, or holding while not appearing to do so, or jumping the ball, or the seven-and-seventy of beating the book. I say "sometimes," because on the whole the boys and the coaches adhere to the laws of the game, and play it conscientiously. Some do! Some don't! Yet most kids and adults regard football officials as a quartet of Saturday hangmen who come to pester pious people, and gimmick up the game.

So let's dish this argument up in the familiar formula of schoolboy geometry:

Granted: That everybody detests, loathes and abhors the college football official as an egotistical, strutting gamecock who loves to blow blasts into his tin trumpet, and snatch back hard-won yardage from innocent kids.

To Prove: That the men in white linen bloomers and prison-striped shirts are not bums, robbers and athletic stick-up men, supercilious showmen and limelight hogs, but average, sincere folk who love the game and stem from the same bush as the players and the college coaches.

Demonstration: After listening to the crowd pour some official over with massed scorn, the writer often wonders why men with responsible jobs and sufficient income—judges, lawyers, school principals, professional men—can be induced to chase an elusive lad with a wind bag under his arm. Why risk liver, lungs and heart on a bandylegged gallop with nothing more personal at stake than varicose veins, a heart flutter or shin splints? Why?

Well, there is a little money in it, fees that range from thirty-five to seventy-five dollars. That's an incentive. But it is not enough! Then, why?

"Now, now—Cunningham is our guest"

Most of the college officials are ex-college codgers who recall the beloved smells of the locker rooms, the sweetish stench of rubbing oils, the acrid odor of stale uniforms, the perfume of turf and brown earth. Officiating renews contact with receding youth. The lean current kids in their colored woolens, the great howling horseshoes of humanity, the strutting musicians, the cartwheeling cheer leaders, add a sparkle to their pulses. Most of them would do it if they didn't get a dime.

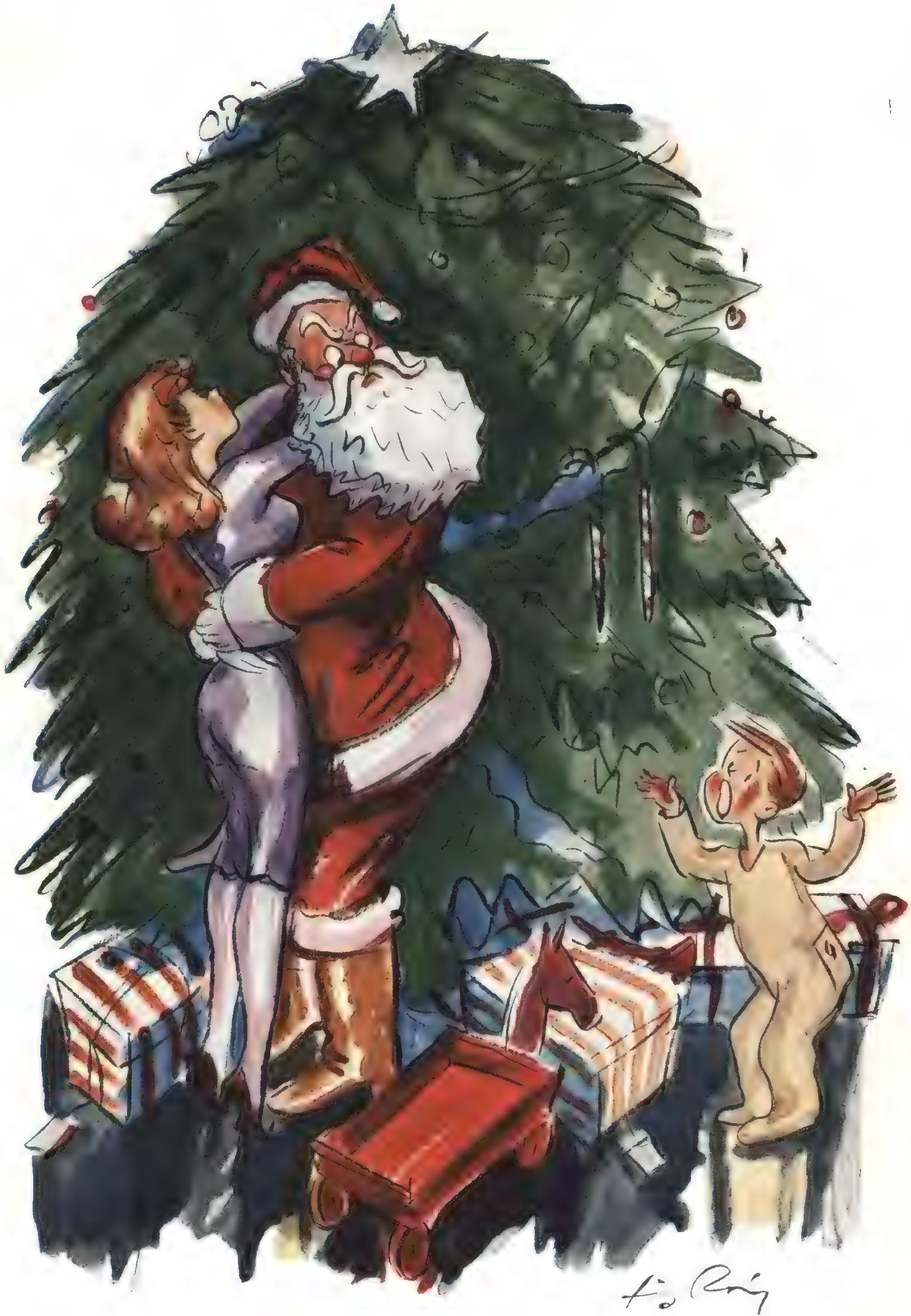
Hokum you say? Well, let's take testimony! The late Tom Thorp, the Old Columbia Blue, who was for years presiding steward at many Eastern horse tracks, including Narragansett, Suffolk, Tropical, etc. (fee one hundred dollars a day) once told me, "I wouldn't forego football officiating for all the horse racing there is." So, until last year when he retired, his race contract stipulated that each autumn Saturday he must be excused from the judge's stand. He went off to umpire college games and gave up his hundred-dollar fee for the lesser, collegiate one.

Well then, until a few years ago, Dr. Eddie O'Brien, Boston's well-known surgeon and chief of staff in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, did the same thing. Each weekend, between September and early December, he left his lucrative practice for some big college cavity. He lost a lot of money in the exchange, which he estimates at a cool $10,000 during the years of refereeing. Each summer he resolved to quit, and each autumn with the first sniff of woodsmoke and the first smack of shoe leather against swineskin, he would yield to the yearning in his soul.

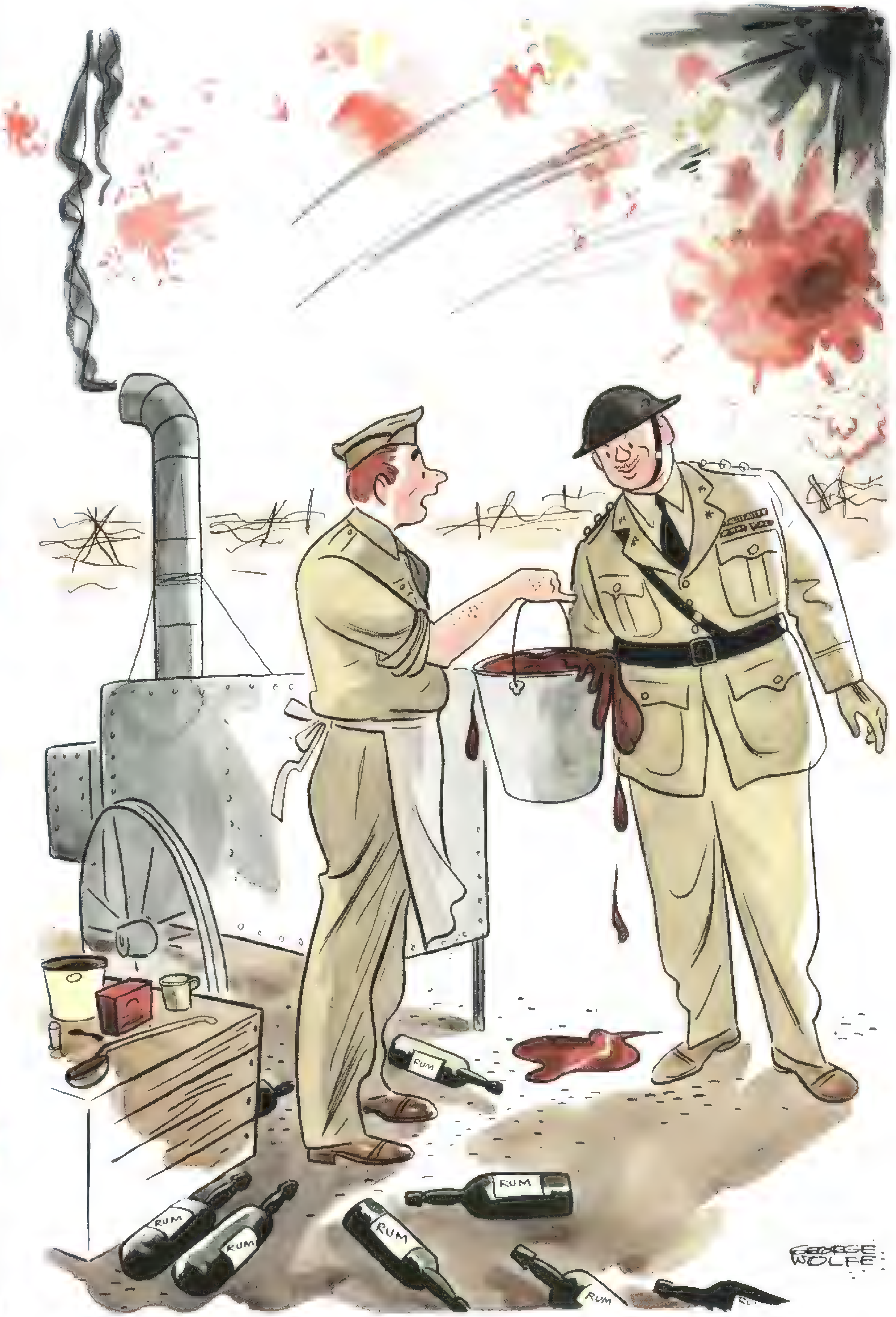
Bill Crowley is a New York corporation lawyer. Al Marsters is another. Al Maguinness is still another. Paul Swaffield is advertising manager of a rubber company. Ellwood Geigas is a Temple University professor. Art Barry is principal of Peabody, Massachusetts High School. They are pretty good samples. They are all simply men who loved football in their competitive days and merely like to keep in close contact with the game they love in some capacity as long as they can.

What the average football spectator seldom considers is that the burden of broken football rules doesn't rest on the graying skulls of the officials, nearly all of whom have been athletes in their day, but on those of the players who sometimes use every knack of knee, elbow, foot and hand to beat the law. Sometimes too, their errors are unintentional, though none-the-less a factor in the game. And don't think, mes amis, that all college football coaches are adult Fauntleroys with

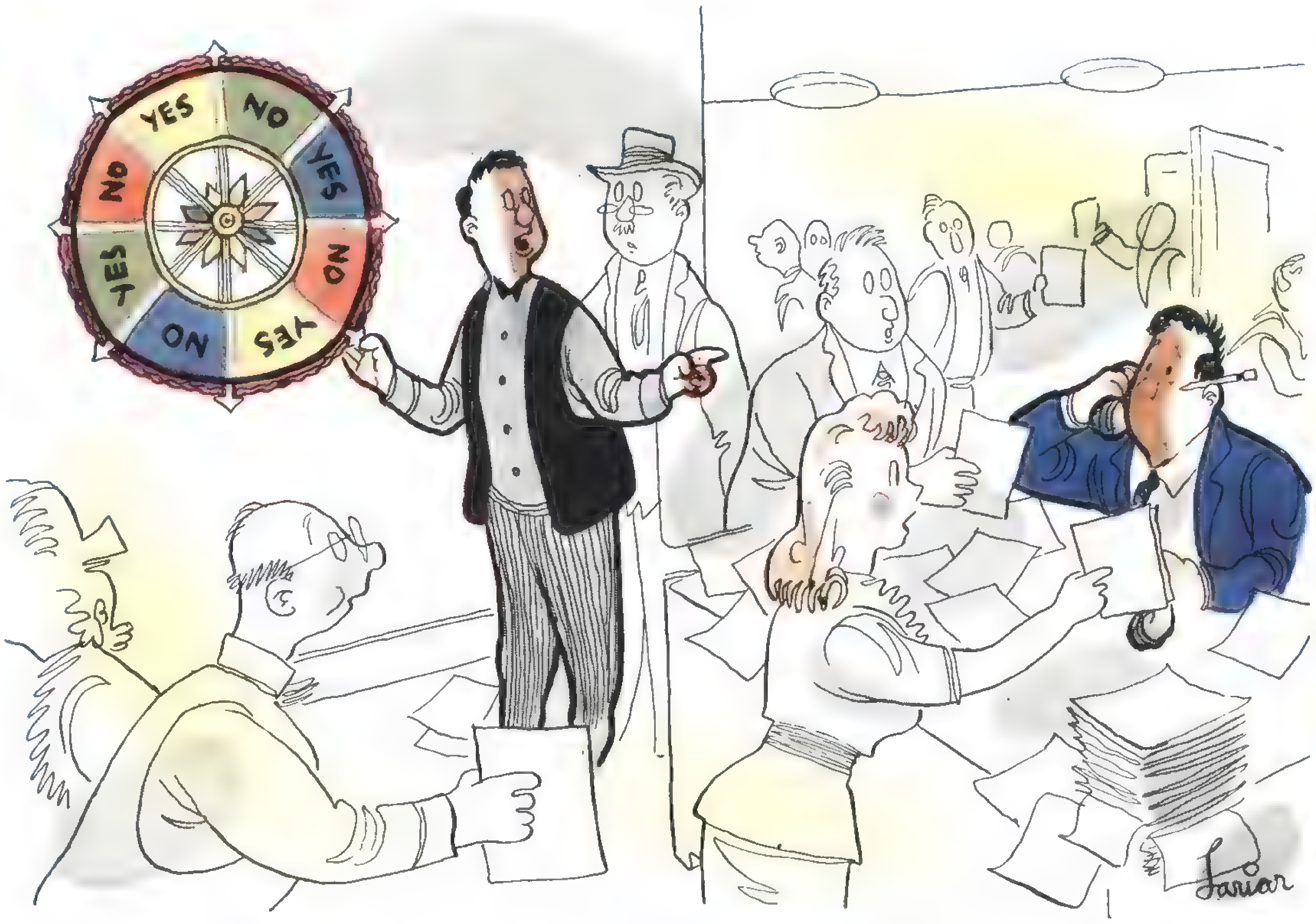
Continued on page 288



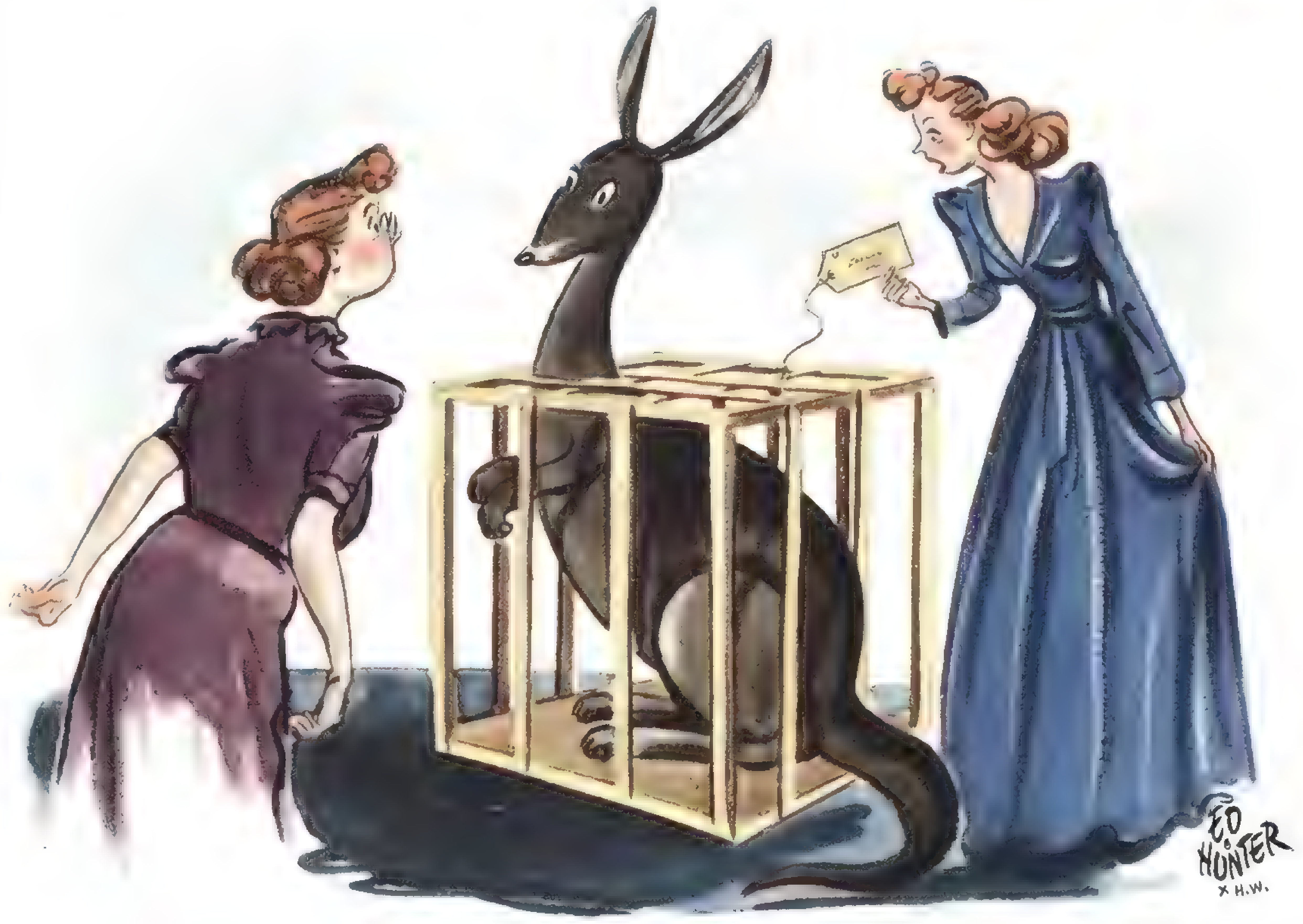
"Come on, Santa Claus, quit acting like the milkman!"


RUM
RUM
RUM
RUM
RUM
RUM
GEORGE WOLFE

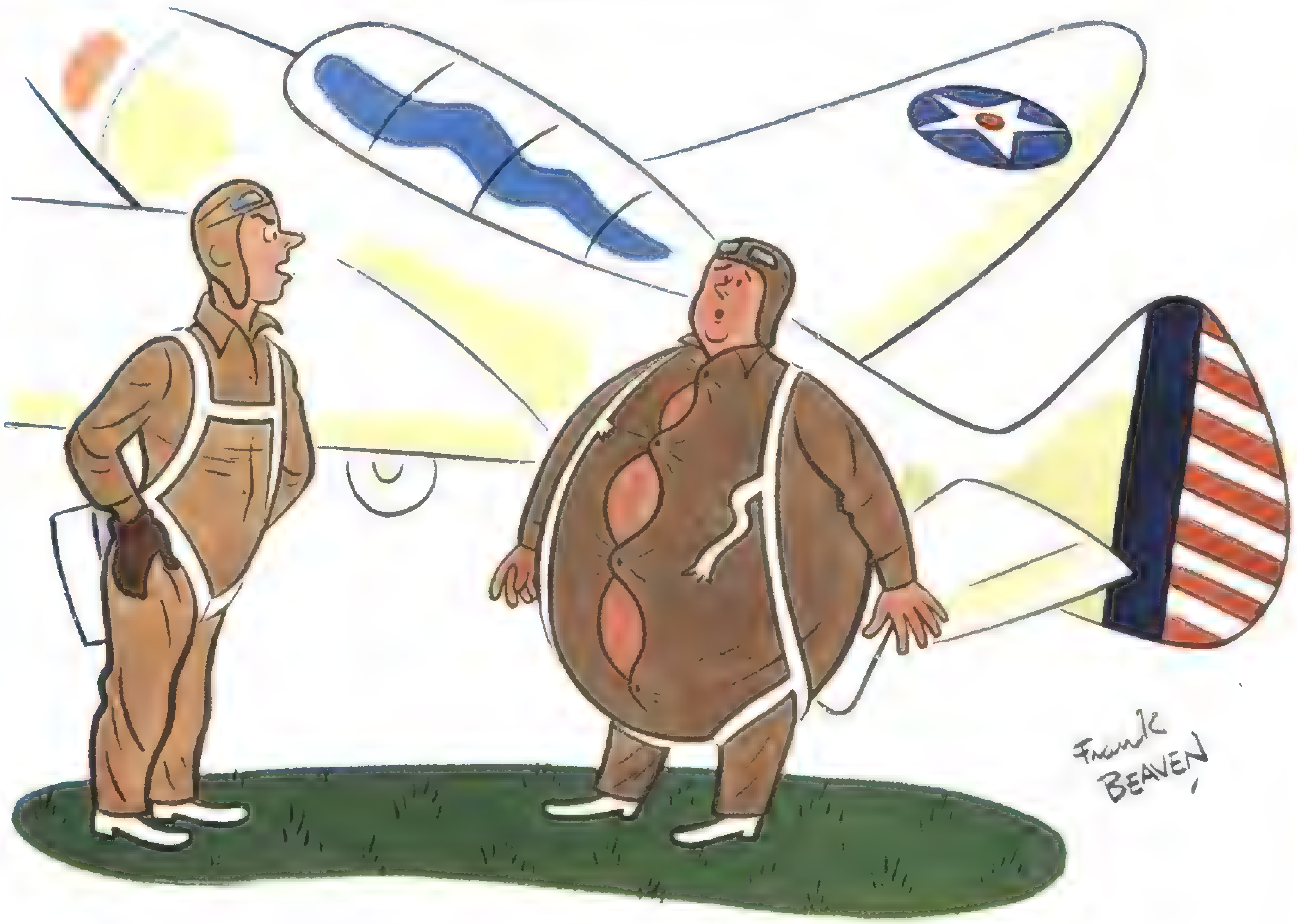
"It's the best I could do with the recipe of rum pudding you gave me, sir!"


YES
NO
YES
NO
YES
NO
YES
NO
Farrar

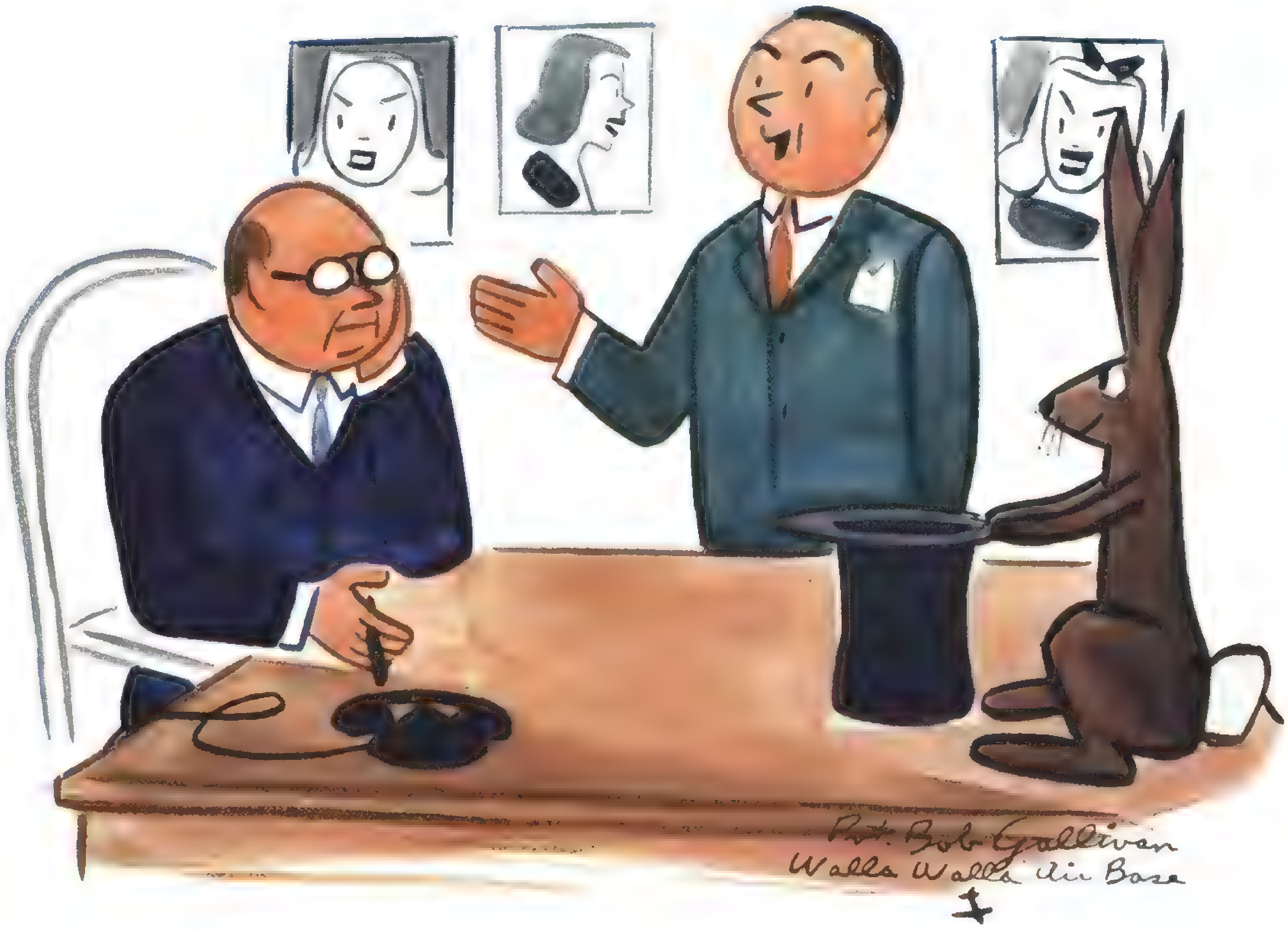
"He's too busy these days to stop and make decisions!"


ED HUNTER
x H.W.

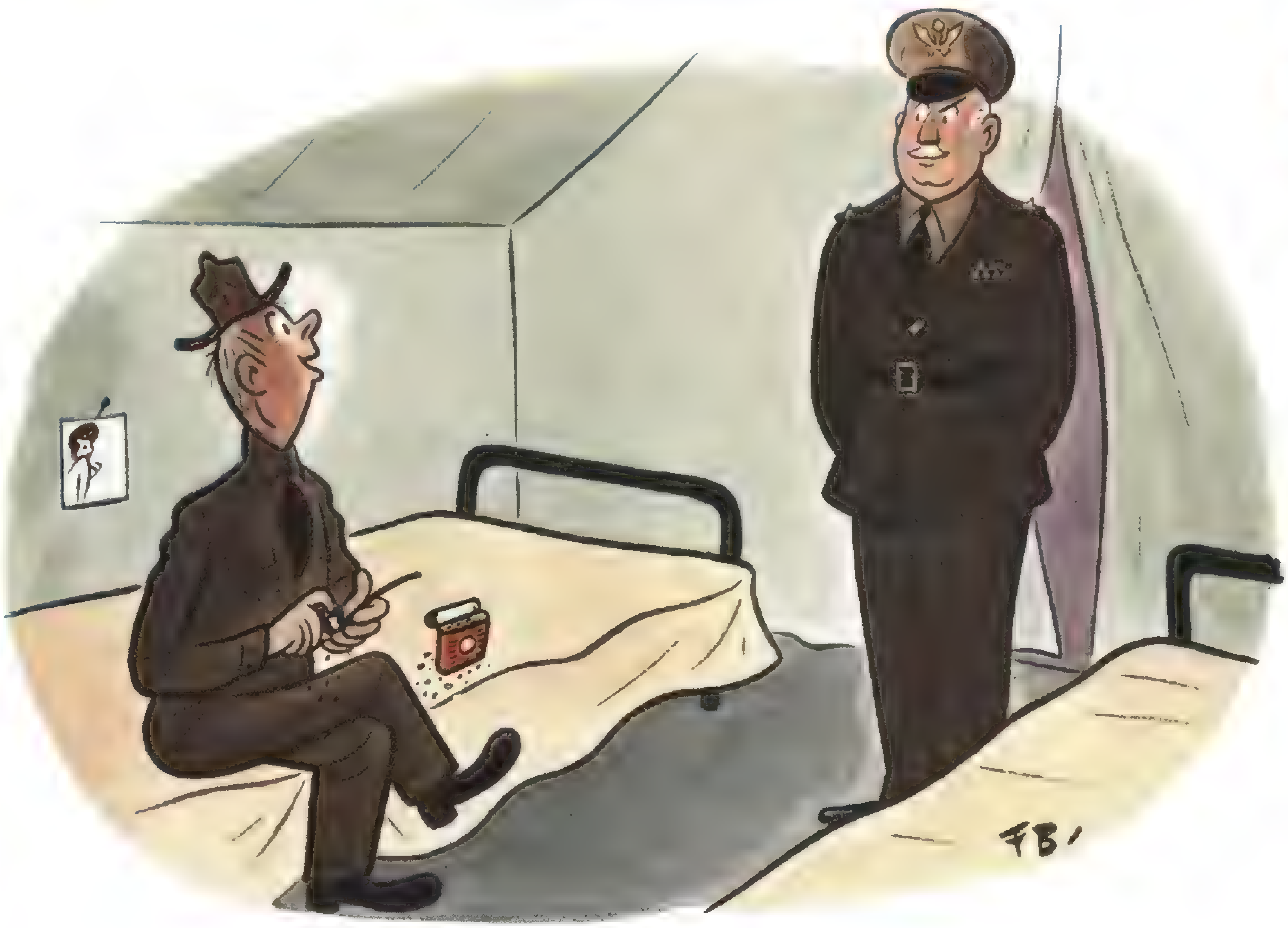
"It's a Christmas gift from Carl, but he can't say where he is!"


Frank
BEAVEN

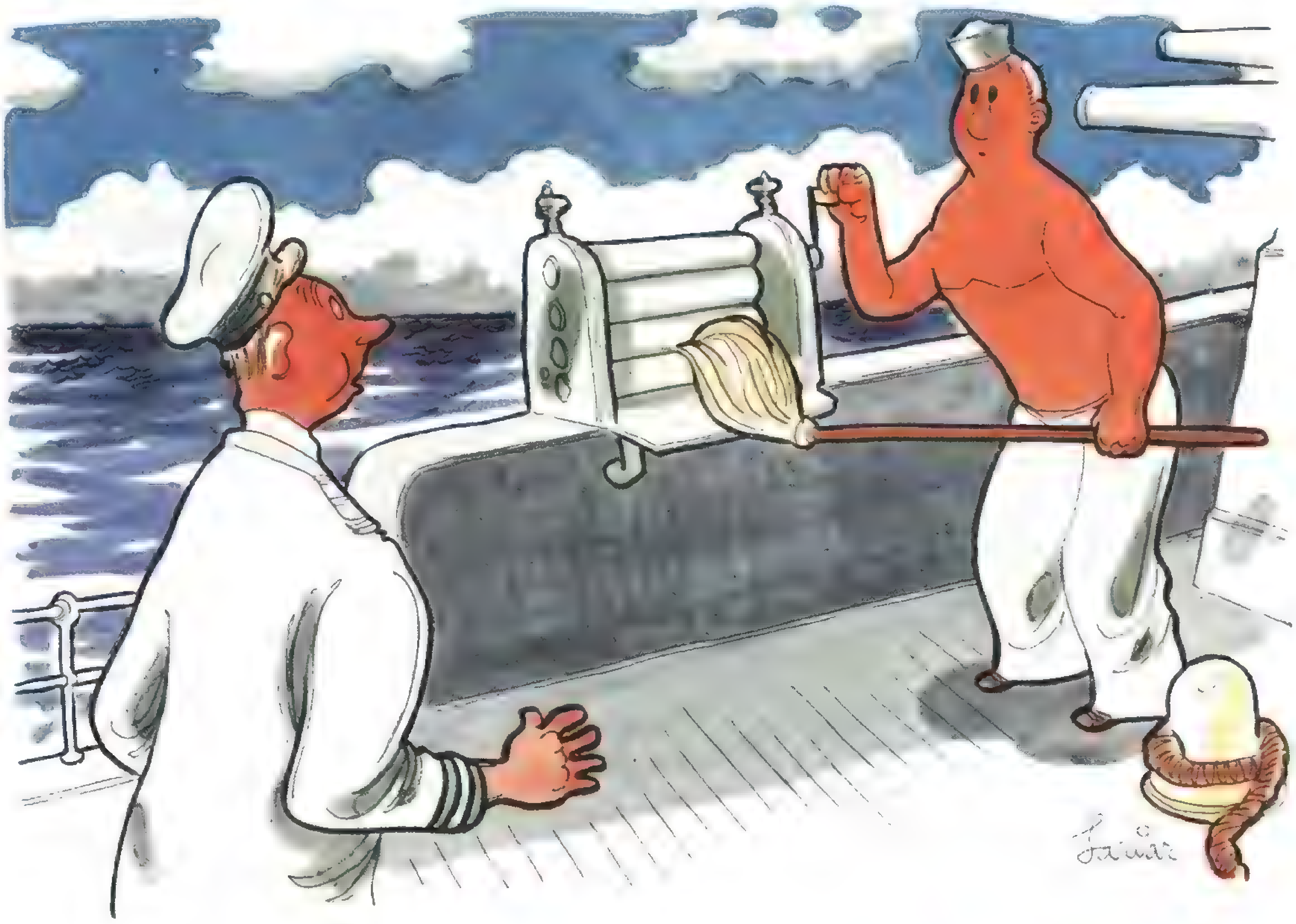
"See? I told you not to stick your head out with your mouth open at 400 m.p.h.!"

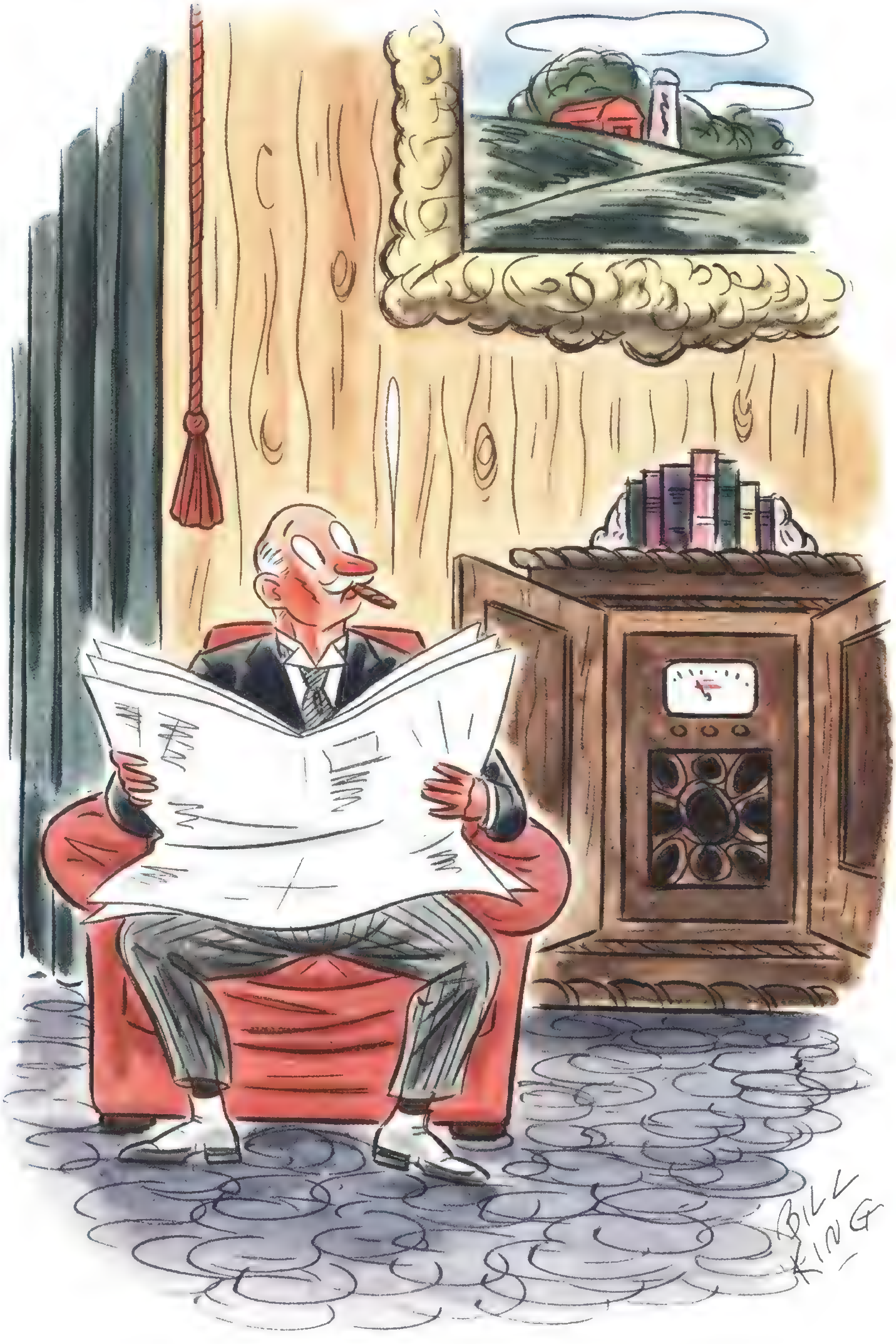

Pvt. Bob Gallivan
Walla Walla Air Base

"He pulls a man out of the hat!"

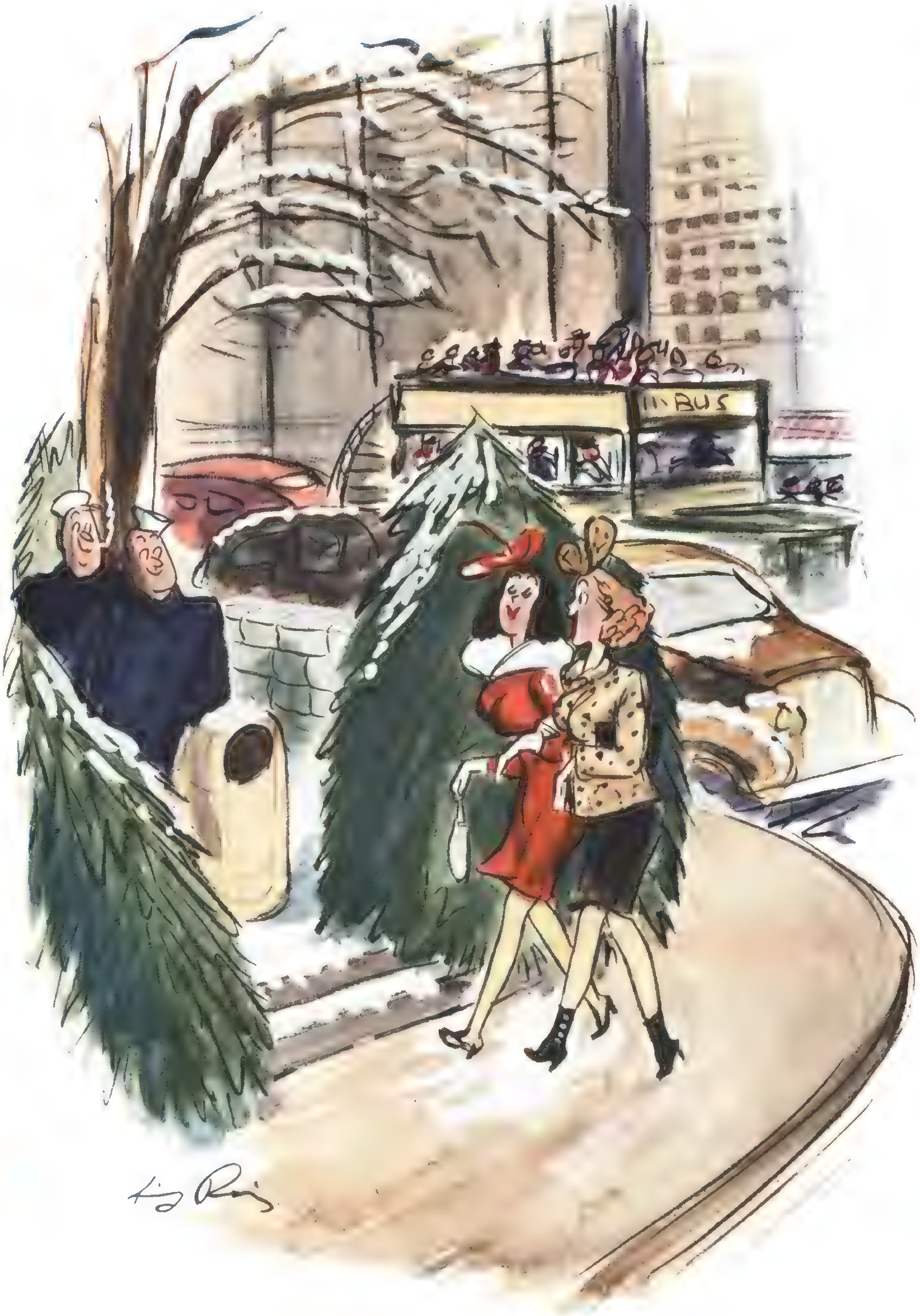


"The sarge ain't in—whom shall I say called?"





"Do you need money—five, ten, even fifty dollars?"



"Shall we walk through the park and help build the navy's morale?"

The Sporting Scene

Citing one military lift we got from the bighearted Nazis and kidding the Shakespearean scholar, Comdr. Tunney

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

• SPORTS •

We taught the Japs the advanced science of swimming.

It was used against us.

We taught the Germans high-pressure sports training technique.

It was used against us.

American sports specialist knowledge has been passed around liberally to nations that now are our enemies. In giving us a licking during the earlier stages of the war they applied what we taught them.

But in one winter sport we're getting even with them. The sport is skiing.

Norwegian and Swiss ski tutors have done much to make young Americans proficient on the staves. But there's no denying the fact that Nazi ski instructors gave great impetus to the development of American mastery of skiing. Very satisfactory progress in the training of U. S. ski troopers can show a box score in which Nazi ski teachers are credited with an unplanned assist. The value of their services in helping to teach skiing to Americans was somewhat offset by their espionage and propaganda activities. The extra-curricular operations of the Nazi ski agents were carefully observed and checked by the F.B.I. with such effectiveness that an apparently promising field for evil missionary work was closed to the Germans.

Sport has not supplied much of an opportunity for Nazi "educational" labor in the United States. The Nazi organization put pressure on Baron Gottfried von Cramm in endeavoring to make him its political agent in American tennis but the Baron refused to do the dirty job. He spoke freely in criticism of Nazi policies and personnel when he last was in this country. When he returned to Germany he was cruelly punished for his disobedience.

Latest showing of Nazi persistence in attempting to use sport angles in retarding American war effort has been in the discussion about Negroes in major league baseball. The situation was made to order for Nazi agents and according to loyal Negro and white Americans intimately acquainted with all back-stage details, was cleverly exploited by Nazi operatives and Nazi funds in this country. Great, but possibly not lasting, was Nazi discouragement when the disrupting controversy was tossed on the floor by Negro sports writers who were cannier than many of their white colleagues when it came to knowing what was going on. Arguing about any phase of baseball when the fate of their nation was at stake didn't appeal to these knowing Negro Americans.

Satchel Paige, most famous of Negro baseball players, also helped strike out Nazis who were batting with the Negro-in-major-leagues club. Paige is the highest paid player in baseball, white or Negro. His judgment in not tossing verbal incendiary bombs into a manifestly inconsequential debate in wartime undoubtedly nullified the effect of some expenditure of Nazi effort and money in the United States.

Popularity of skiing during the past decade has been an aspect of American sport now accounting for a valuable contribution to fighting training.

The ski is ancient equipment in war. Xenophon described the use of skis by warring Armenians At the battle of Oslo in 1200 ski troopers were employed. Military genius Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden whose armies defeated the Germans, the Russians and the Poles, equipped infantry outfits with skis.

In modern warfare the Russians, Finns, Norwegians, French, Germans and Italians have made valuable use of skis in military operations. But on this continent ski training for warfare is recent. The snowshoe was used by American pre-Revolutionary War and later Indian war forces while skis were virtually unknown in this hemisphere.

The first ski organization in the United States was formed by Norwegian immigrants at Red Wing, Minnesota, in 1886. Eighteen years later the first U. S. "national" ski association was organized at Ishpeming, Michigan.

Vastly superior promotion by southern and southwestern winter resorts kept skiing as an American sport practically restricted to Americans of Scandinavian stock until Dartmouth organized its Winter Carnival. The Dartmouth affair and the boost given skiing by smart ski costumes for young women can be credited with providing the impetus that popularized skiing. Skiing week-end excursions conducted by railroads tapping New York and Boston for New England ski resorts boomed skiing into status as a firmly established American winter sport.

* * *

"Of excellent dumb discourse" (*The Tempest*, Act II, Sc. 3) have been the "mirthful comic shows" (*King Henry VI*, Part III, Act V, Sc. 7) provoked by the remarks of that eminent Shakespearean scholar Comdr. James Joseph Tunney anent what he terms "athletic boondoggling," and the furtive retorts of other navy and army athletic officers out-ranked by Comdr. Tunney.

The Commander protested against athletes in the armed services being detailed "to dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures" (*King Henry VIII*, Act V, Sc. 2) and to perform these rites in wartime before "the mutable rank-scented many" (*Coriolanus*, Act III, Sc. 1) for "saint-seducing gold" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Sc. 1).

It's neither mannerly nor safe in the Navy and Army for one to reply publicly to criticism by a superior officer. Hence those

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"Go ahead and blow—she's got him hooked"

Death Has Two Good Eyes

Aunt Mallie cried and said she hated fer brother Micky's boys to come and visit and haf to fight the first day

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"It's funny, when you visit kinfolks you've never seen, to carry a pistol," I said.

"But it's best to play safe," Finn said.

The Big Sandy train was screeching around the curves up the single-line track. Finn and I looked out the window at the Big Sandy River that wound between the Kentucky and West Virginia Mountains like a big silver-bellied cow-snake. We'd heard Pa talk about this river—how Grandpa had taken big trains of log rafts down the Big Sandy to the Ohio River to Cincinnati and Louisville.

We'd heard Pa tell about how the Kentucky boys used to shoot it out with the West Virginia boys across the Big Sandy River to test their pistols. Pa told how they'd make for cover when they heard a bullet wheeze above their heads or when a bullet plowed the dirt under their feet. Pa said if there wasn't a cliff close for them to get behind, they'd fall flat on the sand and empty their pistols at the men across the river. Said you couldn't tell whether you hit a man or not. Said sometimes you'd hear a fellow scream and then you'd see a crowd take for cover behind a cliff.

I thought about all this as we looked out from our coach window.

"Blanton, all out for Blanton," the gray-headed conductor yelled through our coach.

"That's our station," Finn said. "Wonder where we'll find Cousin Frank?"

When Finn and I got off the train, we saw a big man riding a bare-backed mule. He was leading two mules that were saddled.

"He must be Cousin Frank," Finn said, pointing to the big beardy-faced man.

"Are you Frank Powderjay?" I asked.

"Shore am," he said.

"I'm your Cousin Shan Powderjay," I said. "This is your cousin Finn Powderjay."

"Glad to meet you," Frank said. "I've heerd a lot about ye, boys, but this is my first time to lay my eyes on ye. Git on these mules; we've got to hurry home. We're a-havin a lot of trouble at home."

I climbed on one mule; Finn reached me our suitcase. Then Finn ran from behind the other mule, slapped its rump and leaped to the middle of the tiny cowboy saddle.

"Never seen a man mount a mule like that," Frank said. "Ye're more active than I thought ye'd be."

Finn's mule followed Frank's mule and my mule followed Finn's mule from the big crowd gathered around the tiny railroad station. Soon as we left the Big Sandy Valley, we were among the rugged hills on a road filled with chugholes and deep jolt-wagon ruts.

"What's the nature of the trouble we're going to have?" Finn asked Cousin Frank as our mules leaped the chugholes and ruts.

"Ye'll soon see," Frank said. "I don't like to talk about it. We'll haf to fight our blood-kin. Much as we hate 'em, we respect 'em enough to put our pistols and knives aside to fight with fists, clubs and rocks."

Finn turned and looked at me; I looked at him as our mules dashed up the narrow road behind Frank's mule. Soon we left the narrow wagon road for a mountain footpath between thickets of brush and briars. We wound around this mountain path until we reached the mountain-ridge path and then it was faster going. Our mules were wet with sweat—flecks of foam fell from between their legs, and foamy slobbers dripped from their hanging lips.

"It's a right fur piece over here from the station," Frank said. "It's eleven miles by crossin this mountain. Fifteen miles if we go around it."

Now Frank spurred his mule to a trot and our mules followed his mule. I was getting a little sore riding on a small cowboy saddle. Finn was having a little trouble with the brush switching across his face, since he was tall and was riding a tall long-legged mule.

"It's a shame that none of us ain't never seen none of ye before," Frank said. "I heerd ye's a mighty stuck-up people since ye boys went to high school. Heerd ye's eddicated and soft."

"Tell me more about that trouble you're having," Finn said.

"Wait till ye git home," Frank said. "Then ye'll see what it is. I don't like to think about it. I tell Ma that we ought to use guns and knives and git it over with. A body can't finish a piece of trouble with fists, rocks and clubs."

"Will the other fellows fight?" Finn asked.

"Ye damned right they'll fight," Frank said.

When we reached a big double-log house down at the foot of the mountain, Frank rolled off his sweaty steaming mule. Finn jumped off his mule and I threw our suitcase to the ground and rolled over the bony side of my mule. Soon as I hit the ground, I stretched my arms and legs and looked around for Uncle Melvin. But there wasn't anybody around but young men I took to be my first cousins.

"Where's Uncle Melvin?" I asked.

Every one was silent.

"I want ye to meet my brothers," Frank said. "I want ye to meet some more of yer first cousins that ye hain't never seen."

Finn and I met Dobie, Erf, Tim, Gullet, Don and Van, our first cousins. They were husky, strong, tough-looking, as tough-butted white oak saplings. The palms of their hands were hard as brogan shoe leather where they had been gripping mattock handles, double-bitted ax handles, saw handles, broad-ax handles, pitchforks and one-eyed sprouting hoes. Erf and Tim had heavy black beards on their faces. Don and Van were too young to shave; they had white fuzz on their faces that needed to be shaved.

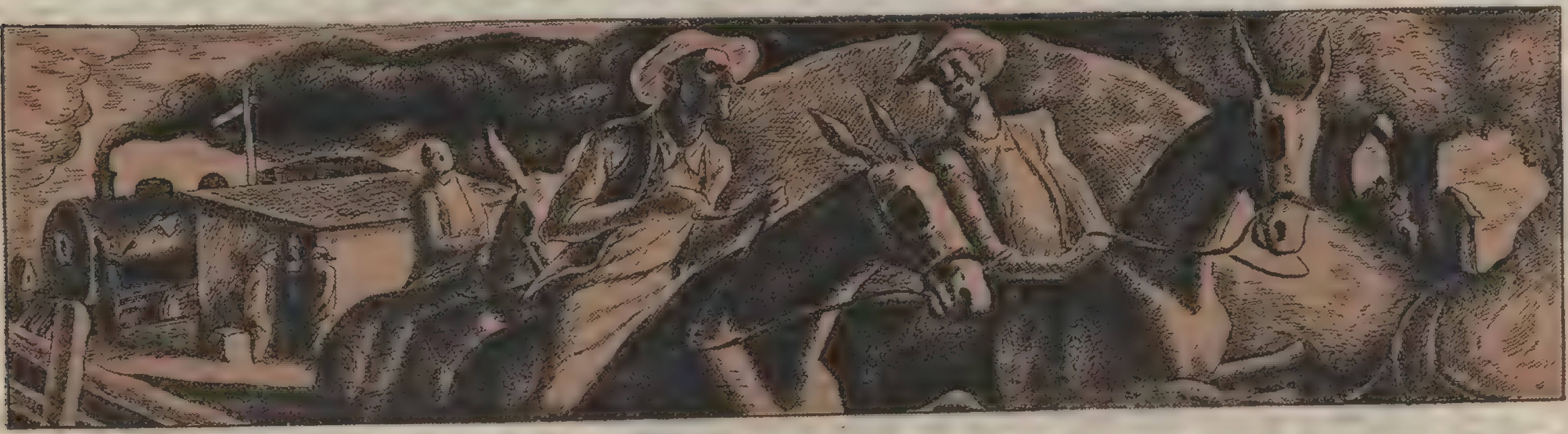
"Come to the house and meet Ma," Frank said, sadly.

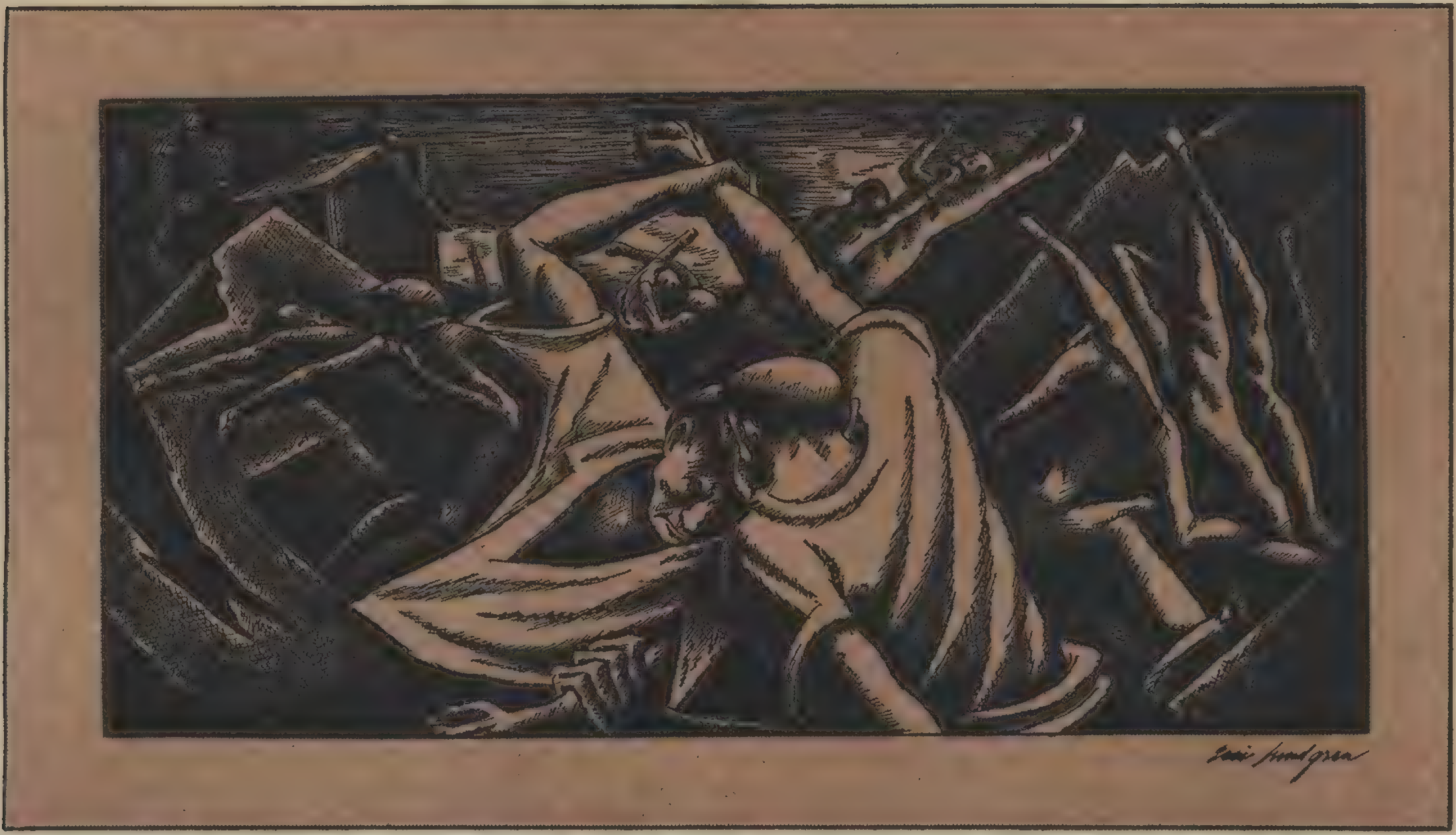
Seven of us followed Frank toward the house while Van took the mules to the barn. When we reached the house, we walked through the dog-trot between the two big logpens. Aunt Mallie met us at the door wringing her hands and crying.

"Ma, here's Finn and Shan," Frank said.

"Glad to know you Aunt Mallie," I said shaking her hand.

"Glad to know you," Finn said shaking hands.





"Sorry ye boys come right in the midst of all this trouble," Aunt Mallie said, weeping again. "But I don't know of any time ye could come here lately when we weren't a-havin trouble."

I looked at Aunt Mallie's wrinkled cheek and the gray wisps of hair stringing over her face. I didn't think she ought to look as old as she did.

"How's Brother Micky?" Aunt Mallie asked.

"He's getting along as well as common, Aunt Mallie," Finn said.

"I'd like to see 'im," she said, her face brightening some when she spoke of Pa. "It's been nigh twenty years since I seed 'im. I'll bet he's changed a lot."

"I don't know how he looked twenty years ago," Finn said. "That was before I was born."

"I don't think he's changed much," I said. "I believe you'd know 'im if you were to meet 'im in the big road."

"Where's Uncle Melvin?" Finn asked.

"Oh, oh," Aunt Mallie screamed, "he's not here. Hain't ye heerd about our trouble? Hain't Micky told ye?"

"No," Finn said.

"He's over the hill yander a-livin with that old thing," Aunt Mallie screamed, then she dropped to her chair.

"Never mind, Ma," Frank said, "we're a-goin to clean that place up today. We'll fetch Pa home."

"Be keerful boys," Aunt Mallie warned between sobs. "They'll do anything to ye. They are liable to bushwhack ye, use knives 'r pistils 'r anything they can use to git ye with. Anybody that will try to pizen yer well water will do anything."

"But we got two more to put into the fight today," Frank said. "I think Finn and Shan can hep us out. I think two more men can decide the fight. We've been too evenly matched before—seven of them and seven of us. Today, it will be nine of us and seven of them."

Finn looked at me; I looked at him.

"I hate fer Brother Micky's boys to come to see us and haf to fight the first day," Aunt Mallie said between sobs.

"Ah, we don't mind," Finn said.

We followed Frank to the wood yard. He called his brothers around him.

"Shan, I didn't know that you and Finn didn't know about Pa," Frank said. "But he's a-livin with an old hag over that mountain yander. He's been a-goin to see 'er fer the last twenty-five years. He's got a fambly over thar too. We've got seven half brothers and two half sisters. Here lately he spends more time over thar than he does with Ma. That old frowsy-headed hag is younger than Ma. It's damned nigh a-puttin Ma in 'er grave. We've got to do somethin about it. We aim to bring Pa back dead 'r alive."

I looked at my first cousins. Their beardy faces got red as Frank talked. They looked mean out of their eyes as snakes as they kicked the ground with the toe of their brogans. They twitched their nervous fingers.

"Cousin Finn and Shan do ye mind dirtyin yer hands and maybe gittin yer noses mashed flat in a fight to hep yer Big Sandy cousins?" Frank asked us.

"When we come to see you," Finn said before I had time to speak, "your fight is our fight. We'll stay with you until the fight is finished."

"That's the speret," Erf said. "What do ye say fellars?" Erf said, spitting ambeer at his feet, wiping his beardy lips with his shirtsleeve.

"Let me tell Cousin Shan and Finn a leetle about the way we fight," Frank said. "See the mountain yander? We'll climb the path to the ridge road. We'll scream like wildcats and cuss Pa's youngins by that old hag with every kind of a sonovabitch we can lay our tongues to. They may be up thar on the mountain a-layin fer us and jump from the bushes and grab us soon as we git up on the mountain. Seems like they've allus got spies up among the trees like crows a-watchin everythin we do down here! Now if ye hear war whoops and see 'em a-comin from the bushes at ye, go right atter 'em."

Frank walked in front down the path like he was going to a funeral. All of our first cousins looked that way as they went to battle their half brothers. Before we got to the end of the garden, Aunt Mallie opened the door.

"Frank, do be keerful," Aunt Mallie hollered. "I feel like somebody is a-goin to die."

"Okay, Ma," Frank yelled.

"I believe they've got a spy a-sittin up in one of these trees," Frank said as we started up the mountain. "Thought I heerd 'im give a signal whistle."

They must have had a spy someplace. Before we reached the mountain top, seven husky men met us.

"Ye would come to take the advantage o' us ye sonovabitches," Frank snarled as he singled out the biggest of our half first cousins by unlawful wedlock.

"Where ye git yer hep," he snarled back at Frank. "Hit'll jist be too goddamned bad fer strangers. We'll give 'em a double dose of all that we've been a-givin ye."

"The hell ye will," Frank said.

Before Frank's words had left his mouth, Finn had met his man and upended him the first lick.

"Jesus Christ ye've got a wallop fer a eddicated man," Cousin Erf told Finn.

"I've got the difference too," Finn said, "in case I have to have it. They'll never whip us."

Frank and his big half brother had tangled. They were clinched—arms around each other, and like logs tied together with big brown cables, they were rolling down the mountain side, cussing, biting—fighting—like old enemies. We were all fighting—nine men against six now for Finn had knocked one man out the first lick he struck. I wasn't mad at the man I was fighting until he stuck his broken

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Crow's Nest Basketball

Put basketball referees in crow's-nests and they get perfect vision plus safety from fast dribblers, leaving a clear deck

by **JEAN F. EBERHART**

• SPORTS •

There wasn't a dissenter in the house. Even Al Cox, whose team had just lost to mine by ten points, and who was a little excited as usual, thought it was promising if some of the rough edges were trimmed.

It was the first basketball game I have seen in nearly twenty years as a player and a coach that the spectators willingly gave up their American right to boo. There wasn't a jeer in the gym that night and it wasn't due to a lack of lung power. Every seat in the stands was filled.

As a test of something that might improve the game, we had raised the referees. I don't mean that we promised them more money, although we could have doubled their wages the way people flocked to see the experiment. I mean we raised them right off the floor, up toward the rafters, where they could see everything that went on—fair or foul.

It has been dubbed by sports writers the "crow's-nest" system of officiating, and I suppose that is as good a name as any. At sea, a sailor in a crow's-nest gives his ship keener eyes, and the same thing is working on basketball courts after Al Cox agreed with me that the idea deserved a whirl.

With a hammer and some nails and lumber I turned my gym into a laboratory, and for the test we set aside the second of two Oregon intercollegiate conference games between the Oregon College of Education in Monmouth, coached by Cox, and my team at Southern Oregon College of Education in Ashland.

It was the best cure for blindness the world has ever seen.

We built platforms above and behind each backboard and assigned one referee, equipped with a whistle and microphone, to each. When a foul was called, the referee who spotted it used the microphone to explain the infraction to the fans, briefly and clearly. To handle the ball-chasing chores and to call boundary violations, we assigned two unpaid youngsters eager to learn the refereeing business. They also handled the jump-balls.

The referees were delighted. It freed them from the sweat and toil and boos they were used to but never liked, and gave them a chance to do a vastly superior job. They said after that first game they were amazed at the ease with which they could follow the play and see every bit of action. New vistas were opened to them. Player behavior that previously looked foul was now clean and clever action. Fouls that formerly escaped them were now easily discernible.

It was my hunch that fewer fouls would be called under the new system, and I was sustained—for two principal reasons. Fewer fouls were being committed than officials thought, and with the referees at new vantage points the players felt more closely spied upon, and refrained from questionable deportment.

The letup in whistle-blowing went over heavily with the fans, who usually consider referees fair game and make sure they get their money's worth by giving them the raspberry without mercy.

"They're getting paid for it; let them stay out there and take the abuse"—that's the usual remark that ends a typical discussion about the boys in the striped-shirt trade.

They are the targets of most of the criticism directed at the great winter sport. They call them too close or not close enough. They call fouls when none have occurred and miss instances of bodily contact that seem to the fans like fouls of the most flagrant sort. With few exceptions, they are a winter-long source of irritation to spectators, players, coaches and sports writers, and that's about everybody. They are beginning to draw more criticism than the famous "blind men" of baseball.

Now basketball officials, individually, are a pretty competent lot. Most of them are former players and many are, or have been, coaches. Assuming, then, that they know the game and are honest, there must be something wrong with their working conditions.

The crow's-nest may be the solution. At least our test game, approximating laboratory conditions as closely as possible, showed that it eliminates several possible sources of error. A referee is sometimes screened out of a play and misses the action, and he can't correctly call violations he doesn't see. He is also in danger of being knocked down by a fast-breaking player, and sometimes, despite his striped shirt, a player will pass him the ball.

Put referees in crow's-nests and they have positions of perfect vision and havens of personal security from reckless dribblers.

And it won't hurt the players' feelings. To them, a referee is a policeman and it isn't natural to enjoy having a cop tagging you around every place you go. Aside from that, ten fast-moving players have their hands full dodging each other, and two more humans on the floor only complicate the job. A clear deck for action appeals to every lover of the game, and the players are the most ardent of all.

The game is first of all for the players; then for the spectators. The referees are part of the show, but they are the only ones besides the coaches who are paid and they will do what they are told. Right now they are climbing into their crow's-nests with alacrity because the players and the fans want them there. They have been kicked upstairs and they like it.

The experimental game revealed some startling things about officiating. The referees, and kibitzers who visited their nests, noticed that defensive action in checking a player driving in for a lay-up shot could be followed completely. Under the conventional method of refereeing, fouls are frequently called on

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GEORGE WOLFE

"Two seats in the front row close to Hedy LaMarr!"

CHINA
ADELE MARA
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

Against us, the crouching hordes of faceless men,
Pillage-and-murder minded, sworn haters of all gentle things.
China was first to test the temper of their fury.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA
ALMA CARROLL
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

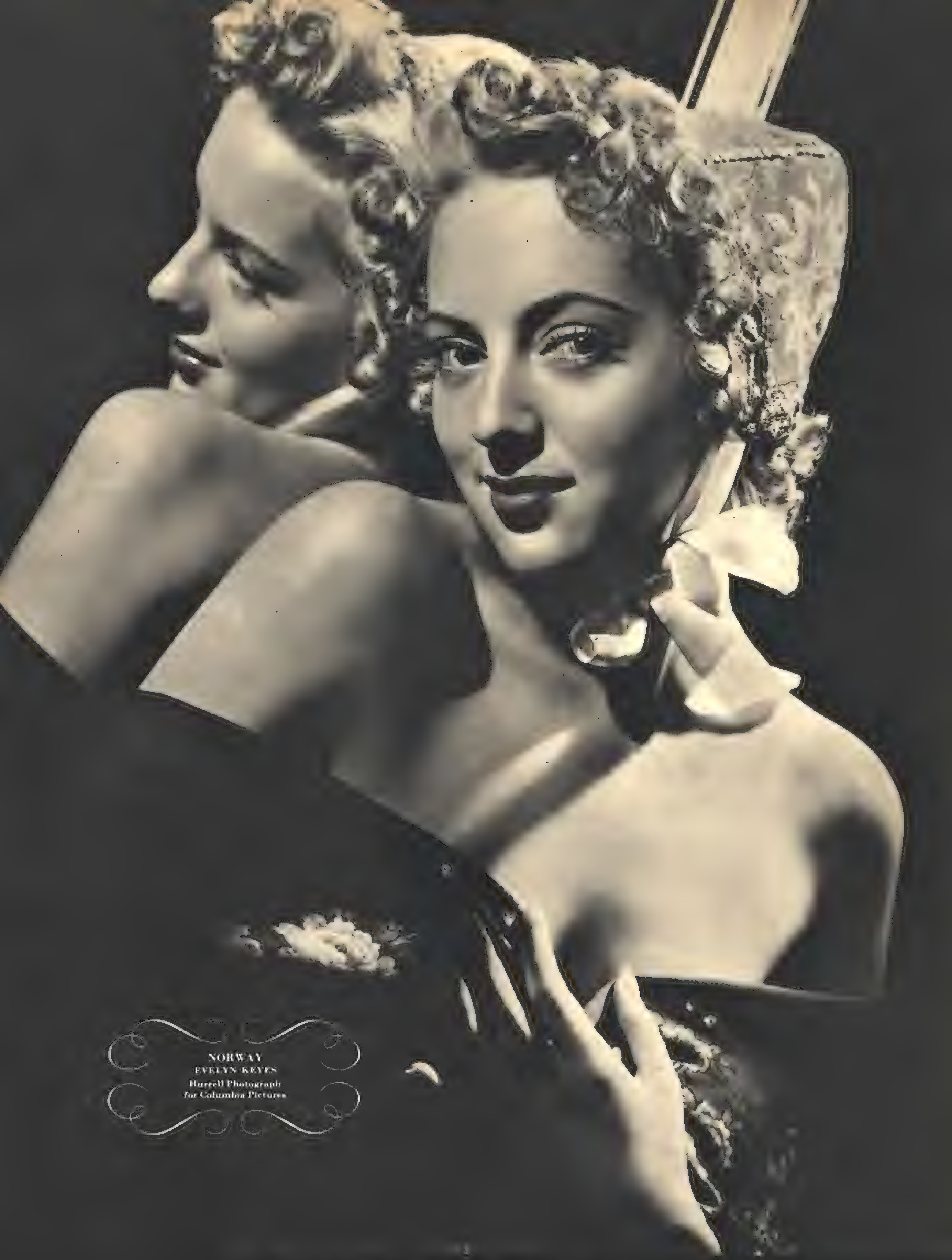
Wherever beauty was, and gentleness, in hearts at peace,
There came the helmeted monster, many-footed, multi-winged.
It stole over the hills of Bohemia, and over the Slovene plain.

POLAND
LILLY NORWOOD
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

Poland's breast became the bulwark, Poland's blood the moat.
Men and women learned that bravery alone is not enough.
But Poland, as her anthem shouts, is not yet lost.

ENGLAND
MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

For Britain stood, beneath the blitz, battered but unbowed.
Steadfast still she rules the waves, despite their hidden horror.
Unconquered for a thousand years, she stands, unconquerable.



NORWAY
EVELYN KEYES
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

What though France fell, others have risen, as she yet will.
The Viking breed, now as of old, are never downed,
And Norway lives in London now, and on the seven seas.

HOLLAND
SHIRLEY PATTERSON
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

And on our side there range the indomitable Dutch.
Twice trampled by two terrors, brown and yellow,
They yet refuse to recognize the concept of defeat.

RUSSIA
LESLIE BROOKS
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

One arose, at last, to make the conqueror wince:
Eternal Russia, inscrutable, mysterious, half-Asiatic,
Long misunderstood by the very world she rose to save.

U. S. A.
JINX FALKENBURG
Hurrell Photograph
for Columbia Pictures

So we stand, the world around, all laughter-loving nations,
United in the love of all things good, beautiful, gentle and kind.
And for the love of these prepared, if need be, to die.

Who Wants a Noble Movie?

Finding a left-handed reply to Pearl Buck's recent query in some ten-best-picture polls among fans and critics

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

A FEW weeks ago an English weekly noted that we Americans weren't doing ourselves justice; we were producing movies in which men were valued in proportion to the violence of their actions and women were valued only for their capacity to provoke lust. The English writer thought we were, as a people, superior to the movies we made of ourselves.

About the men, now, I think we have passed the gangster era. About the women, well why not?

Or at least it's a good idea.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Pearl Buck asked movie critics and others for a list of motion pictures which, as one critic described it, would "prove to our allies that they aren't fighting for a nation of hoodlums and pub-crawlers" (the Americans). As I recall it, Mrs. Buck also felt that the picture of ourselves in the Hollywood pictures was a little below our average; she thought a selected list might be circulated to redress the balance.

A few weeks ago Howard Dietz, who once was the best press-agent MGM ever had and has been rewarded by MGM, being now a vice-president of same—Mr. Dietz got the notion that critics and public might be induced to place *Mrs. Miniver* on a list of the ten best pictures of all time. Here the results were prompt and satisfactory; *Mrs. Miniver* appeared on the lists, all right; and the other nine in each list gave a fairly good survey of the immediate feeling of the public when you say "best pictures."

Look first at the final result of a five-week poll of the public:

Mrs. Miniver	80%
Gone With the Wind	77
How Green Was My Valley	72
Goodbye, Mr. Chips	63
Rebecca	62
Wuthering Heights	46
The Good Earth	42
Philadelphia Story	37
Boys Town	37
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town	36

Would you, and Mrs. Buck, see what I see? Of the ten pictures which the moviegoers of New York held memorable, exactly half were derived from British fiction, and these five occupied all but one of the first six places. Mrs. Buck's own *Good Earth*, a story of China, took another place; an elaborate phony, *The Philadelphia Story* was placed a little ahead of the two native works which really said anything at all about America, *Boys Town* and *Mr. Deeds*. *GWTW* quite naturally occupied a high place and, I think, if the voting hadn't been done right after seeing *Mrs. Miniver*, might well have taken first. In Atlanta, bless her, it did.

Now observe the critics: *Mrs. Miniver*, *How Green*, *Goodbye*, and *Rebecca* represent Britain again and *Wuthering Heights* loses to an Irish source, *The Informer*. *GWTW* is in third place and *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *It Happened One Night*, and *The Birth of a Nation* fill out the list. Here you have some historical memory, a nicer judgment about real American comedy (*It Happened One Night* is utterly superficial but true to American habits, whereas *The Philadelphia Story* for all its realism is false at heart).

Both the critics and the public put *Citizen Kane* close to the best ten; only the public cared for *Grapes of Wrath*; both liked *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*; the critics remembered Chaplin for *The Gold Rush*; no one remembered sex or Rintintin. (The public has been voting for its best pictures for years; it has been paying its sacred money for years; it never puts sex in the top place; and Hollywood spends more money for sex-glamour, I suppose, than for any other single commodity.)

One final list: The New York critics differed from the nation's critics, in detail; they did put in *Grapes of Wrath*, they put *The Informer* higher still, they added *Sergeant York*, they retained *Birth of a Nation*, they added *Captains Courageous*, and the Disney *Fantasia* came into the first ten.

The ten-besting of the movies is an odd game and usually reveals too many things so that whatever judgments you make have to be conditional. But taken in relation to Mrs. Buck's query, they are notably revealing and consistent. Neither the public nor the critics has cared especially for such pictures as are true to the surface or the inner depth of American life; a little truer to the surface, of course, the pictures chosen must be, but not much even there.

Let me say at once that *The Good Earth*, to choose one example, really tells a lot about American life; the fact that it was made and made well and was a tremendous success and is recalled with the emotion of pleasure by the public (even more than it is by the critics)—all of these things tell you something about America which is important and is, on the whole, satisfactory. But Mrs. Buck cannot take *The Good Earth* to China and give a short lecture on the magnanimity of the American spirit, as proved by the 30 million people who liked this film. The general intelligence with which the British fictions were turned into American movies is also something we can point to, an index of American taste, perhaps. But true to American life?

Take the serious critics and their more serious choices in and out of the first ten. In the ten, only *The Birth of a Nation* is serious—it says nothing to us of life today; the comedies do, and what they say has a lot of health and charm. Is *Citizen Kane* true to the American spirit, does it show how

• Continued on page 215

A JOHN KAUFUS

"She simply won't learn to give people the name of the picture, and not the whole scenario!"

A CURIOUS MISCELLANY OF PRINTS

Embracing Diverse Interests

CONTENTS & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

One Historical Parallel Print, "National Opinions on Bonaparte," from the private collection of Victor House, New York, by whose courtesy it is here reproduced.

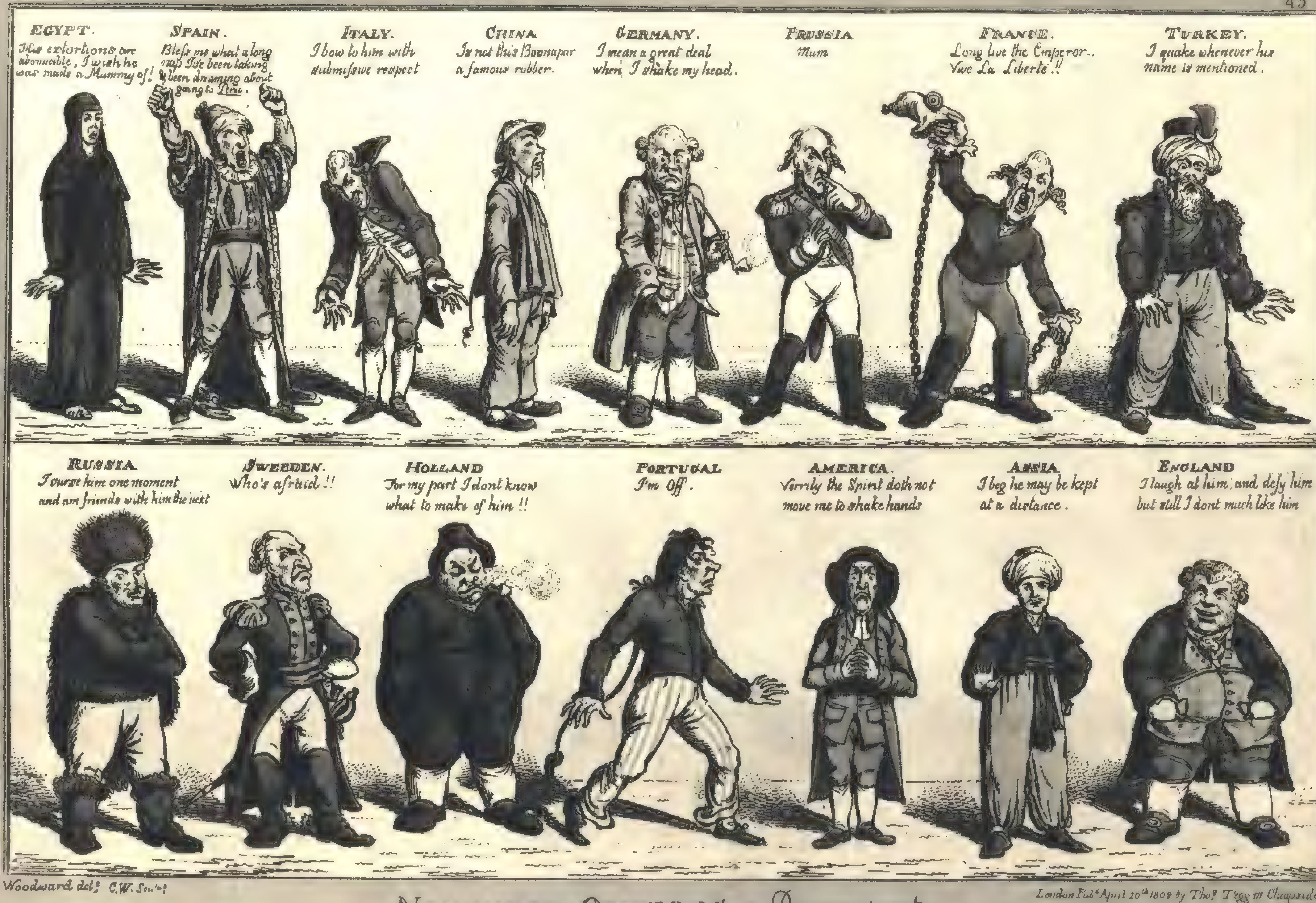
Two London Prize-Ring Prints, "The Great Fight between Broome and Hannan" and "The Celebrated Boxer, Richard Humphreys," reproduced by courtesy of The Old Print Shop, Harry Show Newman, New York.

One Currier & Ives Humorous Print, "A Kiss in the Dark," reproduced by courtesy of Old Print Exchange, 14 East 48th Street, New York.

One English Sporting Print, "The Golfers," reproduced by courtesy of Kennedy & Company, 785 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Two English Coaching Prints, "Stage Coach and Opposition Coach in Sight," reproduced by courtesy of Arthur Ackermann & Son, Ltd., of London, Chicago and New York, and "The Mail Arriving at Temple Bar," reproduced by courtesy of Harlow, Keppel & Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York.

One "Special Inspiration" Print, "First Landing of Americans in Japan" (published now in the hope that history will in this instance repeat itself), reproduced by courtesy of Kennedy & Company, 785 Fifth Avenue, New York.

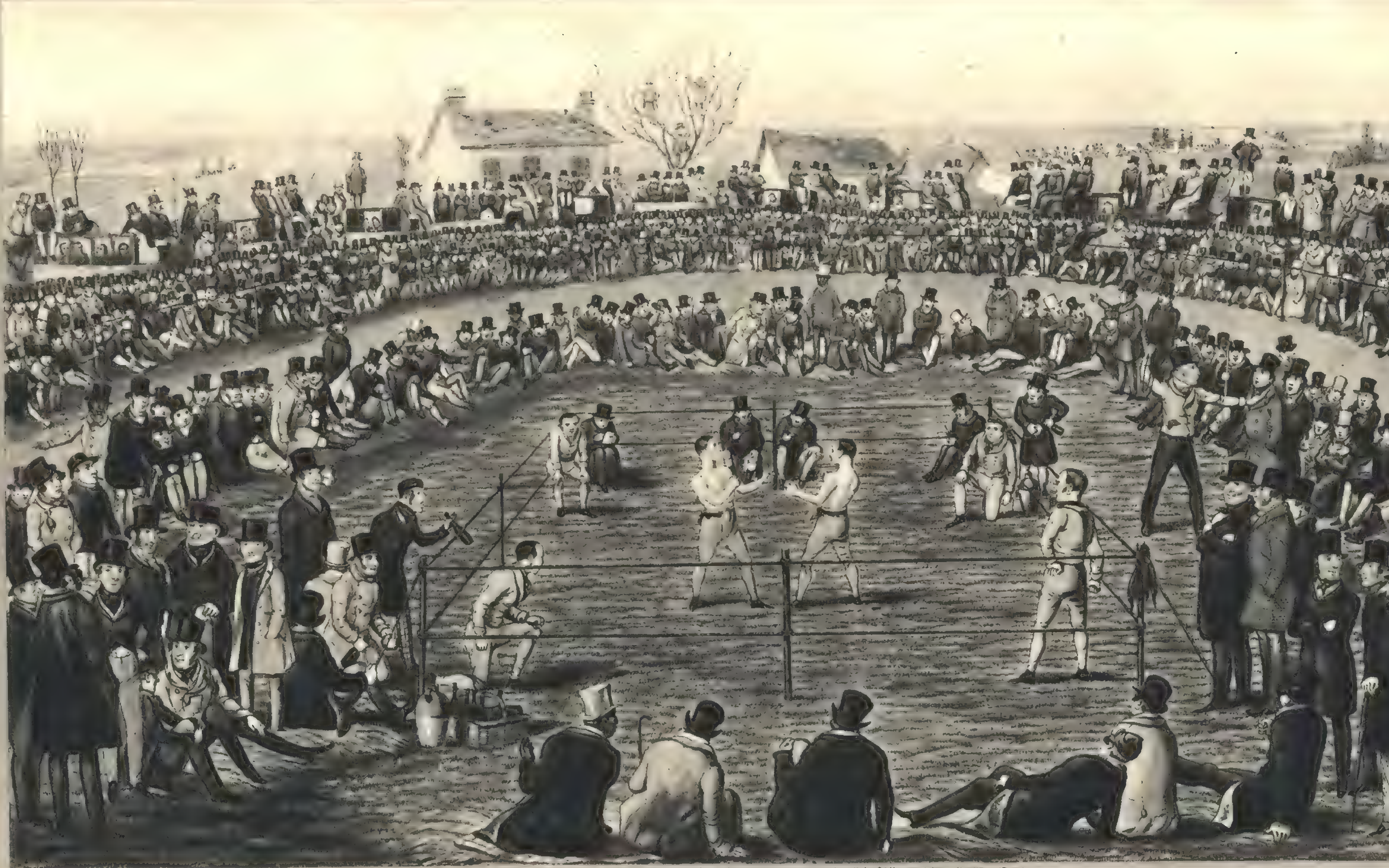

EGYPT.
His extortions are abomiable, I wish he was made a Mummy of!
SPAIN.
Bless me what a long nap I've been taking & been dreaming about going to Peru.
ITALY.
I bow to him with submissive respect
CHINA
Is not this Boonapar a famous robber.
GERMANY.
I mean a great deal when I shake my head.
PRUSSIA
Mum
FRANCE.
Long live the Emperor..
Vive La Liberté !!
TURKEY.
I quake whenever his name is mentioned.
RUSSIA
I curse him one moment and am friends with him the next
SWEEDEN.
Who's afraid !!
HOLLAND
For my part I dont know what to make of him !!
PORTUGAL
I'm Off.
AMERICA.
Verrily the Spirit doth not move me to shake hands
ASSIA
I beg he may be kept at a distance.
ENGLAND
I laugh at him, and defy him. but still I dont much like him

Woodward delt. C.W. Sculpt.

NATIONAL OPINIONS on Bononaparte.

London Pub.d April 20th 1808 by Thos. Tegg in Cheapside

COLLECTION OF VICTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK



Painted by P. Scott

Engraved by C. Hunt

London, Published [illegible] by J. Moore [illegible] corner of West St. Upper St. Martins Lane

THE GREAT FIGHT

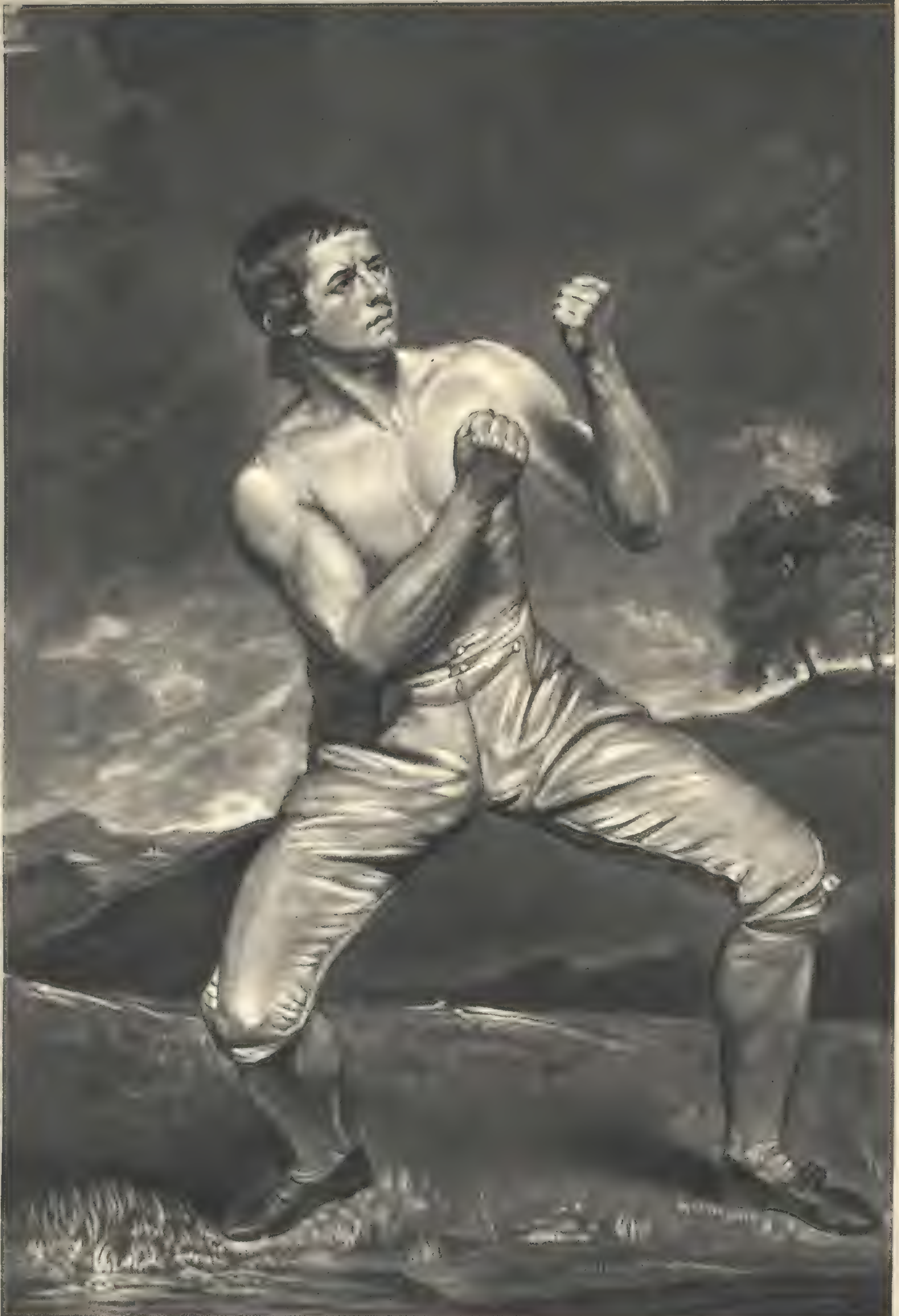
BETWEEN BROOME AND HANNAN FOR £1000,

Which took place Jan.y 26.th 1841. in the presence of Thousands of Spectators, at New York Farm, near Bicester, Oxon on the borders of Buckinghamshire.

THE BATTLE LASTED 1 HOUR AND 19 MINUTES. 47 ROUNDS. WHEN BROOME WAS DECLARED THE VICTOR.

HANNAN stands 5ft. 5in. fighting wt. 9st. 3lbs. Born Sep.r 20. 1817. BROOME stands 5ft. 6½. fighting wt. 9 st. 10 lbs. Born March 4. 1818.

This Print is dedicated to the Patrons of the P. R. as an Antidote to the Knife by their obliged Servant **John Moore** *corner of West St. Upper St. Martins Lane*



Painted by J. Hoppner

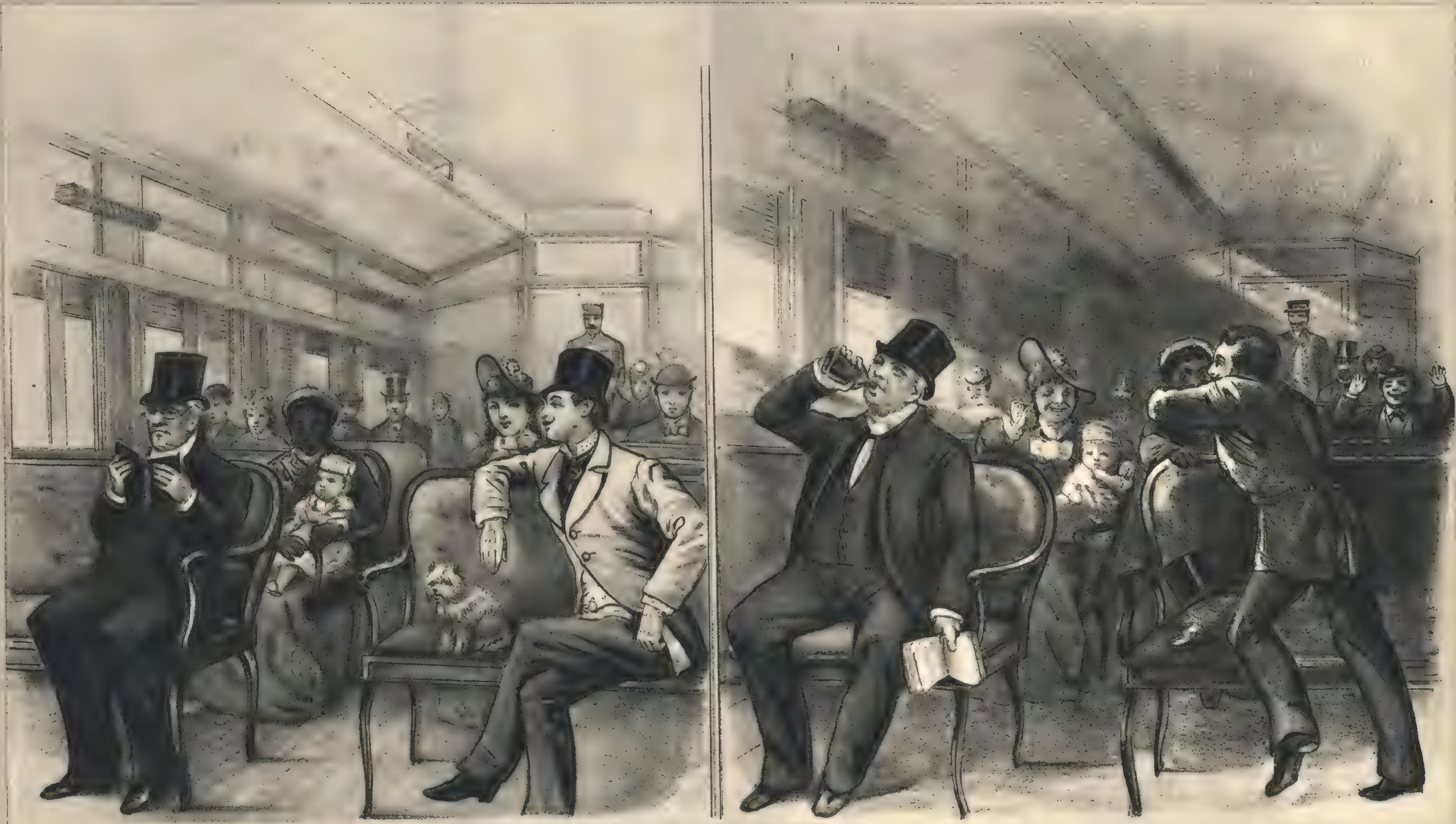
Engrav'd by J. Young.

The Celebrated Boxer who never was Conquered

Who Beat BENTLEY, MARTYN, &c. &c. **RICHARD HUMPHREYS** and MENDOZA the Jew 9th Jan. 1788.

From the Original Picture in the Possession of Wilson Braddyll Esq.r

London, Published 1st Jan.y 1788, by H.W. Billington Carver, Gilder & Printseller, Temple Bar.

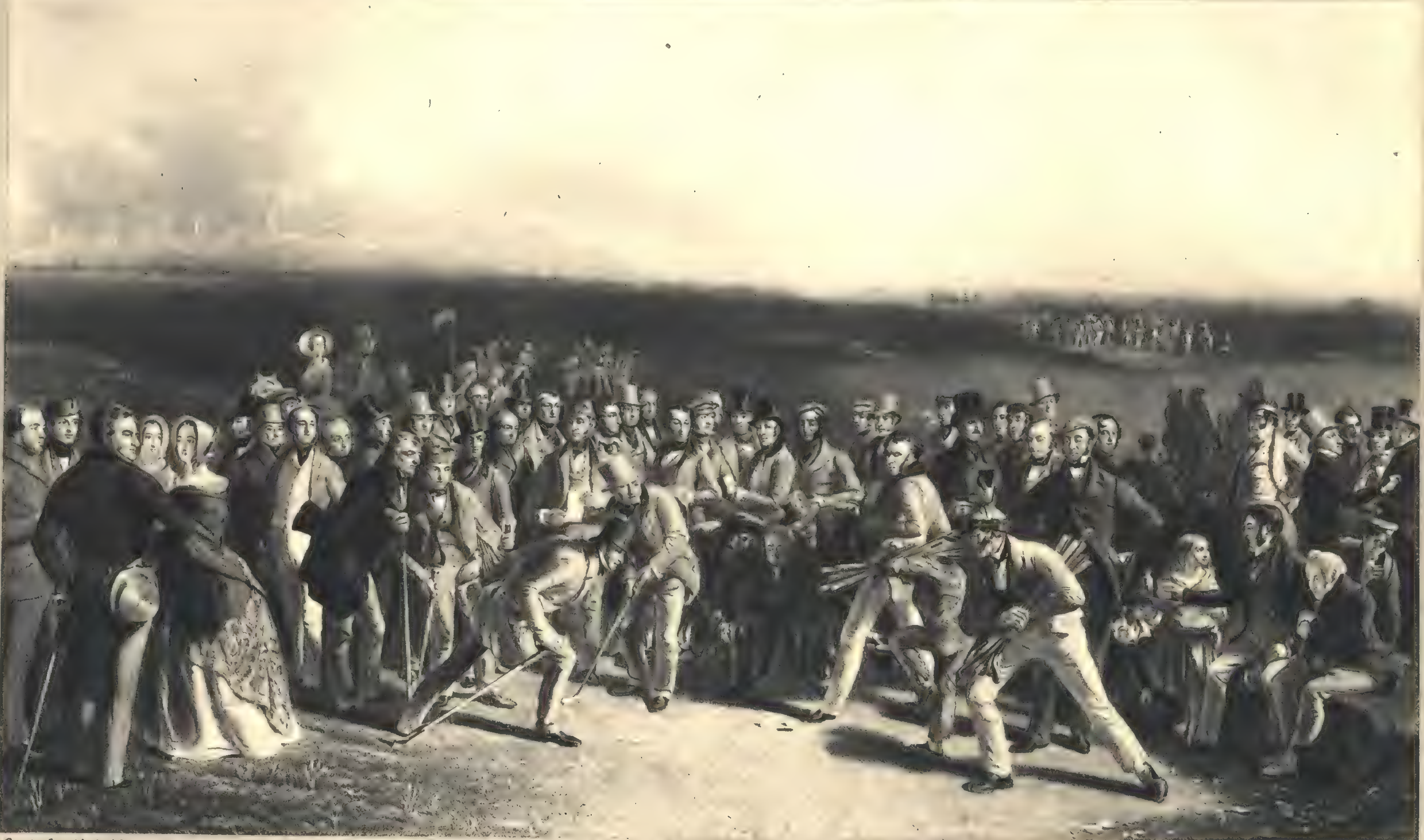


COPYRIGHT [illegible] BY CURRIER & IVES, NEW YORK

Mischievous Conductor,-"Dark Tunnel, through in half an hour"! Scene,-When the Train struck the light in just 3 minutes.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

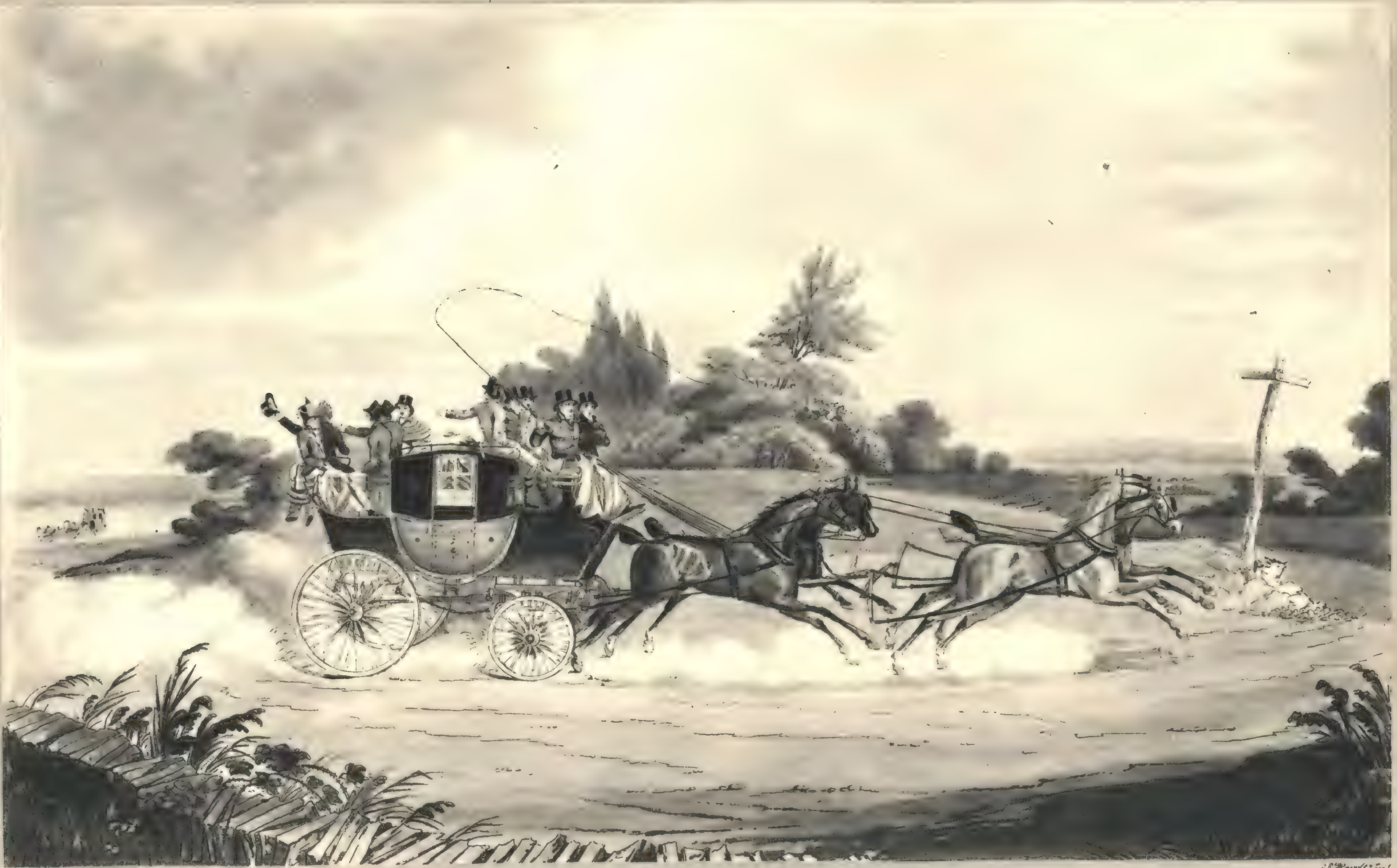
NEW YORK, PUBLISHED BY CURRIER & IVES 115 NASSAU ST.



Painted by Charles Lees R.S.A.   Edinburgh 21 December 1850 Published by Alexander Hill, Printseller to the Queen 67 Princes Street   Engraved by Chas. E. Wagstaff

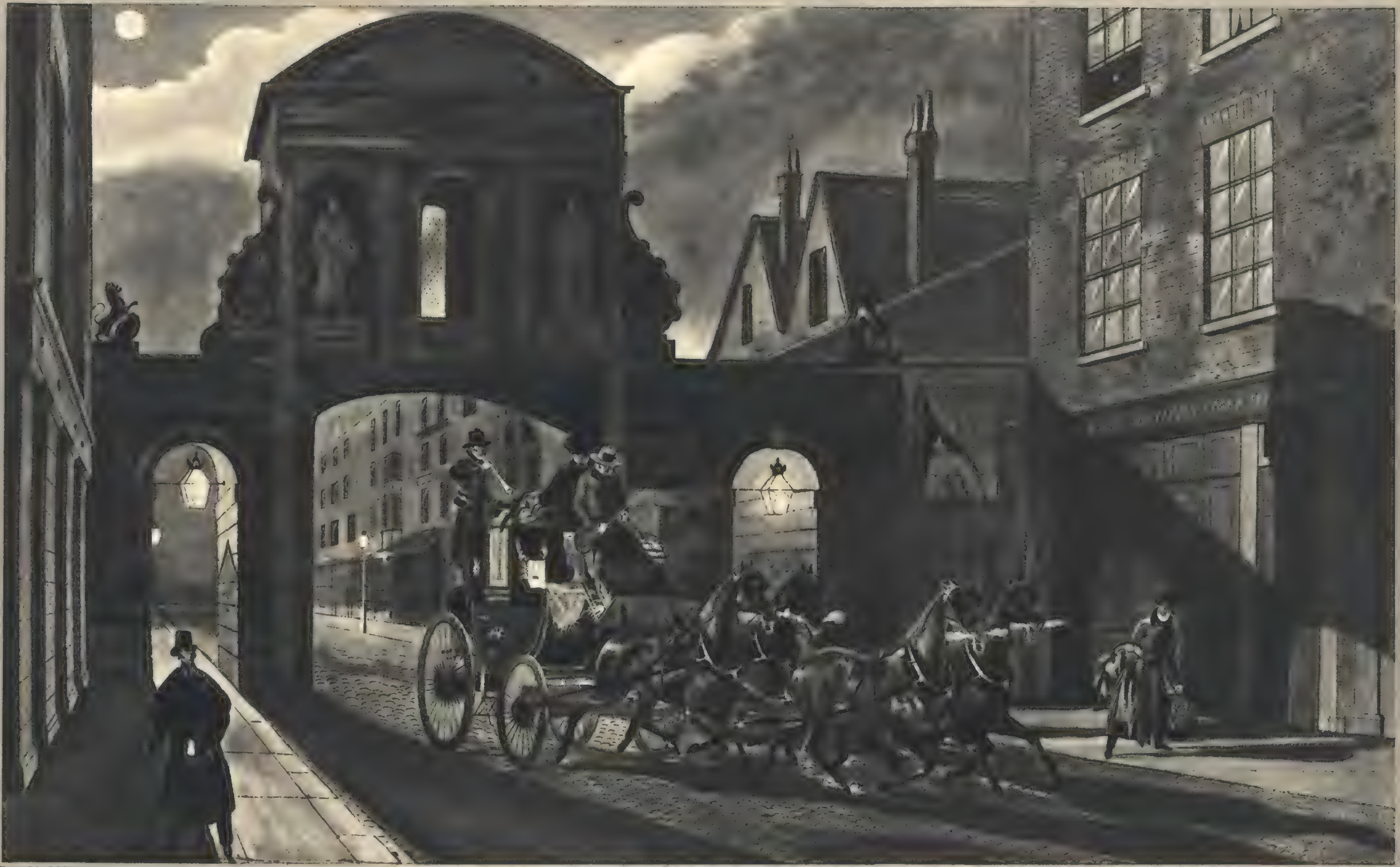
[illegible] Proof

The Golfers



STAGE COACH & OPPOSITION COACH IN SIGHT

Publish'd [illegible] by R. Pollard, Holloway Road, London [illegible]

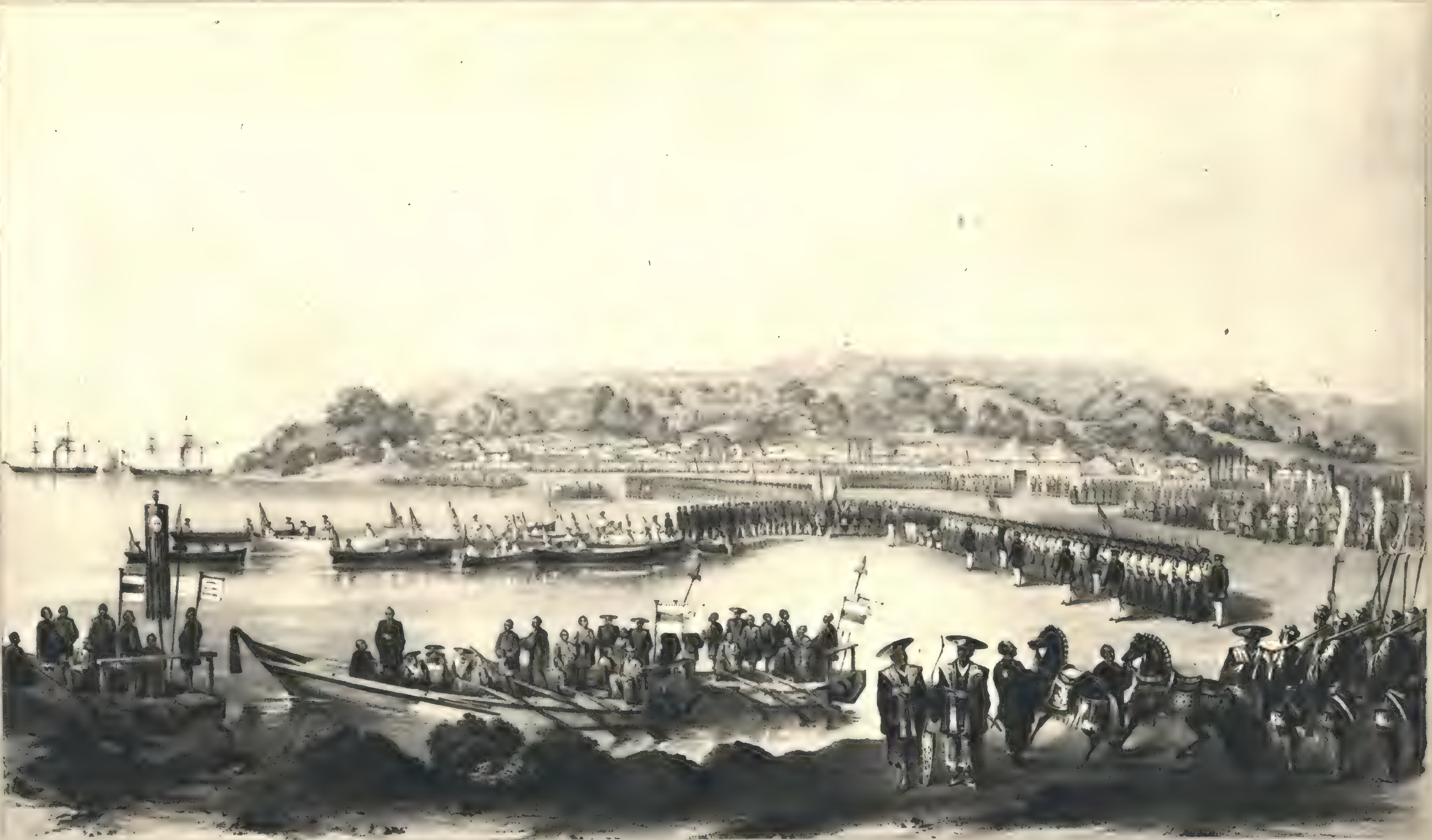


Painted by C. B. Newhouse

London. Published July, 1834, by J. Watson, 7 Vere Street, Cavendish Square

Engraved by J. Bailey

THE MAIL ARRIVING AT TEMPLE BAR.



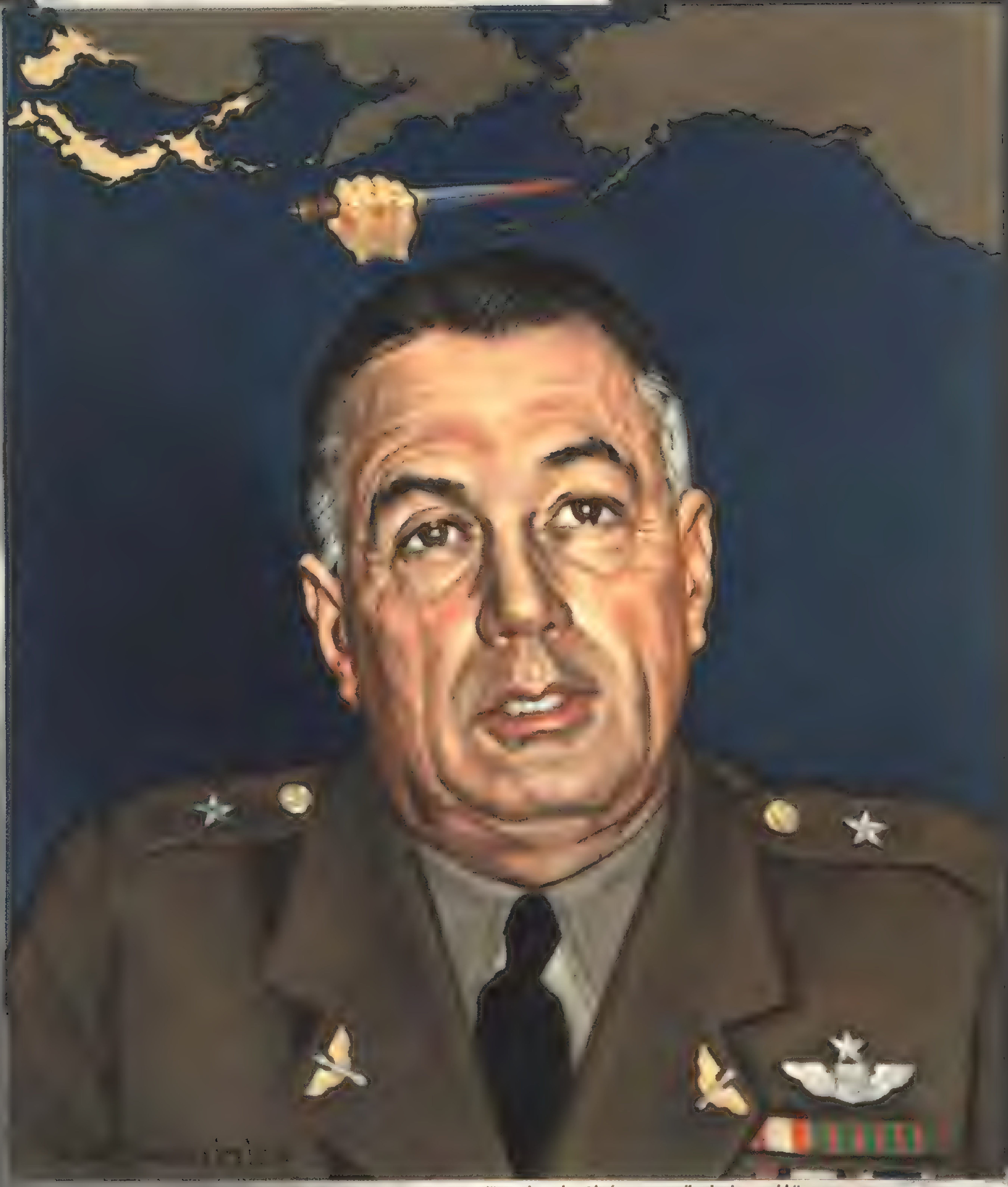
W. HEINE DEL. E. BROWN JR. DIREXT. LITH OF SARONY & CO. N.Y.

FIRST LANDING OF AMERICANS IN JAPAN,

UNDER COMMODORE M C PERRY AT GORE-HAMA JULY 14th 1853

To Commodore M. C. Perry, Officers & men of the Japan Expedition, this Plate is respectfully dedicated by their Obt. Servts. Heine & Brown

Published by E. Brown Jr 142 Fulton St New York



"He who rules Alaska may well rule the world."—GEN. WM. L. MITCHELL

America's Half-Honored Prophet

AN EXAMINATION OF

Billy Mitchell's PUBLIC RECORD TOGETHER WITH AN APPRECIATION

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

The bombing of the battleship Ostfriesland, July, 1921

AMERICA CANNOT MEET AIR ATTACK, MITCHELL WARNS

Military Aeronautics Director Urges Congress to Provide for Adequate Service.

①

Herald Bureau,
No. 1,502 H Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C., Monday.

America is defenceless against aerial attack from a foreign enemy, Brigadier General William Mitchell, Director of Military Aeronautics, told the House Military Affairs Committee today. He strongly recommended the creation of a separate department of aeronautics, independent of the War Department, but with a military division, a special division devoted to the training of flyers, and governmental aid to commercial development of both heavier and lighter than air machines.

General Mitchell criticised [illegible]

OCT. 7, 1919 The moment he came back from France, where he had brilliantly commanded the American World War flyers, the irrepressible Billy Mitchell began to expound his ideas, with increasing insistence and a crescendo of rugged sarcasm, for the establishment of a separate air force.

DENY AIR FLEETS DOOM BATTLESHIPS

Navy Officials Challenge Gen. Mitchell's Assertions Based on Bombing of Indiana.

NO LIVE BOMBS WERE USED

Official Report on the Tests Is Issued—Mitchell Has Caused Navy Protests Before.

②

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—The bombing experiments conducted recently against the old battleship Indiana dem[illegible] the "improbability [illegible] being eith[illegible]

[illegible] damage that might [illegible] an aerial bomb. [illegible] bombs were dropped from air [illegible] to determine the percentage of hits.

Secretary Daniels said today that he knew of no development of the World War or experiment since that would justify any conclusion that battleships were practically rendered useless by aircraft development. It was indicated that the naval Secretary might formally challenge Mitchell's utterances in a communication to Secretary Baker.

Mr. Daniels disclosed that navy officials were examining Mitchell's testimony with care. Press accounts indicated, he said, that the army man was attempting to qualify as a "naval expert."

"The Navy Department is not seriously considering 'Admiral' Mitchell's suggestion that former transports be converted into airplane ships," he added.

Previous Protest on Mitchell.

Naval officers pointed out tonight that on previous occasions the Navy Department had made representations to Secretary Baker regarding statements of [illegible]

2 JAN. 30, 1921 The first target of his zealous criticism was the American Navy, over whose proud battleships, never actually engaged in mortal combat during the first World War, he now began to pronounce resounding obituaries. No match for him in vituperative scorn, the best the Navy could do for jeering answer was to mock him as "Admiral" Mitchell.

3 FEB. 8, 1921 Finally, nettled enough by his constant challenge, the Navy let itself be maneuvered into daring him to test his extravagant claims. The Secretary of the Navy even achieved a place in history for himself by offering to stand on the deck of any battleship Billy Mitchell might bomb. (In justice to Secretary of Navy Josephus Daniels, it should be noted first, that as a civilian he merely reflected the views of his admirals; and second, that he had the moral courage to reverse himself the moment he saw the light. Mr. Daniels' paper, the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*, today champions genuine air power.)

③

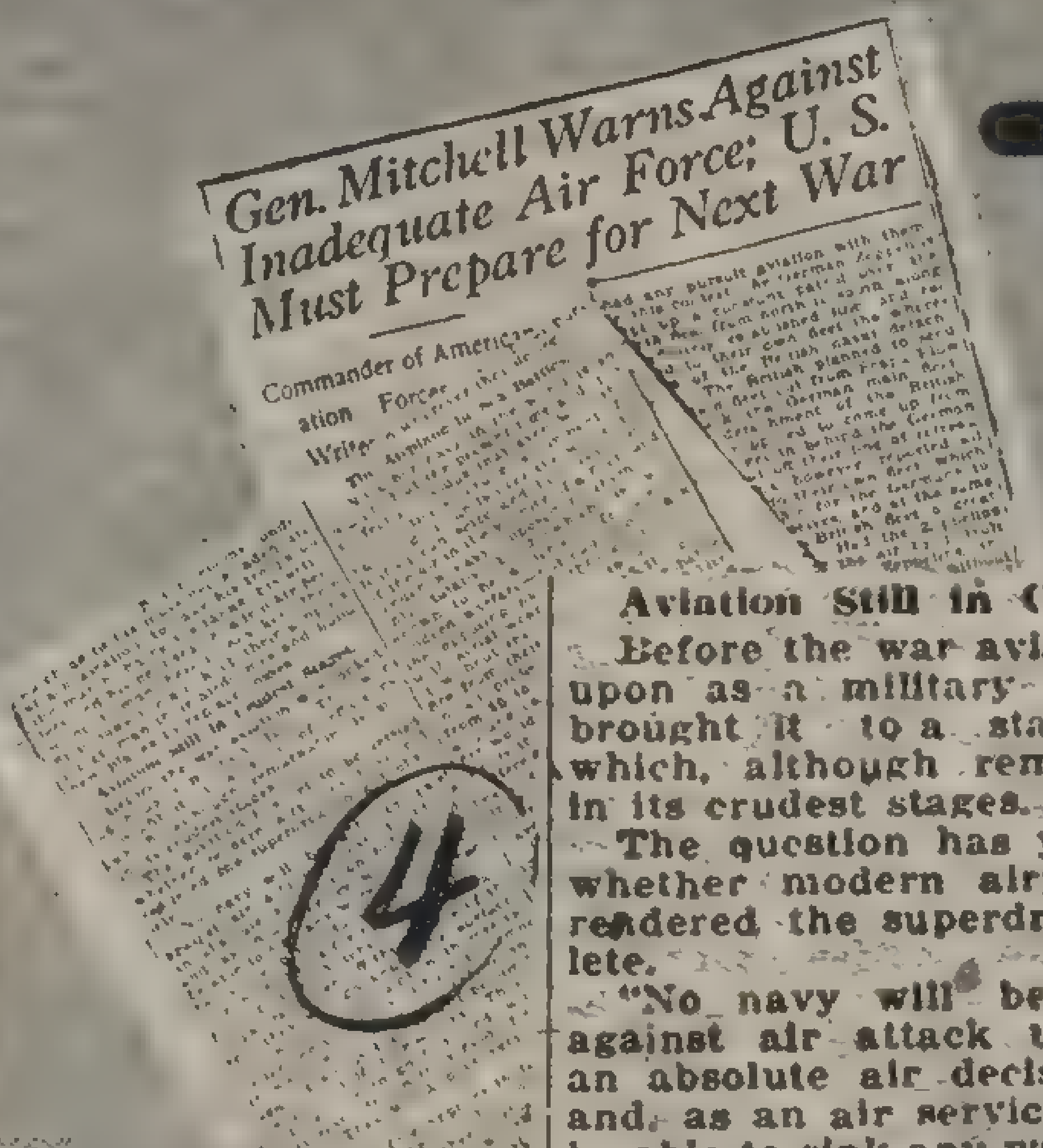
them as test ships for aviation bombing experiments. [illegible] intimated that [illegible] ready fu[illegible] be used for a similar p[illegible] ter.

Challenge to "Admiral" Mitchell.

A conditional challenge for an airplane-battleship duel with Brig. Gen. Mitchell, Chief of Army Air Operations, piloting the bomber and Secretary Daniels navigating the bombee, was issued by Mr. Daniels today.

"If 'Admiral' Mitchell can't drop bombs from the air more effectively than he can explode them in committee meetings," Secretary Daniels said, "I would take a chance on manoeuvring a battleship myself while he tried out his pet plan."

4 FEB. 13, 1921 Meanwhile, that winter of 1921, Mitchell published a book documenting the doom of the battleship, claiming that he could sink any battleship ever built and even saying, twenty years before its decease, that the then new *Hood* had already been rendered obsolete by the addition of a third dimension to modern warfare.



Gen. Mitchell Warns Against Inadequate Air Force; U. S. Must Prepare for Next War

Commander of American [illegible] ation Forces [illegible] Writer [illegible]

④

Aviation Still in Crudest Stages.

Before the war aviation was looked upon as a military toy. The war brought it to a state of efficiency which, although remarkable, is still in its crudest stages.

The question has yet to be settled whether modern airplanes have not rendered the superdreadnought obsolete.

"No navy will be able to exist against air attack unless it obtains an absolute air decision beforehand; and, as an air service will eventually be able to sink any warship, there will be no use in maintaining these expensive instruments for national defense," predicts Gen. Mitchell. "When warships are driven off the surface of the sea, they will go under the surface; and in order to maintain themselves under the surface, will have to armor themselves to such an extent that again their usefulness will be limited on account of their weight. They will not be able to go fast, and will be very restricted in their field of operations. They will also be very expensive.

"It therefore appears that aviation will cause the abolition of all armored ships, either surface or subsurface; will cut down the size and weight of armament that is carried on all shipping, and will cause the surface ships to be used entirely as cargo carriers whose military protection will be furnished from the air."

The sketch of future conditions drawn by the general would be treated as a fanciful drama, penned by H. G. Wells or some other civilian with a lively imagination and a firm hold on a reading public, but for the fact that the World War proved beyond all doubt that the air squadrons of future armies will hold a whip hand in all major maneuvers on land.

Gen. Mitchell is equally confident that the same will apply to war on the sea.

He says:

Work of Zeppelins at Jutland.

"Even in the battle of Jutland, neither the British nor German fleets [illegible] is an ex-

[illegible] navy opposed to them not only totally blind—which is well known to be a decisive feature of modern warfare—but can also attack the opposing navy through the air with aerial weapons, so as to destroy it without the assistance of the gunfire from their ships. The air battle in all probability would take place from 50 to 200 miles away from the airplane carriers, where hostile gunfire would play no part whatever, and where their own navy would run risk.

Here is something for the bugs on naval disarmament to buzz about. Here is fertile food for thought on the part of the exponents of the 1916 naval program of big dreadnoughts.

Gen. Mitchell has already offered to blow up one of Secretary Daniels's dreadnoughts and at the time of writing it would appear that the German dreadnought Ostfriesland will actually be offered as a target for airplanes.

The control of the air and the question of the efficiency of big battle ships is the burning question of all the Great Powers at this time. Great Britain has dropped her naval building program for the present.

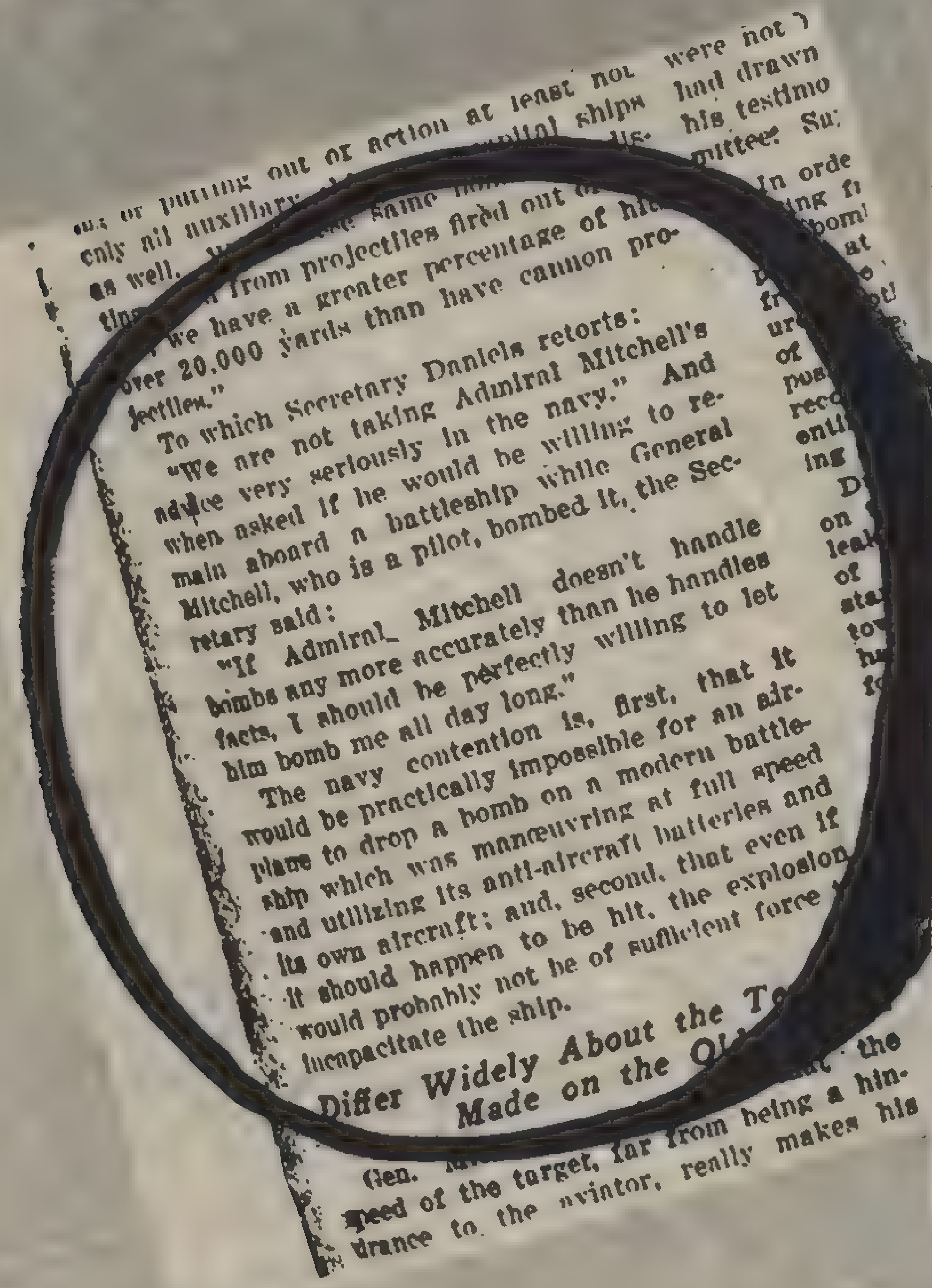
As far as known, her latest creation was the superdreadnought Hood, which has terrific speed and enormous armament and ordnance. Recently Sir Percy Scott, writing in the London Times, told how even the Hood had become obsolete with the advent of a new torpedo.

Now Gen. Mitchell proposes to add insult to injury by blowing her like up from above. The British are credited by the General with the most highly organized air forces at present, which makes Britain practically mistress of the clouds, and in the General's deductions, also boss of the waves, as heretofore.

Whether the American 1916 program has provided special features which will successfully combat with aircraft a layman has no means of knowing. Certain it is that unless the big naval program on which this country has embarked, has taken the bombing plane into consideration the chances during the next war that we have thrown away a billion dol[illegible] would appear excellent.

Aims to Rouse [illegible]

5 FEB 20, 1921 From the Secretary on down, Navy men all that winter and spring traded jibes with "Admiral" Mitchell, and pooh-poohed his "fantastic" assertions.



...ing or putting out of action at least not ... were not ... only all auxiliary ... capital ships ... had drawn ... as well. ... same ... his testimo... ... from projectiles fired out of ... mittee. Su... we have a greater percentage of hi... In orde... over 20,000 yards than have cannon projectiles."

To which Secretary Daniels retorts:

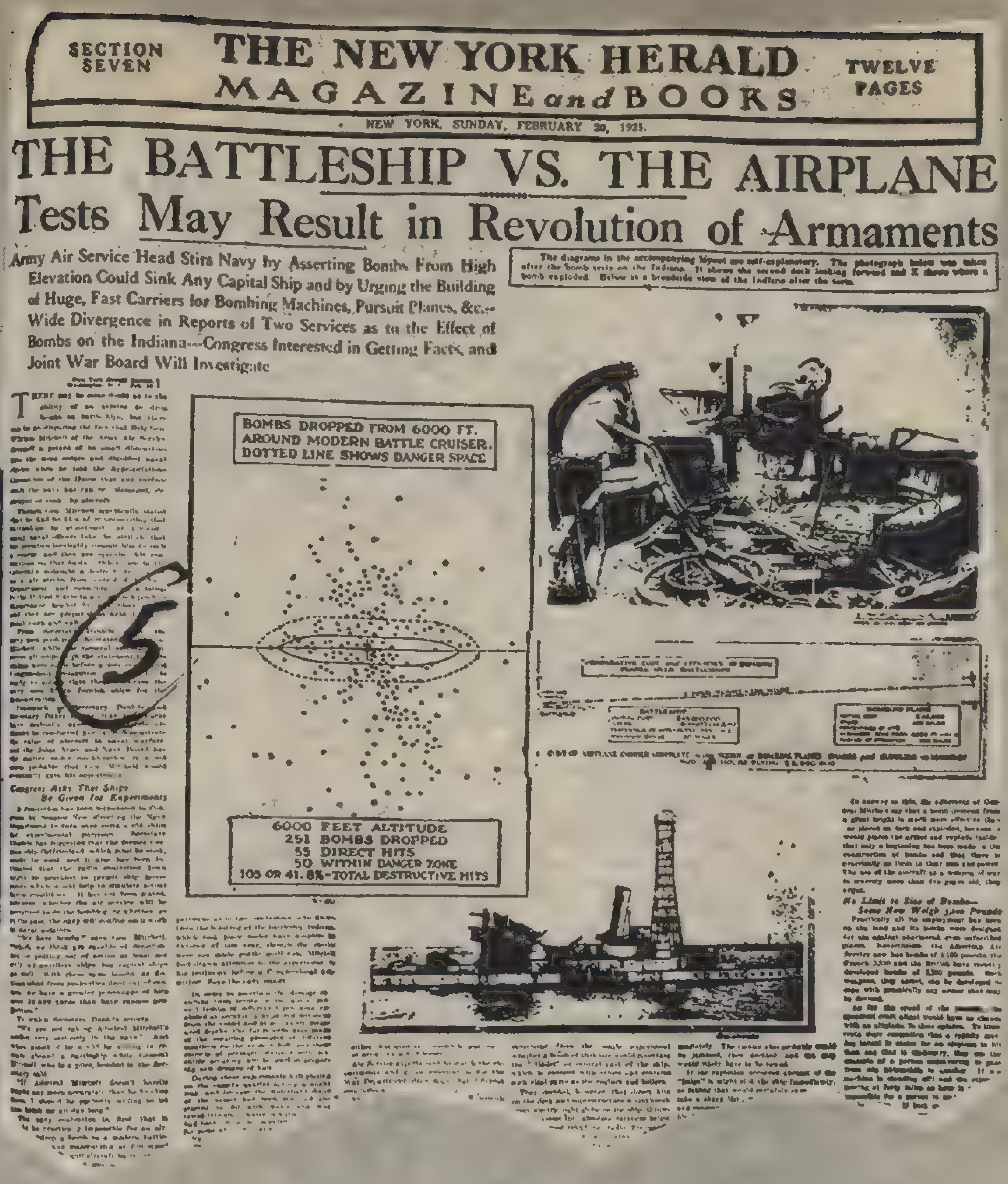
"We are not taking Admiral Mitchell's advice very seriously in the navy." And when asked if he would be willing to remain aboard a battleship while General Mitchell, who is a pilot, bombed it, the Secretary said:

"If Admiral Mitchell doesn't handle bombs any more accurately than he handles facts, I should be perfectly willing to let him bomb me all day long."

The navy contention is, first, that it would be practically impossible for an airplane to drop a bomb on a modern battleship which was manœuvring at full speed and utilizing its anti-aircraft batteries and its own aircraft; and, second, that even if it should happen to be hit, the explosion would probably not be of sufficient force to incapacitate the ship.

Differ Widely About the T...
Made on the Ol...

Gen. ... the speed of the target, far from being a hindrance to the aviator, really makes his



SECTION SEVEN

THE NEW YORK HERALD
MAGAZINE and BOOKS

TWELVE PAGES

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1921.

THE BATTLESHIP VS. THE AIRPLANE

Tests May Result in Revolution of Armaments

Army Air Service Head Stirs Navy by Asserting Bombs From High Elevation Could Sink Any Capital Ship and by Urging the Building of Huge, Fast Carriers for Bombing Machines, Pursuit Planes, &c.—Wide Divergence in Reports of Two Services as to the Effect of Bombs on the Indiana—Congress Interested in Getting Facts, and Joint War Board Will Investigate

5

BOMBS DROPPED FROM 6000 FT.
AROUND MODERN BATTLE CRUISER.
DOTTED LINE SHOWS DANGER SPACE
6000 FEET ALTITUDE
251 BOMBS DROPPED
55 DIRECT HITS
50 WITHIN DANGER ZONE
105 OR 41.8%-TOTAL DESTRUCTIVE HITS

BRIG. GEN. MITCHELL
SS ELUDED DEATH IN AIR

to Says Terrors of Terrific Gale Were Worse Than Any Perils on the Western Front.

S NEARLY BLOWN TO THE SEA

6

His SE-5 Pursuit Plane, Going at 120 Miles an Hour, Stood Still Against the Wind.

WASHINGTON, May 29 (Associated Press).—Brig. Gen William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service and formerly in command of all American air forces in France, had a narrow escape from death yesterday in the storm in which the army Curtiss-Eagle ambulance airplane crashed, with a loss of seven lives.

Although he faced danger in many forms on the western front, General Mitchell admitted today that he never felt closer to death than last evening when the single-seater pursuit plane in which he was returning to Washington from Langley Field was twisted out of his control and tossed at the mercy of the storm more than 1,000 feet above the earth.

That he finally was able to regain control of his airplane and run before the wind until out of the storm area and reach Bolling Field by a roundabout route that took him almost to Richmond, Va., was as much ... anything else, General

6 MAY 30, 1921 Meanwhile Billy Mitchell flew and talked, did so much of both that there were moments when it appeared doubtful that he would survive to meet the Navy's challenge.

MITCHELL RELIEVED OF AERIAL COMMAND

Action of War Department Said to Be Based on General's Remarks Concerning Ships.

By Universal Service.

7

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Brigadier-General William Mitchell, assistant chief of the army air service, has been temporarily removed of his command, it was learned to-night.

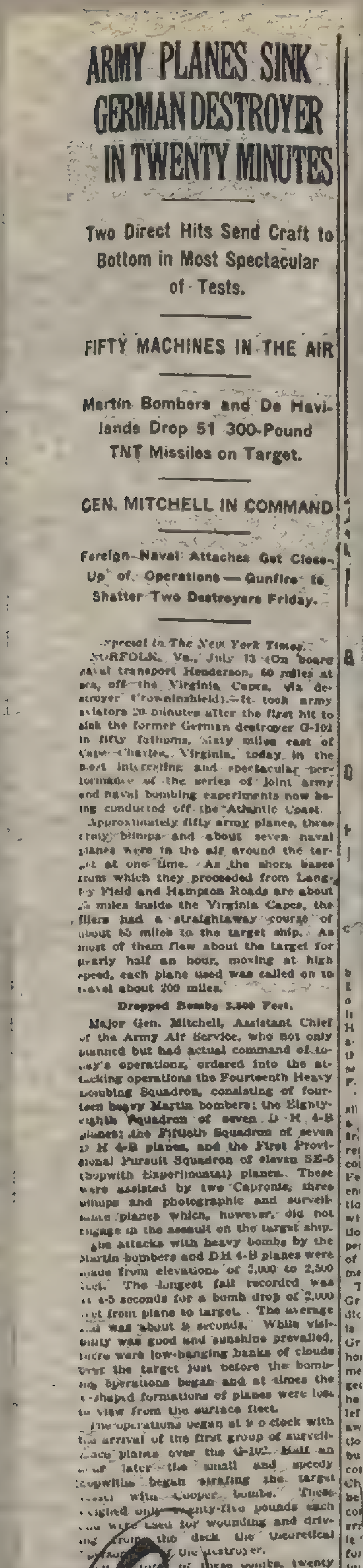
The reason was not disclosed, but it is understood to have been because of his connection with the agitation in Congress and elsewhere over the relative efficiency of battleships and aircraft.

The action means that he will not be in command of the air forces when the battleship versus airplane tests, which are to decide the issue, begin late this month.

From friends with whom General Mitchell talked to-day it was learned that he received a letter from General Menoher to-day notifying him of the action taken by the War Department. Back of it, according to their story, is a complaint lodged against the General by the Navy Department, whose displeasure he is said to have incurred by the frequency with which he has expressed his opinion that the airplane has eclipsed the capital ship as an engine of warfare.

Willi

7 JUNE 9, 1921 There was even a move to get him off the scene before his Army bombers could practice on the captured German ships that the Navy had agreed to furnish as targets for the test. That he was surely talking himself out of his command was evident even then.



ARMY PLANES SINK GERMAN DESTROYER IN TWENTY MINUTES

Two Direct Hits Send Craft to Bottom in Most Spectacular of Tests.

FIFTY MACHINES IN THE AIR

Martin Bombers and De Havilands Drop 51 300-Pound TNT Missiles on Target.

GEN. MITCHELL IN COMMAND

Foreign Naval Attaches Get Close-Up of Operations — Gunfire to Shatter Two Destroyers Friday.

Special to The New York Times.

NORFOLK, Va., July 13.—(On board naval transport Henderson, 60 miles at sea, off the Virginia Capes, via destroyer Crowninshield).—It took army aviators 20 minutes after the first hit to sink the former German destroyer G-102 in fifty fathoms, sixty miles east of Cape Charles, Virginia, today, in the most interesting and spectacular performance of the series of joint army and naval bombing experiments now being conducted off the Atlantic Coast.

Approximately fifty army planes, three army blimps and about seven naval planes were in the air around the target at one time. As the shore bases from which they proceeded from Langley Field and Hampton Roads are about 25 miles inside the Virginia Capes, the fliers had a straightaway course of about 85 miles to the target ship. As most of them flew about the target for nearly half an hour, moving at high speed, each plane used was called on to travel about 200 miles.

Dropped Bombs 2,300 Feet.

Major Gen. Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, who not only planned but had actual command of today's operations, ordered into the attacking operations the Fourteenth Heavy Bombing Squadron, consisting of fourteen heavy Martin bombers; the Eighty-eighth Squadron of seven D-H 4-B planes; the Fiftieth Squadron of seven D H 4-B planes, and the First Provisional Pursuit Squadron of eleven SE-5 (Sopwith Experimental) planes. These were assisted by two Capronis, three blimps and photographic and surveillance planes which, however, did not engage in the assault on the target ship.

The attacks with heavy bombs by the Martin bombers and DH 4-B planes were made from elevations of 2,000 to 2,500 feet. The longest fall recorded was 14.5 seconds for a bomb drop of 2,000 feet from plane to target. The average fall was about 9 seconds. While visibility was good and sunshine prevailed, there were low-hanging banks of clouds over the target just before the bombing operations began and at times the V-shaped formations of planes were lost to view from the surface fleet.

The operations began at 9 o'clock with the arrival of the first group of surveillance planes over the G-102. Half an hour later the small and speedy Sopwiths began strafing the target vessel with Cooper bombs. These weighed only twenty-five pounds each and were used for wounding and driving from the deck the theoretical [illegible] of the destroyer. [illegible] forty of these bombs, twenty direct hits were made.

At [illegible] o'clock the squadron of fourteen Martin bombers, flying in V formation, and two squadrons of as many DH 4-B planes [illegible] flying out from the coast. [illegible]:10 o'clock all these planes were flying over the target ship and, after considerable manoeuvring, the actual attacks began. Each Martin bomber and DH 4-B was loaded with 300-pound demolition bombs, but only seven were dropped by the latter, while the Martins dropped forty-four bombs.

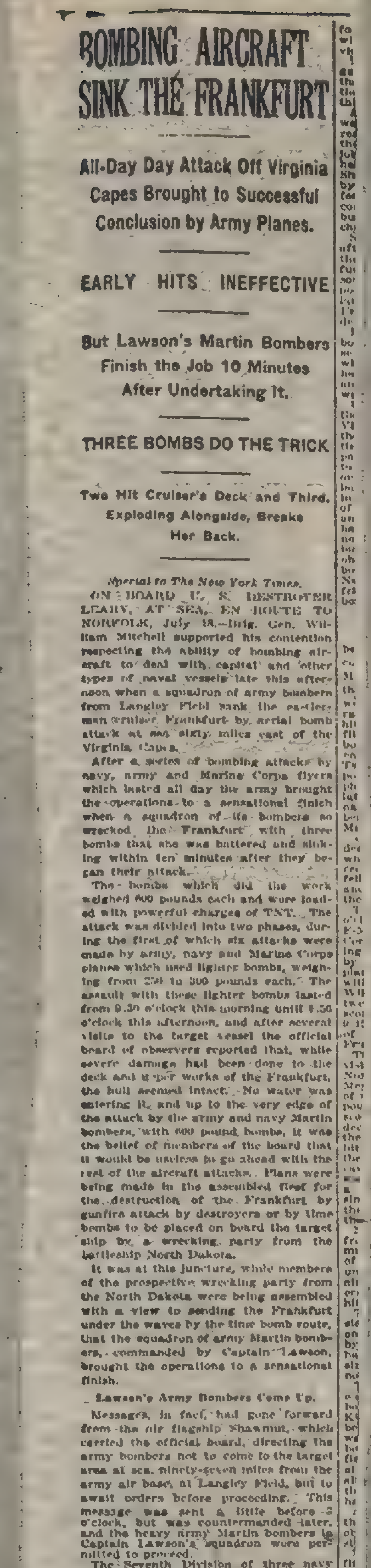
Three Direct Hits Made.

Two direct hits are known to have been made and were officially credited by the observers, while at least one other bomb was considered as being a probable hit, as the last missile dropped by the Martin squadron ricochetted off the bow of the target just as it was diving under the waves.

The first direct hit by one of the D H 4-B planes was made at 10:20 o'clock. At 10:26 o'clock the G-102 was sinking rapidly, her decks being awash to the funnels and her [illegible]

8

8 JULY 14, 1921 But he was in command a month later, piloting a pursuit plane, when his flyers sank a German destroyer in the first test.



BOMBING AIRCRAFT SINK THE FRANKFURT

All-Day Day Attack Off Virginia Capes Brought to Successful Conclusion by Army Planes.

EARLY HITS INEFFECTIVE

But Lawson's Martin Bombers Finish the Job 10 Minutes After Undertaking It.

THREE BOMBS DO THE TRICK

Two Hit Cruiser's Deck and Third, Exploding Alongside, Breaks Her Back.

Special to The New York Times.

ON BOARD U. S. DESTROYER LEARY, AT SEA, EN ROUTE TO NORFOLK, July 18.—Brig. Gen. William Mitchell supported his contention respecting the ability of bombing aircraft to deal with capital and other types of naval vessels late this afternoon when a squadron of army bombers from Langley Field sank the ex-German cruiser Frankfurt by aerial bomb attack at sea sixty miles east of the Virginia Capes.

After a series of bombing attacks by navy, army and Marine Corps flyers which lasted all day the army brought the operations to a sensational finish when a squadron of its bombers so wrecked the Frankfurt with three bombs that she was battered and sinking within ten minutes after they began their attack.

The bombs which did the work weighed 600 pounds each and were loaded with powerful charges of TNT. The attack was divided into two phases, during the first of which six attacks were made by army, navy and Marine Corps planes which used lighter bombs, weighing from 250 to 300 pounds each. The assault with these lighter bombs lasted from 9.30 o'clock this morning until 1.50 o'clock this afternoon, and after several visits to the target vessel the official board of observers reported that, while severe damage had been done to the deck and upper works of the Frankfurt, the hull seemed intact. No water was entering it, and up to the very edge of the attack by the army and navy Martin bombers, with 600 pound bombs, it was the belief of members of the board that it would be useless to go ahead with the rest of the aircraft attacks. Plans were being made in the assembled fleet for the destruction of the Frankfurt by gunfire attack by destroyers or by time bombs to be placed on board the target ship by a wrecking party from the battleship North Dakota.

It was at this juncture, while members of the prospective wrecking party from the North Dakota were being assembled with a view to sending the Frankfurt under the waves by the time bomb route, that the squadron of army Martin bombers, commanded by Captain Lawson, brought the operations to a sensational finish.

Lawson's Army Bombers Come Up.

Messages, in fact, had gone forward from the air flagship Shawmut, which carried the official board, directing the army bombers not to come to the target area at sea, ninety-seven miles from the army air base at Langley Field, but to await orders before proceeding. This message was sent a little before 3 o'clock, but was countermanded later, and the heavy army Martin bombers in Captain Lawson's squadron were permitted to proceed.

The Seventh Division of three navy Martins, carrying bombs weighing 520 pounds each, had just dropped ten of them and scored two hits at 3 o'clock without putting the Frankfurt in a sinking condition. At that hour Captain Lawson's squadron of six Martin bombers, loaded with the 600-pound bombs, was en route from Langley Field to sea, and the [illegible] of battleships, destroyers and naval vessels, their decks lined [illegible] officers and thousands of enlisted men in white uniform, was waiting for [illegible] next move in the game.

Between [illegible] and 3:30 o'clock the air flagship Shawmut seemingly lost half an hour after the big navy Martins completed their attack without sinking the Frankfurt. Then the Shawmut drew alongside the Frankfurt, and almost simultaneously Captain Lawson's army bombers were sighted sixty miles outside the Capes.

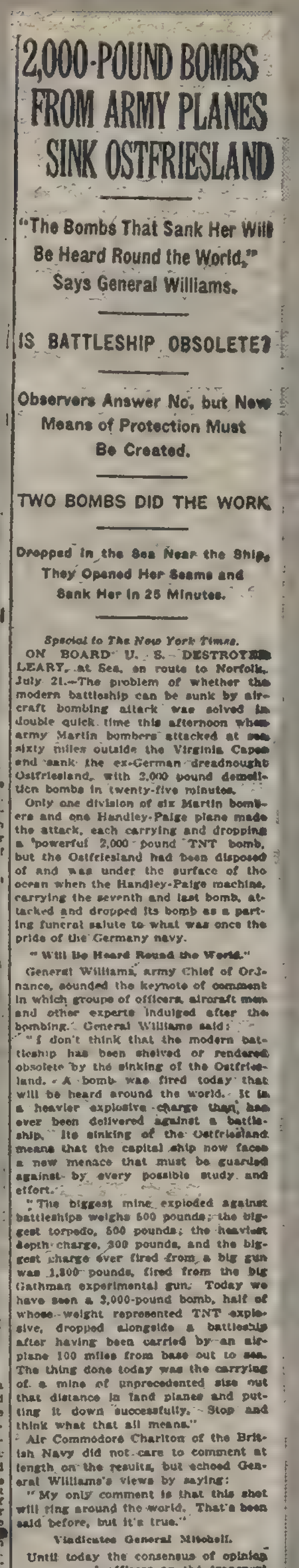
When they came close to the target vessel dense clouds of smoke rose from the aft funnel of the Shawmut. This was a signal to Captain Lawson's bombers to withhold their attack until further orders. This precaution was to save the Shawmut from being bombed while alongside the Frankfurt making an examination to determine whether serious damage had been done in the preceding attack by navy Martin bombers.

Lawson Impatient to Attack.

[illegible] Lawson's Martin bombers had

9

9 JULY 19, 1921 Next his flyers disposed of the German cruiser *Frankfurt*, although Navy inspectors, after the first light bombings, boarded the ship and signalled to cease bombing, as it was evident that it could not be sunk by the light bombers. But then his big Martin bombers came on the scene, circled until they were dangerously low on gas before the Navy inspectors left the ship, then battered it under with 600 pound bombs in ten minutes.



2,000-POUND BOMBS FROM ARMY PLANES SINK OSTFRIESLAND

"The Bombs That Sank Her Will Be Heard Round the World," Says General Williams.

IS BATTLESHIP OBSOLETE?

Observers Answer No, but New Means of Protection Must Be Created.

TWO BOMBS DID THE WORK

Dropped in the Sea Near the Ship, They Opened Her Seams and Sank Her in 25 Minutes.

Special to The New York Times.

ON BOARD U. S. DESTROYER LEARY, at Sea, en route to Norfolk, July 21.—The problem of whether the modern battleship can be sunk by aircraft bombing attack was solved in double quick time this afternoon when army Martin bombers attacked at sea sixty miles outside the Virginia Capes and sank the ex-German dreadnought Ostfriesland, with 2,000 pound demolition bombs in twenty-five minutes.

Only one division of six Martin bombers and one Handley-Paige plane made the attack, each carrying and dropping a powerful 2,000 pound TNT bomb, but the Ostfriesland had been disposed of and was under the surface of the ocean when the Handley-Paige machine, carrying the seventh and last bomb, attacked and dropped its bomb as a parting funeral salute to what was once the pride of the Germany navy.

"Will Be Heard Round the World."

General Williams, army Chief of Ordnance, sounded the keynote of comment in which groups of officers, aircraft men and other experts indulged after the bombing. General Williams said:

"I don't think that the modern battleship has been shelved or rendered obsolete by the sinking of the Ostfriesland. A bomb was fired today that will be heard around the world. It is a heavier explosive charge than has ever been delivered against a battleship. Its sinking of the Ostfriesland means that the capital ship now faces a new menace that must be guarded against by every possible study and effort.

"The biggest mine exploded against battleships weighs 600 pounds; the biggest torpedo, 500 pounds; the heaviest depth charge, 300 pounds, and the biggest charge ever fired from a big gun was 1,800 pounds, fired from the big Gathman experimental gun. Today we have seen a 2,000-pound bomb, half of whose weight represented TNT explosive, dropped alongside a battleship after having been carried by an airplane 100 miles from base out to sea. The thing done today was the carrying of a mine of unprecedented size out that distance in land planes and putting it down successfully. Stop and think what that all means."

Air Commodore Charlton of the British Navy did not care to comment at length on the results, but echoed General Williams's views by saying:

"My only comment is that this shot will ring around the world. That's been said before, but it's true."

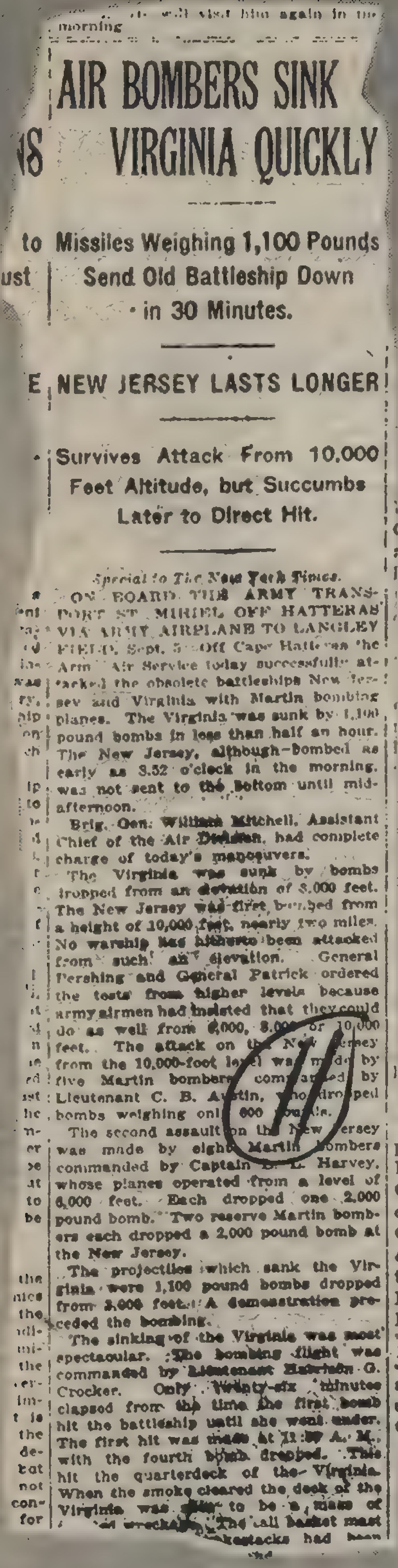
Vindicates General Mitchell.

Until today the consensus of opinion among naval officers on the transport Henderson, witnessing the test as experts, was that the Ostfriesland would not be sunk by the airmen, and that it would be necessary to batter the target to pieces with broadside salvos of the 14-inch guns of the flagship Pennsylvania of the Atlantic fleet. The apparent failure yesterday of smaller bombs of 230, 550 and 600 pound weight to destroy the watertight integrity of the target encouraged naval men in their argument that Brig. G[illegible] William S. Mitchell, A[illegible] Chief of the Army Air Servi[illegible] wrong in his belief that airm[illegible] could destroy the Ostfriesland, m[illegible] put her "out of action."

[illegible] General Mitchell is a hero in [illegible] establishments of tidewater Virginia, idolized by members of the air brigade at Langley Field, while officers of the Navy doff their caps to him as a man who has "made good" his predictions by achievement. The destruction of the Ostfriesland is now recognized as having wiped out all alibis of [illegible] deck-protective armor, which it was argued would protect the vitals of the battleship against

10

10 JULY 22, 1921 And three days later, on July 21, 1921, Billy Mitchell's bombers dropped the bombs heard around the world—except by those who refused to listen—the two 2,000 pounders that disposed of the battleship *Ostfriesland*, the pride of the German Navy, in twenty-five minutes. Mitchell had made good, but his troubles had only begun.



will visit him again in the morning

AIR BOMBERS SINK VIRGINIA QUICKLY

Missiles Weighing 1,100 Pounds Send Old Battleship Down in 30 Minutes.

NEW JERSEY LASTS LONGER

Survives Attack From 10,000 Feet Altitude, but Succumbs Later to Direct Hit.

Special to The New York Times.

ON BOARD THE ARMY TRANSPORT ST. MIHIEL OFF HATTERAS VIA ARMY AIRPLANE TO LANGLEY FIELD, Sept. 5.—Off Cape Hatteras the Army Air Service today successfully attacked the obsolete battleships New Jersey and Virginia with Martin bombing planes. The Virginia was sunk by 1,100 pound bombs in less than half an hour. The New Jersey, although bombed as early as 3.52 o'clock in the morning, was not sent to the bottom until mid-afternoon.

Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Air Division, had complete charge of today's manoeuvers.

The Virginia was sunk by bombs dropped from an elevation of 3,000 feet. The New Jersey was first bombed from a height of 10,000 feet, nearly two miles. No warship has hitherto been attacked from such an elevation. General Pershing and General Patrick ordered the tests from higher levels because army airmen had insisted that they could do as well from 6,000, 8,000 or 10,000 feet. The attack on the New Jersey from the 10,000-foot level was made by five Martin bombers commanded by Lieutenant C. B. Austin, who dropped bombs weighing only 600 pounds.

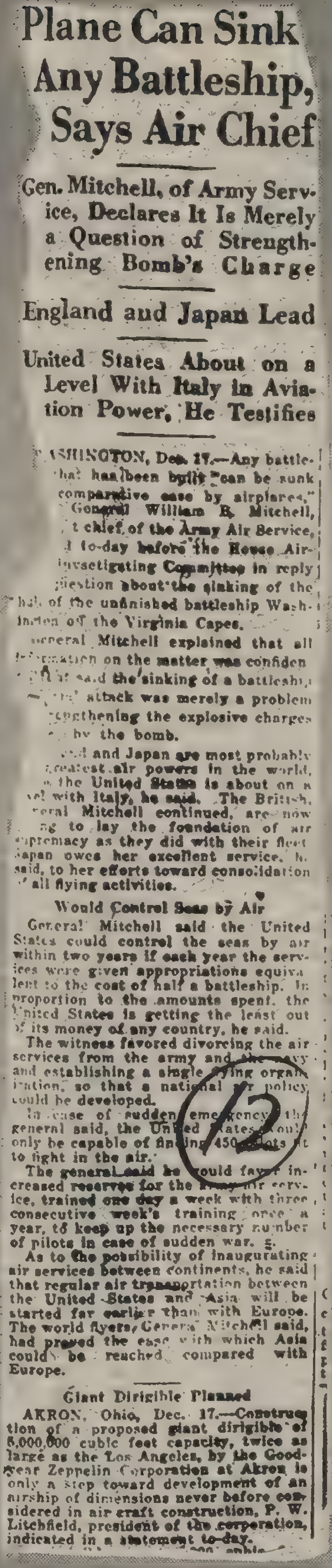
The second assault on the New Jersey was made by eight Martin bombers commanded by Captain [illegible] Harvey, whose planes operated from a level of 6,000 feet. Each dropped one 2,000 pound bomb. Two reserve Martin bombers each dropped a 2,000 pound bomb at the New Jersey.

The projectiles which sank the Virginia were 1,100 pound bombs dropped from 3,000 feet. A demonstration preceded the bombing.

The sinking of the Virginia was most spectacular. The bombing flight was commanded by Lieutenant Harrison G. Crocker. Only twenty-six minutes elapsed from the time the first bomb hit the battleship until she went under. The first hit was made at 11:[illegible] A. M., with the fourth bomb dropped. This hit the quarterdeck of the Virginia. When the smoke cleared the deck of the Virginia was seen to be a mass of [illegible] wreckage. The tall basket mast [illegible] smokestacks had been

11

11 SEPT. 6, 1923 Two years later he did it all over again, sinking the battleships *Virginia* and *New Jersey*. But they were obsolete ships, by the Navy's standards as well as his own, so it wasn't really counted.



Plane Can Sink Any Battleship, Says Air Chief

Gen. Mitchell, of Army Service, Declares It Is Merely a Question of Strengthening Bomb's Charge

England and Japan Lead

United States About on a Level With Italy in Aviation Power, He Testifies

ASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Any battle- hat has been built "can be sunk comparative ease by airplanes," General William B. Mitchell, t chief of the Army Air Service, to-day before the House Air-investigating Committee in reply question about the sinking of the hulk of the unfinished battleship Washington off the Virginia Capes.

General Mitchell explained that all information on the matter was confiden said the sinking of a battleship attack was merely a problem engthening the explosive charges by the bomb.

nd and Japan are most probably greatest air powers in the world, the United States is about on a vel with Italy, he said. The British, neral Mitchell continued, are now ng to lay the foundation of air supremacy as they did with their fleet. Japan owes her excellent service, he said, to her efforts toward consolidation of all flying activities.

Would Control Seas by Air

General Mitchell said the United States could control the seas by air within two years if each year the services were given appropriations equivalent to the cost of half a battleship. In proportion to the amounts spent, the United States is getting the least out of its money of any country, he said.

The witness favored divorcing the air services from the army and the navy and establishing a single flying organization, so that a national air policy could be developed.

In case of sudden emergency the general said, the United States would only be capable of finding 450 pilots fit to fight in the air.

The general said he would favor increased reserves for the army air service, trained one day a week with three consecutive week's training once a year, to keep up the necessary number of pilots in case of sudden war.

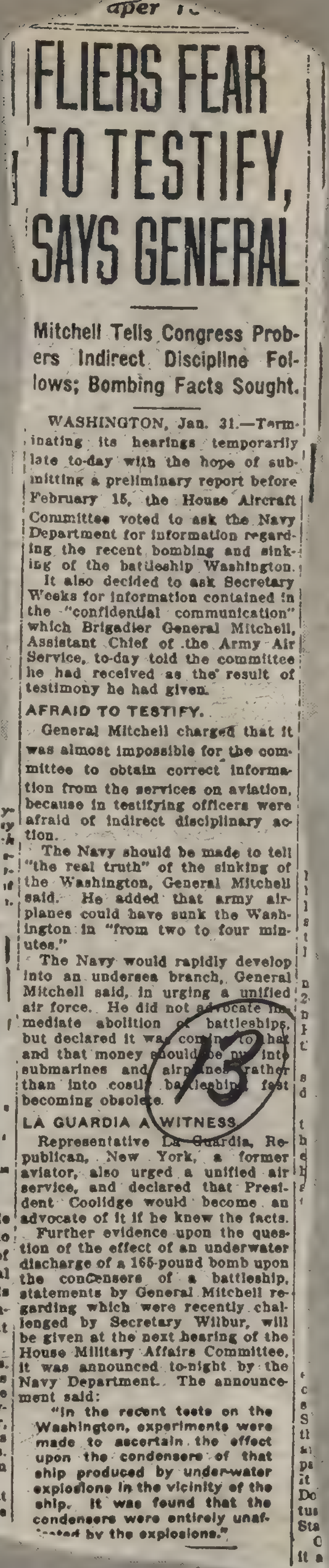
As to the possibility of inaugurating air services between continents, he said that regular air transportation between the United States and Asia will be started far earlier than with Europe. The world flyers, General Mitchell said, had proved the ease with which Asia could be reached compared with Europe.

Giant Dirigible Planned

AKRON, Ohio, Dec. 17.—Construction of a proposed giant dirigible of 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity, twice as large as the Los Angeles, by the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation at Akron is only a step toward development of an airship of dimensions never before considered in air craft construction, P. W. Litchfield, president of the corporation, indicated in a statement to-day.

12

12 DEC. 18, 1924 A year later, after the Navy's own bombing tests on the uncompleted battleship *Washington*, he was still shouting, into the whirlwind of Navy ire, his contention that a plane could sink any battleship—and still pleading the case for a separate air force.



aper

FLIERS FEAR TO TESTIFY, SAYS GENERAL

Mitchell Tells Congress Probers Indirect Discipline Follows; Bombing Facts Sought.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Terminating its hearings temporarily late to-day with the hope of submitting a preliminary report before February 15, the House Aircraft Committee voted to ask the Navy Department for information regarding the recent bombing and sinking of the battleship Washington.

It also decided to ask Secretary Weeks for information contained in the "confidential communication" which Brigadier General Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, to-day told the committee he had received as the result of testimony he had given.

AFRAID TO TESTIFY.

General Mitchell charged that it was almost impossible for the committee to obtain correct information from the services on aviation, because in testifying officers were afraid of indirect disciplinary action.

The Navy should be made to tell "the real truth" of the sinking of the Washington, General Mitchell said. He added that army airplanes could have sunk the Washington in "from two to four minutes."

The Navy would rapidly develop into an undersea branch, General Mitchell said, in urging a unified air force. He did not advocate immediate abolition of battleships, but declared it was coming to that and that money should be put into submarines and airplanes rather than into costly battleships fast becoming obsolete.

LA GUARDIA A WITNESS.

Representative La Guardia, Republican, New York, a former aviator, also urged a unified air service, and declared that President Coolidge would become an advocate of it if he knew the facts.

Further evidence upon the question of the effect of an underwater discharge of a 165-pound bomb upon the condensers of a battleship, statements by General Mitchell regarding which were recently challenged by Secretary Wilbur, will be given at the next hearing of the House Military Affairs Committee, it was announced to-night by the Navy Department. The announcement said:

> "In the recent tests on the Washington, experiments were made to ascertain the effect upon the condensers of that ship produced by under-water explosions in the vicinity of the ship. It was found that the condensers were entirely unaffected by the explosions."

13

13 FEB. 1, 1925 He kept insisting that planes would surely drive navies under the surface—that the day was coming when the money spent on battleships would have to be invested in planes and submarines.

hing, sleet, and rain. y waited for good flying r, they would be 'sitting' ground twenty-eight days each month, according to eorological records of the e. And as for morale, let y right here that it takes a bunch of morale to fly ght between Omaha and the. It will take more to er the Alleghenies on the York Chicago 'leg,' but volrs will be forthcoming when e comes.

present the revenue from ir Mail Service is about a day, expenses are about a day. From 7,500 to 8,500 are handled every twentyours. The income is cont and regular, and is steadreasing. Colonel Henderson ow last month in Washing-

ervice, Not Profit

l the Air Mail pay? It makes ifference. The Post Office rtment is organized for servot profit. The Aair Ma h is not the only secti is not paying its way n it is the least-expens of all, just as our Rur Mail ice is the most e nsive. e are 45,000 rural utes in entire country. ast year service cost r ghly $86,-)00, the cost of e Air Mail ice was $1,500, 0 he cost of t Rural Mail vice is cheer y footed by taxpayers the country, realize tha is good busis to give th American peobusiness n as well as ners—the be possible transation for th r mail matter. , therefor $86,000,000 for al mail de ery is justified, n an Air l appropriation $1,500,000 also warranted the ground service. ven though e Air Mail does pay its w after a longer , the enco ement its exle affords commercial ation warran its continua- General M M. Patrick, f of the Arm ir Service, it upon anoth angle rely. He said:

The United States third aviation strength. is ming, but still more is the lack of a great of pilots and airplanes wh

ant Chief of States Army Air Service.

they must have the qualities of character that enable them to stand heavy losses in emergencies, and yet keep on. America leads in this respect. Our air service personnel is the best personnel that goes into the air to-day.

2—You must have a well-organized industry, able to create the aircraft. Again America leads, potentially, because we have developed the best automotive industry in the world, in this country.

3—You must have the raw materials that are necessary to go into the construction of aircraft and their accessories. Again, America has every material necessary to construct the aircraft, arm them and maintain them, including fuel and all accessories.

The truth is that America is the only country in the world that contains every element within it-self for the maintenance of its air power.

Every air man knows that air power will dominate our existence in the future, in a military way. Wherever we can see an object, either on water or land, we can that object. We can

"Extend Air Ma

Young men who go into the air service are held down. They do not begin to get the standing of the rank or the position which the other services get, or air service personnel get in foreign countries. This must be adjusted before long, or our personnel which has been so wonderfully trained and built up during the war and e, will practically cease to

14

In the civ application of aviation the most striking thing done in any country is the Post Office. Air Mail Service from New York San Francisco, a 32-hour day and night. It is p lar. The mail is carried that in thirty-two hours, and ditional lighting of the airway. time will be reduced to twenty urs or possibly less.

The air mail is being operat entirely with old, war-time equipment. There is nothing new about it at all, except in the application of night beacons and weather signals and radio signals. These air mail routes should be extended to embrace the whole country.

If we were given the money, we could without doubt establish a service from New York to Peking with between sixty and seventy hours total elapsed time. It takes from four to five weeks to cover that distance by the present means of transportation on land and water.

We have just begun to develo air craft as a means of commerc The biggest advance has bee made, and perhaps the best im mediate prospects are offered, b the lighter-than-air rigid diri ibles of the Zeppelin type. Be fore the war, the Germans ca ried about 200,000 commerci passengers in these airships wi out an accident.

Such airships can be oper ed at a lower cost per passe ger mile, under some condition than can either railroads or s . Air routes require no chan to be dug, no roadbed to e constructed. The ai covers the whole world, and ever there is air we can o r terminal stations, thoug cost a great deal, do pare with the

14 FEB. 1, 1925 He realized as early as 1925 that our aeronautical industry was far too small for the great tasks that faced it. He saw in the achievements of our automotive industry latent possibilities to enhance the aviation potential. The impact of war years later did in fact involve the automotive world in aviation. And even then, two years before Lindbergh's flight and fifteen years before the China Clipper, he foresaw "a sixty or seventy hour air service between New York and Peking."

15 FEB. 7, 1925 Infuriated by their stubborn refusal to see what he kept showing them, he went on pressing more and more serious charges against his "mossback" superiors, in the face of constant threats to break him for talking out of turn.

MITCHELL DEFIANT, WIDENS HIS ATTACK ON AVIATION POLICY

He Tells House Committee Our Air Forces Rank Only Fifth in the World.

SAYS NAVY HINDERED TESTS

Gives Out His Reply to Weeks, Calling Department "Incapable," Before Latter Sees It.

COOLIDGE WON'T INTERFERE

Sensational Testimony Starts Rumor of Inquiry Into Our Entire Defense Program.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, reiterated today his grave allegations of inefficiency, conservation and failure to adopt a proper national policy with respect to air defense.

Regardless of reports that he may not only be demoted to a colonelcy, but perhaps charged with alleged insubordination, General Mitchell, both in his testimony before the House Select Committee investigating the operations of the Air Services, and in his reply to the demand of Secretary Weeks for "proof" of earlier testimony before that committee "seriously reflecting" upon the administration of the War Department, severely criticized both the War and Navy Departments.

He censured unsparingly what he characterized as "the system" now in operation in the War and Navy Departments, declaring the evidence before Congress, in his judgment, indicated clearly that aviation has been denied the place commensurate with its military importance and its prospective future value. He said he is convinced that "the system" now in operation "is detrimental to the country's good," and will "seriously compromise our national defense should an emergency arise."

15

He charged the Navy Department with having deliberately endeavored to render the air-bombing attacks conducted in 1921 off the Virginia Capes, during which the former German dreadnought Ostfriesland and other types of ex-German naval craft were sunk by army airplane bombing attacks. He asserted that the navy imposed very great handicaps on the Army Air Service in those tests, which were conducted in pursuance of Congressional authorization; that the Army Air Service was placed under orders of the navy; that this was contrary to the law that "all operations of aircraft from land bases not attached to the navy should be under the army."

The army aviators engaged in those tests, General Mitchell asserted, were forced by the navy rules for the 1921 tests to fly sixty-five miles from the Virginia Capes to the target grounds, which, taken with the additional water areas "that we had to fly over from Langley Field, made the total distance from Langley Field about 100 miles," when the target ships could just as well have been in 100 fathoms of water, twenty-five miles off Cape Hatteras or ten miles off Cape God.

"The whole performance was absolutely unnecessary," asserted General Mitchell.

Openly Blames Both Departments.

General Mitchell declared that in the minds of all air officers participating, this action of the Navy Department "appeared to be a deliberate attempt to handicap us in the accomplishment of our mission."

"That we did not lose a number of our pilots and the crews of our airplanes with the aircraft we possessed then, was a very happy circumstance, due to careful preparation and the devotion to duty of the mechanics and flying officers. We had to go ahead with this work or be accused of not being able to carry out what we had said we could do and what we knew we could do."

"In this whole proceeding," asserted General Mitchell, in his reply to Secretary Weeks in demanding proof of certain of his statements before the House Committee, "we were not defended by the War Department in the matters I have enumerated. In my opinion, the Navy actually tried to prevent our sinking the Ostfriesland."

General Mitchell did not mince words in his criticism of the War Department. He charged that the "resistance" of the War Department to the creation of an independent aeronautical personnel "is insistant and constant" and that he did not consider that since the 1921 bombing tests we have been assisted by the War Department in the development of this most important feature of coast defense.

The general view of the War Department, he alleged, is to limit the ability and effect of aviation in a military way. It does very little for developing aviation in a civil way or commercially, which is necessary in a well balanced governmental organization.

He also charged that in spite of the findings of the Joint Army and Navy Board, and "in spite of the most conclusive evidence of every large country in the world, the Navy

DERIDING NAVY TEST, MITCHELL OFFERS TO SINK A WARSHIP

He Says the Washington Was Not Bombed, but Dummy Projectile Pierced Deck.

ASKS FOR NORTH DAKOTA

Representative Prall Will Seek to Get Battleship for General to Carry Out Challenge.

COOLIDGE DELAYS ACTION

White House Awaits Secretary Weeks's Wishes as to Disciplining Mitchell for Attacks.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Results of the tests by which the navy sank the battleship Washington were ridiculed today by Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, testifying before the Houce Aviation Inquiry Committee.

He challenged the navy to let the Air Service have a real chance at a battleship, suggesting that the North Dakota be used as a target. He promised "to blow it out of the water." Representative Prall intends to take steps to obtain the North Dakota for such a test, as a method of settling the dispute.

"No bombs were used on the Washington in any shape, form or fashion, from anywhere," General Mitchell said.

Dummy projectiles made of sand were dropped on the Washington, General Mitchell said. One of them pierced the disk of the Washington, the witness declared, adding that had a real projectile been used in the test that this "hit" would have gone straight through the ship.

16

When Representative Reid asked General Mitchell to summarize his contentions about aviation, the General said:

"Capital ships are absolutely at the mercy of air attack, or any ships that float in the water are for that matter, and the only defense is air power."

The controversy as to what may be General Mitchell's offic[illegible] as a result of his con[illegible] contrary to accepted [illegible] Navy Depa[illegible] today [illegible]

[illegible] has been much mystery and secrecy over the experiments.

After denying that any bombs were used, the General said that some charges were left down in the water but that they were far away from the ship. On three different days, he added, three 1,000-pound explosions of a charge composed largely of TNT were let off, these being supposed to compare to 2,000-pound bombs. TNT, he said, is not the heaviest explosive known.

"These were nothing but static charges," General Mitchell told the committee, "and they were too far away to have any effect."

He was asked how far away the charges were.

"I would rather have the navy tell how far away they were," he replied.

Earlier, however, the General had said that two 400-pound charges were set off against the hull of the Washington. He could not verify a report printed in the newspapers this morning that naval [illegible] were on the Washington during [illegible] tests. [illegible] static charges were [illegible]diana in 1920 [illegible] deck.

EXPECT MITCHELL TO LOSE AIR POST

Army Men Believe Coolidge Will Send Another Officer's Name to Senate Thursday.

WEEKS SEES PRESIDENT

Admiral Fullam's Testimony Assailed Navy 'Conservatism' and Praised 'Flying General.'

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—President Coolidge will nominate a successor to Brig. Gen. William Mitchell as chief of the Army Air Service at the special session of the Senate called by him to consider nominations, which will meet tomorrow for the administration of the oath to General Dawes, the Vice President-elect.

The expectation in army circles is that General Mitchell will not be renominated. Secretary Weeks today refused to indicate whether he would recommend that General Mitchell be chosen again. When a newspaper dispatch to the effect that the General would not be reappointed was brought to the attention of the Secretary tonight he said:

"That is merely guesswork. I have not indicated anything as to whom I will recommend far the position."

Secretary Weeks today for the first time took up the case of General Mitchell with the President. Mr. Coolidge recently told callers that he felt the appointment should go to the man recommended by the Secretary of War and that he would approve such a recommendation as Secretary Weeks might make. The belief prevails in army circles that General Mitchell will be transferred to some air field, reverting to his rank of Colonel. His four years' tour of duty in his present position expires March 26.

No recommendation has been made to the President by Secretary Weeks. Indications tonight are that the Secretary will not announce any decision to the President before Thursday morning. The Senate, after administering the oath to the Vice President-elect, is expected to adjourn and transact no business before Thursday.

17

Committee Ceases to Function.

In testimony taken yesterday at his home and made public today Rear Admiral William F. Fullam, retired, told the House Aircrafts Committee that it "has not gotten down to the beginning" of the controversy over air power and naval preparedness. Representative Perkins of New Jersey visited Admiral Fullam at his apartment yesterday in behalf of the committee and examined him.

Admiral Fullam, who had been kept from visiting the committee room by illness, heartily supported the views of General Mitchell.

There was nothing in his testimony

on Page Eight.

MITCHELL DROPPED; COL. FECHET NAMED TO TAKE AIR POST

'Flying General', Reduced to Colonel, Avows He Will Continue Aviation Fight.

WANTS PLACE AT CHICAGO

Army Now Speculates on Whether Weeks Will Start Court-Martial Proceedings.

SUCCESSOR ALSO A FLIER

Officer Nominated by Coolidge Rose From the Ranks—Change Takes Effect April 27.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—President Coolidge today nominated Lieut. Col. James E. Fechet to be Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service in place of Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, whose attacks on the aviation policy of the War and Navy Departments have been highly displeasing to high officials in the Administration. General Mitchell issued a statement in which he announced that he would continue his fight against the present army and navy air policies.

The change will take place April 27, the end of General Mitchell's four-year term in the office from which he is being removed. On that day Colonel Fechet will take office with the rank of Brigadier General, and General Mitchell will revert to the rank of Colonel, his regular rank in the army. He was a Brigadier General only under the law which gives the higher rank to the Assistant Air Chief and to some other staff officers.

18

No decision has been reached as to a new assignment for General Mitchell. Secretary Weeks stated today that he was not yet ready to make any announcement in this respect. General Mitchell probably will be assigned to duty at one of the army flying fields. It is understood to be his desire to become an air service officer on the staff of the Commandant of the Sixth Corps area, with headquarter

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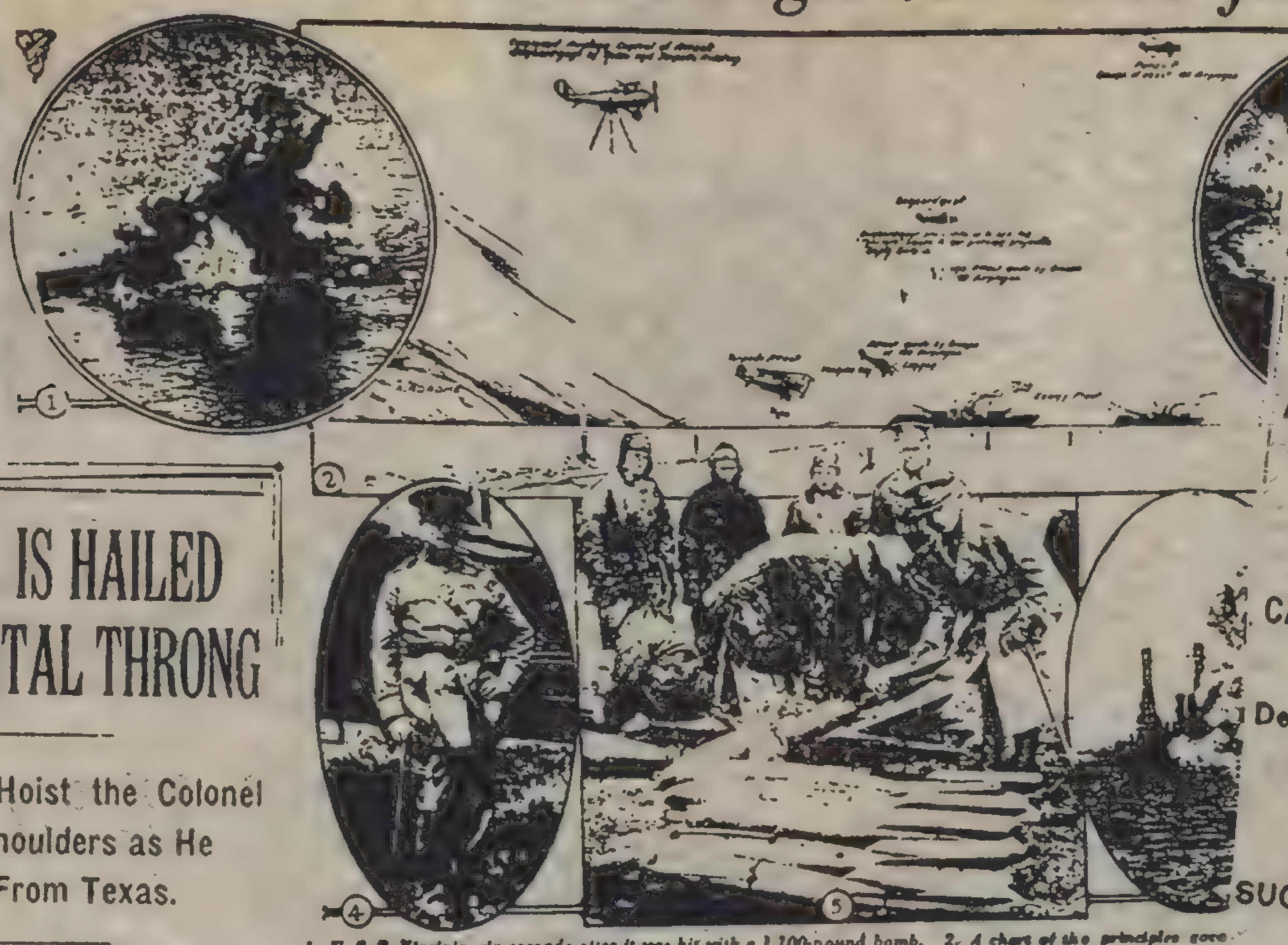
16 FEB. 21, 1925 Having sunk three battleships he kept offering to sink more, to prove again his still disputed earlier proofs. Meanwhile there were rumors that his number was up.

17 MAR. 4, 1925 His four-year term as Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service was expiring in March of 1925 and the feeling was widespread that the brass hats were determined to be rid of his pestering presence.

18 MAR. 7, 1925 They passed him up when time came for reappointment, and he went back to his regular Army rank of Colonel. He said that wouldn't deter him from continuing his fight for "an air force properly organized."

"Strike First," Mitchell Urges for Air Defense Success



1. U. S. S. Virginia six seconds after it was hit with a 1,100-pound bomb. 2. A chart of the principles governing attack on a hostile fleet, second phase. 3. A fusillade of shots at the Virginia. 4. Mitchell, the flying general. 5. Mitchell inspecting air bombs in the spring [illegible] 6. A hit with a 300-pound demolition bom

Attack Foe as Far Away From Home as Possible, He Says; Anti-Aircraft Guns Called Incapable of Beating Off

19

Aerial Range Finding Is Difficult, as Artillery Has No Guiding Points; Battle Experience Cited to Show Need of Big Air Fleets

[illegible] General Mitchell, chief proponent in the United States of attack by air and a separate air service. The article is one of the chapters in his new book "Winged Defense," to be published to-morrow by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

By Colonel [illegible]

[illegible] German area. [illegible]

two of the British and converged on Fere-en-Tardenois from three different directions so as to arrive at the same time that [illegible]

[illegible]

MITCHELL IS HAILED BY CAPITAL THRONG

Legion Men Hoist the Colonel to Their Shoulders as He Arrives From Texas.

POLICE RULE MARS WELCOME

Veterans Complain Against Interference—Mitchell Ready for Board Testimony Monday.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25. — Colonel William Mitchell, the central figure in the storm that is raging in aviation circles, received a rousing welcome on his arrival in Washington tonight in response to the summons to appear before President Coolidge's air board of inquiry.

The "Flying Colonel" had a reception at Union Station that must have gladdened his heart. He was welcomed "home"—Colonel Mitchell regards Washington as his home—by 200 members of the American Legion, headed by the Bugle Corps of Costello Post.

As he stepped through the station gate he was hoisted on the shoulders of two Legionnaires and carried in triumph to the street. Crowds surrounded him as he was thus transported, shouting, "What's the matter with Billie Mitchell? Bill's all right." Again and again the smiling Colonel was cheered and acclaimed as a conquering hero.

20

Two of the legionaires that greeted Colonel Mitchell carried big placards that were held aloft. One of them read:

"Costello Post welcomes Colonel Mitchell—the American."

The other bore these words:

"Colonel Mitchell, the McCroarty O'Connell Post welcomes you."

While on duty in Washington Colonel Mitchell was a familiar figure in the uniform of an army air officer. Tonight, as he stepped from the train he wore a broad grey sombrero, a blue shirt and a gray tie.

Arriving at the curb, where an automobile awaited him, Colonel Mitchell, accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell, was induced to pose for the camera men.

Although impatient to proceed to his hotel, the Colonel was still further delayed. The Legionnaires, with the army flier in their midst, paraded around the circle fronting the Union Station and then halted in order that more pictures might be taken.

Terminal police interfered and the crowd was ordered to the sidewalks. Colonel Mitchell remained standing on the curb for several minutes, but the confusion was so great that the photographers were unable to complete their work.

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19 AUG. 30, 1925 So that spring he published another book, *Winged Defense*. The War Department charged that the volume was printed in violation of regulations. He invited them to "start something," so he could get his case before Congress and the people. "This book is just the beginning," said Billy Mitchell. It was. Mitchell's next statement was to denounce the Army and Navy Air Services of "incompetence and negligence, almost to treason."

20 SEPT. 26, 1925 He was hauled back to Washington (where the police unsuccessfully tried to break up an American Legion welcome for him). He was summoned before a board of inquiry, but the threat of court martial was already in the air.

21 SEPT. 30, 1925 Mitchell was to get his chance to take his case before the people, but he was to get it the hard way, via a court martial.

AMERICA AT MERCY OF ENEMY BY AIR, MITCHELL ASSERTS

Appearing Before Inquiry Board, He Makes Sweeping Attack on Army Aviation.

CALLS CHIEFS 'MOSSBACKS'

Declares They Are Unfit to Control in Either Branch of the Service.

SUGGESTS MANY REFORMS

Urges Unified Department for the Air Service—Complains of Equipment as "Worn Out."

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—Colonel William Mitchell of the Army Air Service, whose sensational charges against the conduct of his own and the Naval Air Service are to lead to his trial by court-martial, was the star witness today before the Aircraft Board of Inquiry appointed by President Coolidge to investigate the whole subject of aviation with reference to national defense. He proved somewhat of a disappointment, however, to those who attended the board's sessions in the expectation that he would make the sparks fly and give sensational testimony, comparable to the bitter criticism in which he indulged against the War and Navy Departments following the destruction of the naval dirigible Shenandoah.

21

Strictly speaking, Colonel Mitchell gave no testimony. The four hours and forty minutes that he was in the witness chair was devoted by him to reading seven chapters of a voluminous prepared statement, nine chapters in all, in which practically every aspect of the situation affecting aircraft development and conditions was gone into with minuteness of detail.

While the Colonel was plain spoken in his strictures on the manner in which the Air Service of the Army and Navy are administered, he avoided personalities and made no such charges of "almost criminal negligence" by the military and naval authorities [illegible] were contained in the statement he gave to the press at San Antonio, Texas, when the Shenandoah went to pieces in an electric and wind storm in Ohio early this month.

Taking the witness chair at 11:20 o'clock this morning, after oral testimony had been given by Lieut. Col. Benjamin D. Foulois of the Army Air Service, commanding Mitchel Field, New York, who enlivened the proceedings by a severe attack on the Army General Staff, Colonel Mitchell read continuously until a recess for luncheon was taken at 1 o'clock. He resumed reading when the board reassembled at 2:30 o'clock and continued, with only one restful intermission of five minutes, until 5:30, when the board adjourned until tomorrow morning.

Reads 35,000 Words.

The Colonel read rapidly, in a high, clear voice, so rapidly that at the conclusion of the day's two sessions he had given the board the benefit of figures and opinions comprised in about 35,000 words. Tomorrow he will read the two

MITCHELL TO FACE CHARGES ON MONDAY

He Is Ordered Before Army Inspector General as First Step in Disciplinary Action.

TRIAL LIKELY IN FORTNIGHT

Air Service Critic Gets Opportunity to Reply on Counts and Prepare His Defense.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—Colonel William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, whose San Antonio statement charging the War and Navy Departments with "criminal negligence" precipitated the present aircraft investigation, was ordered by the War Department to report Monday to the Inspector General of the Army to answer the charges which are being preferred against him with a view to disciplinary proceedings.

The order was issued after the Aircraft Inquiry Board had notified the War Department that it had completed its examination of Colonel Mitchell.

War Department officials stated that the charges against Colonel Mitchell had been held in abeyance to permit him to appear before the board without embarrassment; and that it is now proposed to go ahead with the proceedings without delay.

Commenting upon published reports that Colonel Mitchell would be precluded from attending the convention of the American Legion at Omaha opening Oct. 5, Department officials said that Colonel Mitchell had made no application for permission to attend the convention, but in view of the delay already undergone, it is felt that Colonel Mitchell would have to curtail his personal movements in order to expedite the work of the War Department.

It was pointed out that under Army regulations Colonel Mitchell could be "confined to quarters" or even put under actual arrest and confinement if the competent authorities deemed such action necessary.

War Department officials believed that probably not longer than two weeks would be necessary after the court martial is determined upon to assemble the personnel of the court, and it is not regarded as likely that Colonel Mitchell would make any retraction to the Inspector General which would change the War Department's plans.

22

It is understood that the principal charge against Colonel Mitchell is insubordination, based upon his statements issued just after the Shenandoah disaster.

POKES FUN AT MITCHELL.

London Paper Says America Has "Bogys and Madmen."

Copyright, 1925, by The New York Times Company.

By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—It is evident that America, too, is not without its bogys and its madmen, says The Daily News in an editorial concerning Colonel Mitchell's statement that, while America has only twenty-four airplanes fit for war, Britain is the only European power to be feared, as she could attack the heart of the United States with 1,000 planes, with the mouth of the St. Lawrence as a base.

"If he were to tell the whole truth," continues The News, "we have no dout Colonel Mitchell could reveal detaile plans for this destructive but simp operation tucked away in Governme pigeonholes of America's chief potent enemy. It is the fashion for Americ politicians to deride the madness of t ropean statesmanship, which bu armaments furiously against sacrifi bogys."

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12 GENERALS TO TRY MITCHELL ON OCT. 28 FOR AIR CRITICISMS

President Directs Bringing of Charges Under 96th Article of War, Involving Discipline.

HE MAY REVIEW FINDINGS

Army Court, Which Is of the Highest Rank Ever Called, Can Order Dismissal.

MITCHELL SEES EVASION

He Says Form of the Accusation Will Bar Charges Which He Can "Absolutely Prove."

23

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Colonel William Mitchell of the Army Air Service will be placed on trial before a general court-martial on Oct. 28. This long-expected announcement, following Colonel Mitchell's public strictures on both the army and navy air administrations following the destruction of the Shenandoah, was made tonight by the Secretary of War. The court is convened by direction of President Coolidge and it is probable that he will personally review its findings.

Colonel Mitchell, the announcement said, is to be tried in Washington by a court of twelve officers, six of them major generals and six brigadier generals. Major Gen. Charles P. Summerall, commander of the Second Corps Area, with headquarters at Governors Island, N. Y., will be president of the court. He is the senior officer of the army on active service and the court is said to be the highest ranking court-martial in its personnel ever convened. With one exception the members of the court are West Pointers. Colonel Mitchell is also a West Point graduate.

No Air Officers on Court.

There is no officer of the Air Service on the court, the two gene- [illegible] that service bei- [illegible] of such [illegible] lutely prove them.

It was contended by Colonel Mitchell that the course of the War Department prevented anybody from telling the truth at the trial concerning the charges against the air administrations of the army and the navy contained in the sensational statement issued by Colonel Mitchell at San Antonio in September.

He reiterated his intention to continue to fight for "an air force properly organized." He also said he would insist that the trial be open to the public. The court has discretion in this respect, and it is the understanding that the War Department desires an open trial. Colonel Mitchell indicated that in addition to an army officer detailed for his defense, there would be civilian counsel on his side, when he said he had engaged the best legal talent in the country. He has been conferring with Representative Frank R. Reid of Illinois, who is understood to have been retained to represent him.

Cites Ninety-sixth Article of War.

Violation of the ninety-sixth article of war forms the basis of the charges against Colonel Mitchell. This article reads:

"Though not mentioned in these articles, all disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the military service and all crimes or offenses not capital, of which persons subject to military law [illegible] guilty, shall be taken cognizance [illegible] al or special or summary [illegible] to the nature [illegible] punished

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MITCHELL ADDS TO AIR SERVICE CHARGES; SEES PERJURY PLOT IN SHENANDOAH CASE; THREE OFFICERS BACK HIM BEFORE COURT

Legion Post Asks President to Permit Mitchell To Come Here As Guest for Armistice Day Banquet

An appeal has been made to President Coolidge to allow Colonel Mitchell, now detained in Washington under technical arrest, to visit New York as guest of honor at an American Legion banquet.

The petitioning telegram, sent from Aviators' Post 743 of the American Legion, follows:

Calvin Coolidge, President,
Washington, D. C.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with power to so act, we, representing Aviators' Post 743, American Legion, New York City, respectfully ask that you allow Colonel Mitchell freedom to leave Washington to be a guest of honor at our dinner Armistice Night at the Roosevelt Hotel, New York City. Hundreds of men who served under Colonel Mitchell during the war will appreciate your favorable action in this matter.

CHARLES S. MATTHEWS, Commander.
O. E. HOSKINSON.
H. NOBLE ESTEY.
THOMAS L. HILL.

24

CASE THROWN WIDE OPEN

Colonel Quickly Avails Himself of Permission to Prove Charges.

TO CALL MRS. LANSDOWNE

Defense Counsel Says Naval Officer Tried to Induce Widow to Swear Falsely.

PLANES CALLED OBSOLETE

Major Spatz Says War Department Retards Aviation—Gen. Fries Disputes Gen. Drum

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—To the surprise of civilian as well as military Washington the court-martial before which Colonel William Mitchell of the Army Air Service is on trial, charged with insubordination and other military offences, threw open the doors today and it is now up to the accused aviator to prove that his charges against the air administrations were based on fact. Colonel Mitchell at once took the offensive and sensation followed sensation with bewildering rapidity. The accused officer, through his attorneys, announced that he would prove every charge he has made before the case goes to the President for the final word as to his guilt or non-guilt of violating army discipline. It looks tonight as if the whole Air Service wrangle may be thrashed out before the court-martial.

The court overruled many objections advanced by Colonel Moreland in an effort to keep the proceedings from developing into a general discussion of the Air Service controversy. It appeared to be the position of a majority of the court that, regardless of technicalities or army regulations, Colonel Mitchell should have the fullest opportunity to prove his case. That such is the position of the court was indicated when, just before adjournment, General Howze suggested that it may be necessary to hold night sessions in order to expedite the taking of testimony.

Representative Frank R. Reid of Illinois, chief of defense counsel, startled court and spectators with the assertion that before the court-martial is ended he will prove that an officer of the navy tried to persuade Mrs. Zachary Lansdowne, widow of the ill-fated Shenandoah commander, to commit perjury before the Naval Board that was appointed to inquire into the causes of that disaster. It is the understanding the witness who will be called to give this testimony will be Mrs. Lansdowne. Mr. Reid did not disclose the name of the navy officer who, he said, "endeavored to get Mrs. Lansdowne to give false testimony retracting her former statement that Commander Lansdowne was ordered to take the Shenandoah on her fatal flight to the Middle West over his protest."

Major Spatz Aids Defense.

Again the defense scored point after point when Major Carl Spatz, a West Pointer and one of the outstanding heroes of the American World War Air Service, took the witness chair and swore that the policy of the War Department is, in his opinion, such as to retard the organization and development of the aerial defense of the nation. There has been in the army service, he testified, no bombing operations for two years,

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22 OCT 3 1925 MacArthur* was one of the twelve generals who heard his case, none of them air officers. The charge was insubordination. Mitchell insisted that the trial be public.

23 OCT 21 1925 Since it was a Presidential court martial, Mitchell felt it was only logical to call the President to face him. But the court contrived to short circuit a lot of Mitchell's pent-up voltage, and canny Cal Coolidge was not called.

24 NOV 10 1925 Because they were trying him solely on a question of discipline, his success or failure in proving his own charges could not affect the outcome of the case. But that didn't stop him from airing them all over again.

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*It is odd that MacArthur and Mitchell never could see eye to eye, because MacArthur long ago foresaw, as Mitchell did, that total war would come to mean "a nation at war, rather than a nation in arms." Both thought in terms of stronger weapons for fewer men, not greater masses of men under arms. And both, in their writings, constantly harked back over seven centuries to the example of Genghis Khan as the ideal tactician.

WORLD WAR ACES BACK UP MITCHELL

Major Rickenbacker and Captain Chambers Belittle Value of Anti-Aircraft Guns.

COURT-MARTIAL NEARS END

Defense Completes Its Corroborative Evidence—Colonel Is Expected to Take the Stand Monday.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The end of the court martial of Colonel William Mitchell of the Army Air Service is in sight and the Colonel himself will take the witness stand not later than Monday morning. The defense, so far as corroborative testimony is concerned, closed its case this afternoon and Representative Frank R. Reid of Illinois, chief counsel for the accused aviator, announced that as soon as he had a chance to go over the trial record, which will not take more than one day, Colonel Mitchell would be ready to face the fire of his accusers. The best opinion is that he will take the witness chair at 10 o'clock Monday morning.

Colonel Mitchell called as his final witnesses today Major Edward Rickenbacker, the outstanding ace of the A. E. F.; Captain Reid M. Chambers, another American ace, and Lieutenant Leigh Wade, one of the "around the world" flyers.

The annoucement that Major Rickenbacker was to take the stand crowded the little court room to its capacity and when the veteran ace was turned over to the prosecution for cross-examination the Judge Advocates for once did not assume a belligerent attitude.

In his cross-examination of Major Rickenbacker and Captain Chambers Major Wilby, the Judge Advocate representing the General Staff, asked them if they would be surprised if he showed them World War reports dealing with the extraordinary accuracy of anti-aircraft guns, one anti-aircraft battery having, he said, brought down forty-one planes. Both the witnesses expressed great surprise. It was news to them, and their attitude was one of unbelief.

Major Rickenbacker, answering questions by Mr. Reid said that he was over the German lines a total of about 300 hours and that he was officially credited with having brought down twenty-six enemy aircraft.

Under Fire for 300 Hours.

"How many hours were you exposed to anti-aircraft fire?" Mr. Reid asked

"About 300," Major Rickenbacker replied.

"At what altitudes did you operate?"

"From less than 25 to more than 7,500 feet."

25

"Now, based on your experience in the World War, do you consider anti-aircraft fire a protection against air craft?"

"I do not."

"Were any of your planes brought down?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of any instance in which an American flier was brought down by ground fire?"

"Yes, one — Hamilton Coolidge was brought down near Grand Pré. He was flying in the barrage zone and for that reason there is no way of knowing whether or not his death was due to anti-aircraft fire or to the barrage."

Major Rickenbacker, asked about the American aviation reserve situation, gave it as his opinion that reserve fliers should have at least an average flying training of one hour a week.

"Is it proper," Mr. Reid asked, "to send an aviator up without a parachute?"

"It's suicidal," replied the witness. "It's like sending a man to sea without a life preserver. Fire is the great hazard of the air, and without a parachute the airman whose plane ignites is utterly without hope."

Mr. Reid explained that testimony so far offered shows that the American Air Service is still largely equipped with planes inherited from the World War. He asked Major Rickenbacker if he thought such planes would be of value in the event of war.

"Certainly not. The graveyards about our flying fields prove this," he answered.

"Do you happen to know what the rank of the United States is in the matter of aviation?" was another question asked by Mr. Reid

"According to the latest authentic information I understand we are now in eighth place," Major Rickenbacker replied.

Beginning the cross-examination Major Wilby asked Major Rickenbacker if he knew that Baron von Ritchthofen, the German ace, had been killed by fire from the ground. He replied that he understood Richthofen was killed by machine gun fire during the final German drive on Paris.

"Would you be surprised if you were told an American anti-aircraft battery brought down nine planes?" asked Major Wilby.

"I woudn't be surprised at anything in the official reports you refer to," answered Major Rickenbacker, and the audience tittered.

"And I would be surprised if anybody believed it," added Major Rickenbacker.

"By the way you have testified, this country stands eighth in aviation. Can

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Tribune CITY EDITION

TWO CENTS In Greater New York | THREE CENTS Within 200 Miles | FOUR CENTS Elsewhere

Mitchell, Found Guilty On All Counts, Suspended From Army for 5 Years

Colonel, Demanding Show-Down, Brings Court Martial to Dramatic Close; Convicted in 22 Minutes

Lenient on His War Record, Judges Say

Desire Also Seen to Spoil His 'Martyr' Role; He Takes Verdict Calmly; Now Goes to Coolidge

From the New York Herald Tribune Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Colonel William Mitchell was found guilty by a court martial to-day. His charges against American air officers that they were guilty of "criminal negligence" and "almost treasonable administration" resulted in his suspension from the army for five years.

Calm and self-contained, the accused, in his colonel's uniform, bedecked with decorations from many foreign countries, sat while Major General Robert L. Howze, president of the court, read the verdict to a room filled with tense spectators.

For violation of the 96th Article of War, Colonel Mitchell was sentenced to immediate suspension from the army with the forfeiture of all pay and allowance as well as rank and command for five years.

The verdict had been expected, but the sentence which [illegible] surprise. Before it can become effective, however, it must be approved by high officials of the army and finally by the President of the United States. No change in the verdict or the sentence is, however, expected.

26

Court's Decision

The decision of the court was as follows:

The court, upon secret written ballot, two-thirds of the members present at the time the vote was taken concurring in each finding of guilty, finds the accused guilty of all specifications and of the charge.

Upon secret written ballot the court sentences the accused to be

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Press Upholds Conviction of Col. Mitchell

Editors Generally Approve Verdict, as Officer's Attitude Was Held Detrimental to Army Discipline

'Martyrdom' Denied Him

Sentence Is Called Too Lenient to Permit Aviation Critic to Capitalize It

Newspaper comment on the conviction of Colonel William Mitchell and his five-year suspension from the army follows:

"New York Times"

In his San Antonio outbursts against the administration of the military air services, which had the character of manifestoes and startled the country, Colonel William Mitchell dared the lightning of the extreme penalty that a court martial could impose. An army exists and functions by the enforcement of discipline. Colonel Mitchell broke the bonds of discipline defiantly. The effect upon the morale of the army would have been disastrous if he had not been called to account. It might as well have been disbanded if the flouting of the regulations and the affront to his superiors had been pusillanimously ignored.

A brief trial upon an issue which the whole country understood was expected. After a peremptory challenge of one of the judges and the retirement of two others on the ground of bias, one of them the ranking officer of the army, the proceedings began with a determination that the accused should not be limited by precedent in presenting evidence in support of his extraordinary charges. . . . No officer brought before an army court martial was ever so indulged in defending himself through counsel. Colonel Mitchell was true to form when he undertook to convince the court that the administration of the Army Air Service had been vitiated by criminal negligence and that it was chargeable with almost treasonable conduct. . . .

The verdict is a vindication of army discipline, and the deliberation with which it was arrived at deprives Colonel Mitchell of the pose of martyrdom. The sentence of five years' suspension from the service will seem severe only to those who do not have a proper conception of the dignity and integrity of the army. The judges of the court have performed an unpleasant duty fearlessly and honorably.

"Baltimore Sun"

There will be little surprise at the verdict of guilty. Actually the truth or falsity of the criticisms made by Colonel Mitchell was not germane. He was on trial for violation of explicit regulations of the military code, and the fact of this violation was not open to dispute. There was no alternative except to find that he had violated them.

There must be obedience to authority in the army and navy if discipline worthy of the name is to be maintained and no such precedent as that set by Colonel Mitchell could be tolerated. Nobody understands this fact better than the defendant, and he probably is not in the least surprised at the verdict.

The court has properly performed a duty that Colonel Mitchell forced upon it.

"Springfield Republican"

No military organization could sur-
re the Colonel Mitchell treatment of
periors by inferiors in rank. Mili-
ry discipline would be impossible;
army would go to pot. Yet the colo-
l has got away with it. He has had
country on its toes, the whole mili-
ty establishment by the ears and
gress will reverberate all winter
h the echoes. He is suspended from
army for five years, escaping out-
t dismissal only on account of his
lant war record. No doubt he is
fectly happy. Yet it is less clear
t his ideas concerning the reorgani-

zation of the air services are sound. It is fortunate on that account that the sentence is too lenient to permit him to assume with much emotional effect the airs of a martyr.

"Los Angeles Times"

By making unsupported accusations Colonel Mitchell did a wrong to men who by brilliant and efficient service won the high esteem in which they were and are held by the American people. The evidence proves clearly that neither he nor any of his associates were muzzled, that they were invited to make criticism to their superiors of any part of the service, and that there were no conditions existing which necessitated reckless charges. Wrongs are not so righted. If Colonel Mitchell had been acquitted after such palpable breaches of discipline, then discipline itself in the army and navy would have ceased to exist.

"Kansas City Star"

Because of the Mitchell outburst the President's air board was created. Its recommendations for changes in the organization take into account the essential grievances that were brought to light by the colonel's protest. Colonel Mitchell did not show the restraint, accuracy and good manners that society highly regards. Unhappily, these qualities would have failed to jar the army and navy organization. There would have been no investigation and no reform if Mitchell had been polite. His attitude was insubordinate. But occasionally insubordination is necessary, especially in a highly technical public service in which discipline is rightly maintained. The nation cannot afford to have its Mitchells suppressed. They are needed to keep the War and Navy departments from getting into ruts.

27

"New Orleans Times-Picayune"

Colonel Mitchell has been convicted. Every one concerned should be happy. The army has maintained it's discipline. Colonel Mitchell has gained much prominence in the public eye, and his theories are before Congress, probably with a powerful minority back of them. Real devotees of aviation are happy to see more public and official attention being paid to the problem than at any time since the first era of sensationalism occasioned by the actual flight of man.

One solid thing of value has come out of it. The whole question of aircraft development is very much before Congress with the attention of the entire nation focused on it.

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25 NOV 20 1925 The testimony revealed that the aviators' belief in their planes was only exceeded by the confidence of the ground forces in the efficacy of anti-aircraft fire.

26 DEC 18 1925 The verdict was a foregone conclusion, as Mitchell himself must have known full well when he first invited the War Department to "start something."

27 DEC 18 1925 In general the press sustained the verdict, and many editorialists, the country over, commended the handling of the case in such a way as to deprive him

28 JAN. 26, 1926 The President, while approving the verdict, softened its provisions. Always dollar minded, Coolidge's one concession to Mitchell was to allow him half-pay, which Mitchell didn't need and didn't want, while conceding nothing to the cause for which Mitchell had wilfully jeopardized his career as an officer.

Times

COOLIDGE TEMPERS MITCHELL SENTENCE IN APPROVING IT

Upholds Five-Year Suspension, but Allows Half Pay and All Allowances.

SAYS DISCIPLINE MUST RULE

Without It, President Holds, Army and Navy Would Be Menace to Society.

DAVIS ADVISED LENIENCY

War Department Intimates It Would Recommend Acceptance If Air Officer Resigned.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—President Coolidge today tempered the court-martial sentence against Colonel William Mitchell, the army air officer who was found guilty of charging the War and Navy Departments with being "incompetent, criminally negligent and almost treasonable" in the administration of their air services and with being responsible for the loss of the Shenandoah.

28

The court-martial verdict was suspension for five years without any pay or allowances. The President upheld the suspension, but restored to the Colonel all his allowances and one-half of his monthly base pay

The decision gives to Colonel Mitchell $4,760 a year during his suspension. The modified sentence holds during the "pleasure of the President."

President Coolidge acted promptly on the recommendations submitted to him by Secretary Davis These, given to the President Saturday, sugg the modification made The

of the monthly he would draw while not actually engaged in flying, making a total of $397.67 per month or about $4,760 per year." The full statement of the President is as follows:

In the foregoing case of Colonel William Mitchell, Air Service, the following action is hereby taken:

A duly constituted court-martial has determined that the accused has been guilty of

29 FEB. 10, 1926 They did not really fire Billy Mitchell because he quit instead of accepting the "busting" the court gave him and, as a plain and plain-spoken citizen, began a barn-storming career, to take his case to the people. And wherever he went, the public was with him to a man.

MITCHELL HERE TO OPEN FIGHT

William Mitchell, private citizen, lately of the United States Army Air Service, arrived in New York yesterday to begin his "barnstorming" lecture tour of the United States to tell the country "the truth about aviation."

Accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell, the fighting colonel whose criticism of the Government's air policy resulted in his court martial and subsequent resignation from the service, went to the home of his cousin, Sherburn Becker, No. 231 East Sixty-first street.

Later, at the Hotel Biltmore, he told of the purpose which will carry him to the principal cities of the country during the next few months.

SUMS SITUATION.

Caustically criticising the "military bureaucracy," which he says is responsible for America's lack of a definite air programme for national defense, Colonel Mitchell, whose first speaking engagement will be at Carnegie Hall tonight, summed up the situation as follows:

29

1—The planes now used by the Government are not fit to fight those of other nations and are not even safe to fly.

2—As far as aviation is concerned, the European war is as far behind us as the Civil War.

3—The people have been fed with Government propaganda and have no conception of the real truth about aviation.

4—America has expended $500,000,000 on aviation since the Armistice, with practically nothing to show for it.

5—No more money is needed for aviation. We are spending it now if it is put in the hands,
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EVENTS

CITY LIFE

New York American

Editorial Telephone, Beekman 2000 SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1926 Business Telephone Columbus 7000

DEFENSELESS AMERICA MUST PREPARE IN AIR FOR INVASION BY WINGED HORDES FROM ASIA

Warns Colonel Mitchell

COLONEL WILLIAM MITCHELL, former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service, has prepared for the Hearst papers for the information of the American people a presentation of his views on "The Air of the United States." Colonel Mitchell is one of the foremost advocates of air preparedness and resigned from the army after being court-martialed for exposing America's defenseless state.

30

In this series—of which the accompanying article is the first—Colonel Mitchell tells of the amazing progress of other nations in mobilizing their air forces for war and presents startling evidence of the aerial perils with which the United States would be confronted today in the event of sudden hostilities. He also outlines his programme for defense to make this nation impregnable from the menace of attack and invasion from the skies.

In the accompanying article Colonel Mitchell visualizes the danger of an assault upon Western civilization by winged hordes from Asia, led by Russia and Japan. Later he will reveal secret plans by Japan for aerial attack on the Pacific Coast, Alaska and America's possessions in the Pacific, and will tell what the remedy should be.

30 MAR. 28, 1926 In 1926 he wrote a series of prophetic articles for newspaper syndication, with especial emphasis on the dangers from across the Pacific.

Gen. Mitchell: AMERICA'S PERIL FROM THE AIR—AND THE REMEDY

31 APR. 4, 1926 Fifteen years before Pearl Harbor, writing of Japanese war plans, he said: "While the President's advisers would be discussing the possibility of war being declared, say by Japan, the (Imperial Japanese) Government would be preparing to strike." This was sneered at as yellow journalism.

JAPAN'S SECRET WAR PLANS AIMED AT CALIFORNIA CITIES REVEALED

'HOW ASIATIC AERIAL ARMY COULD STRIKE QUICK, RAVAGING BLOW'

Aeronautic Expert Warns of Danger from Sudden Attack on San Francisco and Los Angeles by Fleets of Nipponese Airplanes Using Lower California as Base in Event of Conflict

SECRET plans for hurling destruction from the skies upon defenseless American cities on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts in the event of war are startlingly revealed in the accompanying article by General William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the United States Army Air Service. This is the second article of a notable series prepared for the Hearst newspapers in which General Mitchell, for the information of the American people, is presenting his views on "The Air Requirements of the United States."

General Mitchell is an authority on aviation and is one of the foremost advocates of air preparedness. He resigned from the army after being court-martialed for exposing America's defenseless state.

In the accompanying article General Mitchell discloses the tentative plans of the Japanese General Staff for the aerial bombing of San Francisco and Los Angeles as the initial blow following a sudden declaration of war against the United States. Later General Mitchell will present further secret moves mapped out by Japan for the seizure of Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines, and will outline his programme for defense to make this nation impregnable from aerial attack and invasion.

—GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL—

Former Assistant Chief of the United States Army Air Service, in an interview with

CHARLES B. PARMER

IF any Asiatic power declared war against the United States tomorrow morning, Los Angeles and San Francisco could be bombed within a few days by enemy fleets of bombing airplanes.

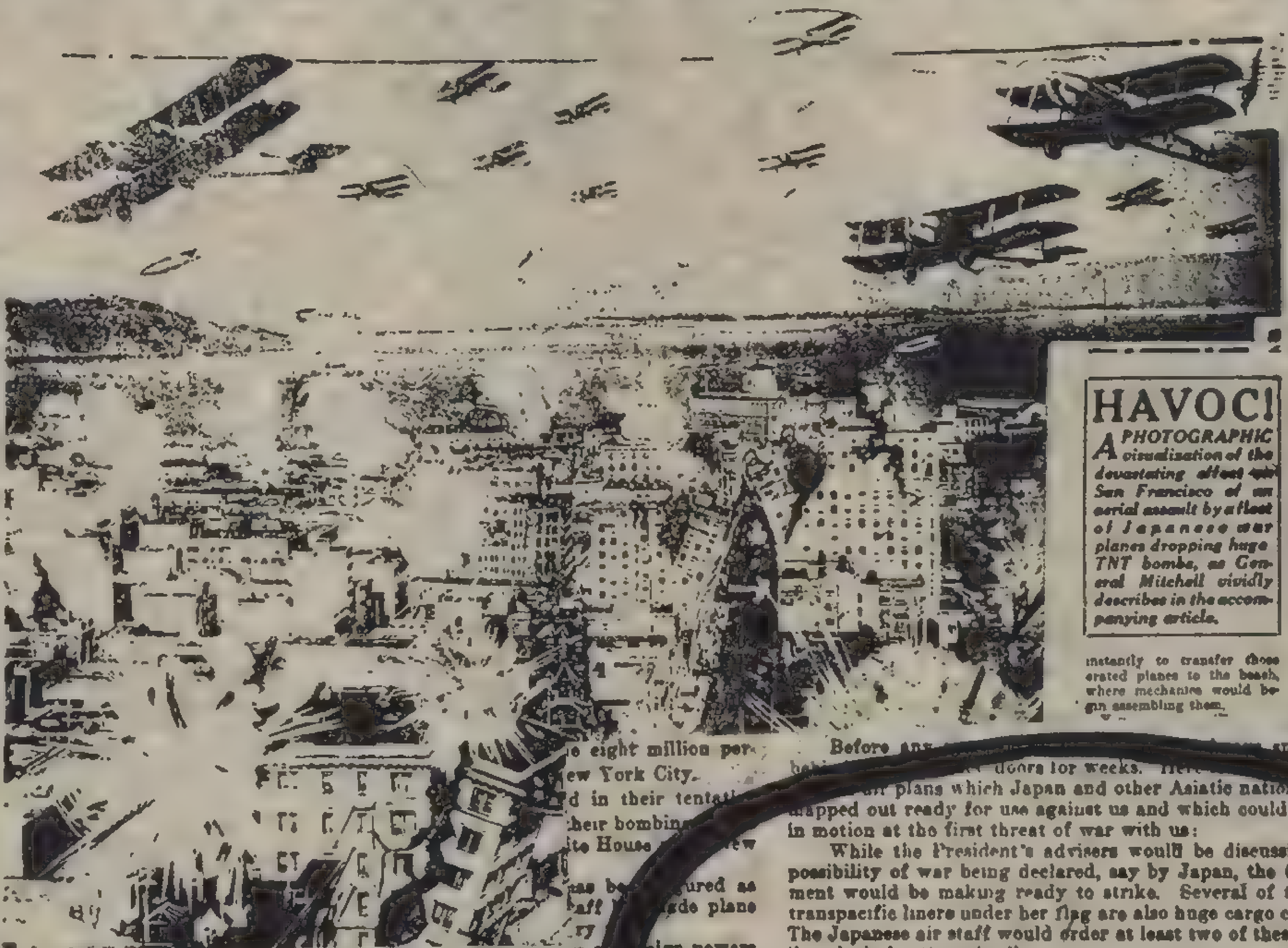
If any European Government declared war against us, New York City, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington could be bombed before we could begin to provide any adequate defense.

The General Staffs of the air services of all the great nations have on file exhaustive plans, conceived during the past five years, to make such an attack.

Each of these foreign nations has figured out exactly how many airplanes and the types of each—such as bombing, attack and pursuit—would be required to bomb New York City. Japan has tactical plans—and the planes to execute them—for razing the cities on our Pacific Coast, for capturing Hawaii, for seizing Alaska and the Philippines.

European governments have their plans for bombing the Atlantic seaboard. If "THE DAY" ever comes, they are ready. We are not. The United States is as helpless as a [illegible] wolves.

[illegible] Air Attack



HAVOC!

A PHOTOGRAPHIC visualization of the devastating effect on San Francisco of an aerial assault by a fleet of Japanese war planes dropping huge TNT bombs, as General Mitchell vividly describes in the accompanying article.

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number of planes [illegible] to rout the eight million persons living in the [illegible] area of New York City.

Foreign nations have even estimated in their tentative campaign plans the time it will take for their bombing planes to wreck the Capitol and destroy the White House while New York City is being destroyed.

The time [illegible] for such action has been figured as carefully by the [illegible] own General Staff has made plans to move a division of infantry on a country road.

The high com[illegible] of the air services of foreign powers have made such prog[illegible] in evolving and solving tactical aerial [illegible] nations have their separate air [illegible] separate who

...o eight million per... ...ew York City. ...d in their tentat... ...heir bombin... ...ite House ...ew

...as be... ...ured as ...aff ...ade plane ...ry

...s o... ...eign powers ...ng ... solving tac... ...parate air ...nd ... ...te who ...staff p...

...fighting over ... France and Italy ...ect war in the air. ... developing their

Before any war [illegible] behind the diplomats [illegible] tactical air plans which [illegible] mapped out ready for [illegible] in motion at the first [illegible]

While the President [illegible] possibility of war bei[illegible] ment would be maki[illegible] transpacific liners und[illegible] The Japanese air staff [illegible] into dock for "repairs."

Moving a Secret Aerial Arm

instantly to transfer these [illegible]erated planes to the beach, where mechanics would begin assembling them.

Before any [illegible] smoulder behind [illegible] doors for weeks. Here [illegible] air plans which Japan and other Asiatic nations [illegible] mapped out ready for use against us and which could be put in motion at the first threat of war with us:

While the President's advisers would be discussing the possibility of war being declared, say by Japan, the Government would be making ready to strike. Several of the fast transpacific liners under her flag are also huge cargo carriers. The Japanese air staff would order at least two of these liners into dock for "repairs."

Moving a Secret Aerial Army

These "repairs" would [illegible] hold [illegible] planes, knocked down [illegible]. These would be of three specific types—bombing, attack [illegible] toward Lower [illegible] released can soar forward toward a destined target above

has ready to us[illegible] IT IS FAC[illegible] also remember [illegible] war w[illegible] bef[illegible] was

As [illegible] ship the A[illegible]can would [illegible] co[illegible] with [illegible] bom[illegible] hund[illegible] miles [illegible] fo[illegible] coast the[illegible] [illegible]ward tow[illegible] California which [illegible] Mexican te[illegible] which possesses [illegible]lent sandy beac[illegible]

These vessels [illegible] for pre-determ[illegible]

'ASIATICS HAVE PLANS TO SEIZE ALASKA, HAWAII AND PHILIPPINES'

32 APR. 11, 1926 He cried warning, at that time, over Japanese plans, and ability, to strike at Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines.

PACIFIC POSSESSIONS OF U. S. FACE PERIL FROM AERIAL ASSAULT'

Japan Has 2,000 Fighting Planes Ready to Launch on Quick Air Attack Against Defenseless American Territory in Event of War, Declares Aviation Expert.

ANOTHER step in the aerial war plans of Asiatic powers against the United States is startlingly outlined by General William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service, in the accompanying article. This is the third article of a notable series prepared for the Hearst newspapers, in which General Mitchell, for the information of the American people, is presenting his views on "The Air Requirements of the United States."

In last Sunday's article General Mitchell revealed [illegible] tactical plans of the Japanese General Staff for a [illegible] attack upon Los Angeles and San Francisco by a fleet of planes landed in Lower California immediately after a sudden declaration of war against the United States. In today's article General Mitchell tells how an [illegible] aerial assault simultaneously could be made upon Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines with the object of [illegible] these American possessions.

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Former Assistant Chief of the United States Army Air Service, in an interview with

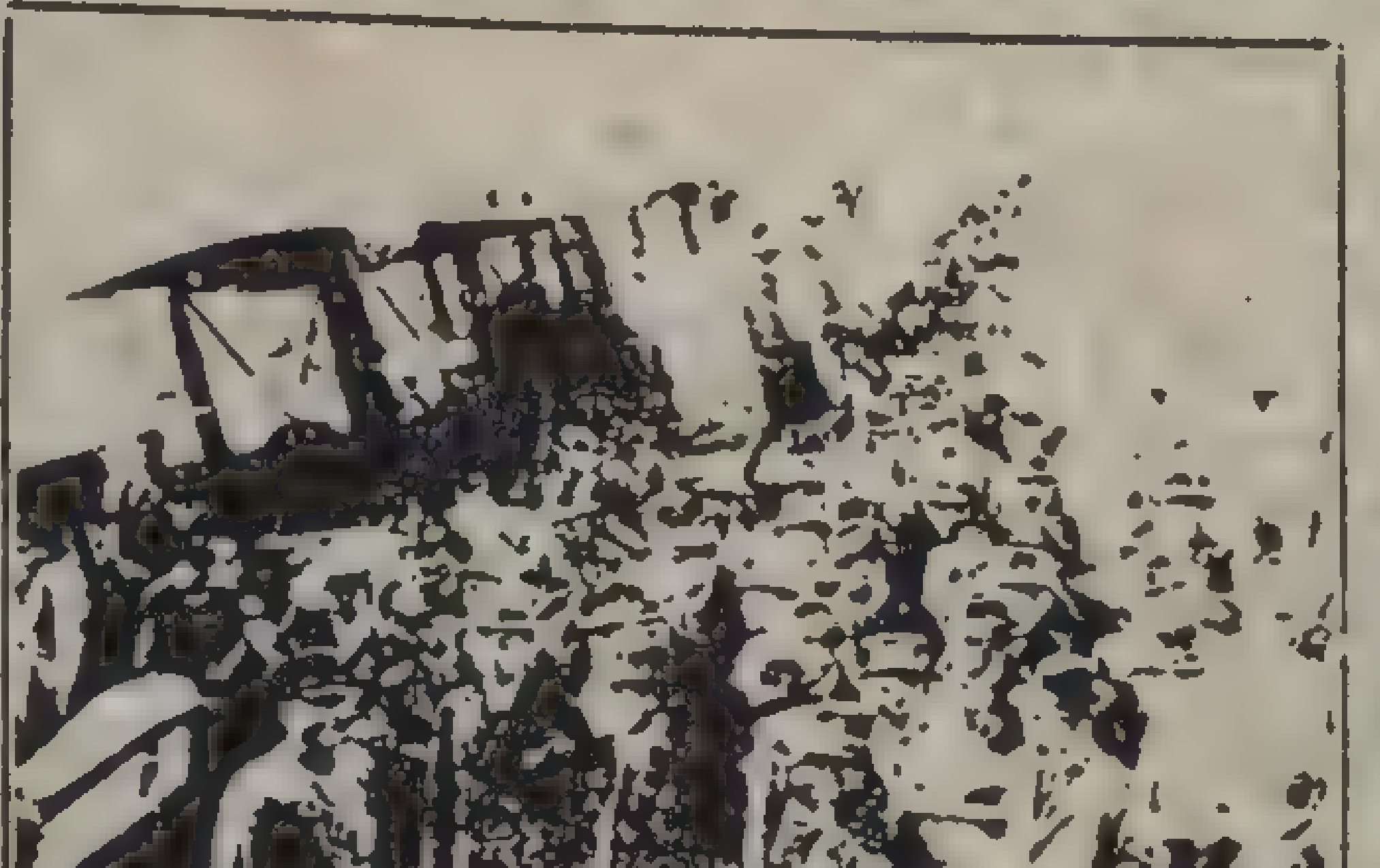
CHARLES B. PARMER

[illegible] men do not direct the New York City Police Department. But suppose they did, and suppose—

A party were being given on Park avenue for the [illegible] in America, and all Mayfair were there, the [illegible] with diamonds and pearls, soft-handed men as [illegible]

Suppose the Police Department convinced the host and [illegible] that there wasn't a crook on earth, and suppose the [illegible] advised:

"Go ahead and hold your party. There's no need for [illegible] have reformed. Why, we [illegible] cycles and automobiles from [illegible] have disarmed our men [illegible]



JAPAN'S AIR FORCE aggregates 2,000 planes, according to General Mitchell. Above is a glimpse of some of Japan's fighting aircraft, lined up for a visit of Japanese legislators at the Tokorozawa airdrome.

JAPAN'S AERONAUTIC ACTIVITY is illustrated in the two snapshots, above and at the left, showing members of the Japanese House of Representatives, with army and navy officials on a tour of inspection of aircraft of the Tokorozawa airdrome near Tokyo.

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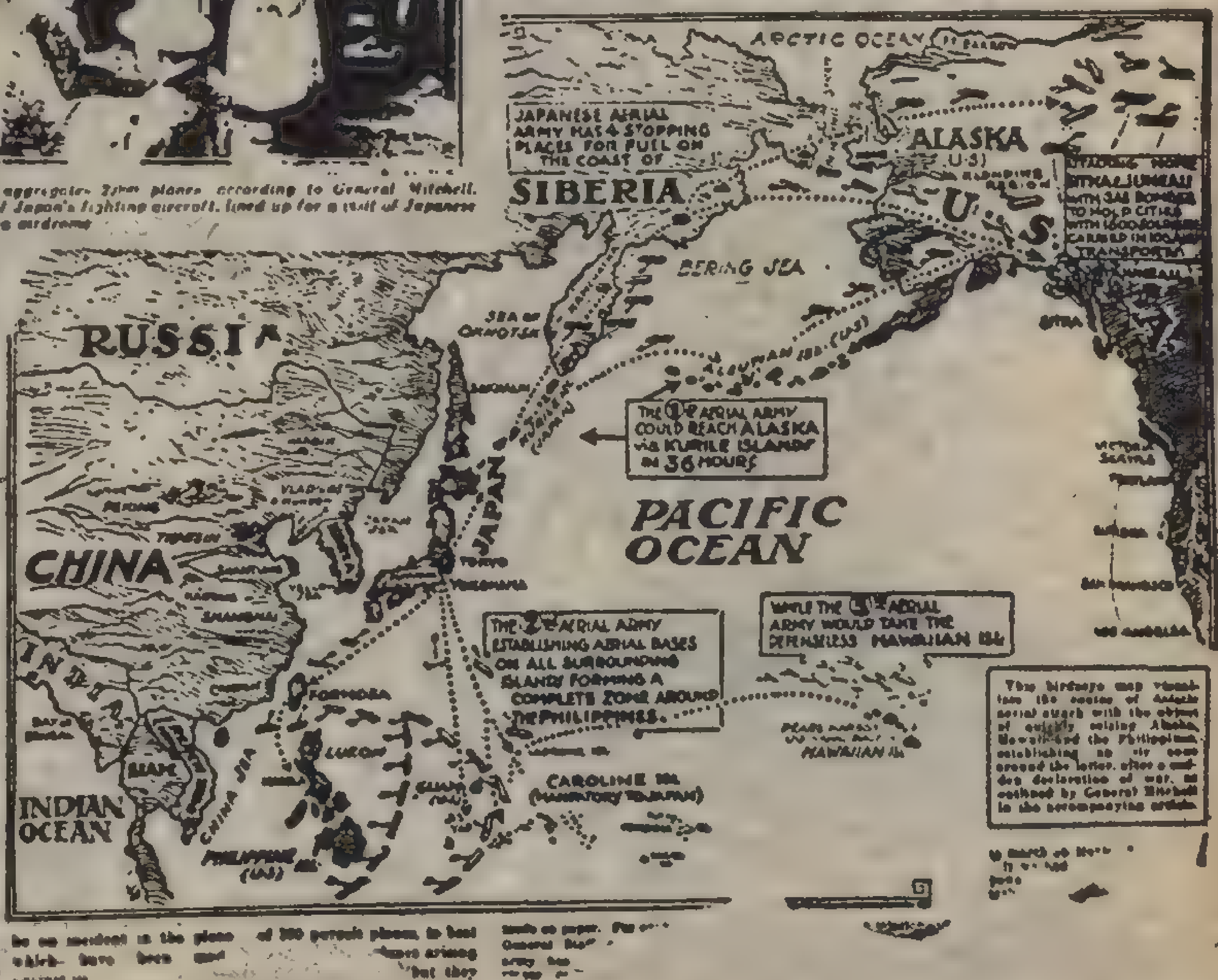
[illegible] advantage to [illegible] willing to [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] can't strike back. Just as the robber plans in advance which house he will enter and such, so certain great Eastern Asiatic powers have made [illegible] our possessions. Such plans were made by the air staffs of Japan and of Russia while evolving and solving grand aerial problems.

No Aerial Defenses

Our General Staff ponders offense problems also, only the staff considers the feel[illegible] and there [illegible] has made plans to invade Mexico, or protect the Panama Canal, if the need ever arose, with infantry.

The great Asiatic powers have considered the potentialities of aircraft in solving their military problems. They know the part that their aerial offense would play if war were declared against the United States [illegible].

In figuring out such a hypothetical problem—which [illegible] day may become an [illegible] they decide to [illegible] [illegible]terally aerial



ARCTIC OCEAN
JAPANESE AERIAL ARMY HAS 4 STOPPING PLACES FOR FUEL ON THE COAST OF
SIBERIA
ALASKA (U.S.)
U.S.
BERING SEA
SEA OF OKHOTSK
RUSSIA
CHINA
JAPAN
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
ALEUTIAN ISL. (U.S.)
THE 1ST AERIAL ARMY COULD REACH ALASKA via KURILE ISLANDS IN 36 HOURS
PACIFIC OCEAN
THE 2ND AERIAL ARMY ESTABLISHING AERIAL BASES ON ALL SURROUNDING ISLANDS FORMING A COMPLETE ZONE AROUND THE PHILIPPINES.
WHILE THE 3RD AERIAL ARMY WOULD TAKE THE DEFENSELESS HAWAIIAN ISL.
HAWAIIAN IS.
CAROLINE ISL. (MANDATORY TO JAPAN)
FORMOSA
PHILIPPINES
INDIAN OCEAN
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

This birdseye map visualizes the course of Asiatic aerial attack with the object of quickly seizing Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines, establishing an air zone around the latter, after a sudden declaration of war, as outlined by General Mitchell in the accompanying article.

[illegible] to land [illegible] among [illegible] but they [illegible]

[illegible] on paper. For [illegible] General [illegible] army has [illegible]

'HOW UNITED STATES SHOULD DEFEND ALASKA FROM AERIAL INVASION BY ASIATIC ENEMY'

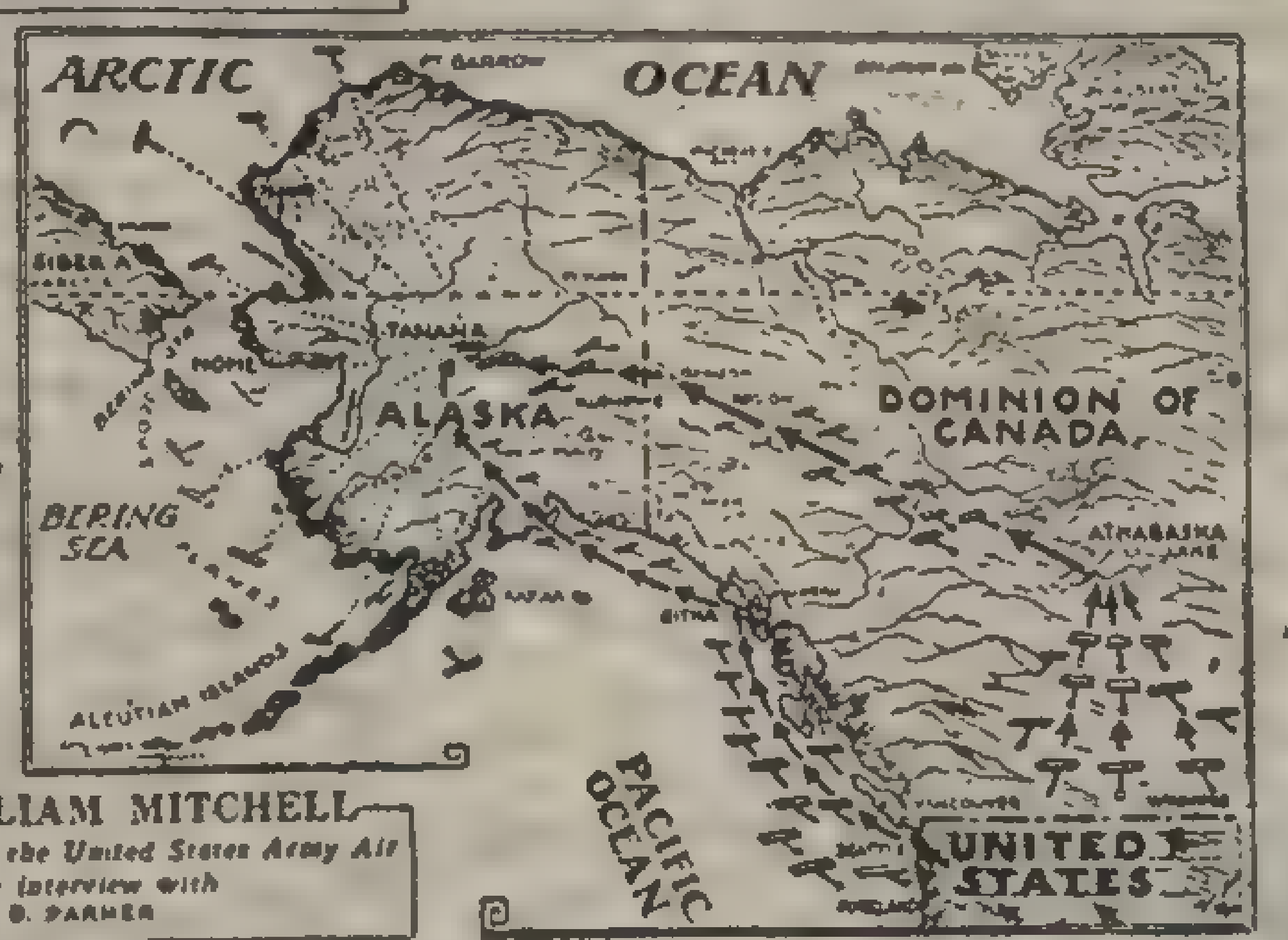
LINES PLAN FOR RUSHING SKY ARMIES

nautic Expert Proposes Great ncentration Base at Tanana and ualizes Aerial Line of Battle for otecting Entire Alaskan Coast.

ENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service, outlines in the accompanying article his aerial plan ue protection of Alaska and visualizes how it be defended in ent of invasion by tile air force from This is the fourth notable series pre. d for the Hearst apers, in which al Mitchell is pre g his views on "The equirements of the d States." previous articles al Mitchell has out. he aerial menace to nited States and its sions from Asia. ter he will present er plans for aerial e to make the na. impregnable from and invasion from ties.

FIGHTING PLANES ON SKIS

AT the left are several of the planes of the first pursuit group stationed at Selfridge Field, Michigan—the only group of pursuit planes at present in the U. S. Army air service. Those shown are equipped with landing skis instead of wheels to facilitate their landing on ice or snow, as they might have to do in the defense of Alaska, such as General Mitchell outlines in the accompanying article.



THIS birdseye map visualizes how aerial fleets which General Mitchell says the United States should have for national defense could be rushed to protect Alaska in the event of war with an Asiatic power, either up the Pacific Coast, or through Canada under the plan he outlines in the accompanying article.

ENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

ner Assistant Chief of the United States Army Air Service, in an interview with
CHARLES B. PARMER

DIPLOMATIC understanding between the United States and Canada, openly made and announced to all nations, is desired if we intend to keep Alaska safe he menace of the Orient.

le wish Canada to give us permission to fly our aerial over her Dominion from the United States to our far rn possession should an Asiatic power seek to seize the we need predetermined fueling points on her soil by the aerial march can be quickly made to the Yukon danger threatens.

uch a passage is not absolutely necessary—we can fly our legions up the P coast line, but time, the element in future conflicts, will be immeasurably saved can follow the old Hudson Bay trails by air from Winto Lake Athabaska, across the Mackenzie River Valley, Tanana Alask oncentrate in case f

33

Planning D Y Ahead

anada, our oen friend y on e border we maintain not a single un, w h an understand take is over n by brown men from Asia, they op at the imaginary boundary line in the Klondyke They will sh onward to Canada's great oil which eventu pply the British world ing these little fellows out of Alaska means keeping them f Canada as well.

The desirability of such an understanding with tern neighbor is one of the many reasons why creation of a Department of National Defense, with in absolute charge of our land forces, our navy, and army if we ever have one. The defense of a n is a complicated matter, and involves far more y having trained men to answer the call to the co instant's notice.

It demands someone with the genius of a Napoleon can envision not only our defense needs, but of time can bring about diplomatic arrange we can use our forces to the best advantage urse a Secretary of National Defense could not te and consummate such agreements, but he co ttention of the Secretary of State, the President, ress, to their absolute necessity. A strong adm ould do the rest.

What we need today is a defense system as efficient matically as it should be from a military standpoint. In ous interviews I have told of plans already in existence one Asiatic power—or a group of Far Eastern our colonial possessions

standing hey will ke gold oil re world. our I urge with one , and our f a nation more than he colors man cars

the Be enemy.

Let me the defense of Ala

in the United States proper, and which can be shifted to a danger zone on instant notice.

Suppose a Far Eastern group should make war for our possessions tomorrow—how would we save Alaska? It is useless, as well as exceedingly wasteful, to keep an aerial army in Alaska year after year merely waiting for such an hour. For normal purposes we do not need more than fifty planes in that territory. Instead of marking time, doing squads right and left as our foot soldiers do in peace time, these squadrons, placed there by our Secretary of National Defense, would earn their keep.

We should use them mineral and oil for development work, in mapping and oil and forestry zones for the Geological Survey, in maintaining airways over which mail, parcel post, and even freight would be carried. While this commercial work was being done, the officers would be required to study the aeronautical needs of the country, and make provision for the future when Alaska becomes more populated.

Aerial Scouts to Guard Coast

If war were declared, those fifty planes would be called into observation work instantly. If you will look at your map, you will see two approaches to Alaska from the Asiatic mainland, both of which have been listed in the plans of certain Asiatic powers for use if war is declared against us. The chances are, each would be used.

One group of the first hostile aerial army flying toward Alaska after reaching the Asiatic peninsula of Kamchatka, which is connected with Japan by the Kurile Islands, would swerve due east and fly over the Aleutian Islands and into the heart of Alaska. Sitka and Juneau, nestling against Canada, would be the logical destination for this first army

second corps would continue up the Kamchatka the Bering Straits. The hop to Alask han that across the En

e First Pursuit Group at earing masks to protect ey might be encountered

MASKS FOR WIN
Selfridge Field their faces f in Alaska.

eight hours' fly is functioning w

Our Secret the Air Servic the "An A Alaska." asks

Just a aerial to hel ach and establ the Alaskan —fo ble. We can do ls from Winnipeg makes one ideal com mporary repairs. The ing for a thousand planes the frozen lake surfaces are great oil fields from which, we would have procured all necessary flight.

s of all these ments — diplomatic and tary—our Alaskan aerial y reaches its concentration base in the great sheltered valley at Tanana, and its commander-in-chief assumes all charge of the defense of that territory and all responsibility. From his headquarters he is in constant communication, by radio, with the squadrons of observation planes patrolling the Bering Sea.

When the enemy's advance guard is sighted, far over toward Attu, this message is flashed by the observer asking

"Enemy air fleet approaching due east from Kamchatka, making toward Attu island in the Aleutian group."

Confirmation of that fight flashed to the observer, the and other members of the in that sector will fly to center, pre-determined, b

AIR BATTLESHIPS

A group of Martin bombing planes flying in practice formation

patrol duty. Remember, in this specific case, the observer's mission is to find the enemy. The making of the battle is left to others.

At Attu island an aerial base of supplies will be maintained for our aerial force when battle carries them that far.

With planes in our aerial force from the United States refueled and pilots, observers and crews standing by at Tanana, it will be only a matter of five minutes' time to get a first group of pursuit planes off the ground and on its way to the indicated point where the first attack is expected. Each of those planes is equipped with modern machine guns, has extreme maneuverability and should be the match of any in the world.

Battling in the Skies

Their duty is to establish contact with the approaching enemy planes, and sweep them from the skies before they can reach our mainland. The first skirmish will be with the pursuit groups protecting the bombers and attack planes in the Arctic area.

Behind this first pursuit group, at an interval of fifteen minutes, a second group takes off. Their object is to act as reinforcement to the first section, and to maneuver far to the right or left flanks, to cut off any squadron of enemy planes which may slip through while the main battle is being fought.

A third group will proceed the concentration base where the approaching. Observation shift, and formation will keep of this in

33 APR. 18, 1926 His vision of an aerial invasion, "over the Aleutian Islands and into the heart of Alaska," was considered fantastic in 1926. But to him, correctly gauging the increasing range of aircraft, it seemed as plain as day that "he who rules Alaska will rule the world."

'Why Present Army-Navy Maneuvers Are Utterly Foolish'

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

By GEN. WM. MITCHELL,
Former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service

"BOXWOOD,"
Middleburg, Va., May, 1927.

THE Army and Navy have blown the propaganda trumpets for their Summer campaign. This time, these representatives of the bow and arrow period of national defense want to play with the old toys—the battleship and the seacoast cannon around New York. What few airplanes the country has left are safely shelved in Texas, and will not be used in the defense of the Atlantic Coast.

This small number of airplanes, thirty or forty in number, could sink and de the whole Atlantic fleet hours with practically no loss to themselves, and with the expenditure of very little m

Think of what an utterly foolish performance these Army and first. To begin be invaded at the only

the Atlantic by way of Iceland, Greenland and Canada and supply them by submarines or by airships. The greatest distance over water by this route is only about 450 miles. If England were going to attack this country, she unquestionably would arrange with Denmark to use Iceland and Greenland as landing bases.

Arrived in Canada, she could reach all the important centers in the triangle New York-Chicago-Washington within from four to six hours' flight. As there is no air defense in this country, because we neither have an air force, nor a department of aeronautics to handle it, nor officers in the Government who know how to fight an air force, it would be a simple walk-over.

Reversion to Barbarism

In this day and age, even if it were possible for a navy to come across the sea and land troops, the National Guard of any of the States, equipped with machine guns and with ordinary artillery, could hold them off with the greatest ease. Surface ships at sea have lost their power as instruments of offense. The heart country lies away beyond the d land

In Europe both armies, that of the Germans and that of the Allies, only moved back and forward about sixty miles in four years' fighting. It was merely a contest in organized slaughter. The generals of neither side had any influence on obtaining a quick victory over the enemy. All they could do was kill men.

This system is not war—it is merely a reversion to barbarism. The one thing that was proved in Europe during the war is that armies cannot obtain a victory over an opposing state because they cannot march quickly to the vital centres of the country they are fighting and seize the great cities, the manufacturing areas, means of communication and sources of supply, due to the great defensive power of modern firearms.

Today one man on the ground with a machine gun can hold off fifty, if he is well entrenched and has open ground in front of him. In the Civil War one man could hold off about five. With the improvement of firearms the defensive has been greatly strengthened over the offensive, so that today armies are mere holders of ground.

000 men engaged in submarine operations, sank over forty per cent of all the British merchant marine. They had reduced England to a point that threatened starvation when the Americans entered the contest.

Never were the Germans more efficient against merchantmen than in 1915. This was in spite of the fact that not only was the first war in which submarines had been used but the Allies had 000,000 or more men trying to stop them and billions of dollars invested. The German submarines were operating out of poor ports that were completely blanketed by the British Isles.

"Useless Battleships"

Now the submarines are much more powerful. Modern ones are able to go clear around the world on one charge of fuel. They can carry cannon of any size; torpedoes, both for use in the water and in the air; they can lay mines, project gas attacks and can be used as tankers, ammunition ships and supply vessels for air forces.

tleship today costs from llars and

34

harbors, carefully protected by nets to keep out submarines, guarded by aircraft, destroyers, submarines and cruisers. Whenever these Leviathans left their harbors, which was very seldom, they went at top speed so as to avoid the submarines and then came back rapidly. No battleships sunk any other battleships during the war, and the American battleships never entered into combat with a hostile fleet.

Every time a battleship is built it costs the country over $100,000,000. For this sum from one to three thousand airplanes can be built and maintained, which would absolutely protect the United States from invasion across the sea or in the air.

The maintenance of battleships today is the most useless and expensive extravagance that a country is capable of indulging in. Not only is this a fact when measured in money, but when the people put their confidence in such an instrument of warfare, it is wrong, because if it should be called upon to protect the country it will fall absolutely flat.

The submarine is the only naval instrument that can bring a good return in war. Submarines, however, are

not like to put on dirty overalls and climb into the dark interior of a submarine.

They cannot smoke there, they have to walk around in a bent position most of the time, their beds are narrow, they must breathe foul smelling air, and when they go into the friendly port of another nation, they cannot walk the quarterdeck and have flags flying and guns booming, as they do on the big ships.

Today the submarine is the weakest link in the United States Navy, just as the tank is the weakest thing in the United States Army. These are the modern instruments of war on land and sea, but who hears of them in the United States? Nobody!

"Our Weak Defense"

The battleships are entirely useless in the Atlantic anyway. If we have to keep any battleships, they ought to be in the Pacific where in case of war with Japan, they could be called to Alaska as rapidly as possible, put into the harbors along the Aleutian Islands that reach very nearly to the coast of Asia, have their sea valves opened so they would sink to the bottom in about forty feet of water, and then be used as batteries for repelling Japanese submarines and for protecting air bases for the United States Forces of the ture.

34 MAY 22, 1927 He was impatient with old-fashioned types of maneuvers, which seemed to him utterly irrelevant to the character of war that the future held for us. He described the 1927 Army and Navy maneuvers as representative of "the bow and arrow period of national defense."

COL. MITCHELL SAYS SECURITY FOR FUTURE RESTS IN PLANES

There Is No Limit to Cruising Radius of Aircraft, Flier Points Out—Ships Now Can Serve Only as Bases for Sky Squadrons

By COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL,
Former Assistant Chief of U. S. Army Air Service.
Written Expressly for Universal Service.
Copyright, 1927, by Universal Service.

MIDDLEBURG, Va., May 28.—Captain Lindbergh's flight must make the thoughtful American pause and think. It means that the air, instead of being a barrier to transportation and communication, is the greatest highway the world has ever known. It is the road which covers the whole earth, ten miles thick, and which never needs repairing. Through it aircraft can go in any direction.

They are not confined to concrete highways like the automobile, nor to steel rails like the railroad. They do not have to search for passes through the mountains, or bridges across rivers. They do not have to confine themselves, as do steamships, to open waters free of ice, or to deep-water harbors, for operating.

WEATHER NO BAR.

Modern aerial navigation instruments make it possible for airplanes to fly through any kind of weather, storms, sleet, fog and snow. They can operate in temperatures of sixty degrees below zero in the Arctic, or of one hundred and thirty or forty in the tropics.

Lindbergh's little plane, sixty days after construction was started on it, had hopped across the North American continent, and flown the Atlantic from New York to Paris in 33½ hours.

Take a string and lay it on your map or globe, with one end resting on New York and the other end at Paris. Lay off this same length from New York toward Asia, and you will find that it reaches to the Bering Straits, the threshold of Asia, and one of the future highways between the Far East and the West.

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ALASKA A GATEWAY.

It is undoubtedly through Alaska that the first people traveled who came to the North American continent. Even in the last century, it was through there that the Russians came, first to Alaska, then clear down the coast, almost to San Francisco, and were only pushed back by the Spaniards, who established missions along the California coast for the express purpose of repelling the Russian invasion.

Lay the same distance off again from Bering Straits toward Peking and you will find that 3,600 miles carries one away beyond Peking and into the center of the most populous country in the world, China. New York is only sixty-five hours away from Peking, and this at the rate of flight of Captain Lindbergh's plane, which is only about one hundred miles an hour.

CAN CUT TIME.

Today we can build airplanes that will go 300 miles an hour, or three times as fast as Captain Lindbergh's plane. Not only is it possible to do so, but it is a practical proposition with present engines and structures.

This means that Captain Lindbergh's time can be cut down one-third, that Paris can be brought within from ten to fifteen hours of New York and Peking within twenty to twenty-five hours. The safety of these flights, with modern instruments and equipment

tors for flying in fogs for the first time in the service during the bombardment of the battleships in 1921, which were anchored one hundred miles off the coast. Each week my men flew with me over the water for distances as far as from Chesapeake Bay to Scotland.

The airplanes we used were all practically the leavings from the war, entirely unsuitable for the work in hand; still I lost not one man at sea.

Aircraft that are used for commercial and economic purposes are just as great an asset for national defense, because we can change them in an hour from passenger and freight ships to carriers of torpedoes, bombs and gases.

AIR TORPEDO.

Lindbergh's flight shows the air torpedo, which is an airplane guided and controlled by a gyroscopic pilot, can be launched in Asia or Europe and [illegible] to hit New York or any city in America.

Airplanes can fly across oceans and seize islands and defend them. All they have to fear are hostile air forces. When control of the air can be kept, these bases can be pushed around the world. They can be supplied by submarines or airships.

In the North, airdromes and landing fields can be made on the ice, a hole made through it to the water and submarines can navigate under the ice guided by sub-aqueous radio to the desired place, come up through the hole and supply the air forces.

SEA POWER AUXILIARY.

As far as national defense is concerned, sea power today is merely an auxiliary of air power. Its principal use will be to supply aircraft which operate over the water, just as automobiles or railroads supply air forces operating over land.

One significant fact engages our attention, now that air power is the controlling factor in international relations. It is that the great industrial nations of Europe and America are the only ones in the world, with the exception of Japan, able to construct aeronautical material.

U. S. BEST EQUIPPED.

The United States is the best equipped nation in the world to develop air power, but so long as our aeronautics remain tied to the leadstone of the Army and Navy, it cannot and will not progress.

The great lesson to Americans from this flight is that aeronautics in the United States should be constituted into a department separate and

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'While Geneva Squabbles Over Navies, Let U. S. Give Thought to Aircraft'

GEN. MITCHELL

'CONFERENCE IS TWADDLE'

'BUILD UP UUR SKY DEFENSE'

"Real Protection of Our Nation Lies in Submarines and Airplanes," He Declares

By GEN. WM. MITCHELL,
Former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service.

"BOXWOOD."
MIDDLEBURGH, VA.,
June, 1927.

THE papers are filled with the doings of the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments at Geneva. No one reading these accounts, inspired by the navies of the administrations concerned, and by those who sell steel and equipment to the navies, one would think that whether a battleship, cruiser or destroyer is scrapped or not is a [illegible] question to the whole [illegible], which might compromise the safety of the Government and of our very [illegible].

"Playing Us Along"

Such ideas at the present time are just twaddle. We could scrap all the battleships, all the cruisers and all the destroyers and the country would [illegible] the worse off. If the money that is spent on the upkeep of these things was taken and put into [illegible] craft [illegible] for our country could be guaranteed.

The great European Powers all have departments of the air, separate and distinct from their navies and armies, which provide air forces for the protection of the country. Japan is creating the same thing. We go along allowing our air force to be kept down, rendered insufficient and incapable of working by leaving it in the hands of the army and navy.

The Europeans and Japanese merely play us along to [illegible] in case of any trouble they will have complete [illegible] over us in air power, which is the decisive thing in war today.

No nation will give up what it believes to be essential for its protection.—On

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THIS [illegible]

"Great World Powers Are Increasing Their Air Forces While We Keep Ours Down"

changed the method of applying military power. While its effect has been very great on land operations, it has not changed the character of land forces or their general methods of operation.

The use of an air force at the inception of a war may be decisive and thus dispense with the necessity of using one army against the other to obtain the decision, but if the use of armies becomes necessary they will [illegible] infantry, artillery, possibly some cavalry, and many of the [illegible] that have heretofore been employed.

"Defense in Pacific"

Air power's effect on a navy, however, will entirely change all methods and means formerly used by the forces. To begin with, no surface vessels can exist wherever air forces acting from land bases are able to attack them. This is because:

A surface vessel cannot conceal itself from the view of aircraft.

Aerial weapons—the bombs, chemicals, [illegible] ly put out of action at a [illegible]

There is no efficient means of defense against aircraft from the ships themselves, [illegible] throwing weapons, such as anti-aircraft artillery, [illegible]

A surface navy [illegible] from [illegible]

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35 MAY 29 1927 After Lindbergh's flight across the ocean in a land plane, he thought everyone would at last realize what he had always contended, that there is no difference between air-over-land and air-over-sea, and that planes and ships had now truly traded places as auxiliaries.

36 JULY 3 1927 But the brass-braided and hide-bound arbiters of military policy went right on regarding the air arm as a mere auxiliary of land and sea forces, and did not condescend to notice when he shouted "twaddle" at their long deliberations in Geneva over restrictions of sea power. He thought he could pound it through their heads that sea power *had* been restricted—and not by arbitration but by aviation. They wouldn't listen.

37 OCT 16 1927 Seven years before Hitler's accession to power, he correctly interpreted the significance of Germany's avid interest in aviation: "The whole effort of the German people is directed to regaining their former world position."

38 NOV 20 1927 Thirteen years before the Battle of Britain, he applauded the British for their realization that "an air force's work is entirely separate from that of an army or navy." Today it is evident that the British Isles owe their survival—in the Battle of Britain—to the unified control of air forces, and development of true air strategy by the Royal Air Force.

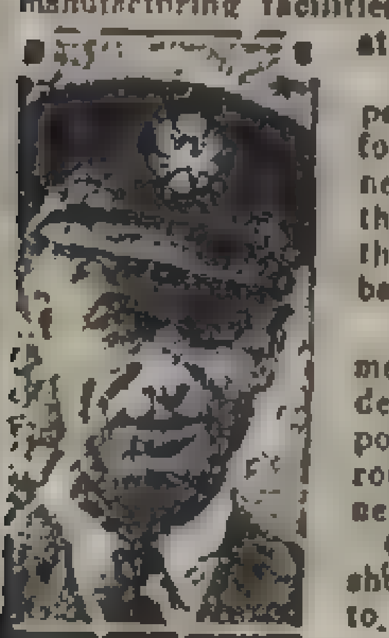
Germany's Air Traffic Leads World, Declares Gen. Mitchell

"100-Passenger Airplanes Planned to Cross Atlantic; Vast Network of German Airways Radiates to Other European Countries"

By GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL,
Former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service and Commander of U. S. Air Forces in Europe During the World War.

BERLIN, Sept., 1927.

THE German people are at work, trying to make up what they lost by the war. The great assets of this country are the industry of her people and her unimpaired manufacturing facilities. Everywhere the people are hard at it, in the fields and in the cities.



GEN. MITCHELL.

The whole effort of the German people is directed to regaining their former world position. An entirely new set of leaders are now directing things. The old aristocracy and even the old professional men are in the background.

37

People of all classes seem to be tremendously pleased with President Hindenburg. He typifies the stability and poise of the Teutonic people, a great rock on which they can build up their new edifice.

Germany is by no means defenseless should a war occur. Although limited to a hundred thousand soldiers by the treaty of Versailles, her little army is remarkably efficient. She took the best officers out of the old army and has been careful in picking the men for this small force.

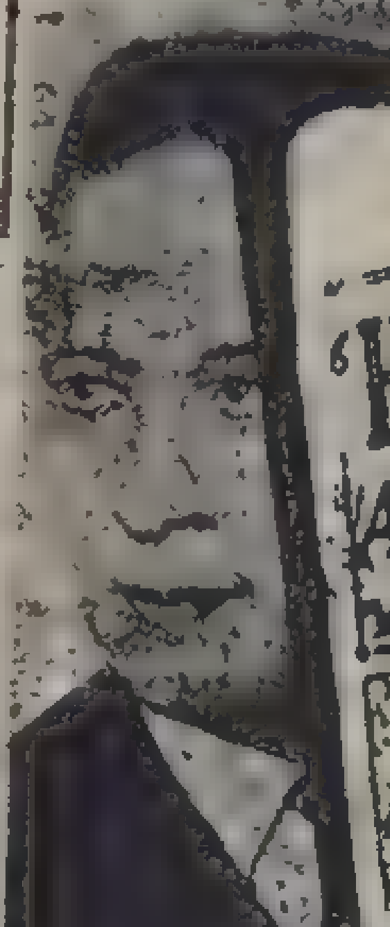
Maneuvers are held constantly. The latest of these are joint maneuvers between the army and navy along the Baltic. This is the first time that any maneuvers of that kind have been held since the beginning of the Great War.

Each day the guard of regular soldiers is posted in front of the President's house and certain public buildings in Berlin, and the detail marches through the old Brandenburg Gate and down the broad avenue of Unter den Linden. They always march at attention, looking quite businesslike in their fieldgray uniforms, steel helmets and knapsacks of cowhide with hair still on.

"Lead World in Air"

The officers receive very low pay, and their uniforms show it. I am told that most of them only have one uniform, the others being patched and almost threadbare.

What struck me more than anything else is Germany's marvelous development commercial aviation.
al passenger and
traffic, the Ge



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the directors of
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airways they fly at night—for instance, from Berli
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Poland to Russia, to Italy, France and Sp

Their big air line made entirely of meta three engines, and th comfortably fixed up i They are equipped wit best navigating instrun including fog flying in ments, that I have seen.

On certain parts of t

Editorial Telephone Beekman [illegible]

A Paper for People Who Think

Business Telephone, Columbus 7000 E—3

'HOW BRITAIN IS STRIDING FORWARD IN AIR'—GEN. MITCHELL

All Its Aviation—Both for Defense or Commerce—Benefits by Unified Control

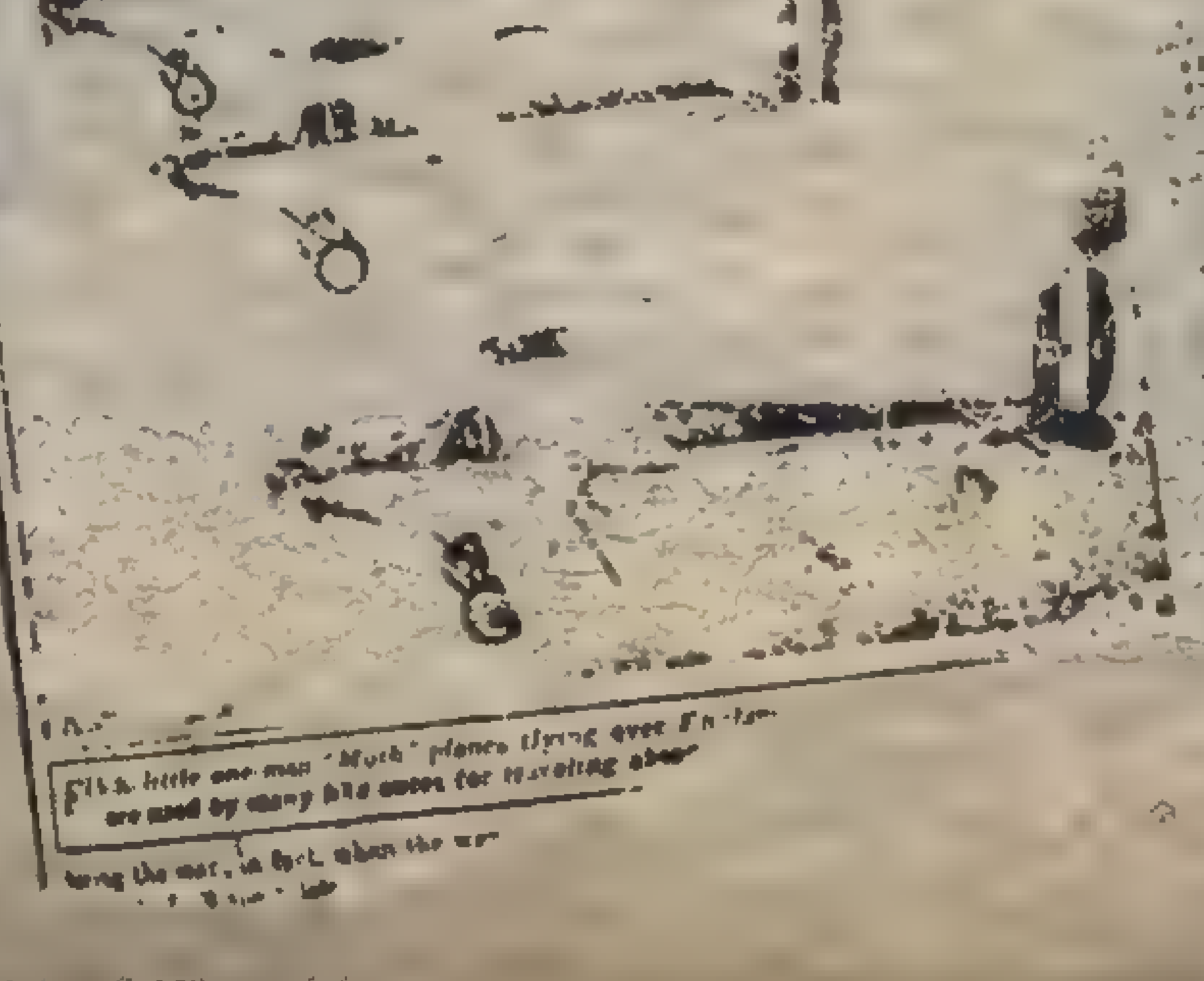
"Many 'Moth' Planes Are Used Like Flivvers for Pleasure and Business Flying in England"

By GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL

"Airplane Routes Through Far-Flung British Possessions Now Guard Peace of Empire."

ONE of Britain's latest and biggest military bombing planes, which have 1,000-horse-power engines and can carry 4,000 pounds of explosives

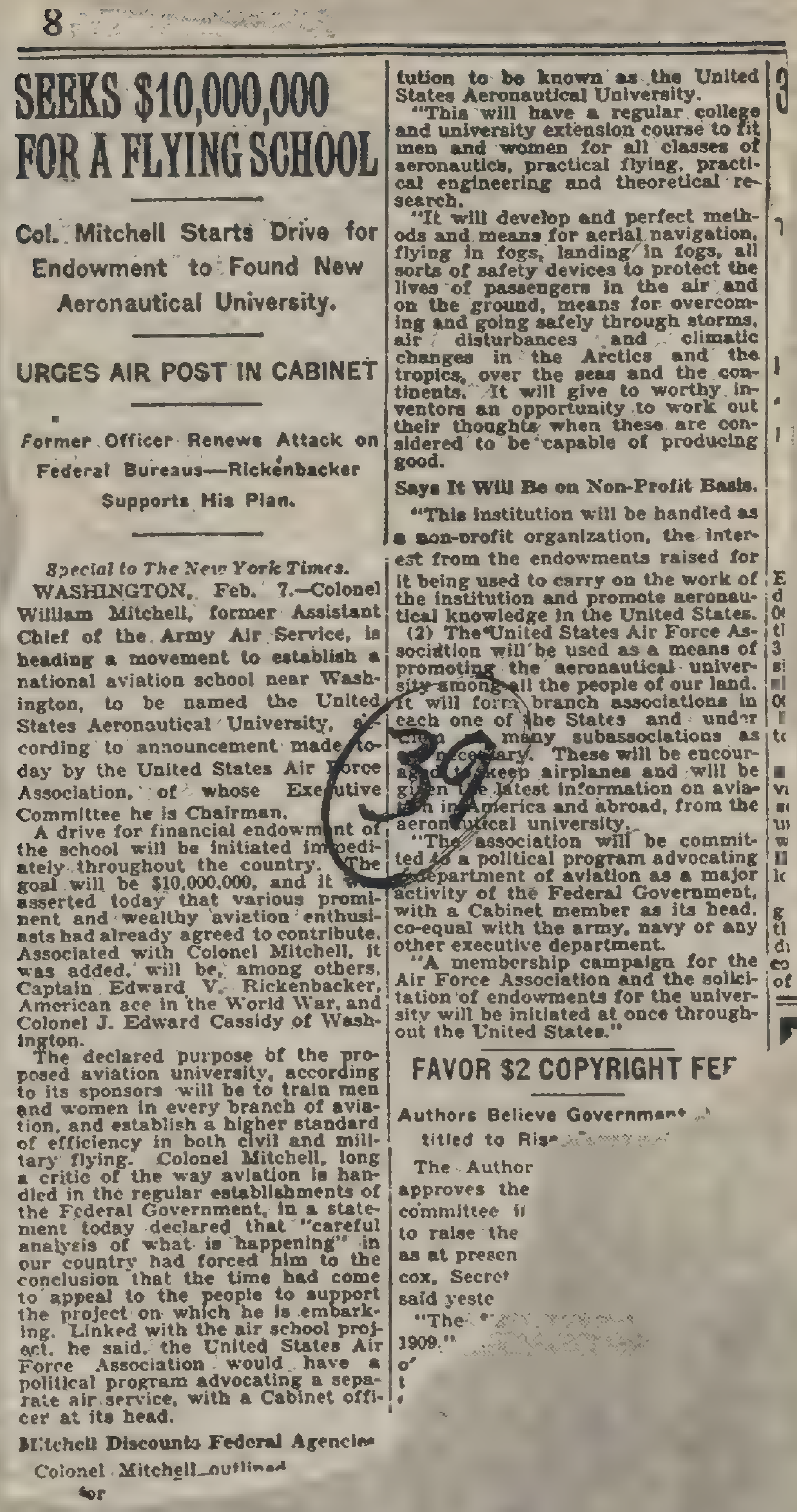
38



FIVE little one-man "Moth" planes flying over England are used by many like autos for traveling about

Anti-Falling Devices

39 FEB. 8, 1928 Back home, in 1928, he tried to stir up interest in an aviation university and in a political program advocating a separate air service, with a Cabinet officer at its head. Nothing came of it.



SEEKS $10,000,000 FOR A FLYING SCHOOL

Col. Mitchell Starts Drive for Endowment to Found New Aeronautical University.

URGES AIR POST IN CABINET

Former Officer Renews Attack on Federal Bureaus—Rickenbacker Supports His Plan.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—Colonel William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, is heading a movement to establish a national aviation school near Washington, to be named the United States Aeronautical University, according to announcement made today by the United States Air Force Association, of whose Executive Committee he is Chairman.

A drive for financial endowment of the school will be initiated immediately throughout the country. The goal will be $10,000,000, and it was asserted today that various prominent and wealthy aviation enthusiasts had already agreed to contribute. Associated with Colonel Mitchell, it was added, will be, among others, Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, American ace in the World War, and Colonel J. Edward Cassidy of Washington.

The declared purpose of the proposed aviation university, according to its sponsors will be to train men and women in every branch of aviation, and establish a higher standard of efficiency in both civil and military flying. Colonel Mitchell, long a critic of the way aviation is handled in the regular establishments of the Federal Government, in a statement today declared that "careful analysis of what is happening" in our country had forced him to the conclusion that the time had come to appeal to the people to support the project on which he is embarking. Linked with the air school project, he said, the United States Air Force Association would have a political program advocating a separate air service, with a Cabinet officer at its head.

Mitchell Discounts Federal Agencies

Colonel Mitchell outlined

for

tution to be known as the United States Aeronautical University.

"This will have a regular college and university extension course to fit men and women for all classes of aeronautics, practical flying, practical engineering and theoretical research.

"It will develop and perfect methods and means for aerial navigation, flying in fogs, landing in fogs, all sorts of safety devices to protect the lives of passengers in the air and on the ground, means for overcoming and going safely through storms, air disturbances and climatic changes in the Arctics and the tropics, over the seas and the continents. It will give to worthy inventors an opportunity to work out their thoughts when these are considered to be capable of producing good.

Says It Will Be on Non-Profit Basis.

"This institution will be handled as a non-profit organization, the interest from the endowments raised for it being used to carry on the work of the institution and promote aeronautical knowledge in the United States.

(2) The United States Air Force Associdtion will be used as a means of promoting the aeronautical university among all the people of our land. It will form branch associations in each one of the States and under them as many subassociations as necessary. These will be encouraged to keep airplanes and will be given the latest information on aviation in America and abroad, from the aeronautical university.

39

"The association will be committed to a political program advocating a department of aviation as a major activity of the Federal Government, with a Cabinet member as its head, co-equal with the army, navy or any other executive department.

"A membership campaign for the Air Force Association and the solicitation of endowments for the university will be initiated at once throughout the United States."

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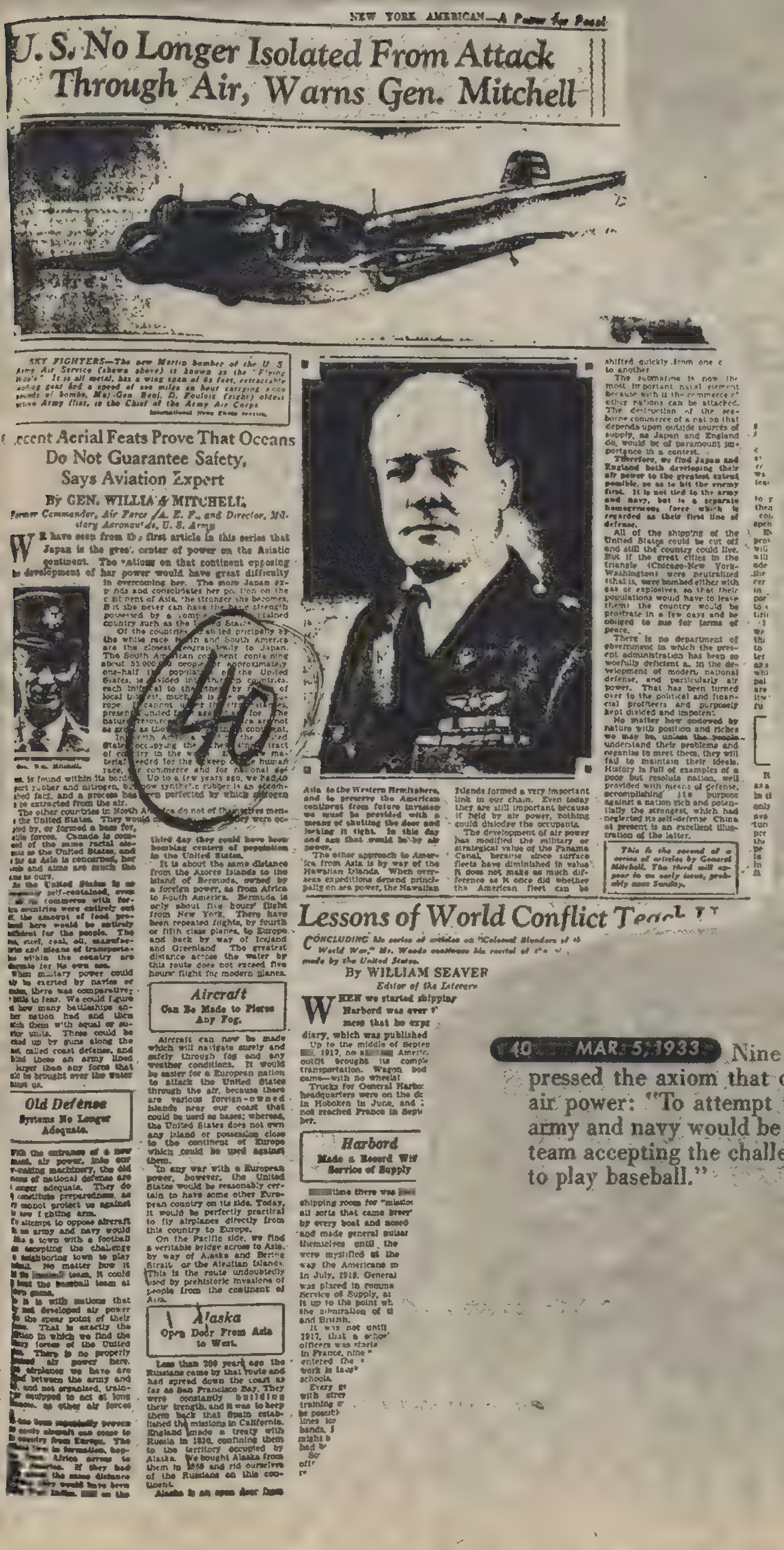

NEW YORK AMERICAN—A Paper for People

U. S. No Longer Isolated From Attack Through Air, Warns Gen. Mitchell

SKY FIGHTERS—The new Martin bomber of the U. S. Army Air Service (shown above) is known as the "Flying Whale." It is all metal, has a wing span of [illegible] feet, retractable landing gear and a speed of [illegible] miles an hour carrying [illegible] pounds of bombs. Maj.-Gen. Benj. D. Foulois (right), oldest active Army flier, is the Chief of the Army Air Corps.
International News Photo Service.

Recent Aerial Feats Prove That Oceans Do Not Guarantee Safety, Says Aviation Expert

By GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL
Former Commander, Air Force, A. E. F., and Director, Military Aeronautics, U. S. Army

WE have seen from the first article in this series that Japan is the great center of power on the Asiatic continent. The nations on that continent opposing the development of her power would have great difficulty in overcoming her. The more Japan expands and consolidates her position on the continent of Asia, the stronger she becomes. But she never can have the basic strength possessed by a compact, [illegible] country such as the United States.

Gen. Wm. Mitchell.

Of the countries inhabited principally by the white race North and South America are the closest geographically to Japan. The South American continent containing about 53,000,000 people, or approximately one-half the population of the United States, is divided into [illegible] countries, each inimical to the other by reason of local interest, much as is [illegible] Europe. It cannot unite [illegible] present a united front against a foe. The natural resources [illegible] are not as great as those [illegible] continent.

40

In North America [illegible] the United States occupying the [illegible] tract of country in the world. [illegible] material needed for the upkeep of the human race, for commerce and for national defense is found within its borders. Up to a few years ago, we had to import rubber and nitrogen, but now synthetic rubber is an accomplished fact, and a process has been perfected by which nitrogen can be extracted from the air.

The other countries in North America do not of themselves menace the United States. They would [illegible] they were occupied by, or formed a base for, hostile forces. Canada is composed of the same racial elements as the United States, and as far as Asia is concerned, her ideals and aims are much the same as ours.

As the United States is so [illegible] self-contained, even [illegible] commerce with foreign countries were entirely cut off, the amount of food produced here would be entirely sufficient for the people. The iron, steel, coal, oil, manufactures and means of transportation within the country are adequate for its own use.

When military power could only be exerted by navies or armies, there was comparatively little to fear. We could figure out how many battleships another nation had and then match them with equal or superior units. These could be backed up by guns along the coast, called coast defense, and behind these an army lined up larger than any force that could be brought over the water against us.

Old Defense
Systems No Longer Adequate.

With the entrance of a new element, air power, into our war-making machinery, the old systems of national defense are no longer adequate. They do not constitute preparedness, as they cannot protect us against the new fighting arm.

To attempt to oppose aircraft with an army and navy would be like a town with a football team accepting the challenge of a neighboring town to play baseball. No matter how good its football team, it could not beat the baseball team at its own game.

So it is with nations that have not developed air power as the spear point of their defense. That is exactly the position in which we find the military forces of the United States. There is no properly organized air power here. The airplanes we have are divided between the army and navy, and not organized, trained or equipped to act at long distances, as other air forces [illegible]

[illegible] proven [illegible] how easily aircraft can come to this country from Europe. The [illegible] in formation, hop[illegible] Africa across to [illegible]. If they had [illegible] the same distance [illegible] would have been [illegible] India. [illegible] on the third day they could have been bombing centers of population in the United States.

It is about the same distance from the Azores Islands to the island of Bermuda, owned by a foreign power, as from Africa to South America. Bermuda is only about five hours' flight from New York. There have been repeated flights, by fourth or fifth class planes, to Europe and back by way of Iceland and Greenland. The greatest distance across the water by this route does not exceed five hours' flight for modern planes.

Aircraft
Can Be Made to Pierce Any Fog.

Aircraft can now be made which will navigate surely and safely through fog and any weather conditions. It would be easier for a European nation to attack the United States through the air, because there are various foreign-owned islands near our coast that could be used as bases; whereas, the United States does not own any island or possession close to the continent of Europe which could be used against them.

In any war with a European power, however, the United States would be reasonably certain to have some other European country on its side. Today, it would be perfectly practical to fly airplanes directly from this country to Europe.

On the Pacific side, we find a veritable bridge across to Asia, by way of Alaska and Bering Strait or the Aleutian Islands. This is the route undoubtedly used by prehistoric invasions of people from the continent of Asia.

Alaska
Open Door From Asia to West.

Less than 200 years ago the Russians came by that route and had spread down the coast as far as San Francisco Bay. They were constantly building their strength, and it was to keep them back that Spain established the missions in California. England made a treaty with Russia in 1820, confining them to the territory occupied by Alaska. We bought Alaska from them in 1868 and rid ourselves of the Russians on this continent.

Alaska is an open door from Asia to the Western Hemisphere, and to preserve the American continent from future invasion we must be provided with a means of shutting the door and locking it tight. In this day and age that would be by air power.

The other approach to America from Asia is by way of the Hawaiian Islands. When overseas expeditions depend principally on sea power, the Hawaiian Islands formed a very important link in our chain. Even today they are still important because if held by air power, nothing could dislodge the occupants.

The development of air power has modified the military or strategical value of the Panama Canal, because since surface fleets have diminished in value it does not make as much difference as it once did whether the American fleet can be shifted quickly from one ocean to another.

The submarine is now the most important naval element because with it the commerce of other nations can be attacked. The destruction of the seaborne commerce of a nation that depends upon outside sources of supply, as Japan and England do, would be of paramount importance in a contest.

Therefore, we find Japan and England both developing their air power to the greatest extent possible, so as to hit the enemy first. It is not tied to the army and navy, but is a separate homogeneous force which is regarded as their first line of defense.

All of the shipping of the United States could be cut off and still the country could live. But if the great cities in the triangle (Chicago-New York-Washington) were neutralized (that is, were bombed either with gas or explosives, so that their populations would have to leave them) the country would be prostrate in a few days and be obliged to sue for terms of peace.

There is no department of government in which the present administration has been so woefully deficient as in the development of modern national defense, and particularly air power. That has been turned over to the political and financial profiteers and purposely kept divided and impotent.

No matter how endowed by nature with position and riches we may be, unless the people understand their problems and organize to meet them, they will fail to maintain their ideals. History is full of examples of a poor but resolute nation, well provided with means of defense, accomplishing its purpose against a nation rich and potentially the strongest, which had neglected its self-defense. China at present is an excellent illustration of the latter.

This is the second of a series of articles by General Mitchell. The third will appear in an early issue, probably next Sunday.

Lessons of World Conflict Teac

CONCLUDING his series of articles on "Colonel Blunders of the World War," Mr. Woods continues his recital of the [illegible] made by the United States.

By WILLIAM SEAVER
Editor of the Literary

WHEN we started shipping
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diary, which was published
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[illegible], 1917, no [illegible] Americ
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Harbord
Made a Record With
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40 MAR. 5, 1933 Nine years ago he colorfully expressed the axiom that only air power can oppose air power: "To attempt to oppose aircraft with an army and navy would be like a town with a football team accepting the challenge of a neighboring town to play baseball."

MITCHELL ASKS ONE AIR FORCE

By Universal Service.

MIDDLEBURG, Va., Feb. 7.—America's air service is disjointed, overlapping and lacks coordination, Brig.-Gen. Mitchell, retired, former chief of the Army Air Force, declared today.

GENERAL MITCHELL
"A Single Department for Aviation."

Emphasizing the need for a unified air force, Mitchell said:

"We won't have an adequate air service until we have a separate department for aviation."

At present the Government has three aviation units—for the Army, Navy and Commerce Departments. Each operates independently of the other.

Mitchell, for years a fiery critic of the Government's air policy, said he will appear tomorrow before the House Military Affairs Committee, which is now considering a program for vastly expanding the Army Air Corps by an increase of over [illegible],000 planes. Commenting on the present strength of the air service, Mitchell said:

"If we were forced into war we would have to go to Europe to buy our airplanes. All our aviation has gone to the stock market gamblers and to the profiteers."

41

ASSEMBLYMAN TO QUIT

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41 FEB 18, 1934 Throughout the period of aviation's growing pains, whenever there was either a notable feat, such as a long range flight, or an aviation tragedy, such as the Army's tragic experience in taking over the air mail in 1934, he always used every event as a sounding board, to reiterate his demand for a separate air force.

42 MAR 12, 1934 When the Army Air Mail Scandal tragically exposed the truth of many of the accusations he had made against the administration of the Air Service (accusations for which the War Department had broken him), he was quick to take advantage of the resultant investigations and shake-ups to renew all his familiar demands and charges and, quite naturally, to place the blame squarely on the War Department.

MITCHELL SEES U. S. WEAKNESS IN AIR REVEALED

WASHINGTON, March 13 (AP).—Brig.-Gen. William Mitchell, retired, said today the time had come when the air mail situation should be presented in its "true light, and dispel the distorted impression which has been created by the persistent and carefully planned malicious propaganda of the air mail contractors and their affiliates."

42

HIS LETTER TO BLACK.

In a letter to Chairman Black (D.), Alabama, of the Senate Air Mail Investigating Committee, the former chief of the Army Air Corps said:

"For years we were assured by the Republicans and by the civilian air contractors that we had the best air equipment in the world and it is only through the wise move of the President that we discovered the appalling state of the most important arm of our national defense."

To Black, he said:

"The skill, courage and chivalry of our splendid Army fliers have been completely nullified by inadequate equipment and curtailment of the number of hours they could fly by the War Department. This did not give them an opportunity to perfect themselves in flying through storms and bad weather conditions.

REORGANIZATION NEEDED.

"It is only through continuing the present mail operations that the true facts can be found out and remedies applied. Our whole aircraft set-up must be reorganized and particularly our present aircraft industry, which is controlled and held down by holding companies which have little or no knowledge of aviation.

"While it is very distressing that the lives of our brave pilots have been lost, think of what would have occurred to the lives of millions of our innocent population who would be mercilessly annihilated in the next conflict if these facts had not been uncovered. Our national defense, possibly our existence, are really at stake."

Two Flying Cade

Air Force Crippled By False Economy, Says Gen. Mitchell

By BRIG.-GEN. WM. MITCHELL,
Former Chief of Army Air Corps.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The trouble with the Army Air Corps is that it has been so curtailed by the General Staff that the men in the air service don't know how to fly.

BRIG.-GEN. MITCHELL,
Who Blames General Staff for Air Corps' Failure.

They have not been permitted to fly enough to be properly trained for the hazardous night flying and flying in bad weather, such as they have been called on to do in carrying the air mail.

Year before last, in connection with economy legislation, the Air Corps had to absorb 43 per cent of the appropriation cut for the whole army. They cut the flying time down from 300 to 400 hours a year to about 100 hours per man.

Last year the air corps fund was cut by the general staff from three million dollars to one million, leaving only a third of what the corps had left after the cut of the year before.

43

"ARMY'S PLANES POOR."

Furthermore, the Army's planes are very poor. This is disgraceful. It is due to the general staff, not to the Air Corps.

The corps has not the proper facilities for flying at night or in bad weather. It is organized as the infantry, not as an air outfi

"AIRCRAFT TRUST HIT."

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43 MAR. 14, 1934 In those pacifist-minded days all our military services were kept on short rations. Mitchell complained—and correctly—that the General Staff forced our air forces to pull their belts tighter than the rest of the Army, on one occasion absorbing as much as 43% of a cut in appropriations for the whole Army. Since the Air Corps appropriations at that time was tiny to begin with, such cuts really put a damper on aviation progress.

44 FEB. 11, 1936 A lesser man's heart would have been broken years before by the constant defeat of his cherished aspirations, but his fighting heart held up until the winter of 1936.

Mitchell Gravely Ill With Heart Ailment

Brig. Gen. William (Billy) Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, is "dangerously ill" at Doctors Hospital, according to his physician, Dr. Samuel W. Lambert Jr. of 955 Lexington Ave.

Gen. Mitchell entered the hospital last Jan. 28 to rest after an attack of influenza. At that time, he was not believed seriously ill, but according to attendants at the hospital his condition was aggravated by development of a heart ailment. A turn for the worse was taken early yesterday, but late in the day attendants said the General was "resting comfortably."

Brig. Gen. Mitchell

44

Gen. Mitchell is 56. He won national attention in 1925 when he charged the War and Navy departments with being "criminally negligent and almost treasonable" in the administration of their air services.

Advocating a unified force, responsible neither to the War nor Navy high commands, he refused to be silenced by his superiors and finally faced a courtmartial. He was found guilty of insubordination, and suspended from rank and command with forfeiture of all pay and allowances for five years.

President Coolidge tempered the punishment. He upheld the suspension, but restored Mitchell to all his allowance and one-half of his monthly base pay. Shortly afterward, however, Gen. Mitchell resigned his commission.

GEN. MITCHELL DIES; AIR LEADER IN WAR

Flying Hero Quit Army in 1926 After Court-Martial for His Criticism of Superiors.

BEGAN AS PRIVATE IN '98

Rose to Assistant Corps Chief —A Pioneer in Service, He Predicted Ocean Feats.

Brig. Gen. William Lendrum (Billy) Mitchell, commander of the United States air forces in France during the World War and afterward director of military aviation, died at 4:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon in Doctors Hospital, where he had been confined with a heart ailment since Jan. 26. He was 56 years old.

At his bedside when he died was Mrs. Mitchell, the former Elizabeth Trumbull Miller, whom he married in 1923. The cause of death was recorded as coronary occlusion.

Funeral services will be held at 10 A. M. Saturday in St. Paul's Cathedral, Milwaukee.

Advancement through all grades from that of private, which he became by regular enlistment at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, up to that of Brigadier General, which he achieved as commander of the air forces in France during the World War, had come to General Mitchell when the headline name: "Gen. Billy Mitchell" flamed into the news consciousness of the American people in the Fall of 1925.

It achieved that status
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Harris & Ewing Photo.

WILLIAM L. MITCHELL.

member of the military court that convicted Mitchell in 1925.

Mitchell early in his military career began specializing in communications, which was the primary concern of the Signal Corps. It was through the accident of the fact that when the Wright brothers and Glenn H. Curtiss developed the first military planes in this country and the army, being in a quandary as to what to do with this new instrument, consigned it to the Signal Corps, that Mitchell first became interested in aviation.

45

Returning from the Philippines to Washington, young Mitchell was commissioned to lay telegraph lines from Eagle City down the Yukon and across the Tanama country to Prince William Sound, a distance of 3,000 miles. Although the feat had been attempted twice before and had failed, Mitchell, despite many hardships and handicaps, finally completed the task.

Plane Demonstration.

rank of captain
Mitchell was
company

ding the airplane, which had been placed in their care for use and development. As early as 1910 he was saying that America would be helpless in an air war and that an air fleet could wipe out all of New York City; and in 1921 he was saying that the airplane made the battleship practically useless.

He repeated the latter charge so often that finally the naval authorities looked over their war prizes and selected the Ostfriedland and the Frankfort upon which they offered to permit the army fliers to test their chief's "extravagant claims." On July 18, 1921, a squadron of army bombers from Langley Field sank the Frankfort sixty miles east of the Virginia Capes. Two days later they dealt the same fate to the Ostfriedland.

The man who fought for his belief and faith in the airplane for more than a decade was born in Nice, France, Dec. 29, 1879, while his parents, the former United States Senator John Lendrum and Harriet Danforth (Becker) Mitchell were sojourning abroad. Mitchell's father had served as a Union soldier in the Civil War and from him he inherited a tradition and instinct for the military. Much of his home education was in the military tradition, and his extracurricular interest was so largely wrapped up with military history that the boy was exceptionally well-grounded in this field.

Studied at Washington.

Returning to the United States with his parents, the boy entered Racine College in Wisconsin, and later was graduated from George Washington University. He was with his family in Washington when the United States declared war on Spain. Although he had not reached 18, he returned to Racine immediately and enlisted as a private in Company M of the First Wisconsin Infantry. This was on May 14, 1898. He had achieved the rank of lieutenant when his company reached Cuba, and he served there on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee. He was in the Philippines during the Insurrection, one of the youngest officers on the staff of General MacArthur, whose son, General Douglas MacArthur, was later Chief of Staff of the Army and a

of St. Michael and St. George (British), Commendatore S. S. Maurizio e Lazzaro, Medal for Merit in War and Grand Officer of Italy.

Returning to the United States after the armistice, General Mitchell was immediately made Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service and put in direct charge of the training of the aviation force of the army. A brilliant war career behind him and filled with enthusiasm for the new instrument which had proved itself in that war, he immediately became an outspoken and tireless critic of what America was doing with her opportunity of becoming a leading air power of the world.

At the end of his regular four-year tour of duty as Assistant Chief of the Air Corps, as it was now called, he was not reappointed to that post. He was reduced to his regular army grade of colonel and sent to Texas as air officer of the Eighth Corps Area. He had been at this new station only a short time when he made his famous statement about the high command "inefficiency, incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration."

Mitchell was tried for violation of the Ninety-sixth Article of War, was found guilty on all counts, and the verdict of the court-martial was suspension for five years without pay or allowances. President Coolidge later reviewed the sentence and, while he upheld the suspension, he restored the allowances and one-half of his monthly base pay. Less than two weeks after this Presidential review and commutation of his sentence, General Mitchell, on Feb. 1, 1926, resigned from the army.

As a private citizen, however, he remained a bitter critic of the conduct of American aviation.

On Oct. 11, 1923, General Mitchell was married to Miss Elizabet Trumbull Miller at Detroit, Mic There are two children, Lu Trumbull and William Mitchell. General Mitchell was a member of the Metropolitan, the Chevy Cha and the Army and Navy Clubs Washington. Among his writin which have appeared in book fo are "Our Air Force," "Winged fense" and "Skyways."

AN ACKNOWLEDGMEN
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45 FEB. 20, 1936 On February 19, 1936, he died. His obituary was, under the circumstances, ironically honoring.

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Funeral of Gen. Mitchell Will Be in Milwaukee

Veterans Pay Honor to Former Air Chief at Station Here

Escorted by prominent aviators, a police detail and members of his family, former Brigadier General William Mitchell, who died Wednesday night in Doctors Hospital, 170 East End Avenue, was taken to the Pennsylvania Station yesterday afternoon and placed on board a train for Chicago.

Funeral services for General Mitchell, who commanded the United States air forces in France during the World War and resigned as assistant chief of air service in 1926 after he was convicted by a court martial of violating army discipline, will be held in St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, at 10 a. m. tomorrow, and burial will be in Fox Point Cemetery there.

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The funeral party included his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell, of Grosse Point, Mich., and his sister, Mrs. Mitchell Mackie, of Milwaukee.

As the flag-draped coffin reached the station, an escort from Aviators' Post, 743, of the American Legion, led by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, fell in behind it, and six patrolmen under Lieutenant James Cully, of the Midtown Squad, followed. Private Peter Kaiser, of Company G, 16th Infantry, ounded taps.

Char [illegible] illiams

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46 FEB. 21, 1936 Flyers, led by Eddie Rickenbacker, walked behind his flag-draped coffin. The man who had made so many enemies in high places had legions of friends in the rank-and-file of American airmen.

Medal for Gen. Mitchell Asked in Senate, House

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—A joint resolution for the posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor for the late Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, chief of the American Expeditionary Air Force, was introduced today in the Senate by Senator Robinson, and in the House by Chairman McSwain of the House Military Affairs Committee.

General Mitchell resigned from the army after his conviction by court-martial for insubordination in connection with his criticism of high army and navy officials for neglecting the development of military aviation.

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Mr. McSwain said that he would press for early action on the resolution and expressed the hope that it would be passed during this session.

"He was one of the outstanding officers of all times and he should be honored, even at this late date," Mr. McSwain said.

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47 FEB. 27, 1936 They tried to get him the Congressional Medal of Honor a few days after his death. The attempt was blocked—persecution persisted even after he had passed on.

Bill to Restore Mitchell Rank as General Voted Unanimously by Senate Committee

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6—A bill which would direct the War Department to put back the name of the late William L. Mitchell on its rolls as a brigadier general, the rank he held as commander of the air forces of the American Expeditionary Force of the first World War, was approved unanimously by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs today.

Measures calling for this and other posthumous recognitions for the outspoken advocate of a separate air force, who insisted that planes could outfight battleships, have been before the committee for about two years.

General Mitchell was reduced to the rank of Colonel after the war, was court-martialed as a result of clashes with his superiors and escaped a five-year suspension from the Army by resigning. He died in 1936.

On the closing day of the first session of the Seventy-seventh Congress, last Friday, Senator Wiley of Wisconsin, author of the measure approved today, sought unanimous consent for its immediate passage. The motion, however, ran counter to a Senate agreement that no legislation be enacted during that week.

After the committee's action today the bill went on the Senate calendar subject to call on the first day bills are taken up for unanimous consent. If objection is raised on that occasion, Senator Wiley said tonight, he will request that a definite day for its consideration be set.

"At long last," he declared, "it appears that the Senate will do honor to General Mitchell, and to itself."

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48 JAN. 6, 1937 And off and on for years, Congress was concerned with a posthumous restoration of his rank, if not with a posthumous adoption of his thousand-fold repeated recommendations. Contrary to popular impression, his rank has not yet been restored.

Gen. Mitchell Sees Japan Developing Her Air Power for a War with U. S.

Alaska Route Is Strategic Path of Aerial Attack, Declares Expert

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL,

Who Was Commander Air Forces, A. E. F., and Former Director Military Aeronautics, U. S. Army.

THE entire collapse of the efforts of the League of Nations to adjust the differences between Japan and China by peaceful means shows distinctly that in the settlement of world problems the trend is away from united action of groups of nations and toward a renewed period of individualism, with each state striking out for itself.

For a time, internationalism seemed ascendant. But as soon as nations recovered their production facilities after the Great War, their commercial rivalries awoke and quickly tore them apart.

It is from economic rivalries that disputes arise which result in wars. If trade lines cross—or if two nations are competing for the same market and it is vital to them—war is inevitable eventually.

In gauging the strength of a nation we must consider many things. Nations that are self-contained units can exert the greatest amount of power. By this is meant those nations which combine within themselves a high industrial development and all the necessary raw materials for carrying on their life and pursuits; whose people are aggressive, able and patriotic; whose territory is homogeneous and easy to protect; lastly nations whose form of government is such that in time of emergency the power of the State may be vested in a single individual, but in normal times whose people are enabled to express their wishes freely through the ballot. Very few nations meet these conditions.

In Europe there are several powerful nations, but they are so close together that if they wish to apply this power they are checkmated and counterbalanced by their neighbors. Thus others a long distance away need fear little from their hostility.

twenty-five pounds of forage, twice what he would require in a temperate climate.

It took him five days to make 100 miles, twenty-five days to make five hundred. In twenty-five days he would eat 625 pounds, then have to make the return journey of twenty-five days and eat 625 pounds more, or a total of 1,250.

Thus, it would be impossible for him to operate that far away, let alone transport anything else. Therefore we had to organize our transport so as to use a great many horses at the beginning and gradually diminish the number as we approached the 500-mile point.

It is because of these same conditions that armies and navies have such difficulty operating at a large distance from their bases. This is strikingly so today when they use a hundred times more supplies than they did even fifty years ago.

The nation remote from other centres of power has a much greater opportunity for developing itself and the country around it without [illegible] than one which [illegible]

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EXPERT—General William Mitchell, former Commander of the U. S. A. Air Force of the A. E. F., and former director of Military Aeronautics, United States Army, who analyzes America's aerial defense in relation to Japan.

International News Photograph Service.

49 FEB. 26, 1938 But though Billy Mitchell was dead, his prophetic voice was really never stilled. Posthumous publication of his warnings about war with Japan appeared as late as 1938.

50 APR. 17, 1938 His pronouncements concerning the Aleutians and the Philippines became twice-told truths through republication—remained warnings twice-ignored.

W YORK JOURNAL AND AMERICAN * * America's Greatest Sunday Newspaper * * SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1

Gen. Mitchell TRIED to T

If America Had Heeded His Warnings We'd Be Safe Now from Plane Attacks

With Europe and Asia building up powerful air forces exactly as the late Brig.-Gen. William L. Mitchell for many years vainly urged the United States to do, it seems fitting at this time to reprint from the New York Sunday Journal and American what he wrote in pleading that America become more air minded and warning it to protect its sky frontiers. Maybe the nation will NOW take his preachments in deadly earnest.

By GEN. WILLIAM L. MITCHELL,
Former Commander, Air Forces, A. E. F., and Assistant Chief U. S. Army Air Service.

HERE IS A PATRIOT'S VOICE FROM THE GRAVE STILL WARNING HIS COUNTRY! Will America NOW LISTEN to the late Brig.-Gen. William L. Mitchell, former commander of Air Forces, A.E.F., and Assistant Chief of the U.S. Army Air Service?

An indifferent public and unintelligent Congress permitted a resentful War Department to drive him out of the Army by court-martial in 1925—BECAUSE HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH!

Time has vindicated his charges of unpreparedness. Events have added cogency to his prophecies of peril to this country.

WAKE UP, AMERICA!

JAPAN is the great center of power on the Asiatic continent. The nations on that continent opposing the development of her power would have great difficulty in overcoming her. The more Japan expands and consolidates her position on the continent of Asia, the stronger she becomes. BUT SHE NEVER CAN HAVE THE BASIC STRENGTH POSSESSED BY A COMPLETELY SELF-CONTAINED COUNTRY LIKE THE UNITED STATES.

Of the countries inhabited principally by the white race, North and South America are the closest geographically to Japan. The South American continent is divided into 13 countries, each inimical to the others by reason of local interests, much as is the case in Europe.

In North America we find the United States occupying the richest single tract of country in the world. Every raw material needed for the upkeep of the human race, for commerce and for national defense, is found within its borders.

The other countries in North America do not of themselves menace the United States. They would do so only in case they were occupied by, or formed a base for, hostile forces.

Canada is composed of the same racial elements as the United States, and, as far as Asia is concerned, Canada's ideals and aims are much the same as ours.

As the United States is so completely self-contained, even if all its commerce with foreign countries were entirely cut off, the amount of food produced here would be entirely sufficient for the people. The iron, steel, coal, oil, manufactories and means of transportation within the country are adequate for its own use.

NEW MENACE IN AIR.

When military power could be exerted only by navies or armies, there was comparatively little to fear. We could figure out how many battleships another nation had and then match them with equal or superior units. These could be backed up by guns along the coast, called coast defense, and behind these an army could be lined up, larger than any force that could be brought over the water against us.

With the entrance of a new element, air power, into our war-making machinery, the old systems of defense are no longer adequate. They do not constitute preparedness, as they cannot protect us against the new fighting arm.

There is no properly organized air power here. What airplanes we have are divided between the Army and Navy, and are not organized, trained or equipped to act at long distances, as other air forces are.

It would be easier for a European nation to attack the United States through the air, because there are various foreign-owned islands near our coast that could be used as bases, whereas the United States does not own any island or possession close to the continent of Europe which could be used against them.

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However, it would be [illegible] practical today to [illegible] airplanes directly from this country to Europe.

On the Pacific side, we find a veritable bridge across to Asia by way of Alaska and Bering Strait or the Aleutian Islands. This is the route undoubtedly used by prehistoric invasions of people from the continent of Asia.

MUST PROTECT ALASKA.

Alaska is an open door from Asia to the Western Hemisphere. To protect the American continent from future invasion, we must provide a means of shutting the door and locking it tight. IN THIS DAY AND AGE THAT WOULD BE BY AIR POWER.

The other approach to America from Asia is by way of the Hawaiian Islands. When overseas expeditions depended principally on sea power, the Hawaiian Islands formed a very important link in our chain.

Even today they are still important, because, if held by a power, nothing could dislodge the occupants.

The development of air power has modified the military or strategic value of the Panama Canal, because, since fleets have diminished in value, it does not make as much difference as it once did whether the American fleet can be shifted quickly from one coast to another.

The submarine is now the most important naval element, because with it the commerce of other nations can be attacked. Destruction of the sea-borne commerce of a nation that depends on outside sources of supply, as Japan and England do, would be of paramount importance in a contest.

Therefore, we find Japan and England both developing their AIRPOWER to the greatest extent possible, so as TO HIT THE ENEMY FIRST. It is not tied to the army or navy, but is a separate homogeneous force which is regarded as their FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE.

All the shipping of the United States could be cut off and still the country could live.

But if the great cities of Chicago, New York and Washington were bombed, either with gas or explosives, so that their populations would have to leave them, the country would be prostrate in a few days and be obliged to sue for peace terms.

HINA AN ILLUSTRATION.

No matter how endowed by nature with position and riches we may be, unless the people understand their problems and

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51 SEPT. 10, 1940 By 1940, the press was admiringly matching up the pattern of his prophecies with the shape of actual military events.

BILLY MITCHELL saw that airplane and bomb had revolutionized warfare. Beginning in 1921, and constantly until his death, he proclaimed that truth. But the Army and Navy would not give the airforce the equality that Mitchell demanded for it. Thus in 1934, Mitchell accused: "The personnel of the Air Corps has been pounded so long by the General Staff that they can't call their soul their own. We have no real U. S. air force."

Prophet Without Honor

THE ARMY "BUSTED" BILLY MITCHELL, but from the grave his voice still warns: "One thousand bombing planes, each carrying 4,000 lbs. of TNT, could destroy all New York. Nothing could defend the city from an air attack of this magnitude except an equal or superior air force.

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN: Billy Mitchell insisted that any system of defense against aircraft from the ground alone was wrong. He suggested:

"The only effective defense against aerial attack is to whip the enemy's air forces in air battles. In other words, seizing the initiative, forcing the enemy to the defensive in his own territory, attacking his most important ground positions, menacing his airplanes on the ground, in the hangars, on the airdromes, and in the factories, so that he will be forced to take to the air to defend them.

"To sit down on one's own territory and wait for the other fellow to come is to be whipped before an operation has even commenced."

Billy Mitchell, the first American to fly over the battle lines in the World War, chief of the Allied air forces in the Argonne offensive, commander of the largest concentration of military aircraft up till that time at St. Mihiel, returned to the U. S. convinced that "air supremacy would decide the next war."

He also had the courage to broadcast his convictions to the world, not once but for half a decade until his court-martial in 1925, and then until his death. How clearly he foresaw the dominant role to be played by aircraft in this war are contained in these grim prophecies.

Air Power

In 1924: "The next contest will increase the swiftness with which decisions are reached and the nation that hangs its destiny on a false preparation will find itself hopelessly outclassed at the beginning." (France learned this lesson on May 10).

In 1933: "Future wars will be won by attacking vital centers of industry and not on faraway battlefields. Air supremacy will decide the next war. It will overwhelm sea power, and by destroying the homes of the enemy nation, riddle the home front, destroy enemy morale and bring victory to the nation which possess it.

Billy Mitchell wanted a unified air force, independent of the Army and Navy. "The United States is about 15 years behind the world now (July, 1934) in aviation, and as long as the air force is saddled with Army generals who do not want to understand what airplanes can do in war, and aviation speculators hungry for profits, little can be done to improve our position."

He demanded an air force of 2,000 long-range bombers, capable of carrying 4,000 pounds of bombs 6,000 miles, a fleet of 50 Zeppelins with air torpedoes and diving bombs able to fly anywhere without refueling.

"We need an aerial Napoleon with at least 2,400 fighting planes under his supreme command, and air communities at strategic points throughout the nation from which the planes could be concentrated at any threatened point or points to ward off and defeat attacks."

Thus, to Billy Mitchell, "battleship building is a racket. Airplane carriers are a mere delusion. Airplanes strike at vital spots. They are not dependent on the Army and Navy for they fly right over them and strike at the most vital target."

More than once he charged that the weakness of our air force was due to lobbyists who worked through the War Department "from the Secretary of War down" and sold the Army inadequate planes.

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In 1934, he appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee [illegible] "We are absolutely in a helpless position to repel attack. Think of it, we have only 47 bombers, 150 pursuit ships and 97 observation planes. Gentlemen, this is terrible."

(Last week in Washington, it was reliably reported that even today the U. S. Army has less than 300 front line combat planes, of which only 59 are modern bombers.)

Last Prophecy

All of Mitchell's warnings in later life led toward one conclusion, which he prophesied shortly before his death:

"In future wars, it will be too late to organize an air force after the contest begins."

The Army broke Billy Mitchell for what he said.

But Europe's war has proved he was right.

(Tomorrow: Billy Mitchell tackles the U. S. Navy in his fight to show that the airplane has superseded the battleship as a war weapon.)

No Greater Lov

Billy Mitchell Sacrificed His Army Care To Warn the U. S. to Prepare Properly

"ONE OF THAT DAMNED kind of soldier who is w derful in war and terrible in peace," was the soldi tribute Billy Mitchell earned from General Charles Summerall, one-time U. S. Army Chief of Staff.

The tribute was only half true. Billy Mitchell was both terrible and wonderful in peace or in war. Brainy, bold, with a lashing tongue, and an unshakable devotion to the right as he saw it, Billy Mitchell fought through three wars. The Spanish-American War, the World War, and a war against smug bureaucracy of the U. S. Army and Navy 15 years ago. Politicians and brasshats broke him then for hammering at this simple truth: Future wars will be decided in the air.

French Beginning

Billy Mitchell was born in Nice, France in Dec. 1879, while his mother and father, Senator John L. Mitchell, were vacationing on the Riviera. He was brought back to the States at two, was raised in Milwaukee. A restless, imaginative kid he tinkered with wireless, loved kites, once jumped off the roof of a barn with an umbrella.

At 19 he turned down a lush job in his grandfather's bank, left Georgetown University to enlist as a buck private in the Spanish American war. He went to the Phillipines, became a Lieutenant in a Cavalry division, and the youngest officer in the U. S. Army.

After that war he spent two years in Alaska, laying telephone wires in 60-degree-below-zero weather, used his spare time to study for a Captaincy in the Signal Corps. He was transferred to Washington, learned to fly.

On April 22, 1917 three weeks after the U. S. entered the war, Billy Mitchell fle first American combat p over the German lines.

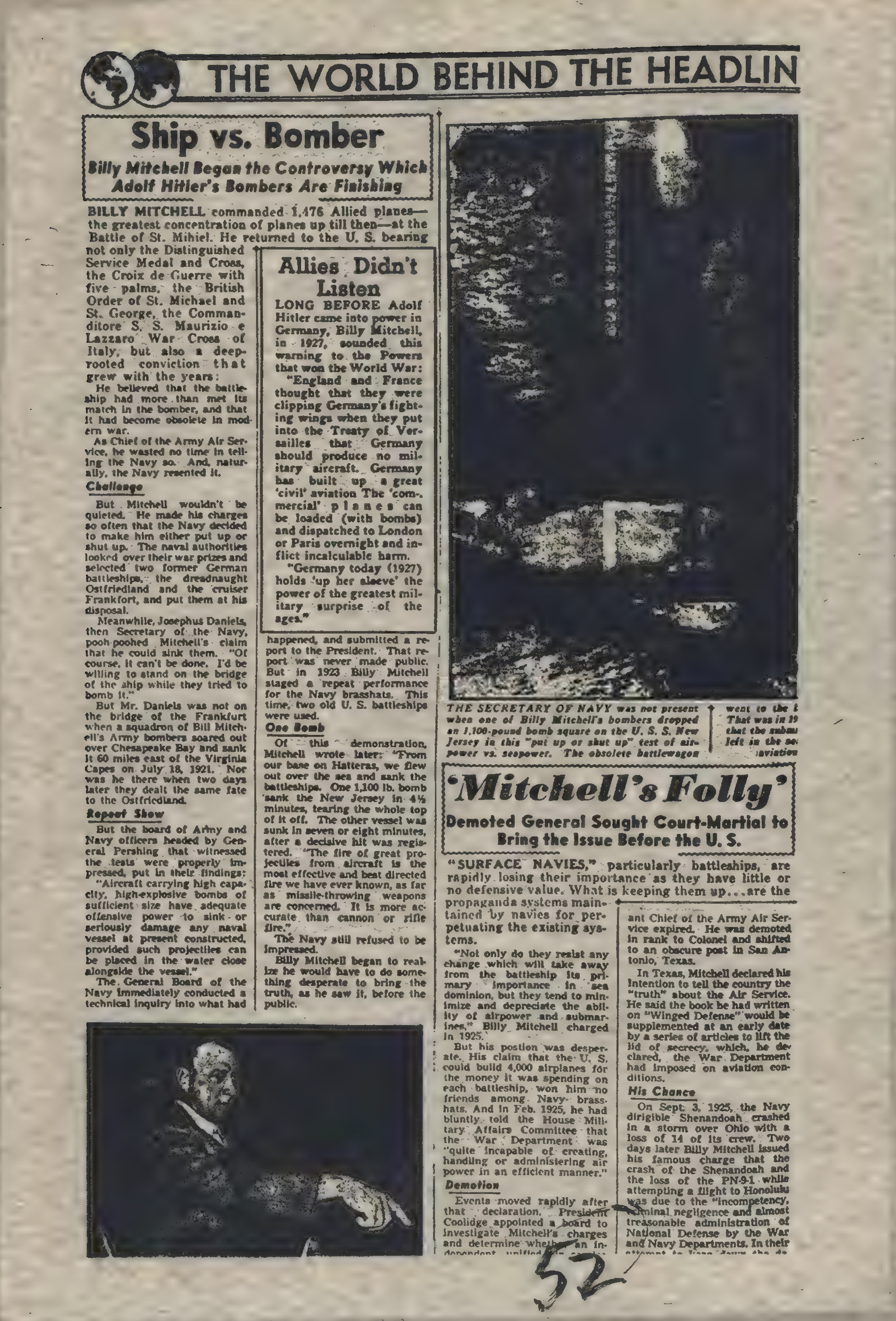
He became Chief of the Air Service But that d ground him He kept flying fighting, put in 2,500 hou air battling. He returned to tell America and the w about the new, terrible p of the airplane, to urge immediate creation of a arate Air Arm in the U. S fense scheme. Mossbacks groundhogs in the Army Navy considered him cra Mitchell jolted them by e lishing a world plane r record (228.87 miles an ho 1922), and by bluntly anno ing he could sink a battle with a plane.

First Naval Blitz

"I'd be willing to stand the bridge of the ship w they tried it," snorted Jose Daniels, then Secretary of Navy. Congress let Billy M ell try it, and Daniels w anywhere near the ship. U 50 planes, it took only on them and a 1,100 pound bom sink one ship in 4½ minu

A stunned Navy Board vestigated the feat, reporte President Coolidge. The re was never made public. Mi ell kept lashing out at brasshats until Coolidge or ed an inquiry. After 10 mon the Navy board scotched Mi ell's charges, smugly declar

"We do not consider that power, as an arm of nati defense, has yet demonstr its value ... for independent eration of such a characte to justify the organization a separate department."



THE WORLD BEHIND THE HEADLIN

Ship vs. Bomber

Billy Mitchell Began the Controversy Which Adolf Hitler's Bombers Are Finishing

BILLY MITCHELL commanded 1,476 Allied planes—the greatest concentration of planes up till then—at the Battle of St. Mihiel. He returned to the U. S. bearing not only the Distinguished Service Medal and Cross, the Croix de Guerre with five palms, the British Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Commanditore S. S. Maurizio e Lazzaro War Cross of Italy, but also a deep-rooted conviction that grew with the years:

He believed that the battleship had more than met its match in the bomber, and that it had become obsolete in modern war.

As Chief of the Army Air Service, he wasted no time in telling the Navy so. And, naturally, the Navy resented it.

Challenge

But Mitchell wouldn't be quieted. He made his charges so often that the Navy decided to make him either put up or shut up. The naval authorities looked over their war prizes and selected two former German battleships, the dreadnaught Ostfriedland and the cruiser Frankfort, and put them at his disposal.

Meanwhile, Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, pooh-poohed Mitchell's claim that he could sink them. "Of course, it can't be done. I'd be willing to stand on the bridge of the ship while they tried to bomb it."

But Mr. Daniels was not on the bridge of the Frankfurt when a squadron of Bill Mitchell's Army bombers soared out over Chesapeake Bay and sank it 60 miles east of the Virginia Capes on July 18, 1921. Nor was he there when two days later they dealt the same fate to the Ostfriedland.

Repeat Show

But the board of Army and Navy officers headed by General Pershing that witnessed the tests were properly impressed, put in their findings:

"Aircraft carrying high capacity, high-explosive bombs of sufficient size have adequate offensive power to sink or seriously damage any naval vessel at present constructed, provided such projectiles can be placed in the water close alongside the vessel."

The General Board of the Navy immediately conducted a technical inquiry into what had happened, and submitted a report to the President. That report was never made public. But in 1923 Billy Mitchell staged a repeat performance for the Navy brasshats. This time, two old U. S. battleships were used.

One Bomb

Of this demonstration, Mitchell wrote later: "From our base on Hatteras, we flew out over the sea and sank the battleships. One 1,100 lb. bomb sank the New Jersey in 4½ minutes, tearing the whole top of it off. The other vessel was sunk in seven or eight minutes, after a decisive hit was registered. "The fire of great projectiles from aircraft is the most effective and best directed fire we have ever known, as far as missile-throwing weapons are concerned. It is more accurate than cannon or rifle fire."

The Navy still refused to be impressed.

Billy Mitchell began to realize he would have to do something desperate to bring the truth, as he saw it, before the public.

Allies Didn't Listen

LONG BEFORE Adolf Hitler came into power in Germany, Billy Mitchell, in 1927, sounded this warning to the Powers that won the World War:

"England and France thought that they were clipping Germany's fighting wings when they put into the Treaty of Versailles that Germany should produce no military aircraft. Germany has built up a great 'civil' aviation The 'commercial' planes can be loaded (with bombs) and dispatched to London or Paris overnight and inflict incalculable harm.

"Germany today (1927) holds 'up her sleeve' the power of the greatest military surprise of the ages."

THE SECRETARY OF NAVY was not present when one of Billy Mitchell's bombers dropped an 1,100-pound bomb square on the U. S. S. New Jersey in this "put up or shut up" test of airpower vs. seapower. The obsolete battlewagon

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'Mitchell's Folly'

Demoted General Sought Court-Martial to Bring the Issue Before the U. S.

"SURFACE NAVIES," particularly battleships, are rapidly losing their importance as they have little or no defensive value. What is keeping them up . . . are the propaganda systems maintained by navies for perpetuating the existing systems.

"Not only do they resist any change which will take away from the battleship its primary importance in sea dominion, but they tend to minimize and depreciate the ability of airpower and submarines," Billy Mitchell charged in 1925.

But his postion was desperate. His claim that the U. S. could build 4,000 airplanes for the money it was spending on each battleship, won him no friends among Navy brasshats. And in Feb. 1925, he had bluntly told the House Military Affairs Committee that the War Department was "quite incapable of creating, handling or administering air power in an efficient manner."

Demotion

Events moved rapidly after that declaration. President Coolidge appointed a board to investigate Mitchell's charges and determine whether an in-

ant Chief of the Army Air Service expired. He was demoted in rank to Colonel and shifted to an obscure post in San Antonio, Texas.

In Texas, Mitchell declared his intention to tell the country the "truth" about the Air Service. He said the book he had written on "Winged Defense" would be supplemented at an early date by a series of articles to lift the lid of secrecy, which, he declared, the War Department had imposed on aviation conditions.

His Chance

On Sept. 3, 1925, the Navy dirigible Shenandoah crashed in a storm over Ohio with a loss of 14 of its crew. Two days later Billy Mitchell issued his famous charge that the crash of the Shenandoah and the loss of the PN-9-1 while attempting a flight to Honolulu was due to the "incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of National Defense by the War and Navy Departments. In their

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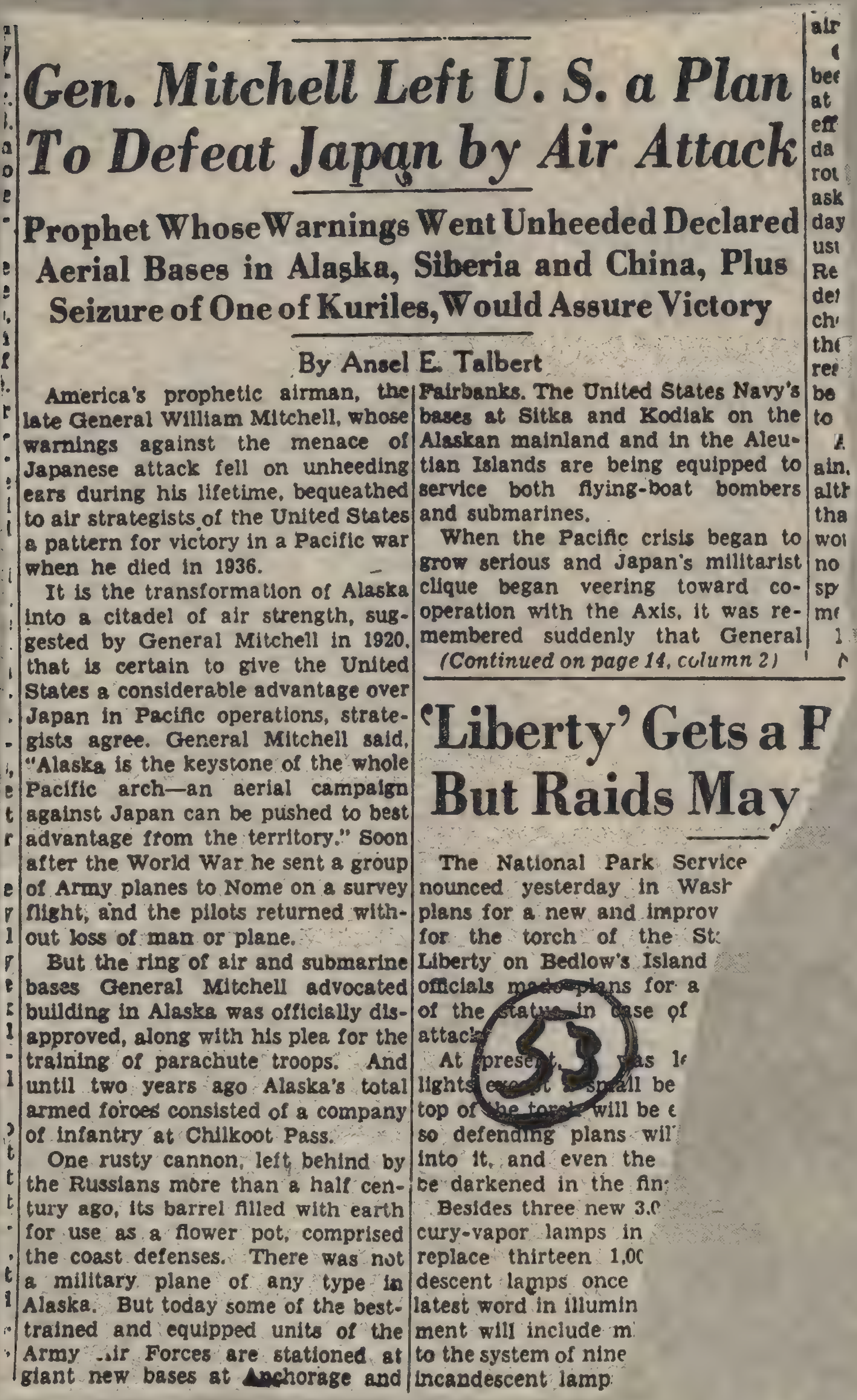
But in 1940, events had not more than half caught up with his prophecies.



Gen. Mitchell Left U. S. a Plan To Defeat Japan by Air Attack

Prophet Whose Warnings Went Unheeded Declared Aerial Bases in Alaska, Siberia and China, Plus Seizure of One of Kuriles, Would Assure Victory

By Ansel E. Talbert

America's prophetic airman, the late General William Mitchell, whose warnings against the menace of Japanese attack fell on unheeding ears during his lifetime, bequeathed to air strategists of the United States a pattern for victory in a Pacific war when he died in 1936.

It is the transformation of Alaska into a citadel of air strength, suggested by General Mitchell in 1920, that is certain to give the United States a considerable advantage over Japan in Pacific operations, strategists agree. General Mitchell said, "Alaska is the keystone of the whole Pacific arch—an aerial campaign against Japan can be pushed to best advantage from the territory." Soon after the World War he sent a group of Army planes to Nome on a survey flight, and the pilots returned without loss of man or plane.

But the ring of air and submarine bases General Mitchell advocated building in Alaska was officially disapproved, along with his plea for the training of parachute troops. And until two years ago Alaska's total armed forces consisted of a company of infantry at Chilkoot Pass.

One rusty cannon, left behind by the Russians more than a half century ago, its barrel filled with earth for use as a flower pot, comprised the coast defenses. There was not a military plane of any type in Alaska. But today some of the best-trained and equipped units of the Army Air Forces are stationed at giant new bases at Anchorage and Fairbanks. The United States Navy's bases at Sitka and Kodiak on the Alaskan mainland and in the Aleutian Islands are being equipped to service both flying-boat bombers and submarines.

When the Pacific crisis began to grow serious and Japan's militarist clique began veering toward co-operation with the Axis, it was remembered suddenly that General

(Continued on page 14, column 2)

'Liberty' Gets a F But Raids May

The National Park Service
nounced yesterday in Wash
plans for a new and improv
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Liberty on Bedlow's Island
officials made plans for a
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incandescent lamp

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53 DEC 14, 1941 It took Pearl Harbor and the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* to fill in with reality the details of the picture of ships versus planes that was so heartily laughed at when painted by "Admiral" Mitchell twenty years before.

MITCHELL AIR PROPHECY COMES TO GRIM FRUITION

General's Warnings on Power of the Bomber, Discounted by Superiors, Is Proved in Battleship Losses

LONG CONTROVERSY IS ENDING

By ARTHUR KROCK

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13—The Japanese have told enough detail of the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the British have revealed sufficient incidents in the sinking of H. M. SS. Prince of Wales and Repulse, to make it clear that air power this week came of age as the dominant force in naval war. When and if the United States Government decides to make a report to its own people, it is not likely that this conclusion will need to be modified.

The revelation marks the end of a long and bitter controversy among military experts over the ability of aircraft to sink battleships. Before the development of the "fish" aerial torpedo mortal hits on capital ships by bombers were so few and far between as to keep the argument very much alive. Now for all practical purposes it is ended, though die-hard admirals will probably continue to insist that the wholesale naval sinkings were lucky accidents.

Even before it was made plain that a battle between capital ships and bomber formations was a fight between Merrimacs and Monitors, and before the present high development of the fish torpedo, the British had become certain of it. As long ago as the time of the Spanish civil war British naval officers at Gibraltar told American news correspondents that when bombers swung down in formation to attack a ship deadly wounds were probable; that one or two planes could be shot down but the rest would be able to proceed with the job. It was like shooting ducks, said the British—you could pick your brace but you could not get them all.

Use of Torpedo

In Berlin the Japanese air attaché contributed the information Friday that the Pearl Harbor attack was made with formations of high bombers and of dive-bombers using the fish torpedo with deadly effect. Prime Minister Churchill, explaining to Commons how the big ships went down off Malaya, mentioned the same tactics.

All this was foreseen years ago, and by an American. He was court-martialed for criticism of superiors to which he was provoked by his temperament and by the stubborn obtuseness of the generals and admirals. He resigned from the Army and died five years ago at the age of 56. But as the news from the Pacific comes in more and more the memory of Brig. Gen. William Lendrum Mitchell is as alive as he ever was.

General Mitchell, an enlisted buck private of '98, was commander of the United States Army Air Force in France during the Wor
War and afterward director
military aviation. To the day o
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night it was a different story. The Ostfriesland was at the bottom of the sea. And she had been sent there by concussion, for General Mitchell, eluding the adverse trend of the rules, took no chances that his attack would be stopped if he made a direct hit that was not fatal. His entire formation consisted of six Martin bombers and one Handley-Paige.

Early Reactions

"The bombs that sank the Ostfriesland will be heard 'round the world," was the comment of General Williams, Chief of Ordnance of the Army. "Is the battleship obsolete?" began to be the question. But most of the observers said that when new protections were found, as they must be, the battleship would still be an unlikely target for a plane. "The aerial bomb does constitute a real menace, and it must now be met, but the fleet will decide naval actions."

Glenn Martin, who witnessed the test, saw much farther into the future. "It is now evident," he said, "that no fleet afloat is safe if it loses control of the air. Control of the sea is now insufficient.

"The future bombing fleet of the air will be made up similar to the present sea fleet. It will have its capital airships in the form of immense bombing planes loaded with bombs weighing from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds, and it will be surrounded with various types of combat and reconnaissance planes to take care of the capital bombers of the sky as capital ships of the surface fleet are protected."

That was in 1921. The next year General Mitchell predicted, among much jeering, that planes would attain a speed of 250 miles
r at least. Ten y

54 DEC 14 1941 Part of his warnings about Alaska had indeed been recalled, after twenty years. But only part. And not the part about "Strike First."

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ny and Navy were
of incompetence, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of the national defense." He based this view on resistance to what seemed to him the obvious fact that control of the air was essential to military or naval victory.

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When "Billy" Mitchell, as he was universally known, finished his four-year term as assistant director of what is now called the Air Corps he was not reappointed. He was reduced to his old rank of colonel and sent to Texas as air officer of the Eighth Corps Area. Soon afterward he made the public statement for which he was court-martialed, charged with violation of the Ninety-sixth Article of War. Found guilty on all counts and suspended for five years without pay or allowances, his sentence was commuted by President Coolidge only to the point of restoring General Mitchell's allowances and giving him one-half his base pay. Two weeks later he resigned from the Army.

Sinking of Ostfriesland

It was in 1921, by virtue of an exploit of his own, that General Mitchell became certain of the coming dominance of aircraft in battle. Though considerably hampered by an adverse set of rules made by his superiors, he sank the Ostfriesland, an ex-dreadnaught (as they used to say) of the Germans, sixty miles off the Virginia Capes. His planes dropped two one-ton bombs in the water near the old vessel and that did for her, bursting her plates and sending her to the bottom. This was on July 21; on July 20 fifteen of his planes, with lighter projectiles, had failed to sink the ship.

That night of July 20 the die-hard admirals and generals were congratulating themselves. Billy Mitchell was now sure to be proved wrong. Only four of the thirteen bombs which had been dropped on the deck of the Ostfriesland had exploded; they only weighed about 5,000 pounds all told and low clouds and poor visibility had prevailed on the sea. But the advocates of the battleship declined to accept these "alibis." The next

soo
per ho years afterward they were flying at 500. In 1923 the general said the day was near when a regular air service between China and California would be in operation.

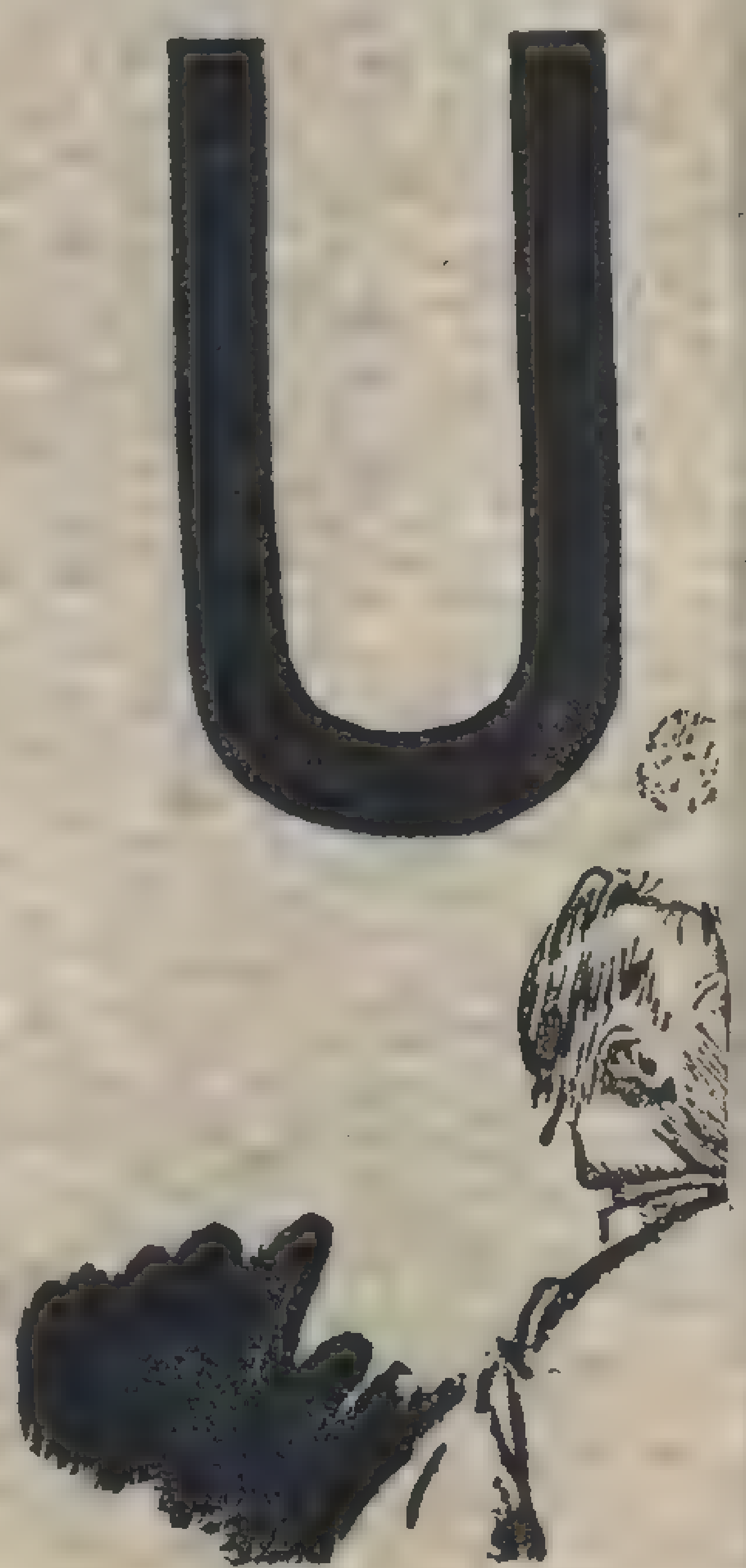
Other Prophecies

He made other prophecies which have steadily been coming true. But the obstructions placed against him by those who declined to believe that the airplane could ever become anything more than a scout and aerial cavalry for the Navy drove him to fury and despair. His nature was such that he made this insubordinately clear, and he was broken for it.

As the steady succession of events in war has now completely proved, General Mitchell was always right. Had he been able to persuade his government, a great many hundreds of millions now afloat or lying on the floors of the oceans would have been spent for bombers instead. The Germans might never have been permitted to gain air supremacy while the democracies relied on sea power, and this would have shortened and confined the war.

REMEMBER
The Hundred Neediest.

"IT'S US N



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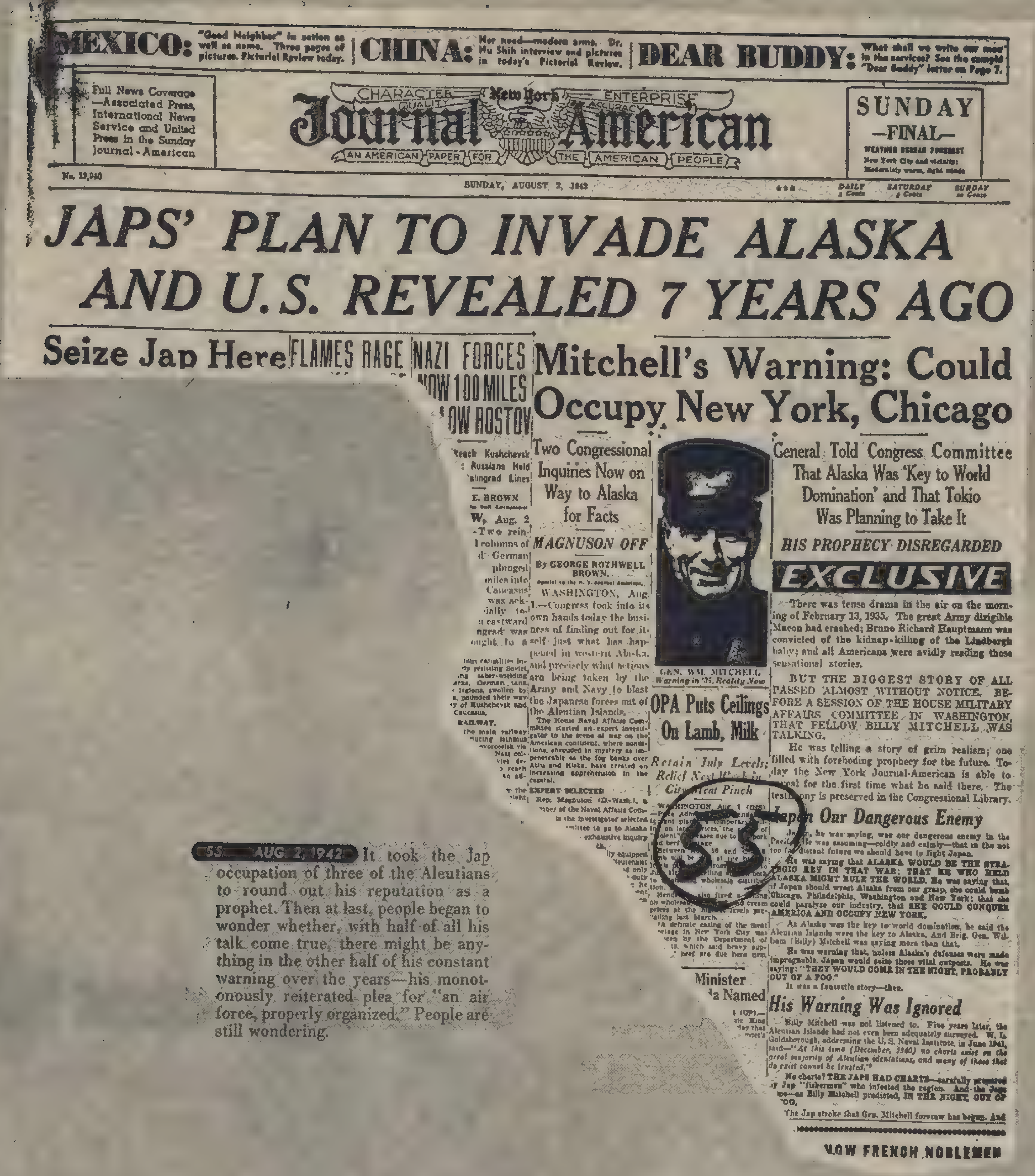

MEXICO: "Good Neighbor" in action as well as name. Three pages of pictures. Pictorial Review today. | **CHINA:** Her need—modern arms. Dr. Hu Shih interview and pictures in today's Pictorial Review. | **DEAR BUDDY:** What shall we write our men in the services? See the sample "Dear Buddy" letter on Page 7.

Full News Coverage—Associated Press, International News Service and United Press in the Sunday Journal-American

CHARACTER QUALITY New York Journal American ENTERPRISE ACCURACY
AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

SUNDAY
—FINAL—
WEATHER BUREAU FORECAST
New York City and vicinity: Moderately warm, light winds

No. 19,240 SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1942 ★★★ DAILY 3 Cents SATURDAY 5 Cents SUNDAY 10 Cents

JAPS' PLAN TO INVADE ALASKA AND U.S. REVEALED 7 YEARS AGO

Seize Jap Here

FLAMES RAGE

NAZI FORCES NOW 100 MILES OW ROSTOV

Reach Kushchevsk Russians Hold alingrad Lines

E. BROWN

W, Aug. 2 -Two rein- l columns of German plunged miles into Caucasus was ack- ially to- a eastward ngrad was ought to a

ious casualties in- ly resisting Soviet, ing saber-wielding acks, German tank legions, swollen by s, pounded their way y of Kushchevsk and Caucasus.

RAILWAY.

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Mitchell's Warning: Could Occupy New York, Chicago

Two Congressional Inquiries Now on Way to Alaska for Facts

MAGNUSON OFF

By GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN.

Special to the N. Y. Journal-American.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—Congress took into its own hands today the business of finding out for itself just what has happened in western Alaska, and precisely what actions are being taken by the Army and Navy to blast the Japanese forces out of the Aleutian Islands.

The House Naval Affairs Committee started an expert investigator to the scene of war on the American continent, where conditions, shrouded in mystery as impenetrable as the fog banks over Attu and Kiska, have created an increasing apprehension in the capital.

EXPERT SELECTED

Rep. Magnuson (D.-Wash.), a mber of the Naval Affairs Com- is the investigator selected mittee to go to Alaska exhaustive inquiry th. lly equipped lieutenant nd only duty he ent,

GEN. WM. MITCHELL
Warning in '35, Reality Now

OPA Puts Ceilings On Lamb, Milk

Retain July Levels; Relief Next Week in City Meat Pinch

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1 (INS) —Price Adm gent pla temporary on la rices, the of "violent" ases due to pork d beef age Between 30 and lamb be at the levels rom Ju ling both to wholesale distribu tion. Hend also fixed a ceiling on wholesale nd cream prices at the levels prevailing last March.

A definite easing of the meat rtage in New York City was seen by the Department of ts, which said heavy sup beef are due here next

Minister a Named

(UP).— ie King day that viet's

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General Told Congress Committee That Alaska Was 'Key to World Domination' and That Tokio Was Planning to Take It

HIS PROPHECY DISREGARDED

EXCLUSIVE

There was tense drama in the air on the morning of February 13, 1935. The great Army dirigible Macon had crashed; Bruno Richard Hauptmann was convicted of the kidnap-killing of the Lindbergh baby; and all Americans were avidly reading those sensational stories.

BUT THE BIGGEST STORY OF ALL PASSED ALMOST WITHOUT NOTICE. BEFORE A SESSION OF THE HOUSE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE IN WASHINGTON, THAT FELLOW BILLY MITCHELL WAS TALKING.

He was telling a story of grim realism; one filled with foreboding prophecy for the future. Today the New York Journal-American is able to reveal for the first time what he said there. The testimony is preserved in the Congressional Library.

Japan Our Dangerous Enemy

Japan, he was saying, was our dangerous enemy in the Pacific. He was assuming—coldly and calmly—that in the not too far distant future we should have to fight Japan.

He was saying that **ALASKA WOULD BE THE STRATEGIC KEY IN THAT WAR; THAT HE WHO HELD ALASKA MIGHT RULE THE WORLD.** He was saying that, if Japan should wrest Alaska from our grasp, she could bomb Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and New York; that she could paralyze our industry, that **SHE COULD CONQUER AMERICA AND OCCUPY NEW YORK.**

As Alaska was the key to world domination, he said the Aleutian Islands were the key to Alaska. And Brig. Gen. William (Billy) Mitchell was saying more than that.

He was warning that, unless Alaska's defenses were made impregnable, Japan would seize those vital outposts. He was saying: **"THEY WOULD COME IN THE NIGHT, PROBABLY OUT OF A FOG."**

It was a fantastic story—then.

His Warning Was Ignored

Billy Mitchell was not listened to. Five years later, the Aleutian Islands had not even been adequately surveyed. W. L. Goldsborough, addressing the U. S. Naval Institute, in June 1941, said—"*At this time (December, 1940) no charts exist on the great majority of Aleutian identations, and many of those that do exist cannot be trusted.*"

No charts? **THE JAPS HAD CHARTS**—carefully prepared by Jap "fishermen" who infested the region. And the Japs came—as Billy Mitchell predicted, **IN THE NIGHT, OUT OF FOG.**

The Jap stroke that Gen. Mitchell foresaw has begun. And

HOW FRENCH NOBLEMEN

55 AUG. 2, 1942 It took the Jap occupation of three of the Aleutians to round out his reputation as a prophet. Then at last, people began to wonder whether, with half of all his talk come true, there might be anything in the other half of his constant warning over the years—his monotonously reiterated plea for "an air force, properly organized." People are still wondering.

THE FOREGOING record shows clearly that there were two basic ideas on which General Billy Mitchell kept insisting throughout the years of his impassioned crusade. The first was that surface navies were hopelessly vulnerable to attack from the skies and that consequently sea power was destined to become an auxiliary of air power. The second was that America could not fully develop and utilize air power until we had unity of command in the air and an autonomous status for the new weapon.

In both respects, unfortunately, Billy Mitchell is still a prophet without honor. Despite growing popular recognition of his great foresight and strategic genius, neither of those fundamental ideas has as yet been accepted by our military leadership. Not even the impact of a war for survival and the experience of all nations since 1939 have sufficed to crack the inertia against which he fought so desperately in his lifetime.

The strategic primacy of aviation has not yet been recognized. There has been ample recognition of the crucial tasks of the aerial weapon in protecting and enhancing the ground and sea forces. But there is no understanding in high places of the separate strategic role of air power as such, in conquering mastery of the "air ocean." Our program seems to be to build the world's greatest army and a seven-seas navy, and to provide vast masses of aircraft to assist these services. We shall remain bogged down in the swamps of habit and precedent until we realize that what started as a tactical and auxiliary weapon has matured into the most important strategic and primary service.

And our aviation remains as divided as it was in Mitchell's day. There is "Army aviation" and "Navy aviation," each of them subordinate to the elder service and to traditional thinking. As long as our military aviation remains arbitrarily split, there can be no unity of command in the skies and we shall lack true air power, in the strategic sense. Even our highest-ranking airmen are glorified consultants to the admirals and generals, rather than equal partners in shaping our military destiny. The mere fact that the two elder services are constantly engaged in jurisdictional disputes—such as the current struggle for control of land-based aviation—is proof of shocking disunity in air. I have no hesitancy in warning that our entire effort in the air is largely futile as long as this illogical condition prevails.

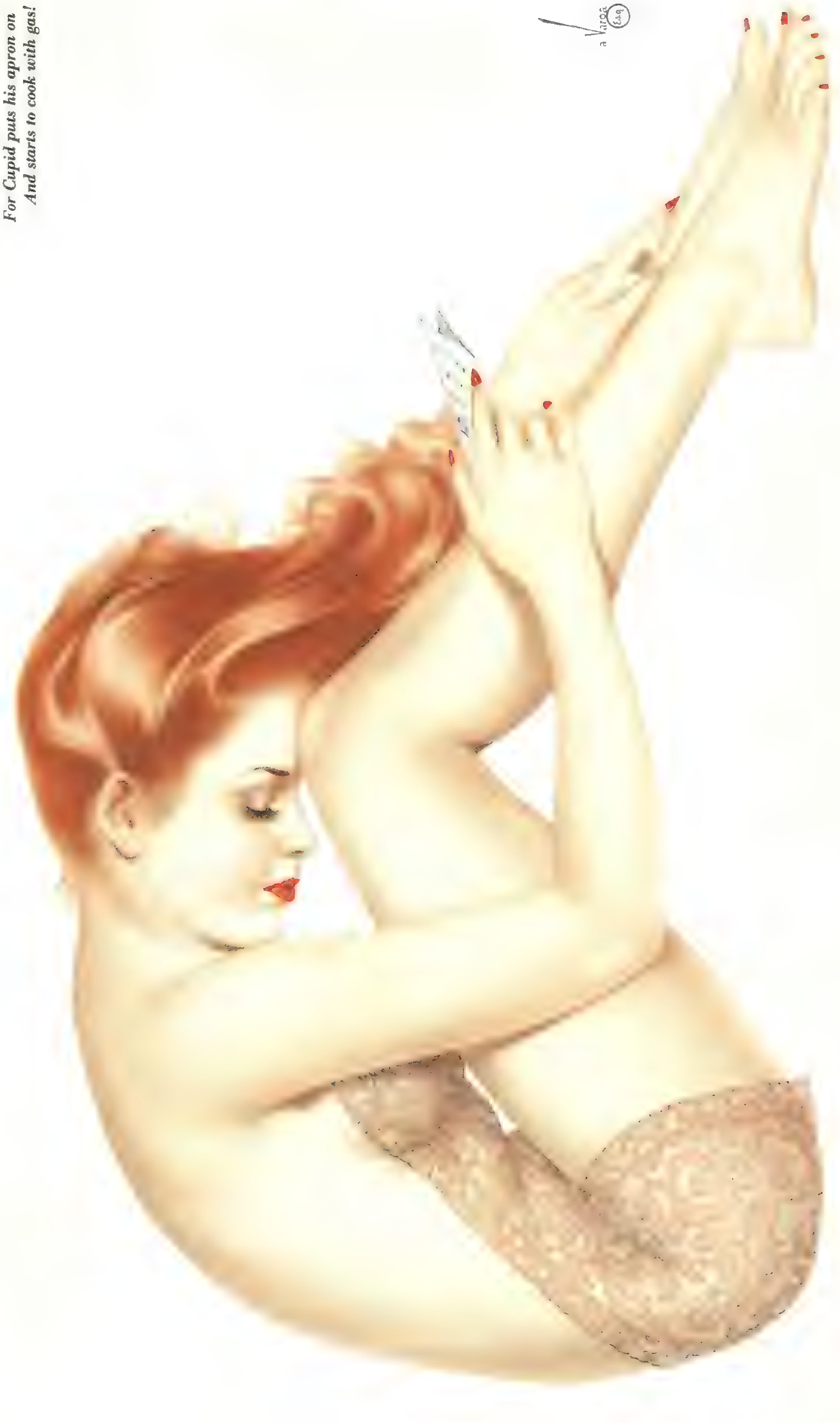
General Mitchell's crusade has not yet been won. On the contrary, it is only in its first phase. There is every evidence that even many of those who invoke his name have failed to grasp his military vision. In spite of the fact that present-day aeronautics offers us a direct route to the heart and vitals of our enemy, by direct attack from the American continent, we adhere slavishly to traditional mile-by-mile and island-by-island strategy. We still lack the clarity of purpose to accept aerial strategy as the main strategy, the air weapon as the paramount weapon—and on that basis to divert the materials, labor and energy to build the necessary strategic force for direct aerial offensive.

As one who was a friend and colleague of General Billy Mitchell and accounts himself a disciple of his thoughts, I make bold to assert that if he were alive today he would be devoting every ounce of his energy to the job of breaking down the inertia which stands between us and victory.

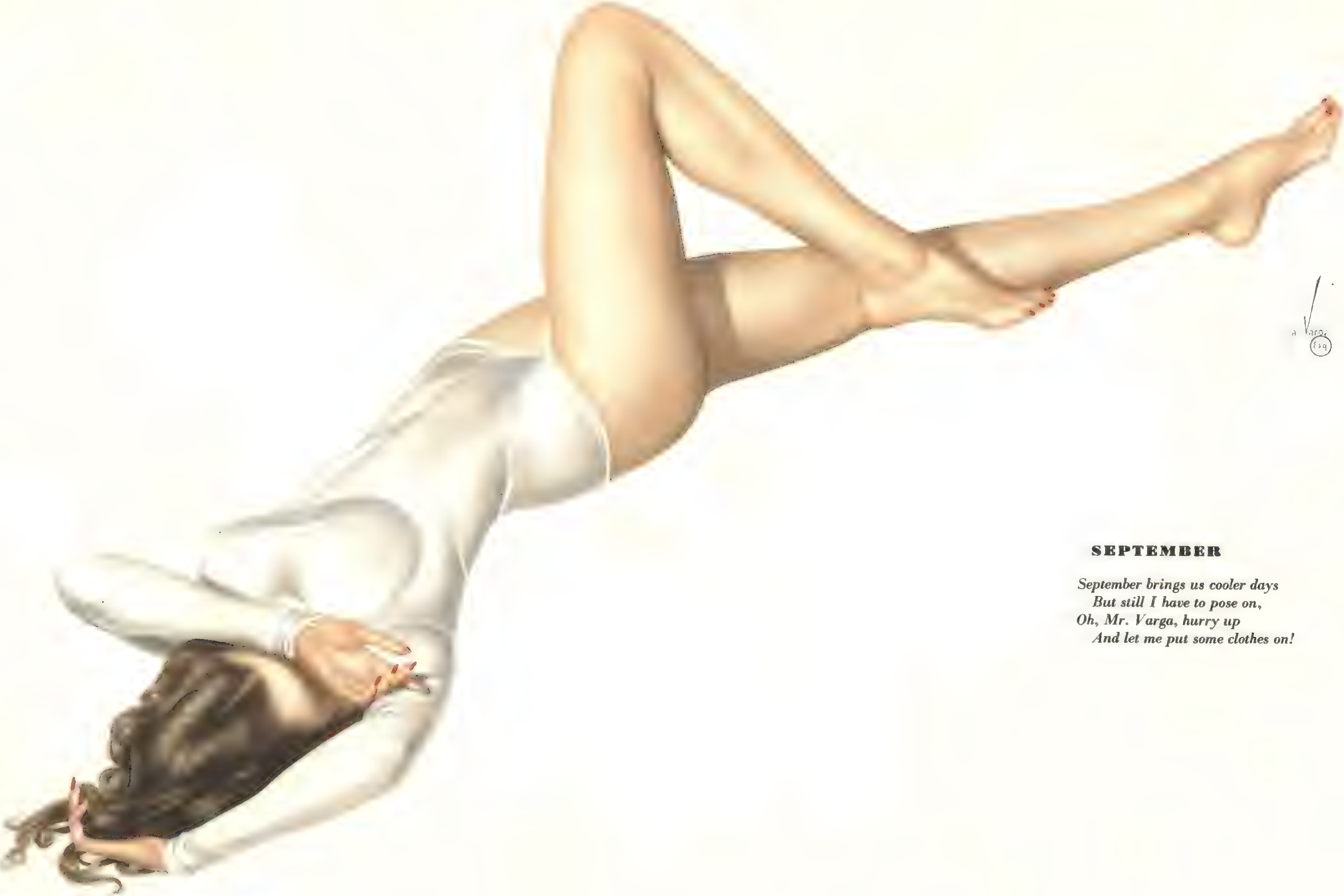
(Signed) ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

APRIL

April is a thrilling month
To many a lovesick lass,
For Cupid puts his apron on
And starts to cook with gas!



This is a preview page out of Esquire's 1943 twelve page Varga Girl Calendar which will be published in full in the January Issue. For the "enabling coupon" to permit the filing of advanced orders for the calendar in separate form see the advertisement on page 201.



SEPTEMBER

September brings us cooler days
But still I have to pose on,
Oh, Mr. Varga, hurry up
And let me put some clothes on!

This is a preview page out of Esquire's 1943 twelve page Varga Girl Calendar which will be published in full in the January Issue. For the "enabling coupon" to permit the filing of advanced orders for the calendar in separate form see the advertisement on page 201.

God rest ye merry, Gentlemen, let nothing you dismay

ESQUIRE'S PORTFOLIO OF GIFT SUGGESTIONS

city line

1. The felt snap brim hat becomes a gift through a gift certificate. Pigskin-handled umbrella, a good idea in these tireless days. Ostrich leather wallet from down under. Whipstitch deerskin gloves.

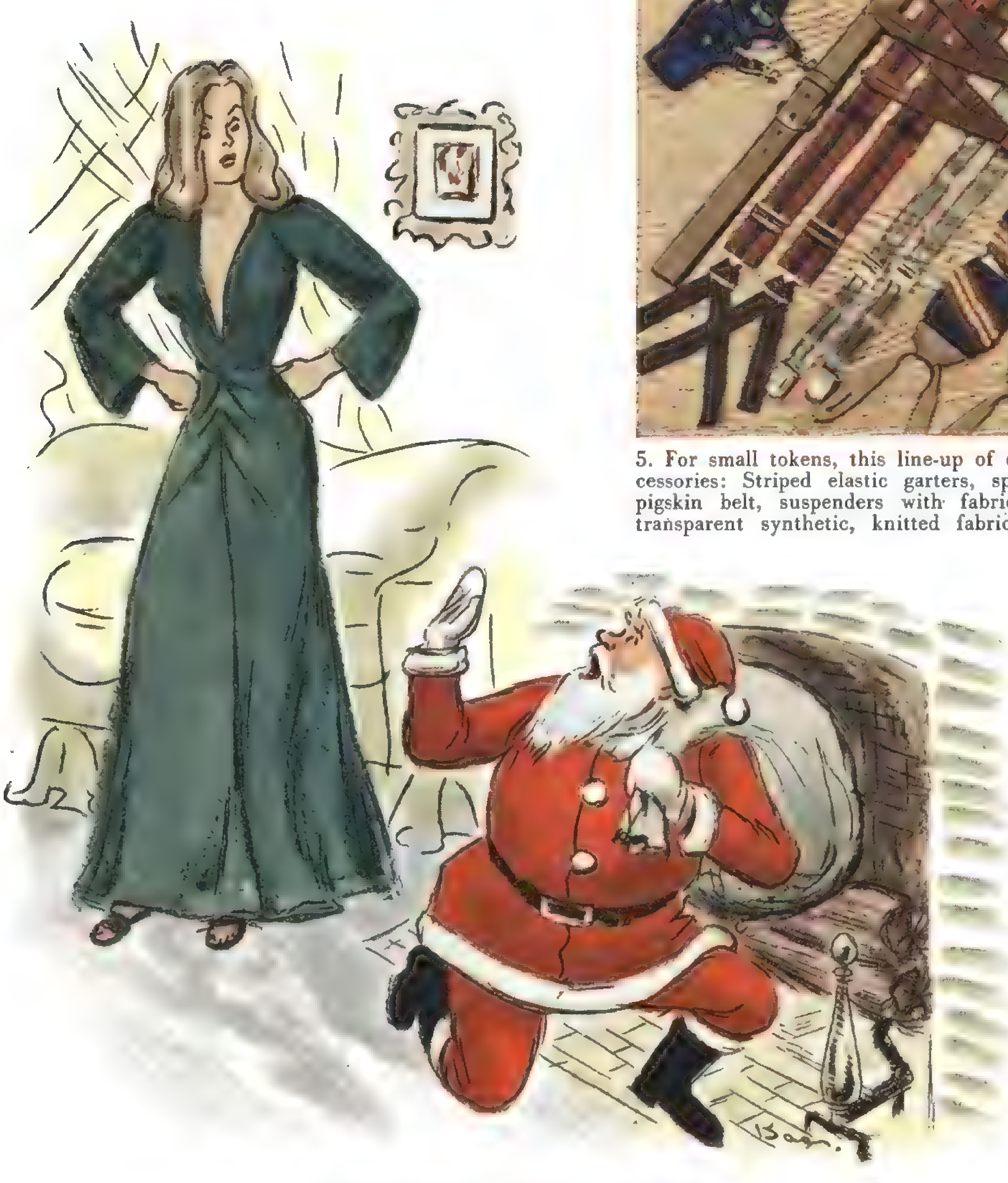
2. Accessories for business wear: Broadcloth shirt with widespread collar requires Windsor knot tie. Pleated bosom shirt with white cuffs, separate starched collar and repp tie. Clocked lisle socks.

3. For new writing ease, the trim pen set. One jewelry set is made of sterling, a war-time improvement. But the stone cuff links and black pearl dress set, made of other metals, are still available.

4. Get ties like these and be sure. On a new tie rack: Large printed design on foulard, striped repp, glen plaid rayon-and-silk, small pattern foulard. Border-striped white handkerchiefs.

5. For small tokens, this line-up of colorful accessories: Striped elastic garters, spring-buckle pigskin belt, suspenders with fabric ends, of transparent synthetic, knitted fabric, webbing.

6. Easy solutions for gift problems are preparations which make shaving more pleasant and efficient: Sets in Early American style, scented with fern and in very smart modern containers.



"There isn't a thing you need"

7. Fuel conservation won't bother him in a wool flannel robe such as this Tattersall check model. The rayon pajamas match the tone of the checks. The slippers double in summer for leisure wear.

country styles

8. The tartan wool shirt, stemming from the lumberjack, is worn from Maine to Oregon. Leather tie clip, embossed in the Western manner, holds a homespun wool tie, and the socks are cotton-lined wool.

9. A ski sweater—wool, cotton and rayon—shows an American Indian pattern, while the silk square was inspired by East Indian prints. Purely Western and rugged is the embossed leather belt.

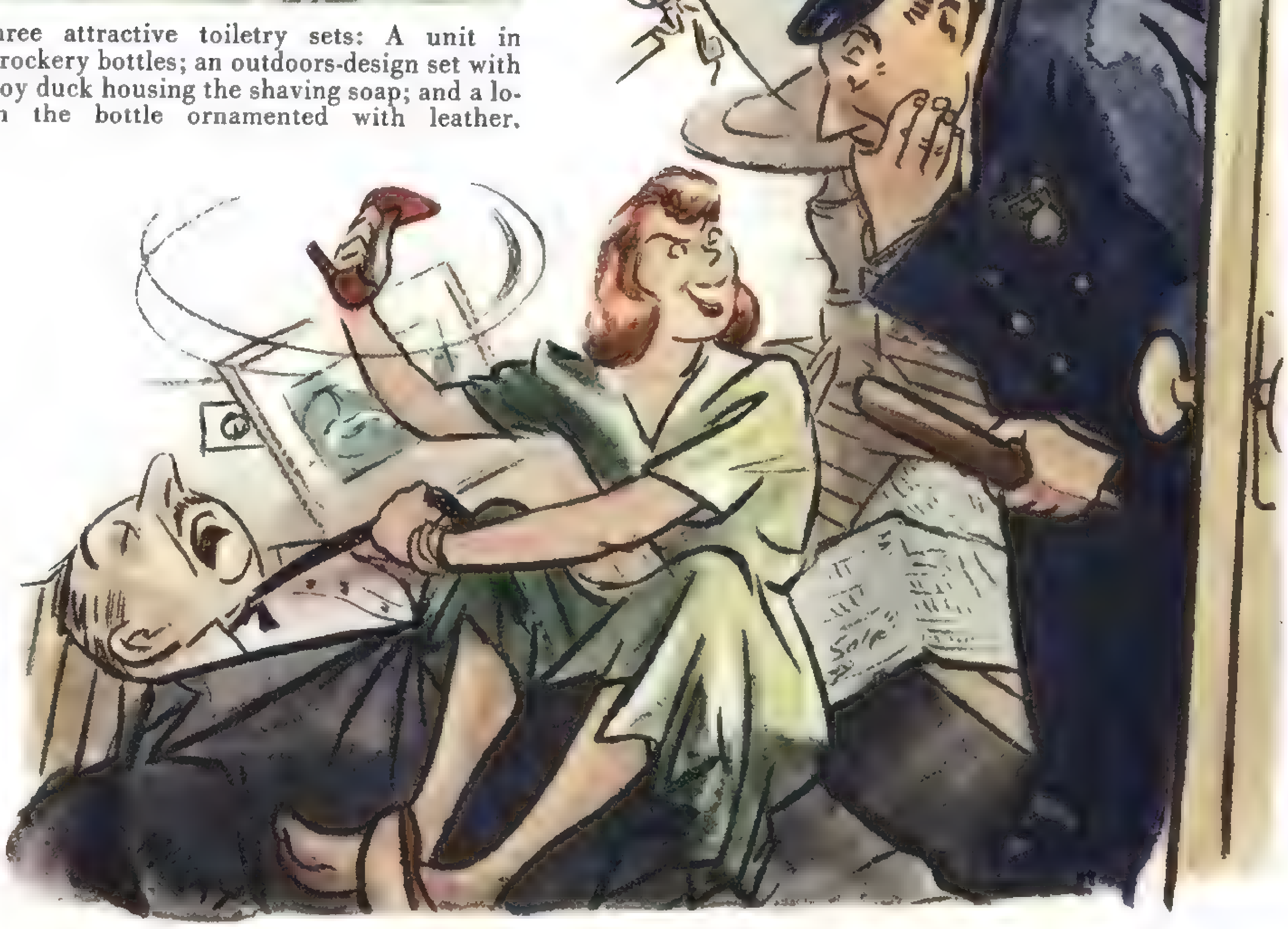
10. Stocks of this perfected electric shaver are still adequate. Sportsmen will appreciate a safety razor or the spring-motored model. Tie chain with sports motif, and a soft saddle leather billfold.

11. Men are carrying so many cards these days, the many-windowed pass case makes a swell gift. One billfold has a perpetual calendar, the other wallet sports laced edges. A rugged, sportsmanlike pipe.

12. This processed cotton number has become a jacket-of-all-trades. The foulard neckwear shown with it is a combination scarf and ascot. Grained leather golf moccasin, plain calf monk-front shoe.

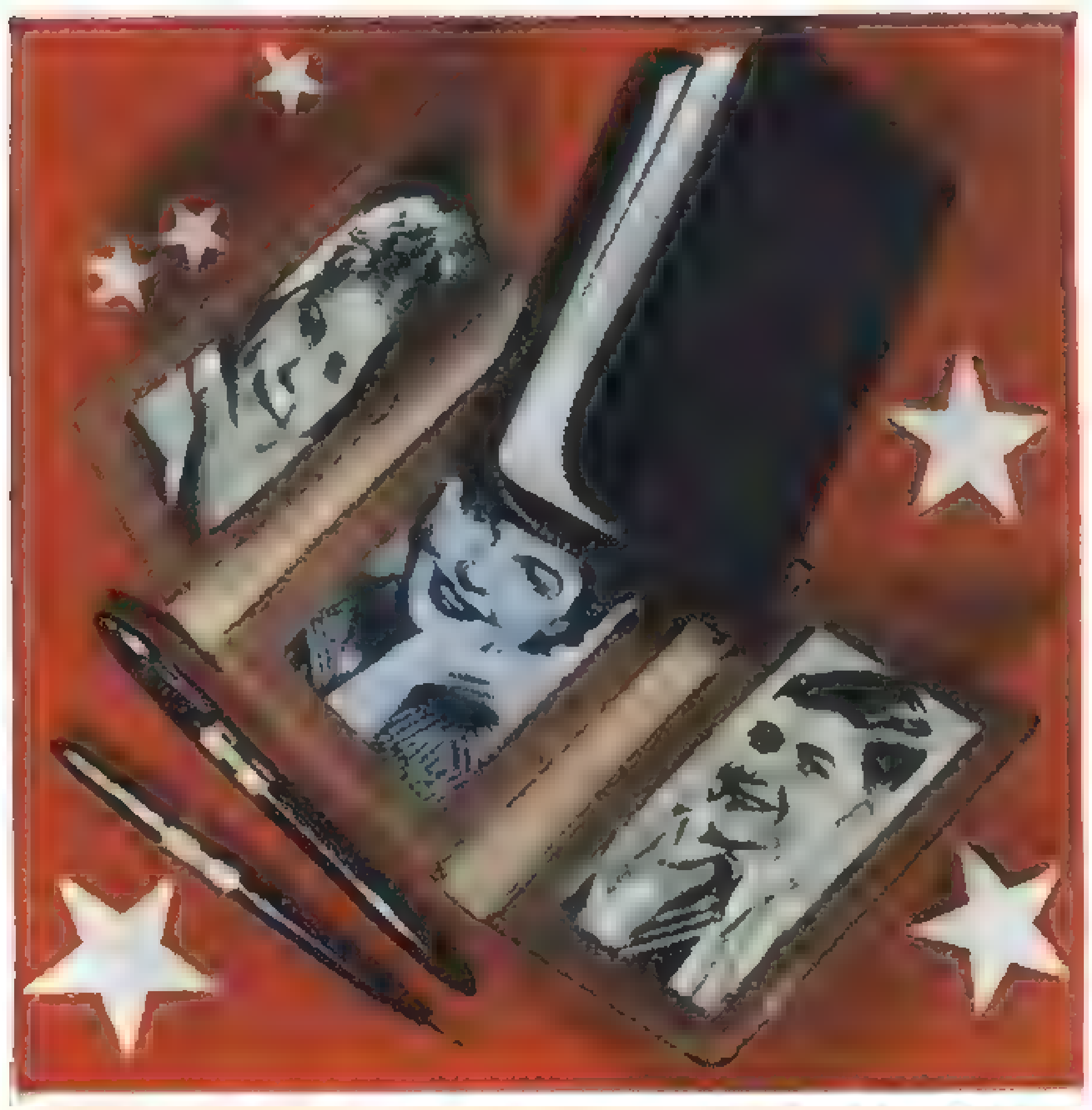
13. Three attractive toiletry sets: A unit in green crockery bottles; an outdoors-design set with the decoy duck housing the shaving soap; and a lotion in the bottle ornamented with leather.

14. If you want a "practical" gift, a raincoat is a good answer—especially this processed cotton model. A good choice, too, the suede-fronted sport jacket with soft cashmere sleeves, collar and back.

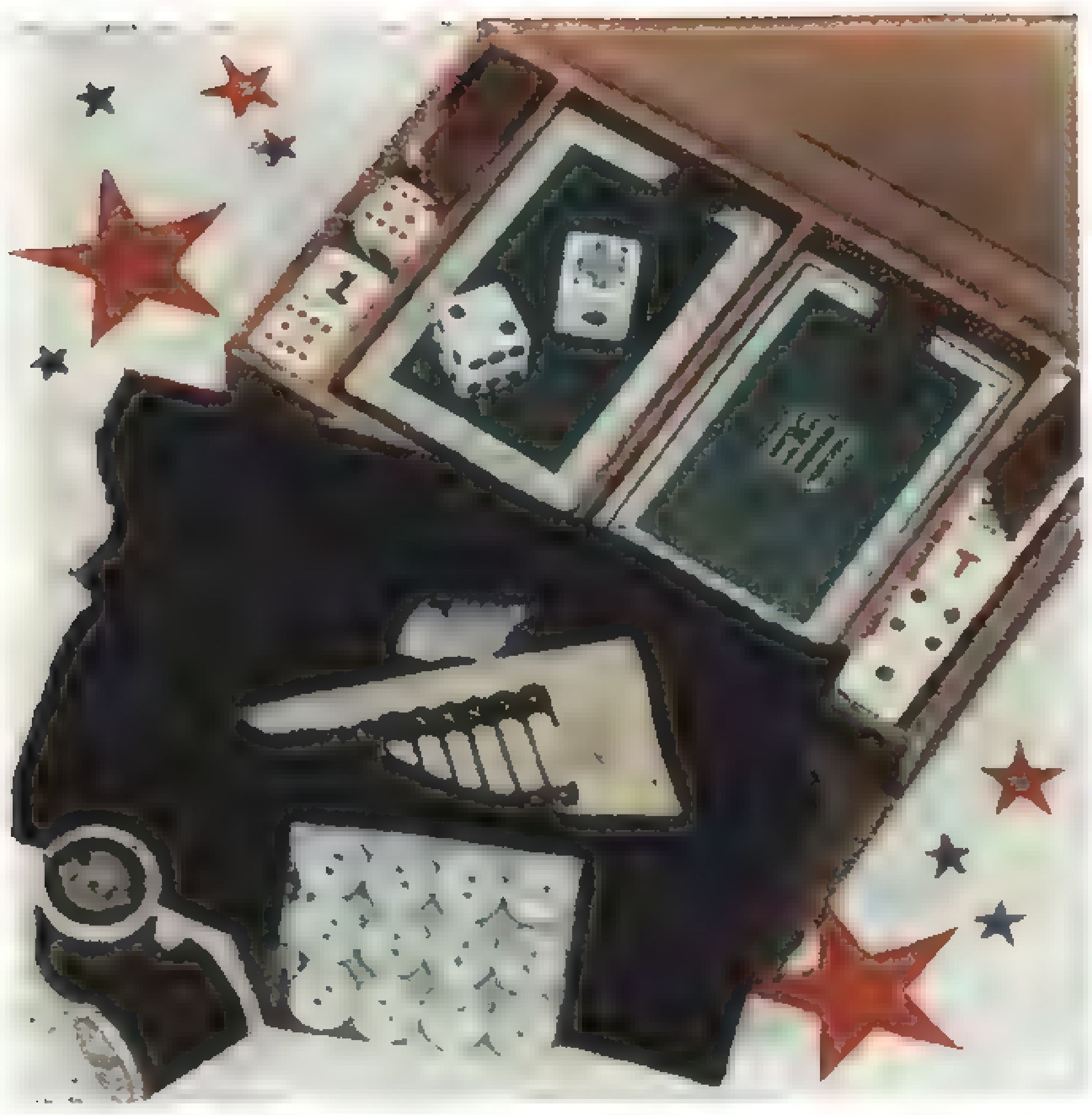


"We're just deciding whether or not I get a fur coat for Christmas!"

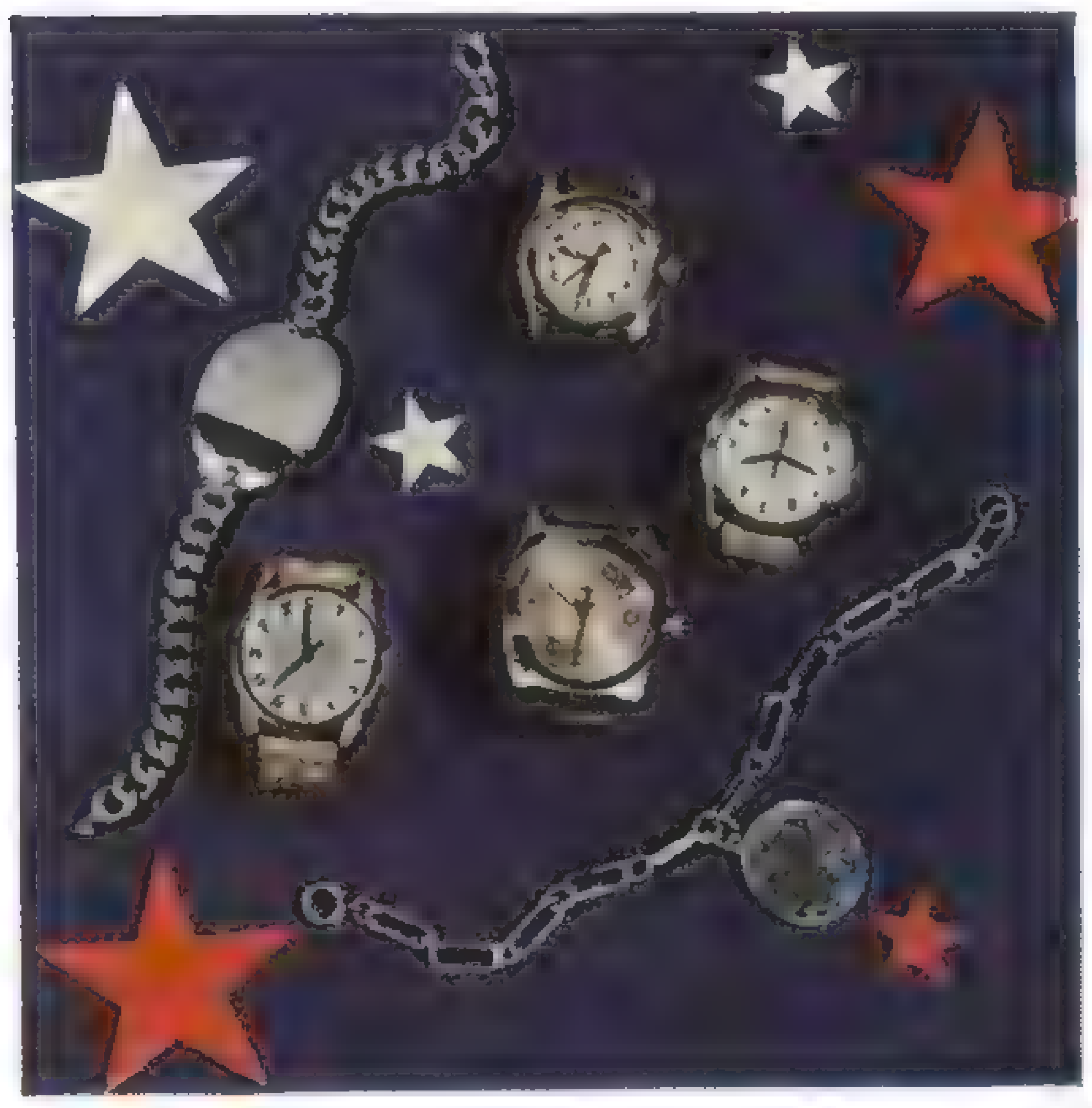
military order



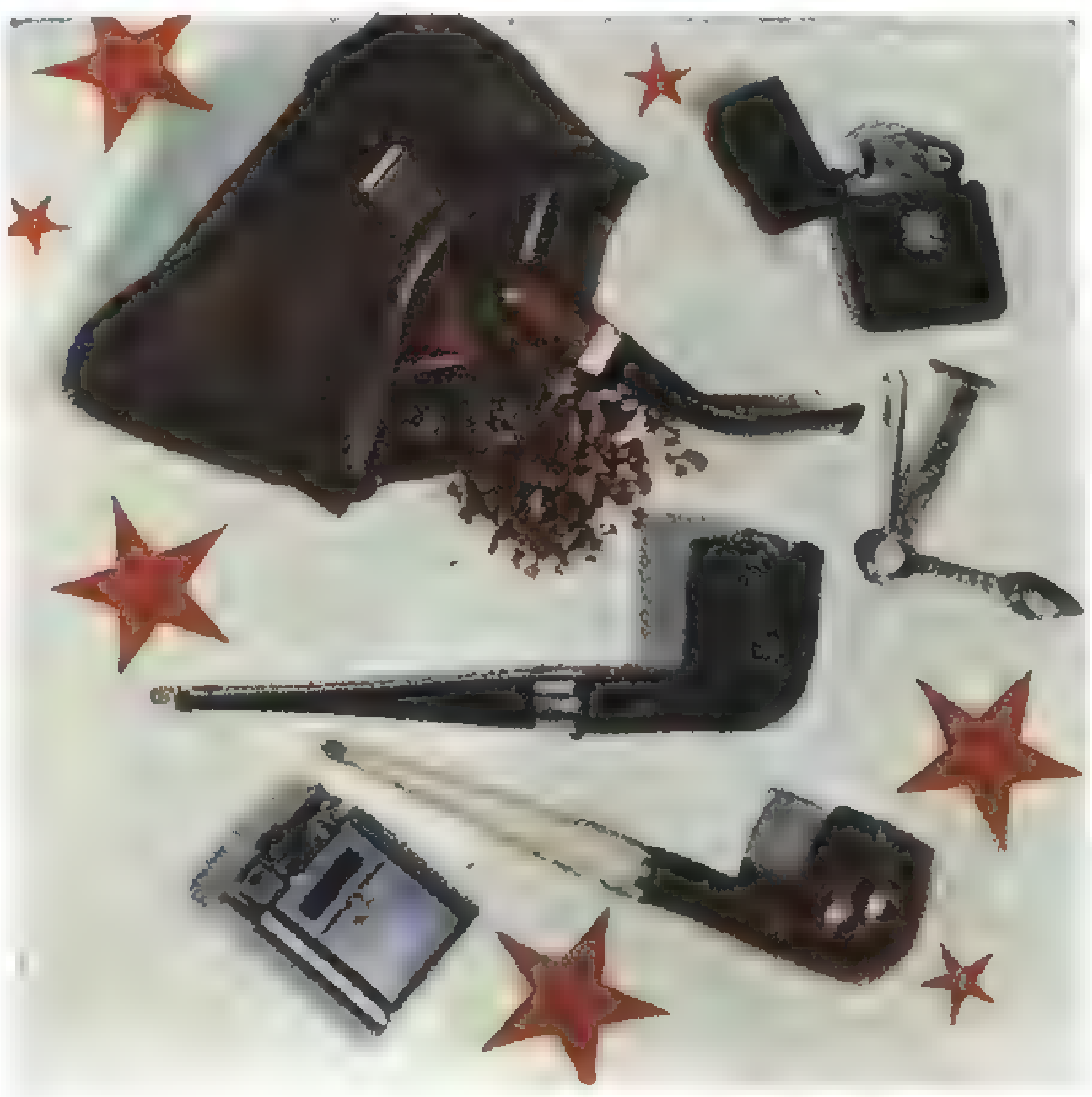
15. Men in the service want small, handy things, like the diary with slide fastener to keep out dust and moisture, or the folding leather picture frame. The pen set may safely be carried in any position.



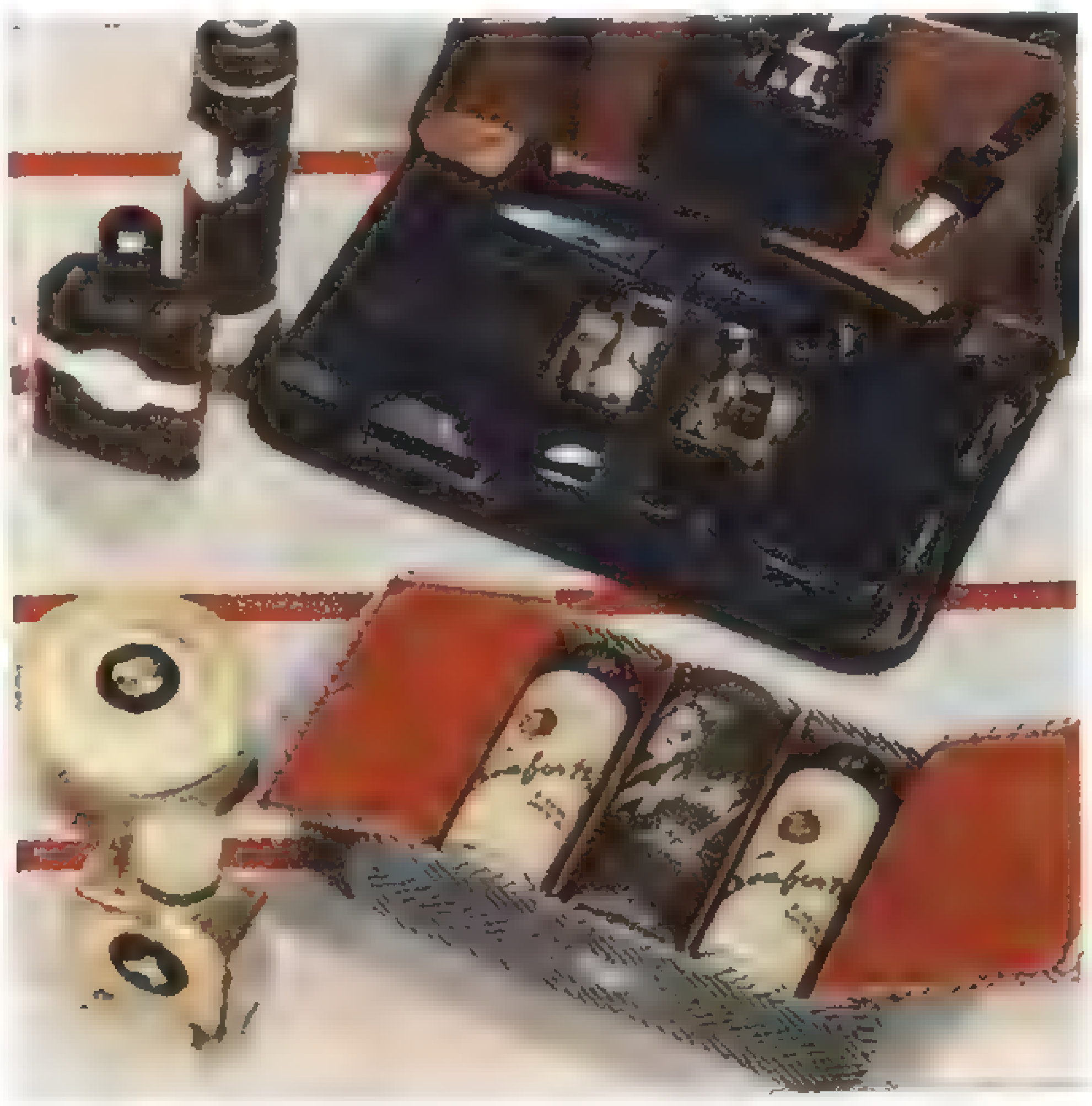
16. Many service gifts come in either olive drab or navy blue—like the cloth sewing kit that contains everything. For blank hours, the gin rummy cards, dice and poker dice in swank pigskin case.



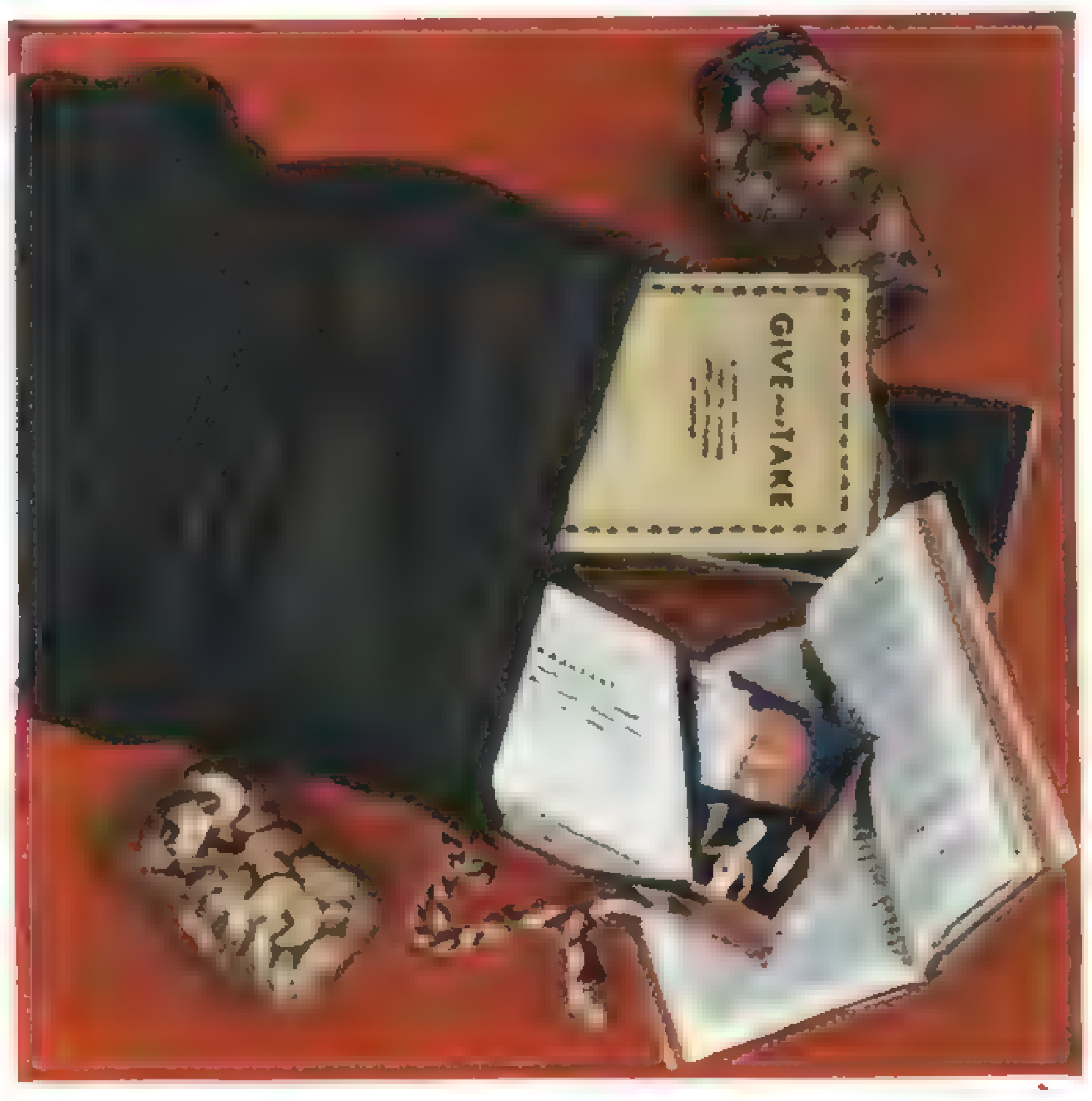
17. Waterproof military wristwatches are, in clockwise order: A self-winding model, a 17-jewel watch, another self-winder and a watch in gold-filled case. Identification and St. Christopher chains.



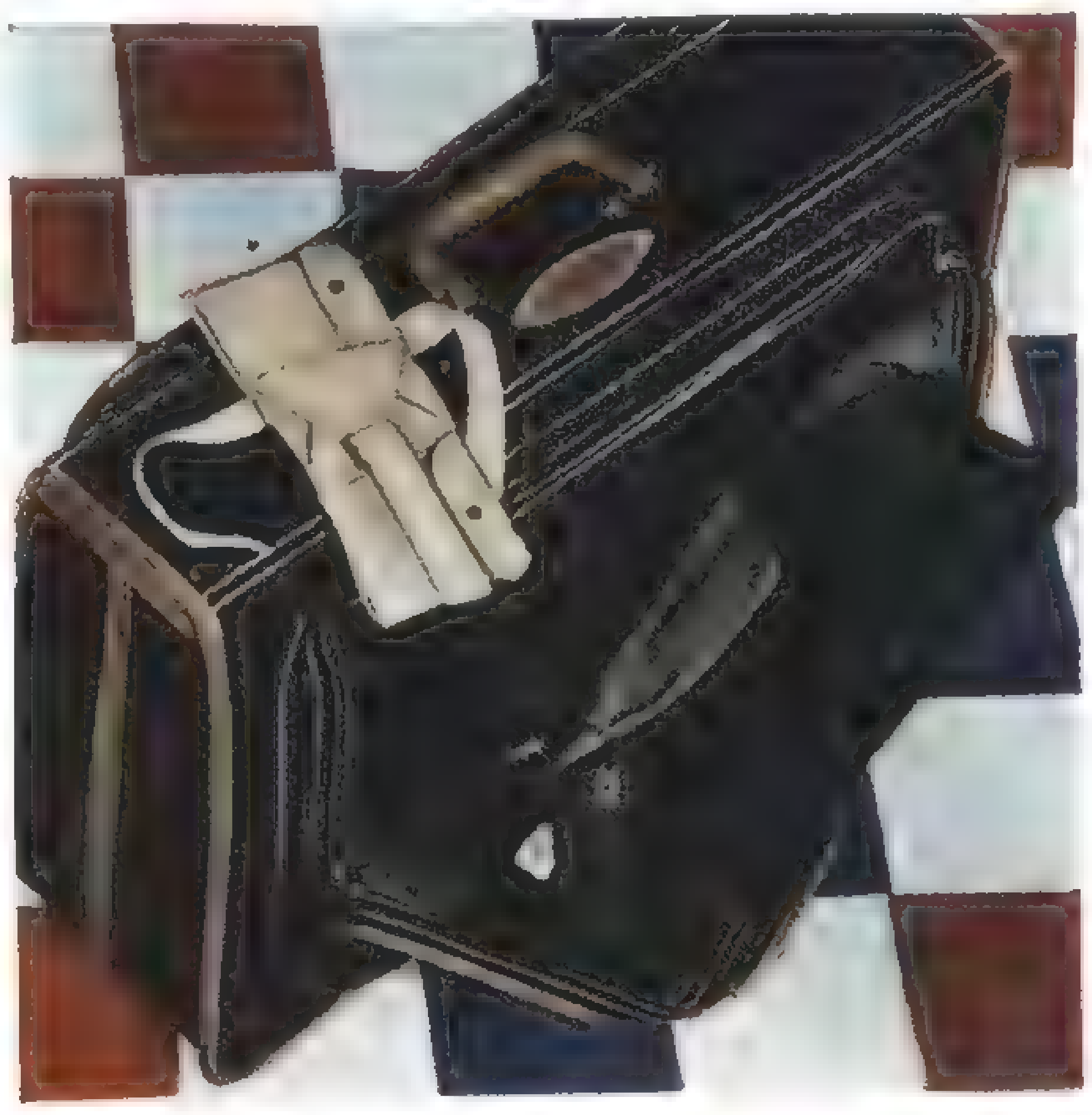
18. Spring-top tobacco pouch that stays open for easy filling. Lighter of non-essential metal, and a model with windshield. Sterling silver pipe set with initials. Good pipes in three shapes.



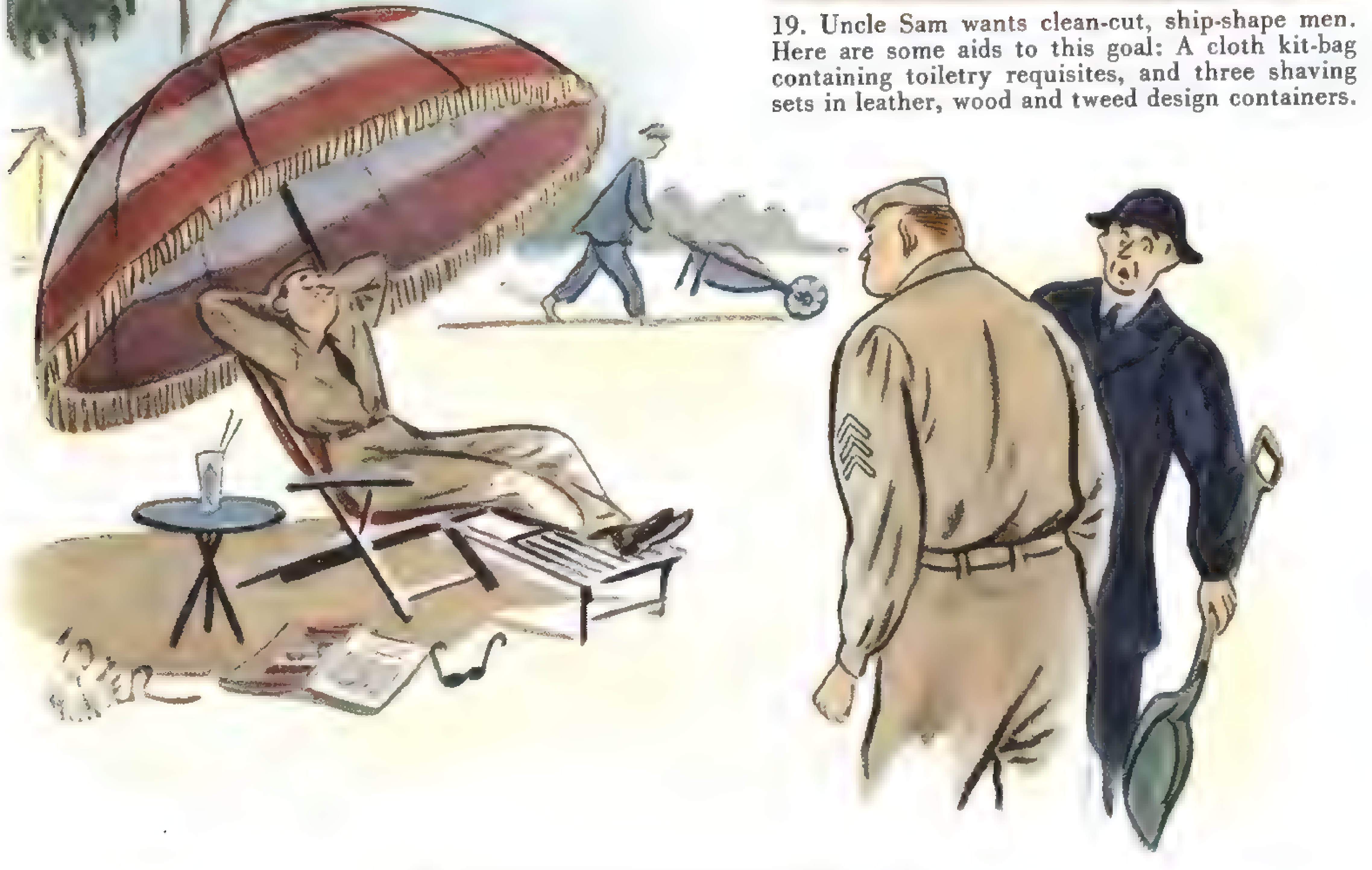
19. Uncle Sam wants clean-cut, ship-shape men. Here are some aids to this goal: A cloth kit-bag containing toiletry requisites, and three shaving sets in leather, wood and tweed design containers.



20. It is a good idea to combine a variety of inexpensive items—games, books, candy, smokes into a single gift. The assortment shown comes in a duffel bag that afterwards serves as a carry-all.

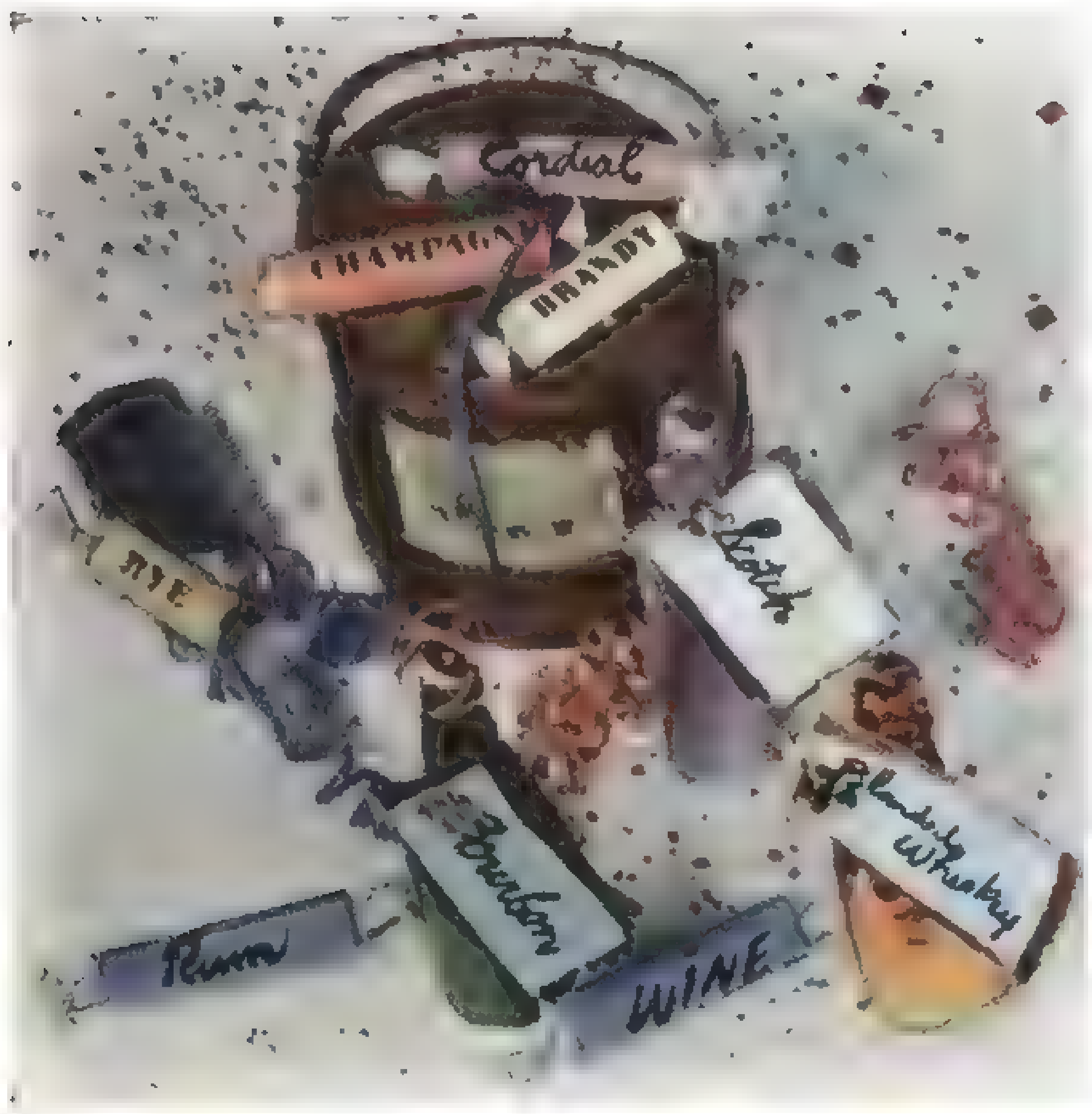


21. Army officer's canvas suitcase hangs three uniforms and has quickly accessible side pockets for shirts and ties—good gifts in themselves. Privates welcome the safety of a leather money belt.

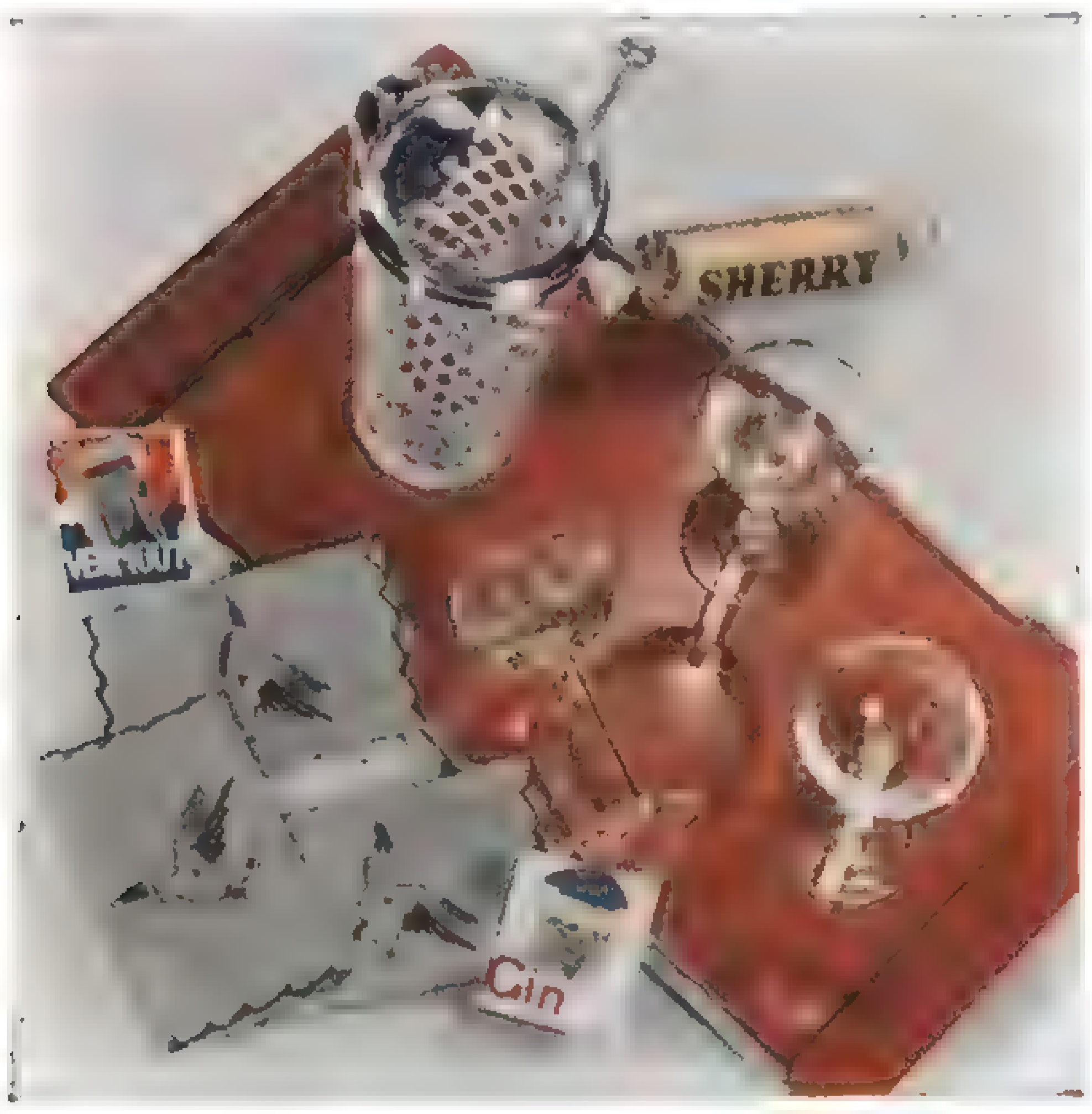


"He got all of it for Christmas, Sir!"

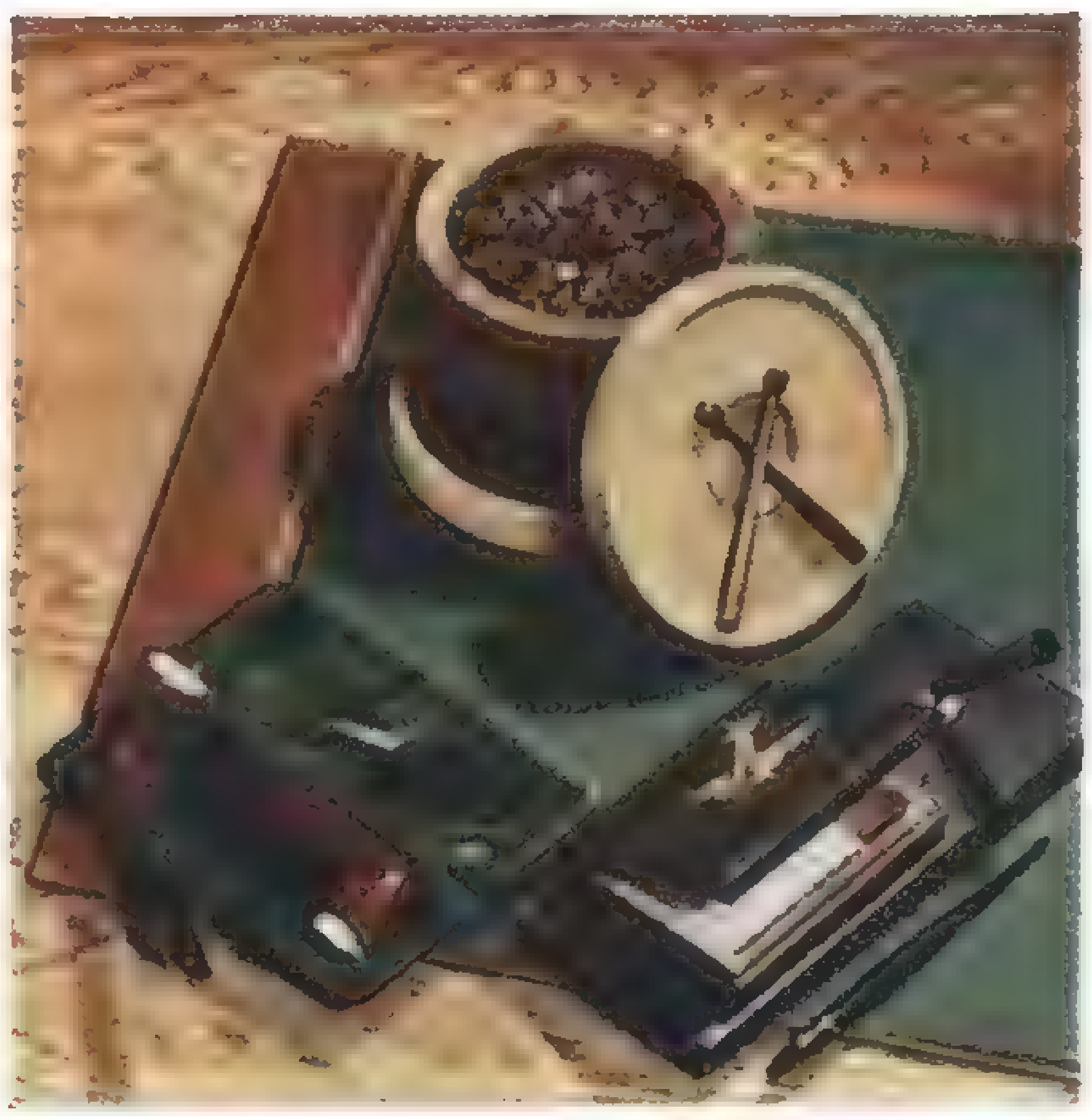
off duty



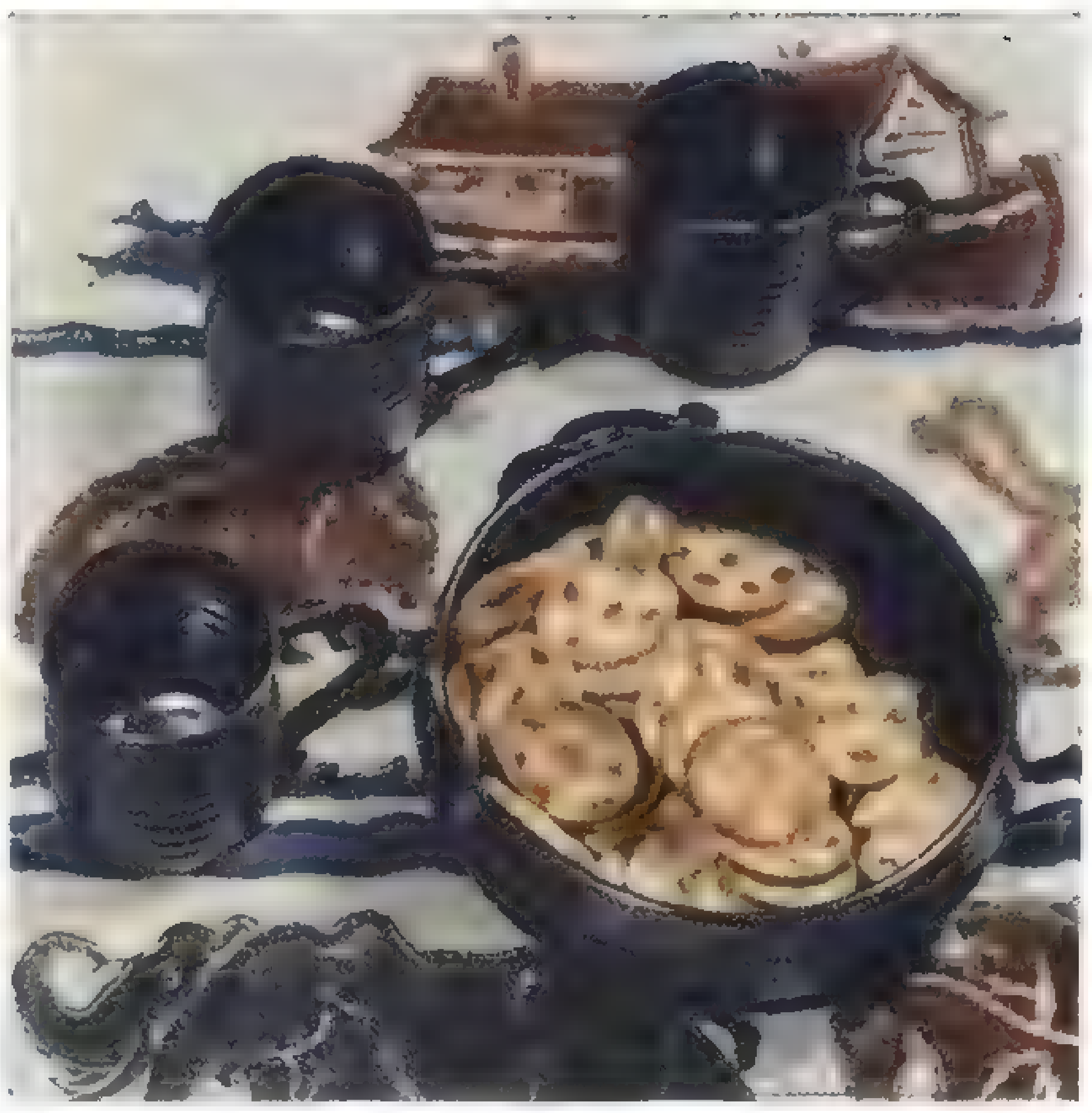
22. Even men who "have everything" are cheered by a bottle, a case, a basket of liquor, wine or cordial. This gift bucket with reproduction of a Currier & Ives engraving comes in three sizes.



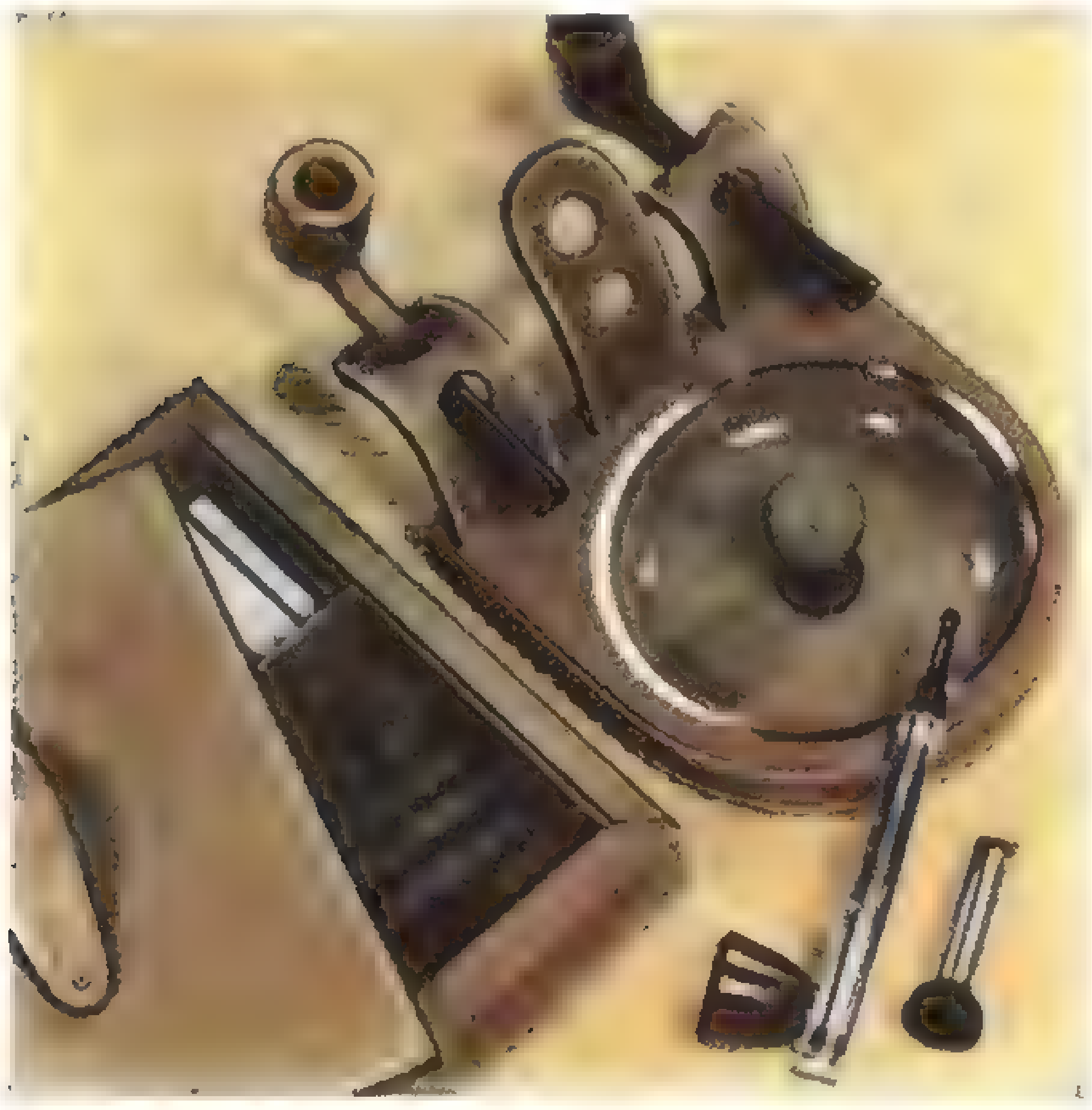
23. On the stainproof tray three cocktail glasses with easily-held, heavy, square stems. Cut-glass Martini mixer with stirrer, cocktail napkins embroidered with ducks in various phases of flight.



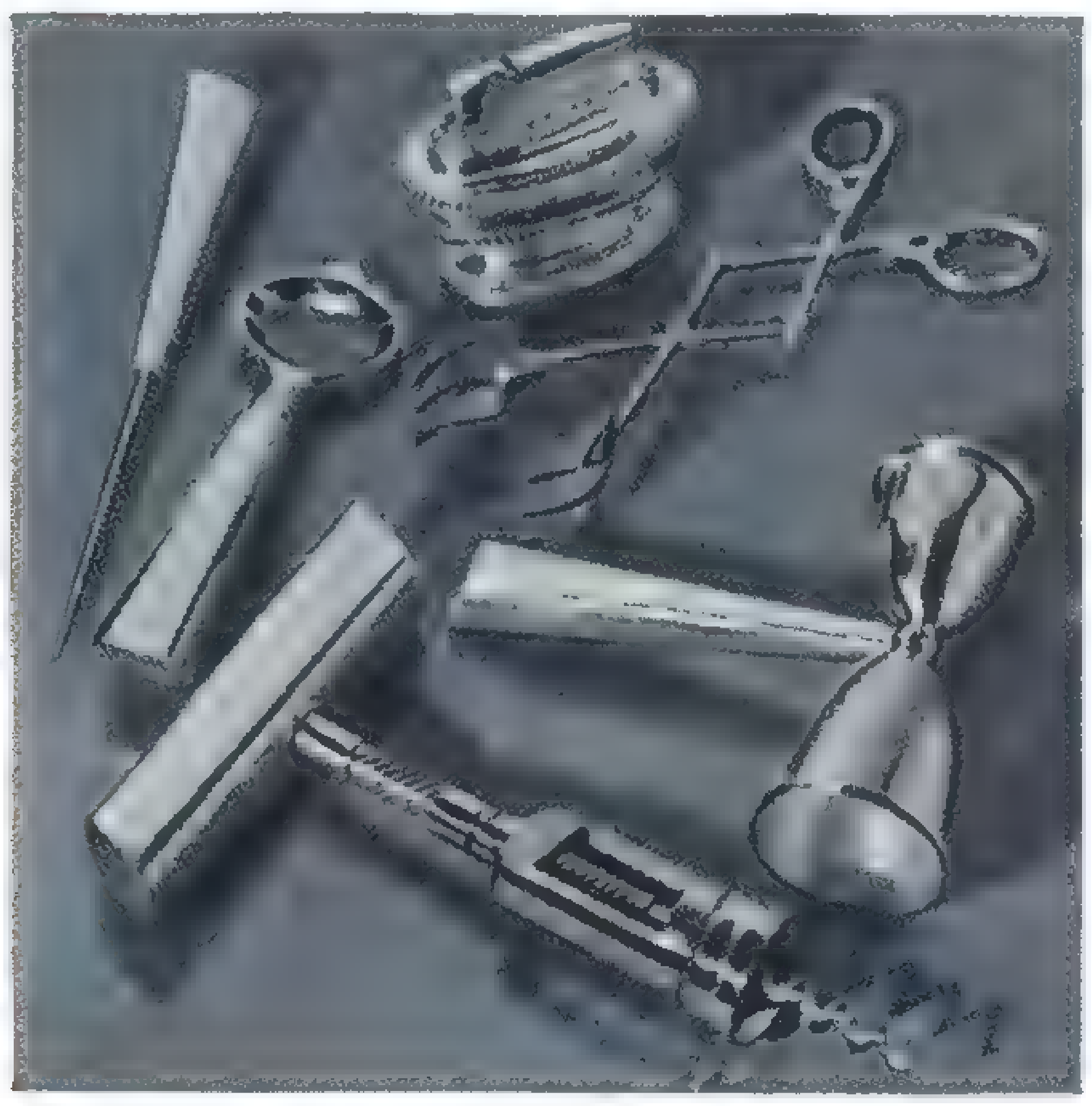
24. For pipe fans, pipes come in sets of two or more. On the saddle-stitched pigskin desk blotter, a drum-shaped wood tobacco humidor. The desk pen holder provides a convenient box for cigarettes.



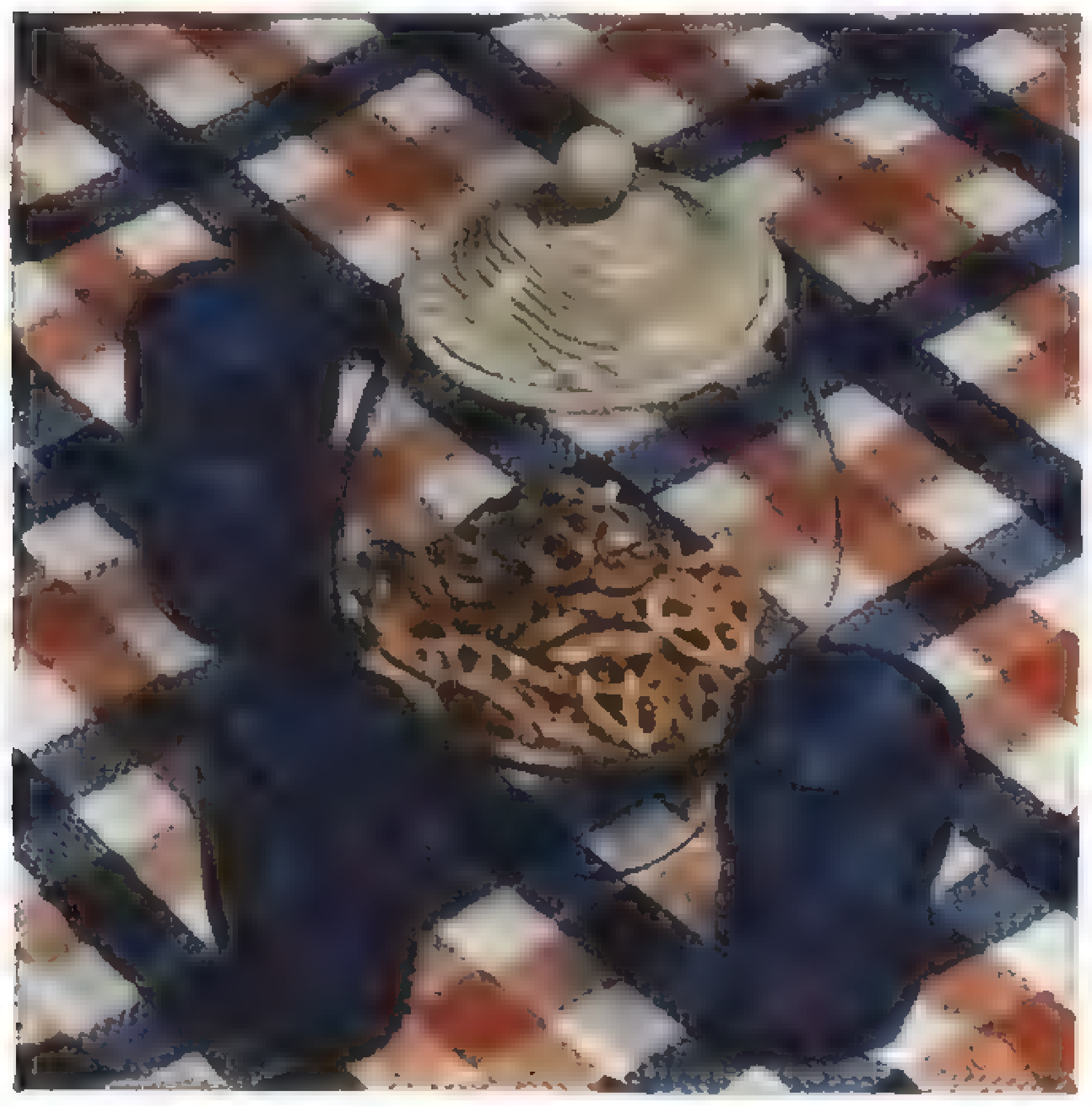
25. While this photo was taken, everyone was tempted to fill the mugs with beer and take a good quaff, they looked so cool. Mugs and bowl are of crockery, the table cloth is hand blocked.



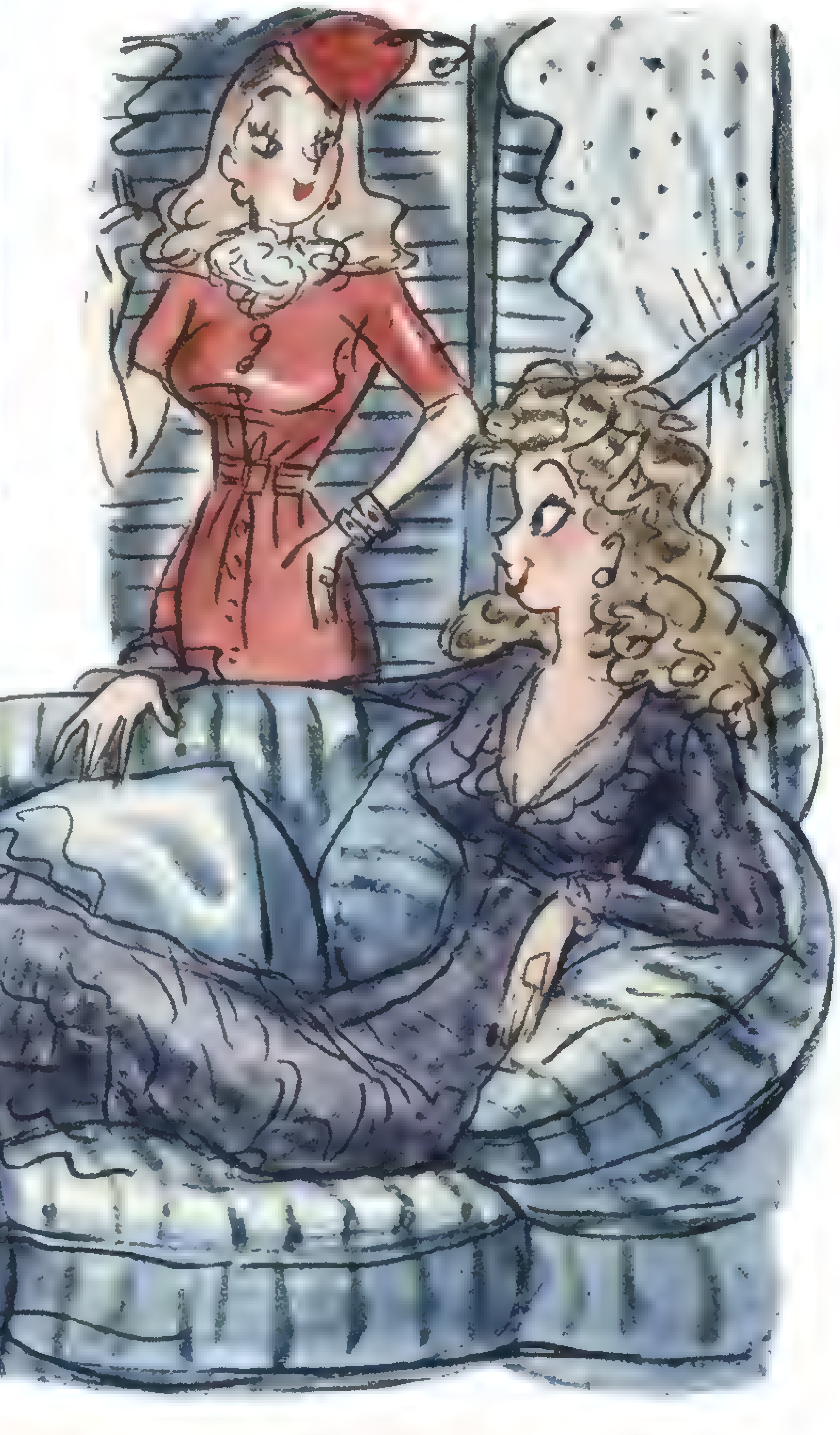
26. For that substantial, masculine look, saddle-stitched pigskin. A humidor and a piperack-ash tray combination with noiseless pipe knocker. Three grand pipes, and a flameless pipe lighter.



27. A sterling silver bar set includes reverse action corkscrew that requires no pulling. Ice scissors hold cubes with firmer grip than tongs. The silver-plate lighter may go on a dinner table.

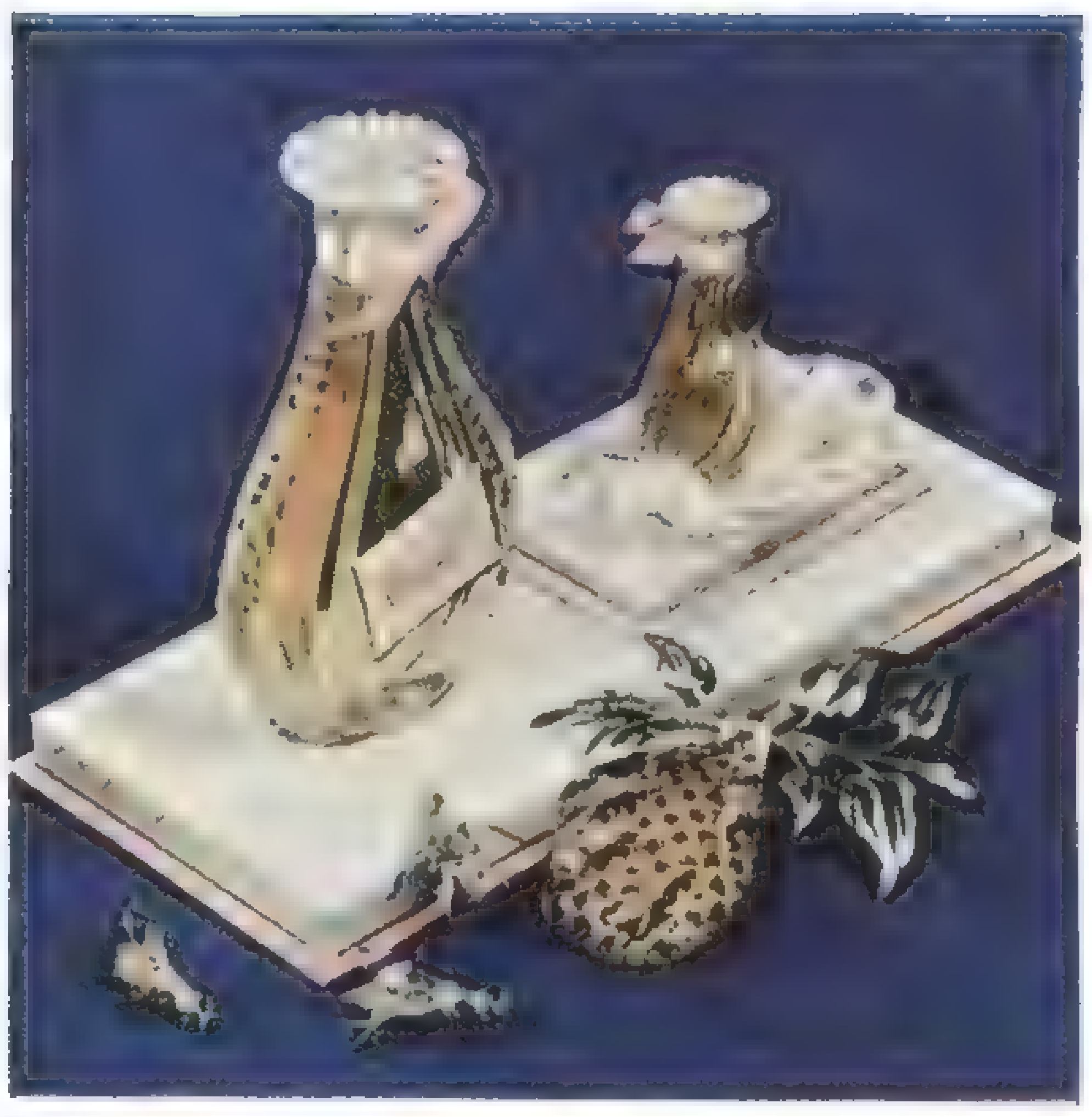


28. The latest pretzel jar is in the form of a giant brandy snifter, with a bleached oak top. And heavy glasses to please all kinds of thirst quenchers have dimples which allow a firm grip.

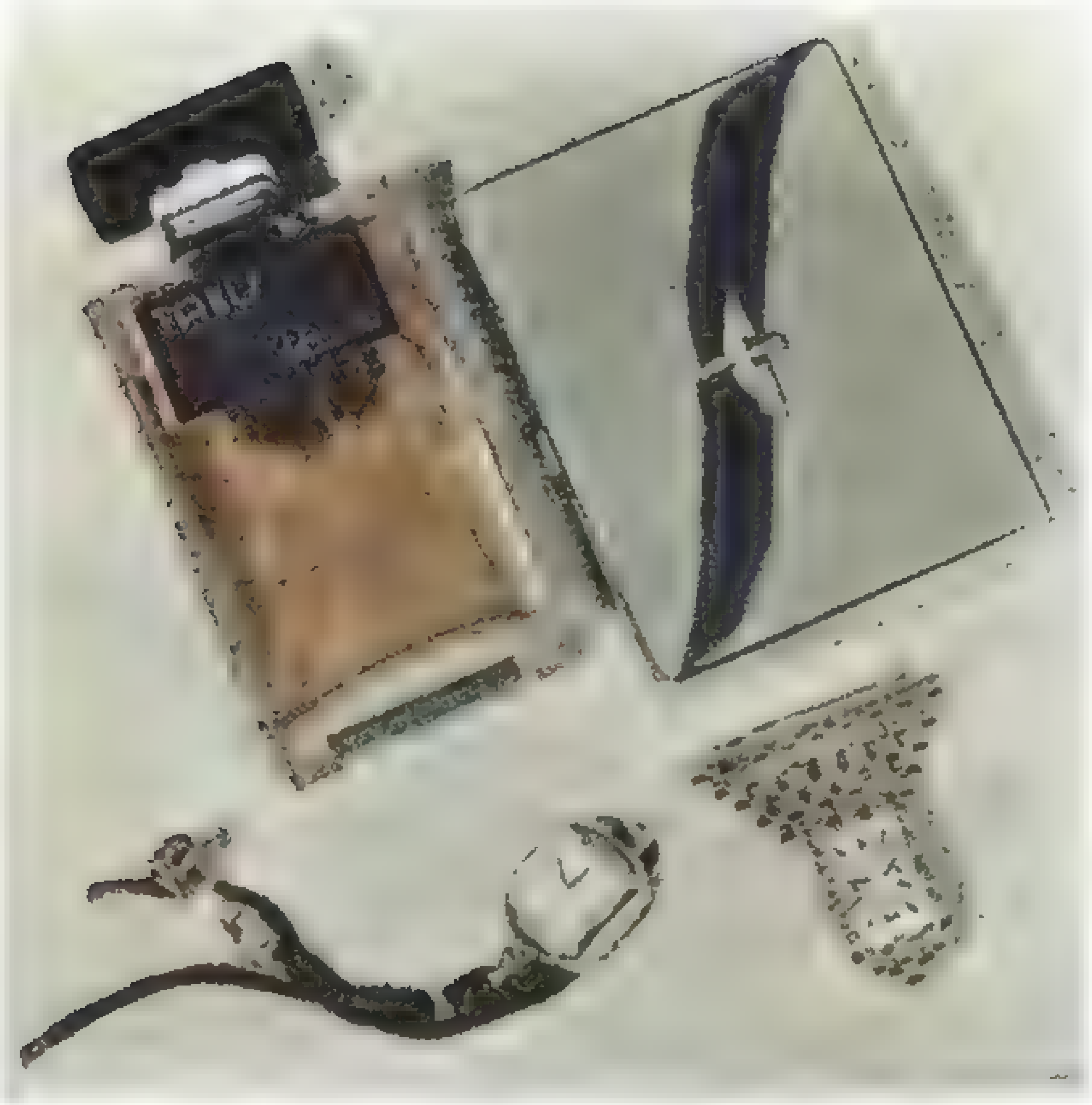


"My husband and I are going to economize this Christmas—we are just going to give presents to me"

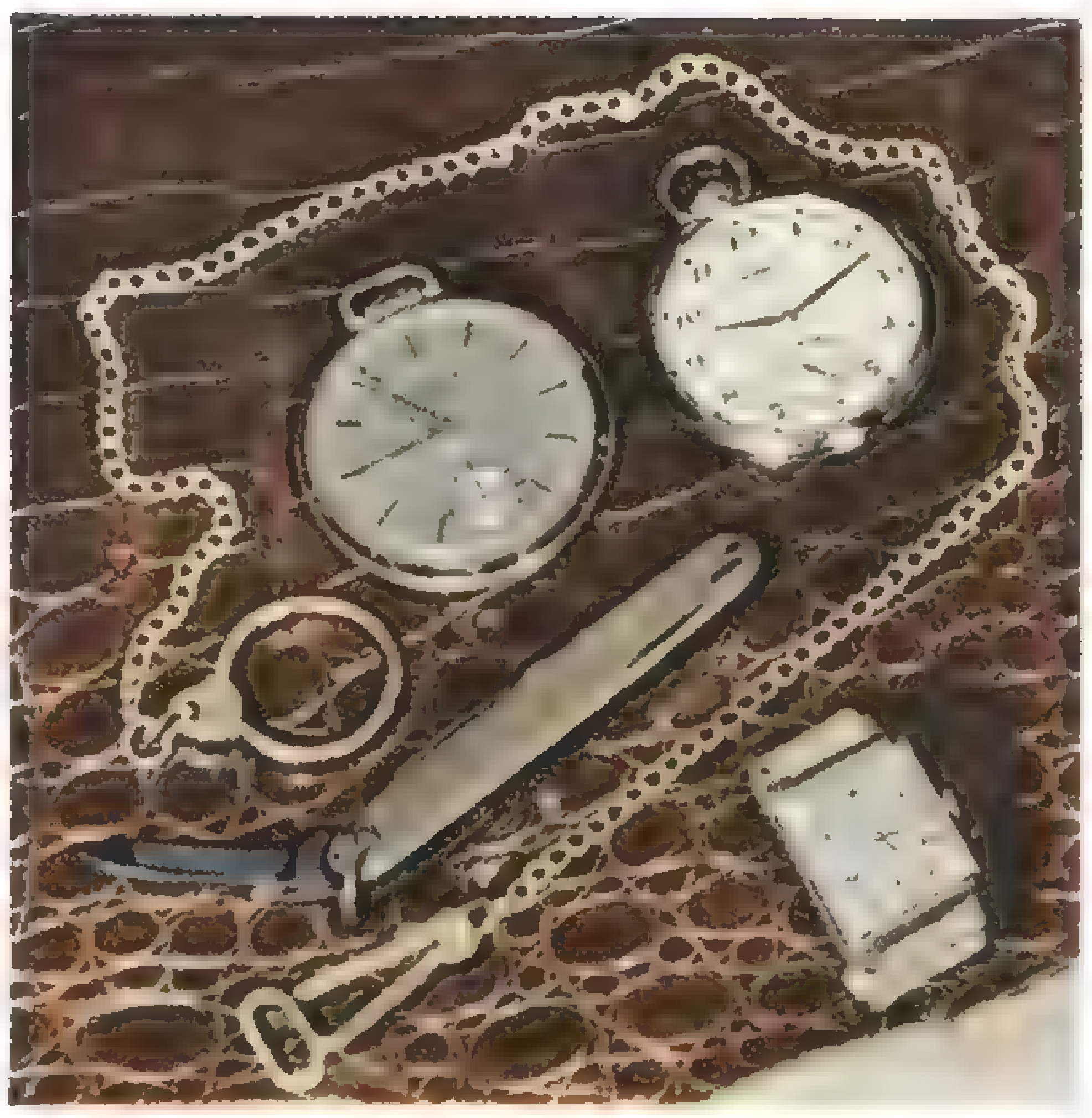
cherish and charm



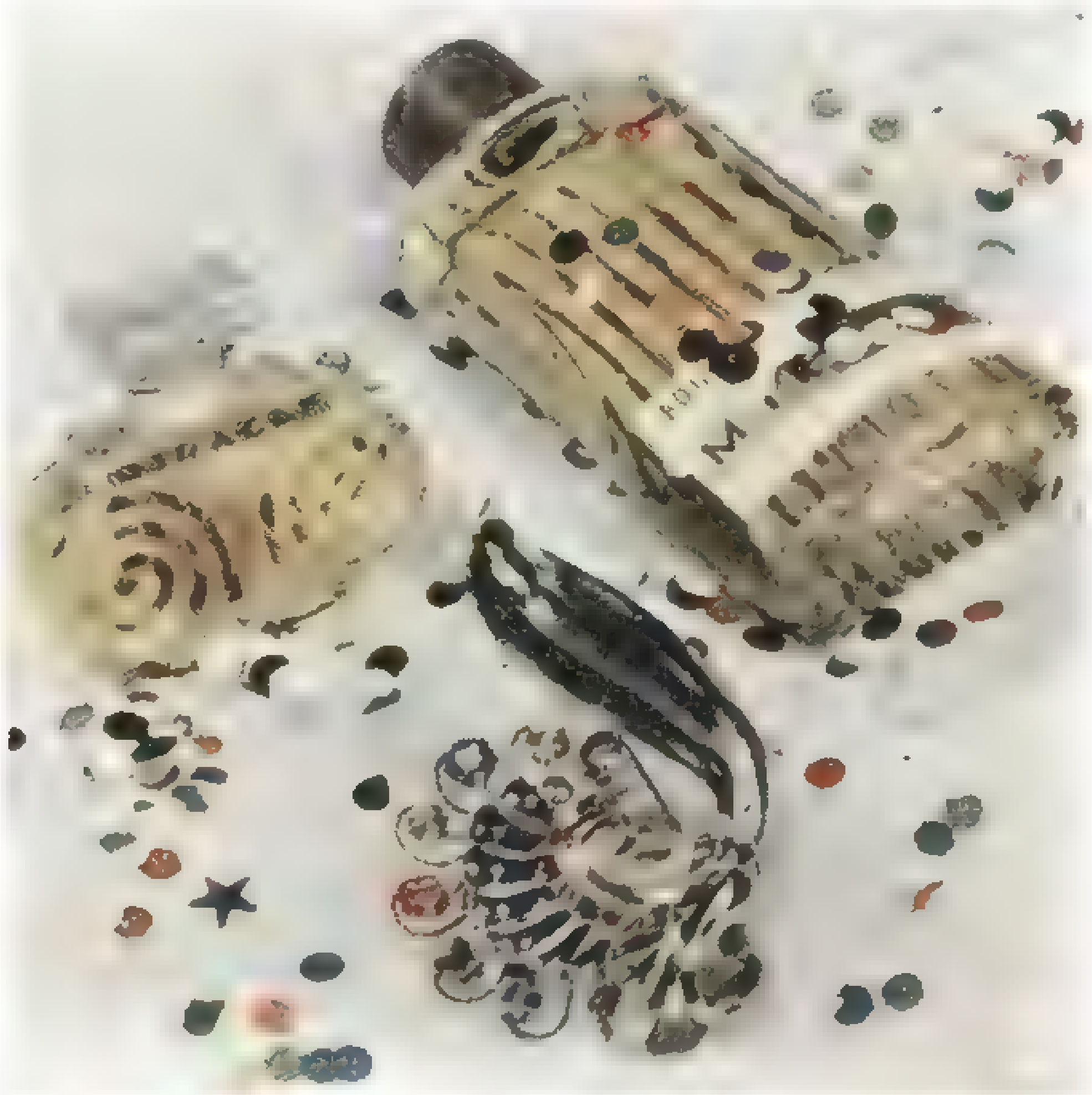
29. The glittering pin has the shape of a beehive, with some bees loosely dangling from it. Queen bee clip and earrings complete the set. Chantilly, a precious perfume, comes with lace frills.



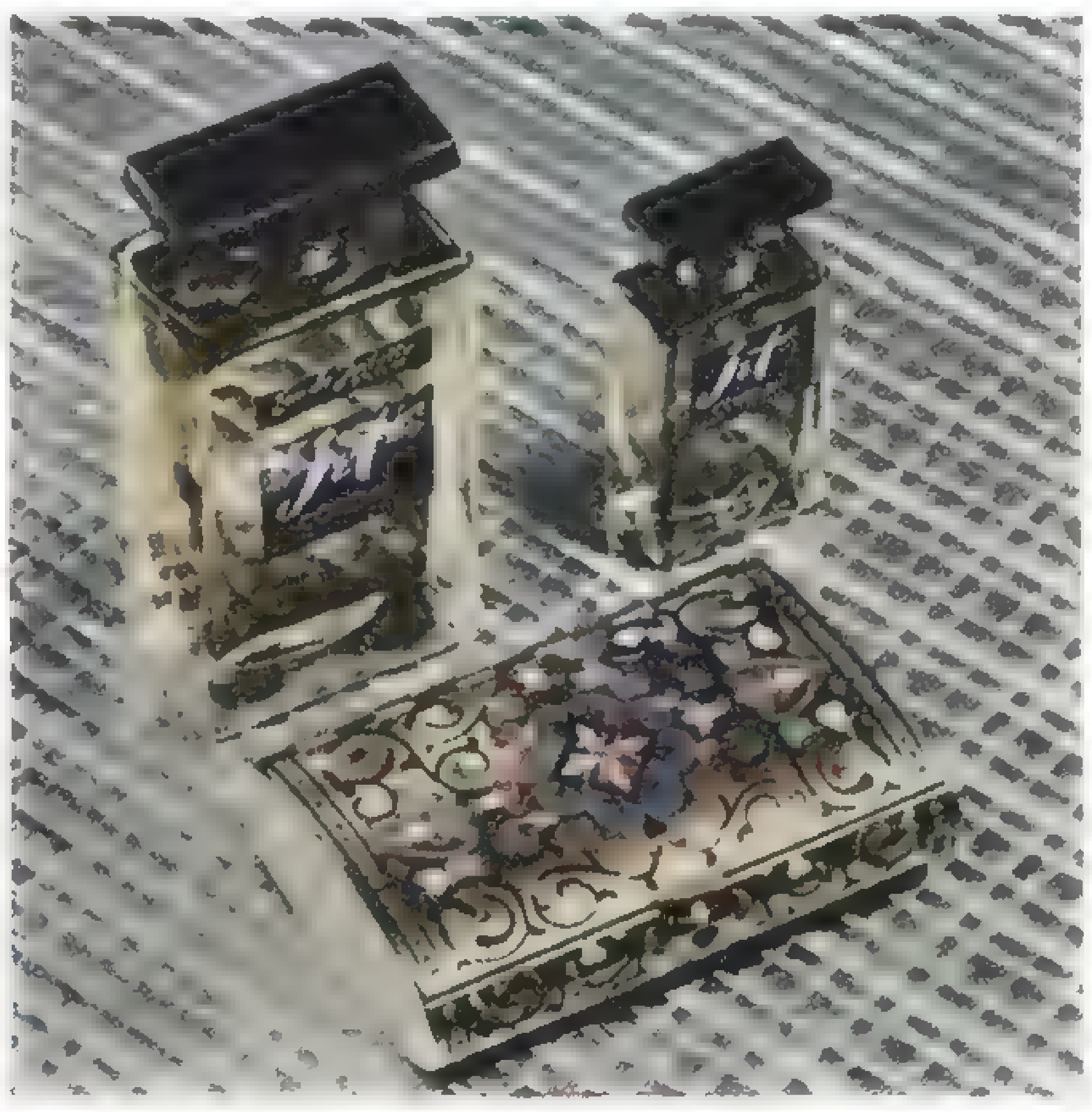
30. Two 17-jewel, fourteen-karat yellow gold watches: A tiny wrist model and a pendant watch. In the same class, Tabu perfume, and a sterling silver compact proudly bearing the Air Force insignia.



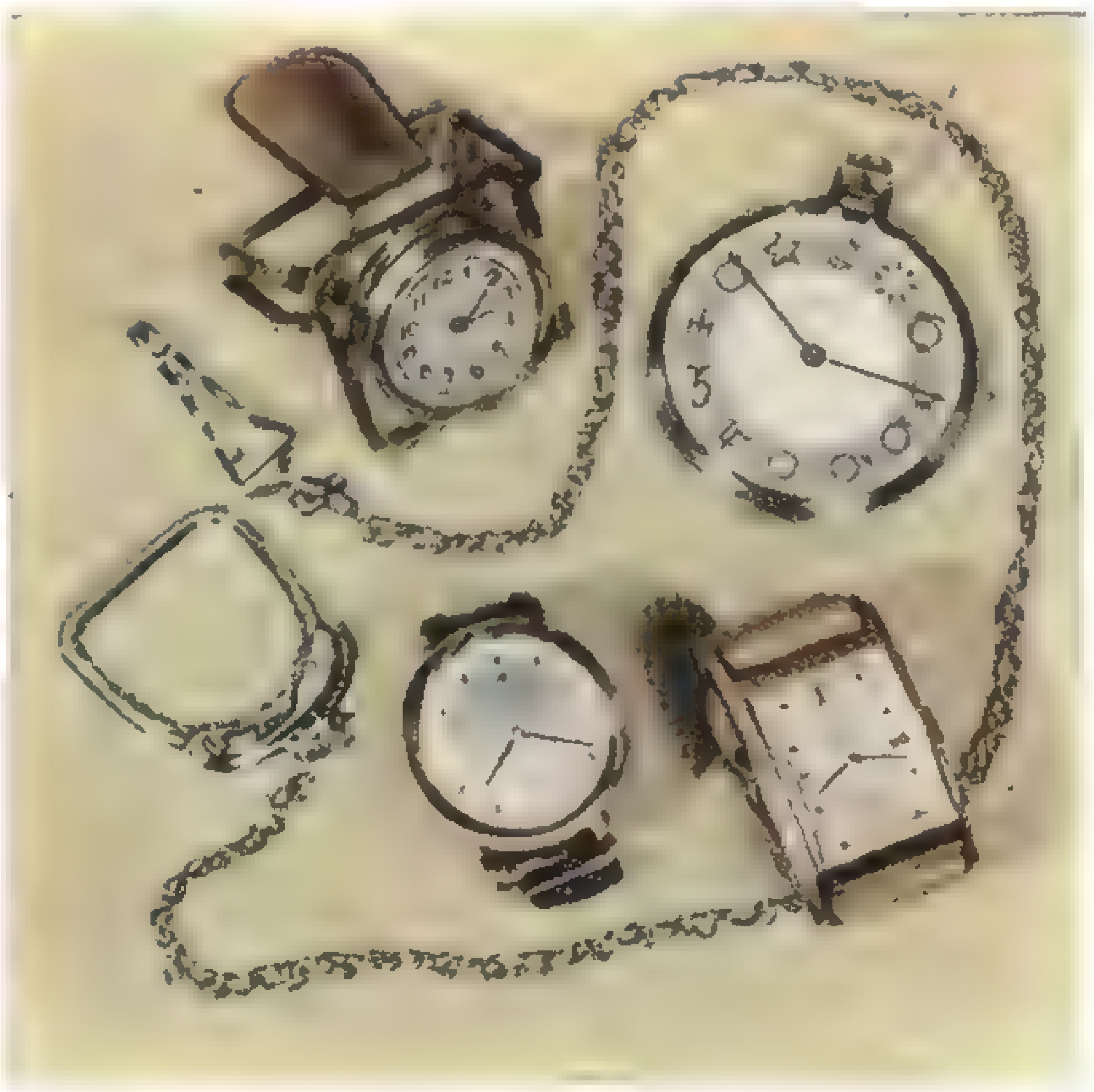
31. Gifts for men again: Swiss watches, one modern and a more conservative pocket model, and a wrist watch with sweep-second hand. Key chains and pocket knives are always smart accessories.



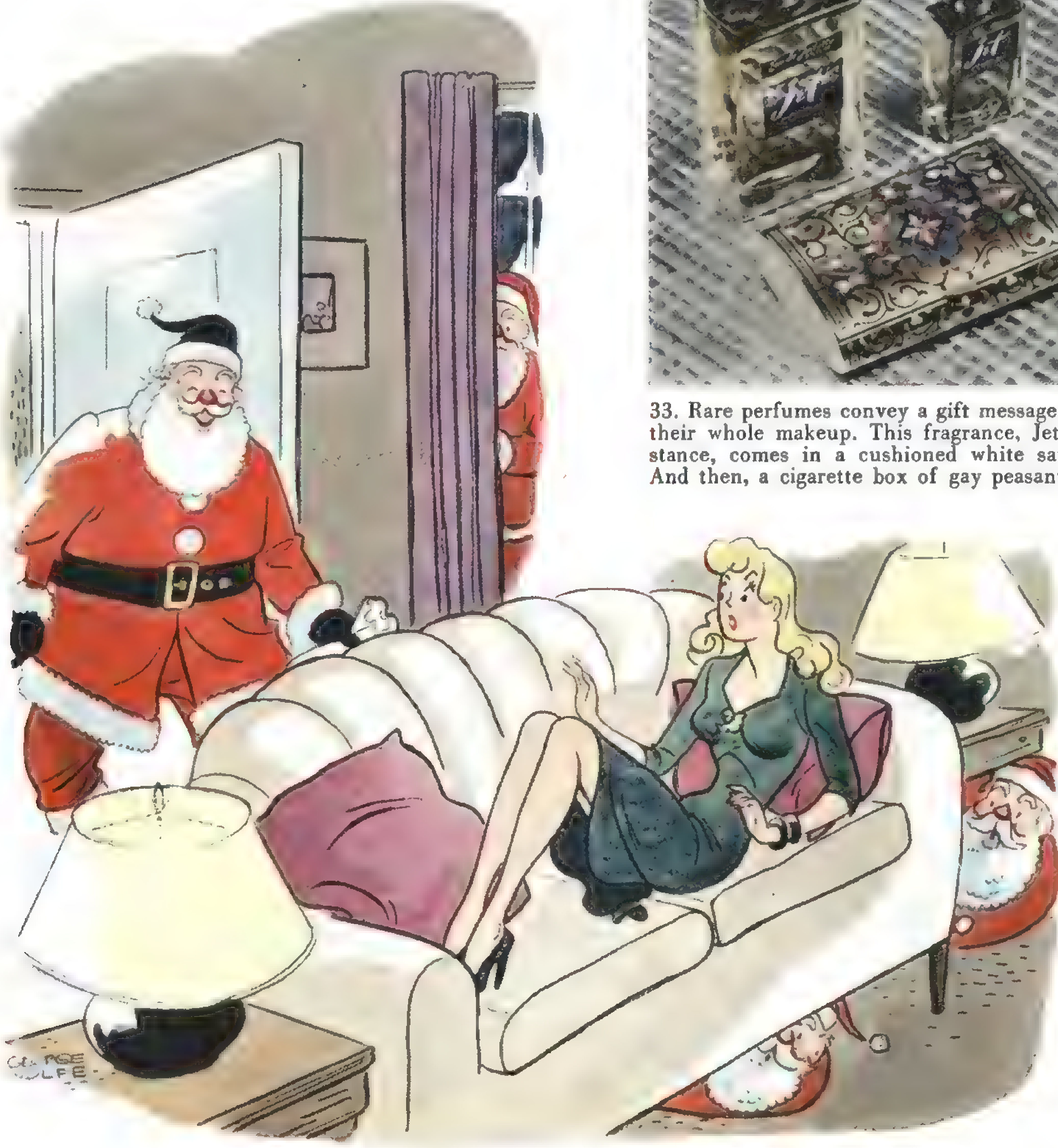
32. Bouquet Miracle—the small flacon contains the perfume, while the bottle is filled with toilet water of the same scent. A pin of gold and platinum with ruby, diamonds and sapphires.



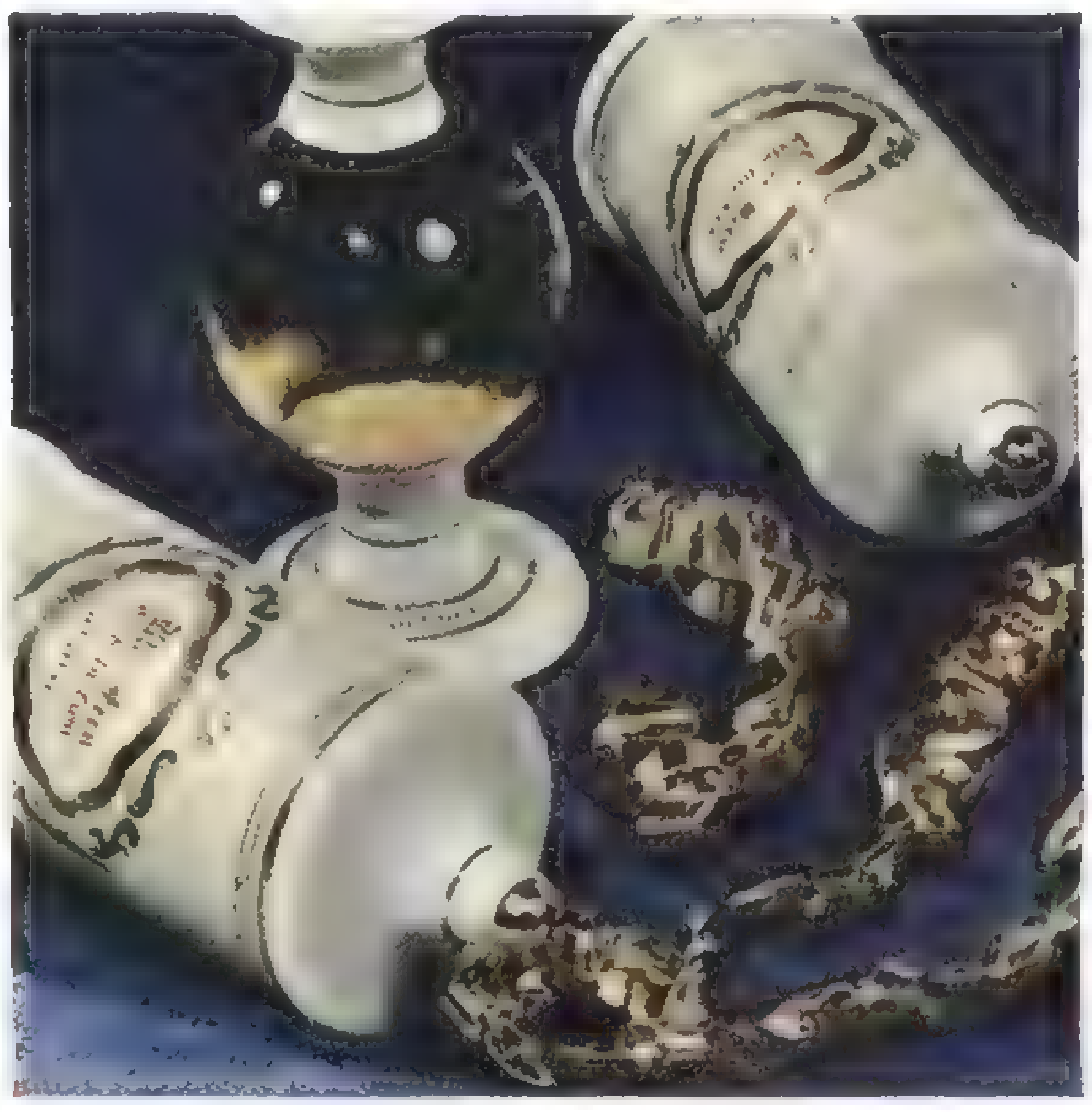
33. Rare perfumes convey a gift message through their whole makeup. This fragrance, Jet, for instance, comes in a cushioned white satin case. And then, a cigarette box of gay peasant design.



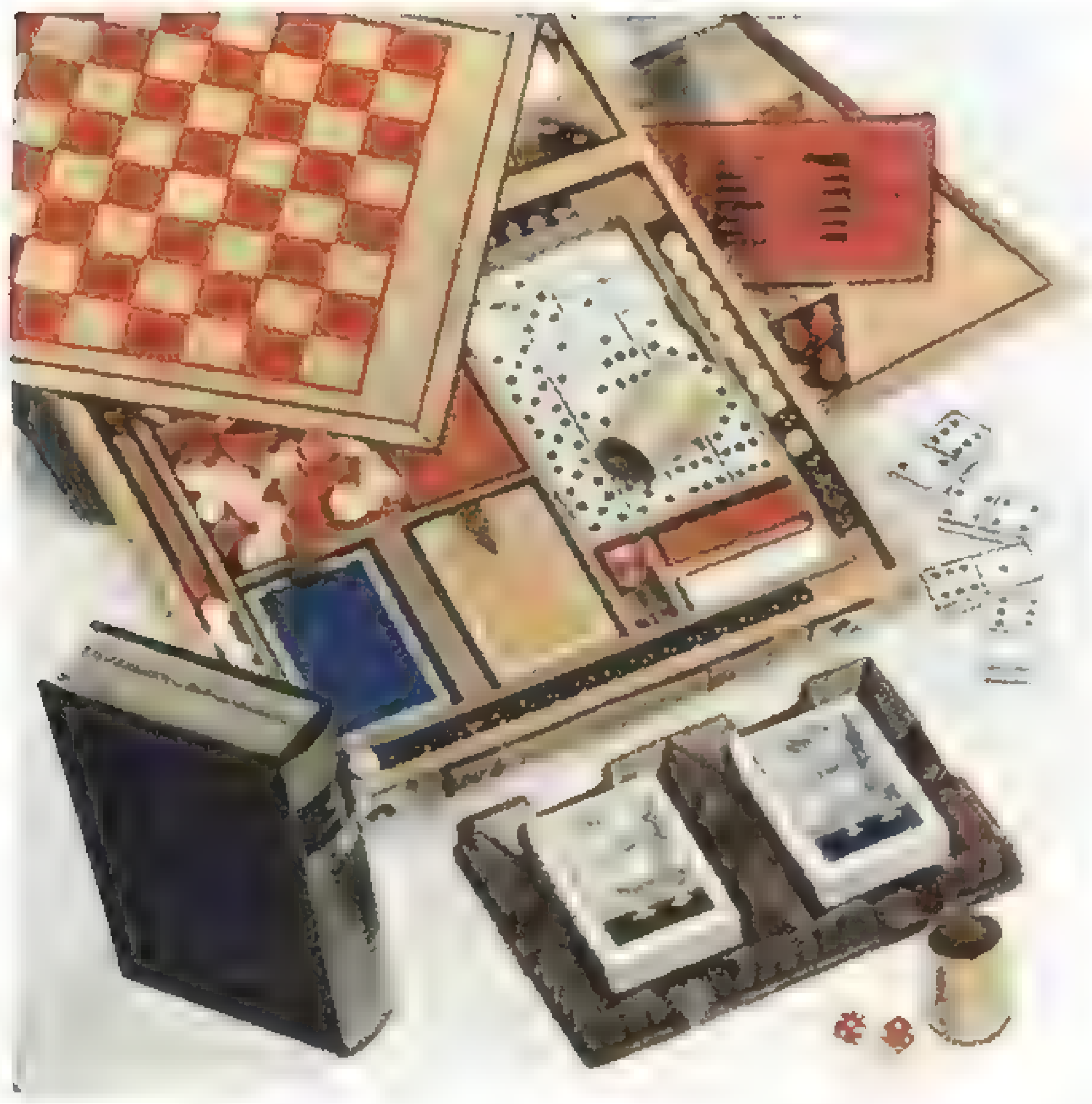
34. A miniature survey of watch styles for men: Sport watch that stands on a night table; a model with the Zodiac signs; one with jewels for numerals; and a rectangular wrist watch. Key chain.



"I'm late, darling—I'll bet you thought Santa Claus wasn't coming!"

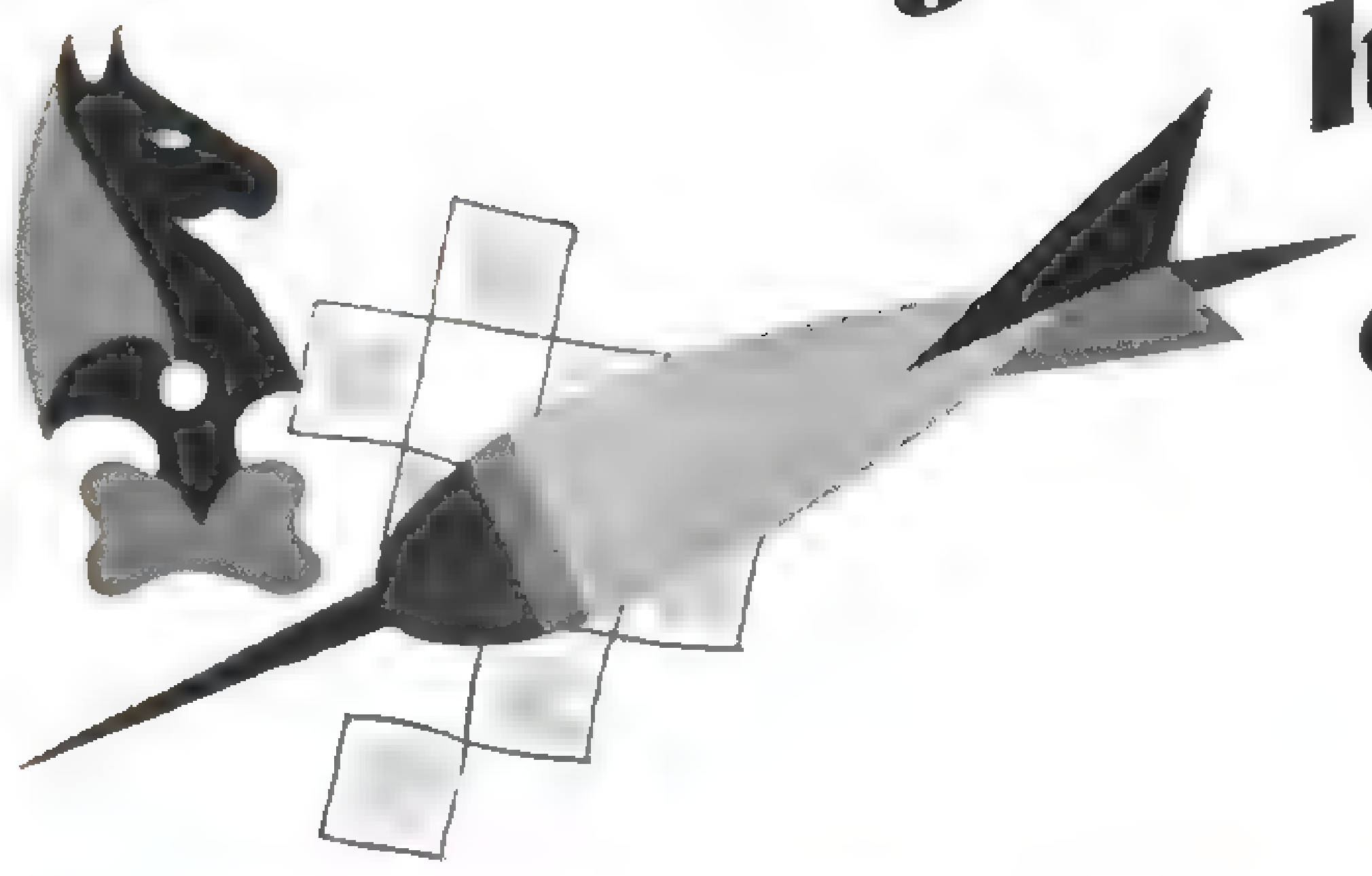


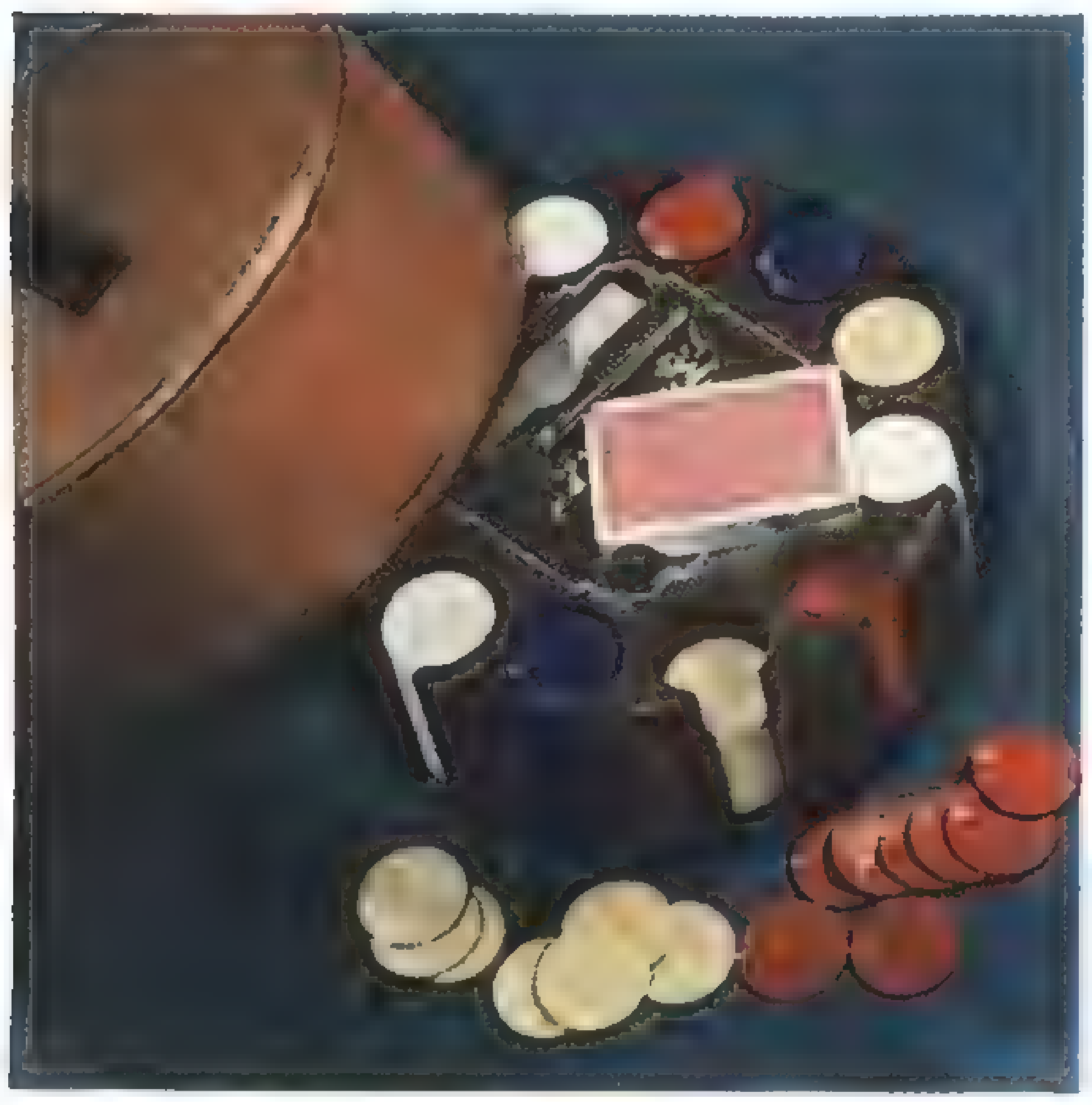
35. Blue Fern toiletries in white Colonial containers will please the outdoor type of girl. Gilt bracelet and necklace—made of sterling silver—to go with afternoon dresses for town wear.



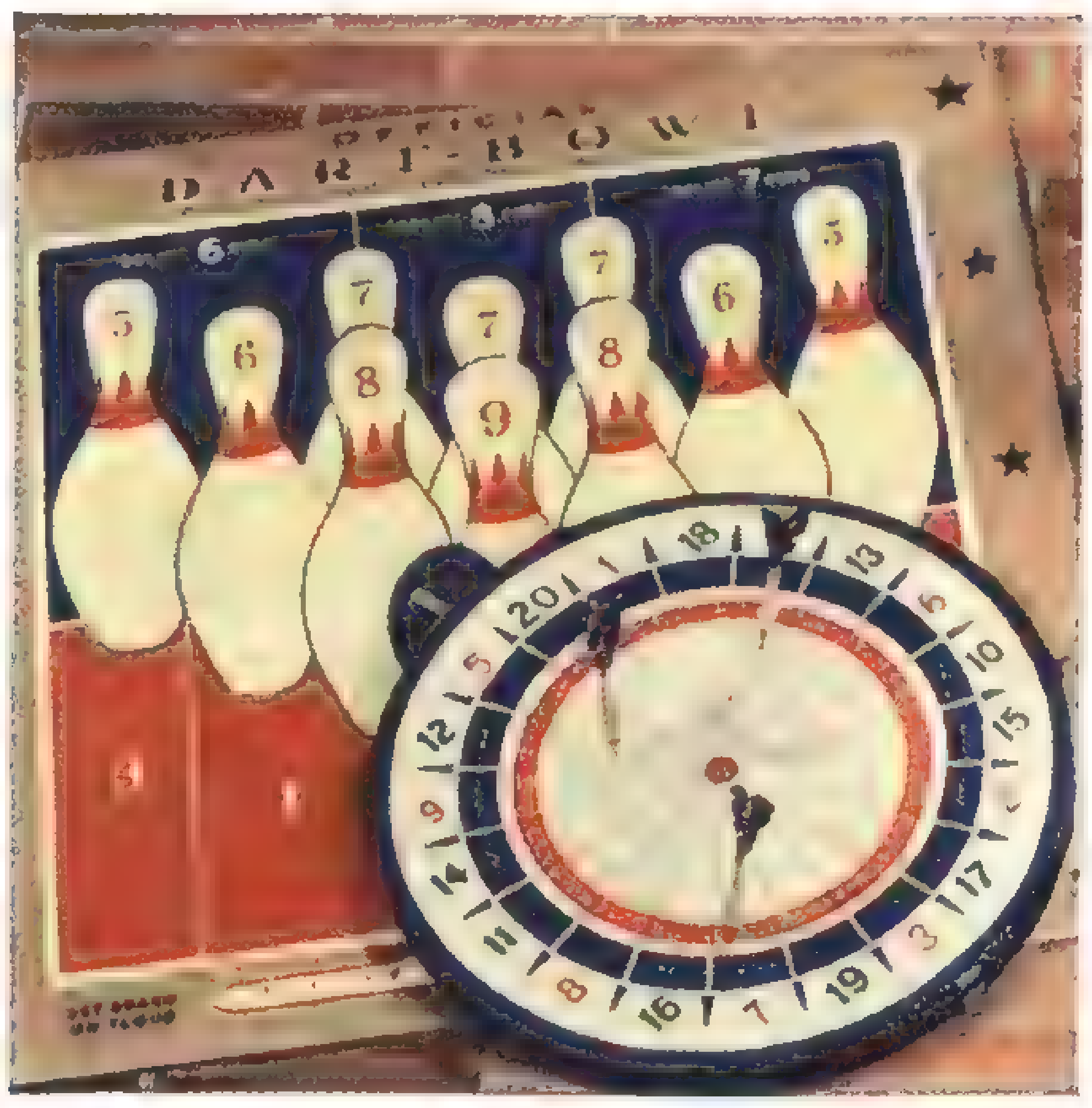
36. The game set at top is so compact that the lid forms four game boards. Gin rummy set at left can be lodged on a book shelf, while the other one has beveled edges to keep the cards in stacks.

games hobbies crafts

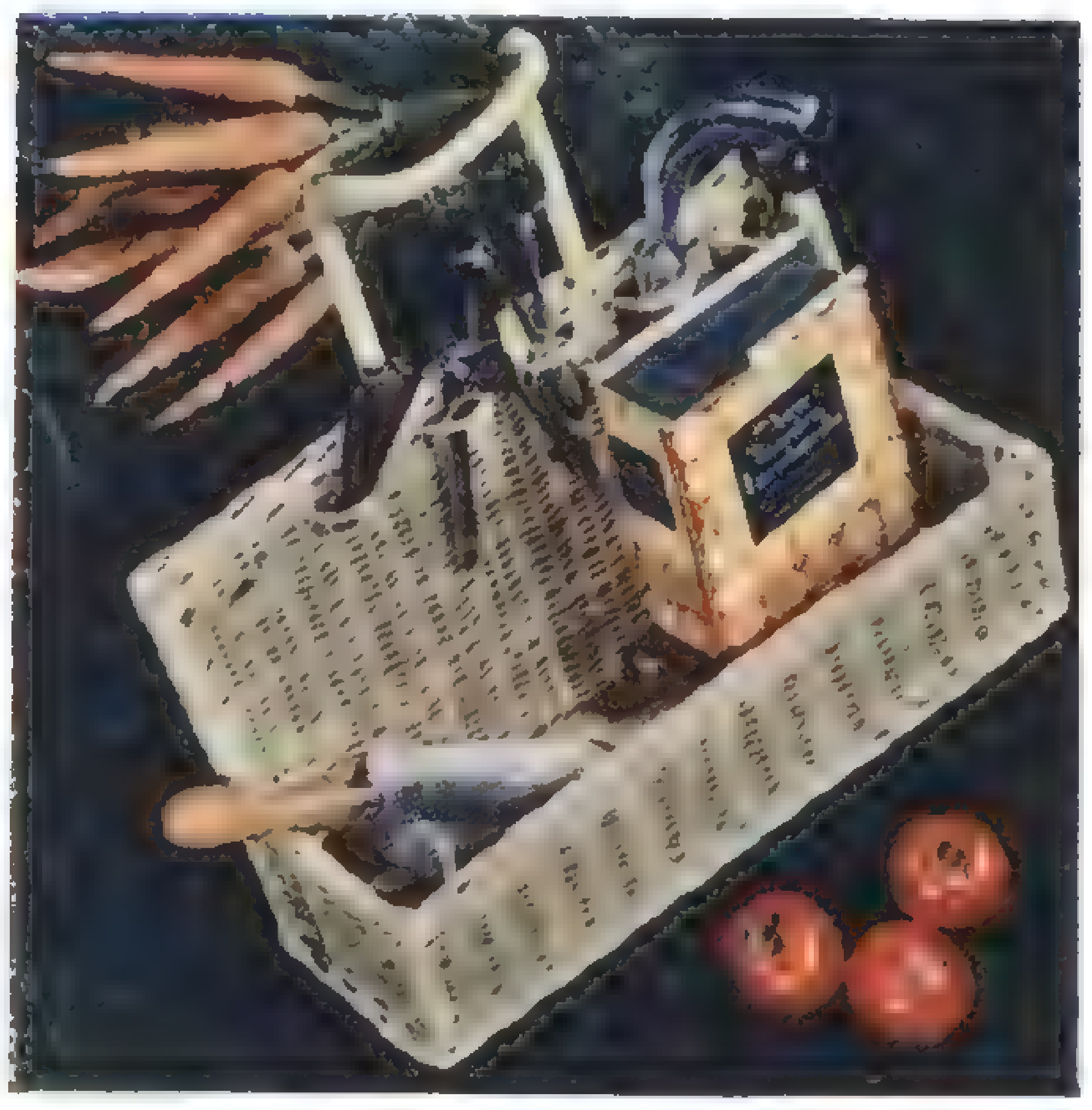




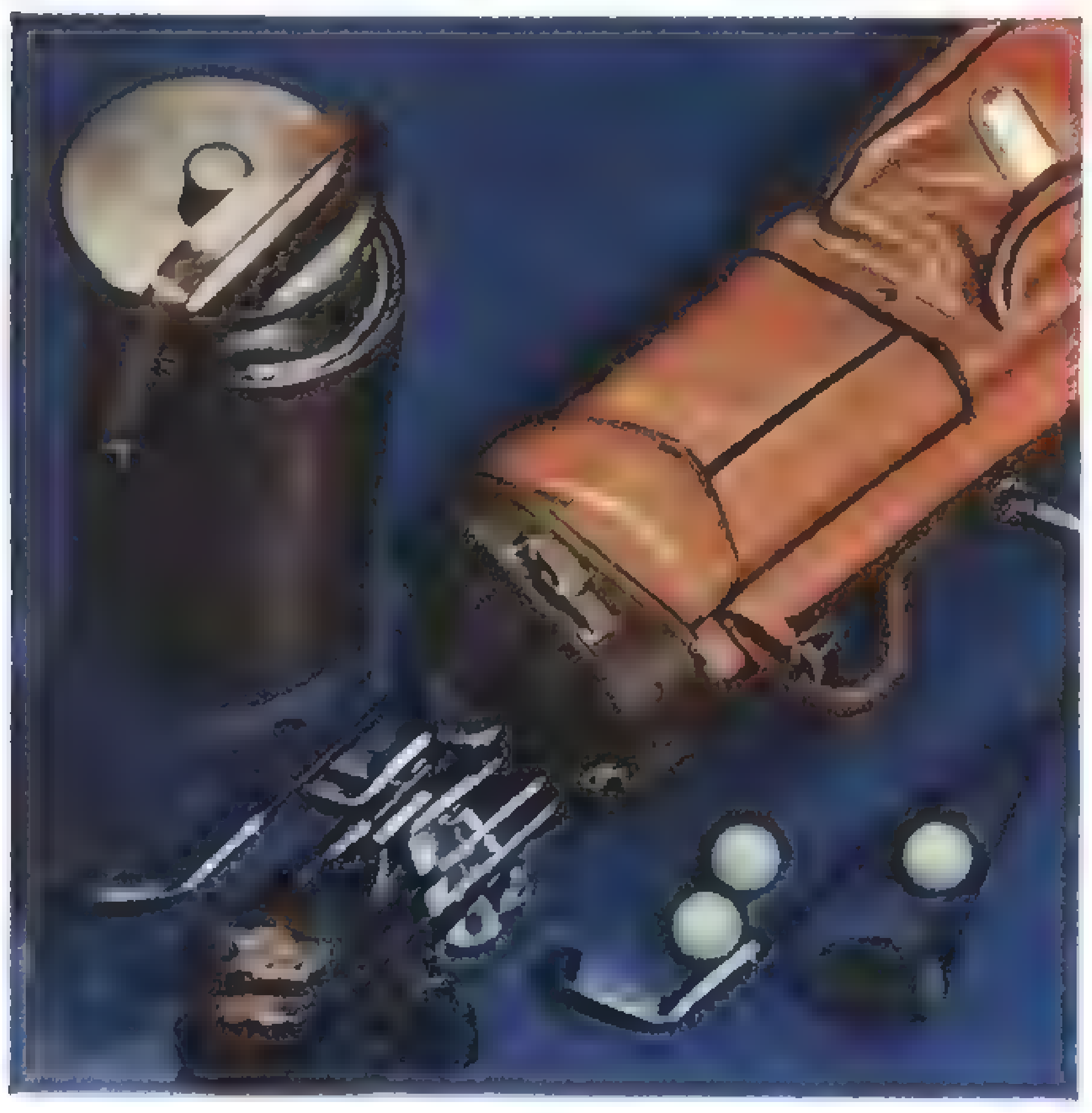
37. Wager in style. A frame of solid mahogany holds ample supply of interlocking chips and two decks of cards. The pigskin cover has a slit for the handle which makes for convenient carrying.



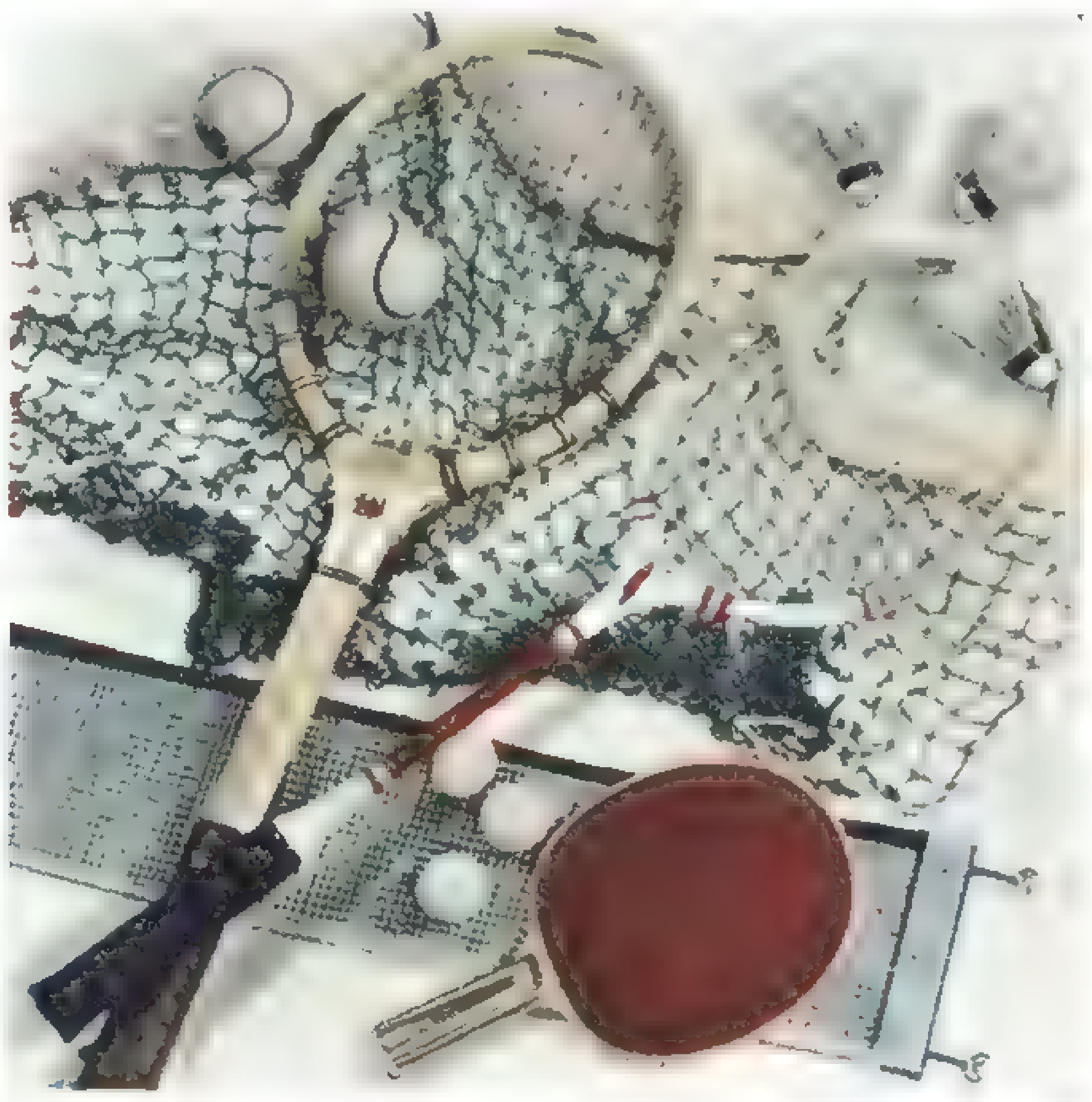
38. Darts are fun and can be played in the smallest home. In fact the game has become so popular that a new version—at left—combines the rules of bowling with the simplicity of darts.



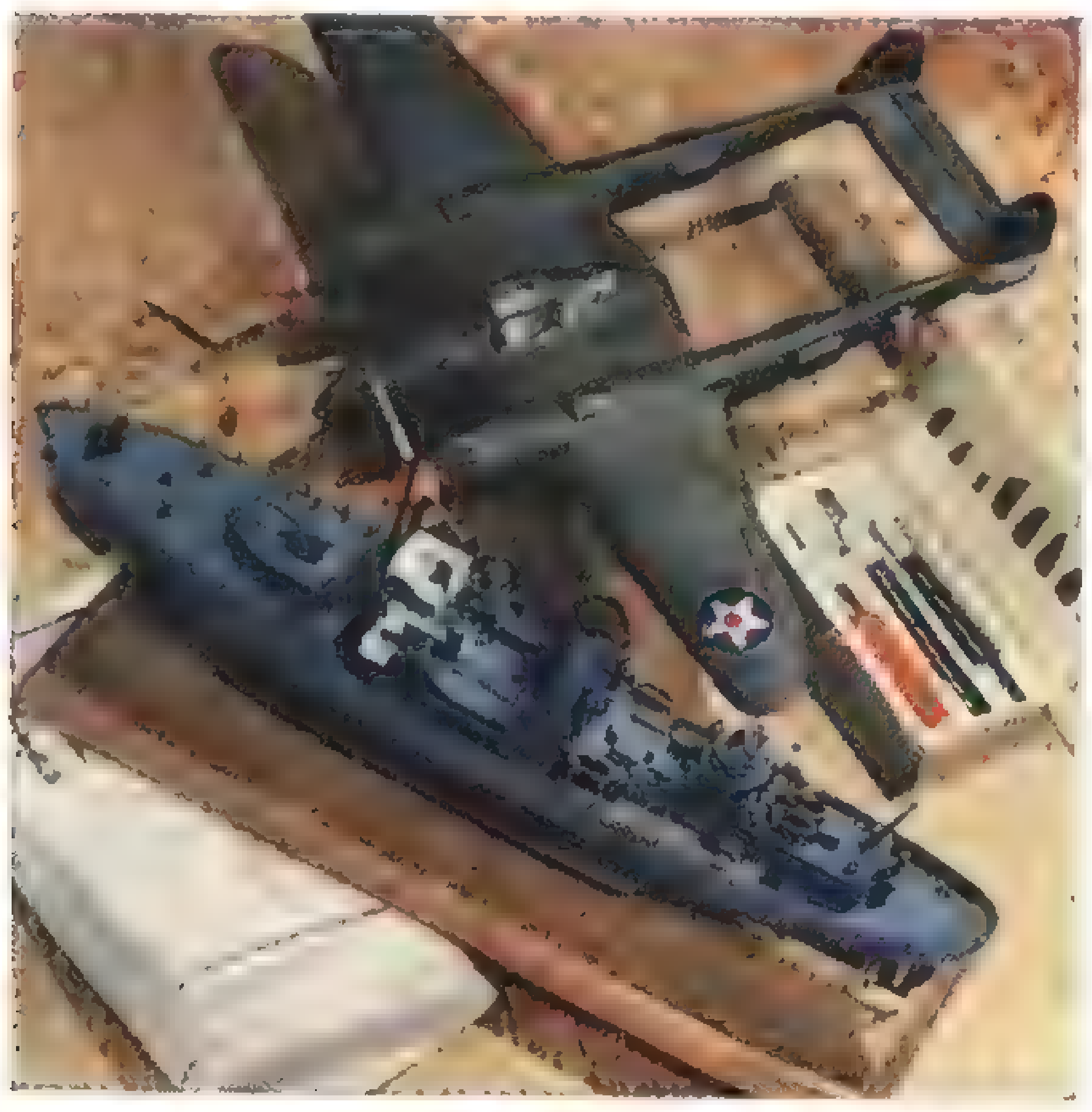
39. A lot of people have started a Victory garden but have not yet got around to buying good tools. Here they are: Trowel, jack knife, scissors, clippers and encyclopedia all in a handy basket.



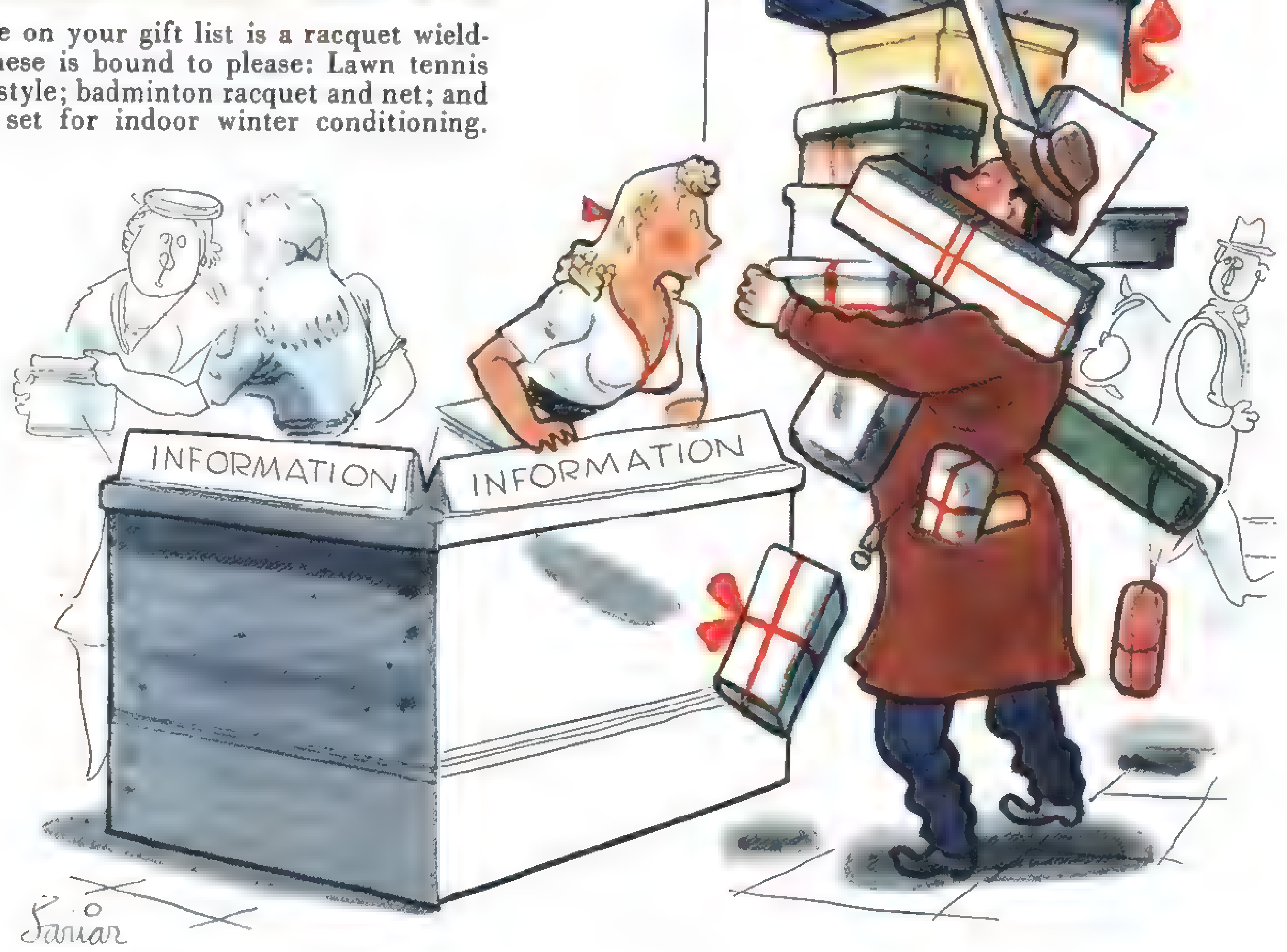
40. A new bag and a complete set of matched clubs are the McCoy, also you can replenish his equipment with some of the "white nuggets." For the 19th hole, a wooden vacuum ice bucket; holds a gallon.



41. If anyone on your gift list is a racquet wielder, one of these is bound to please: Lawn tennis racquet, pro-style; badminton racquet and net; and table tennis set for indoor winter conditioning.

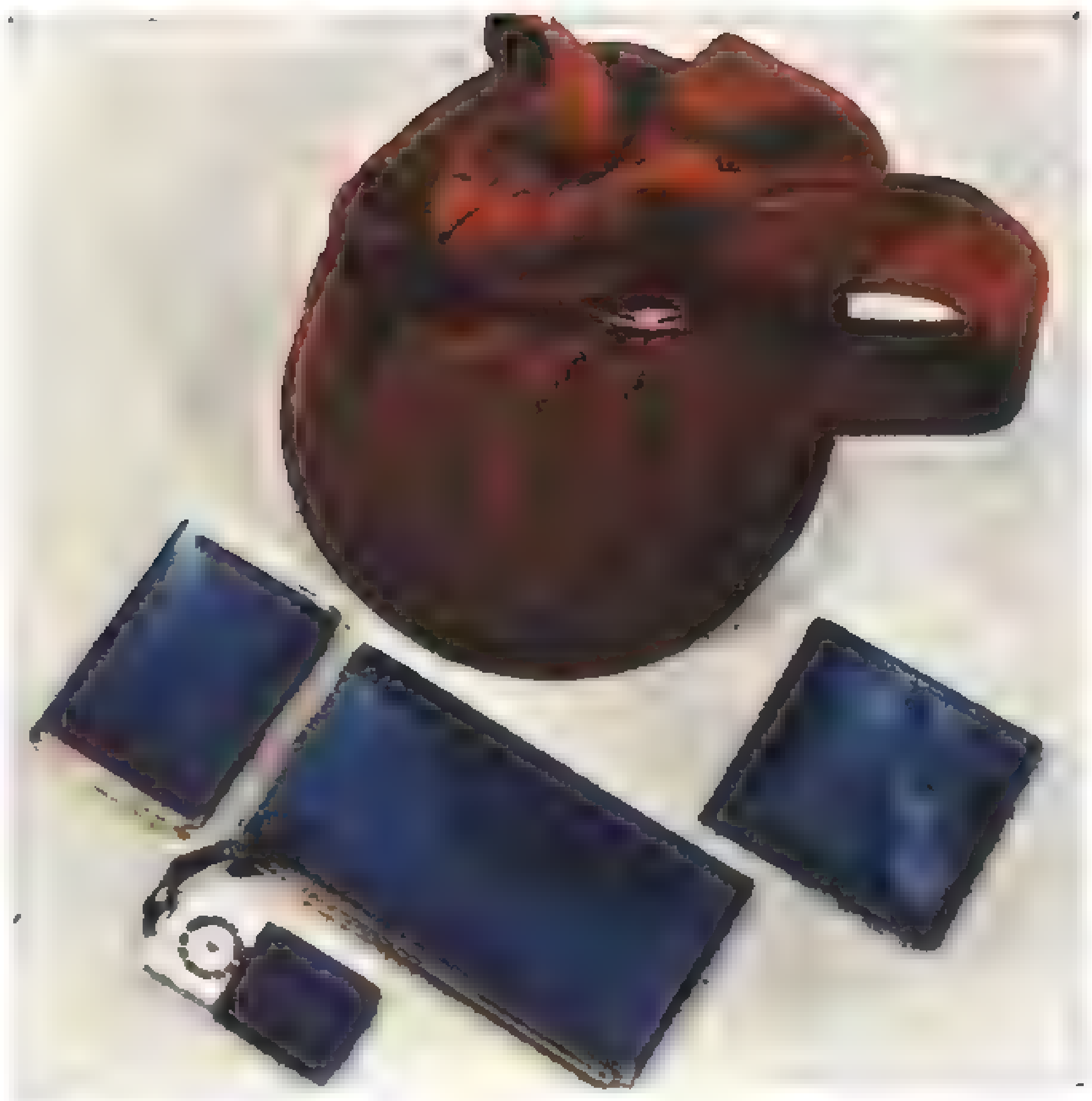


42. For miniature model fans who want quick results, complete kits and blueprints to build and assemble models such as the Canadian corvette or the U. S. Army interceptor plane shown here.

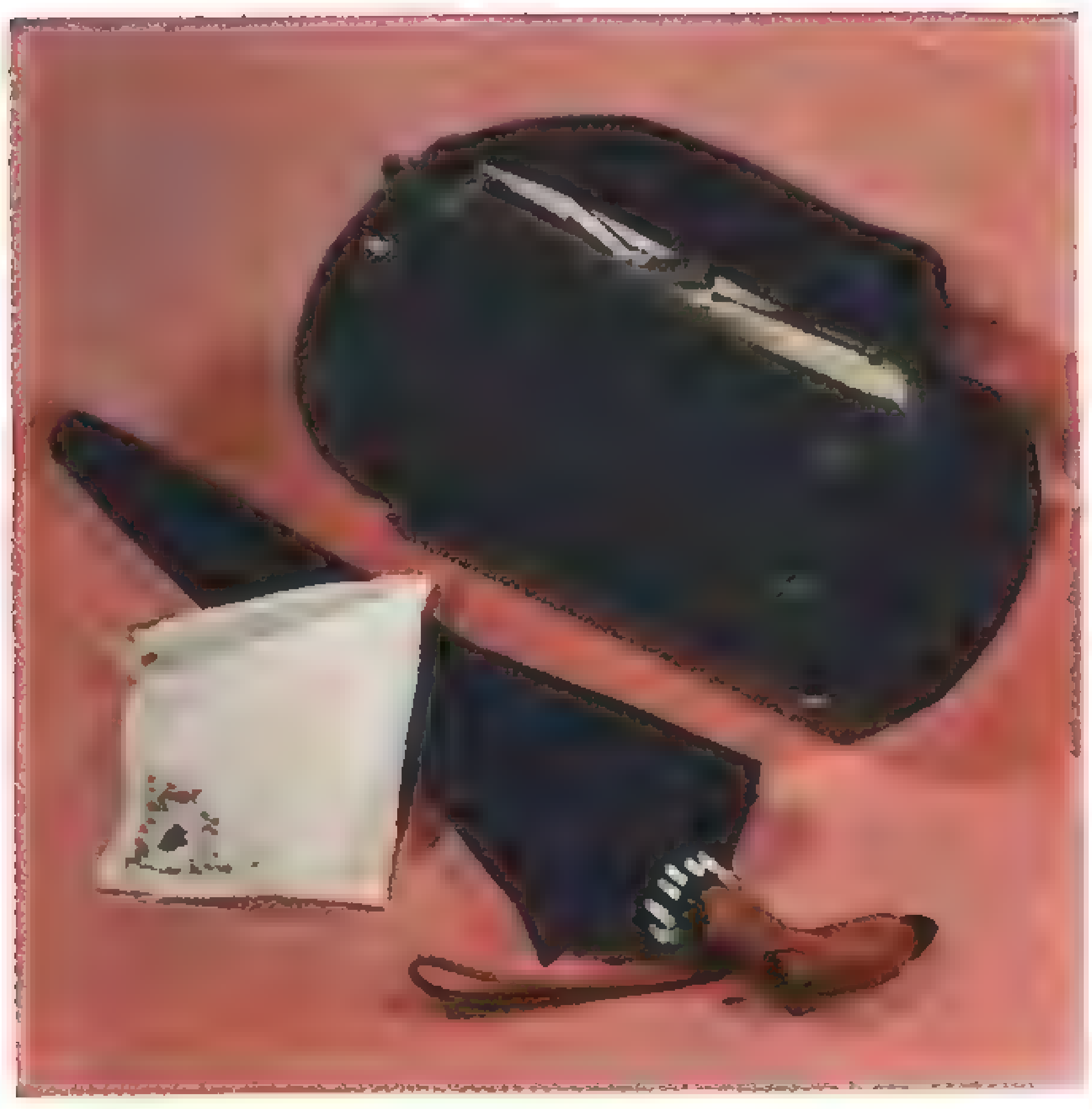


"Will you have somebody steer me to the door?"

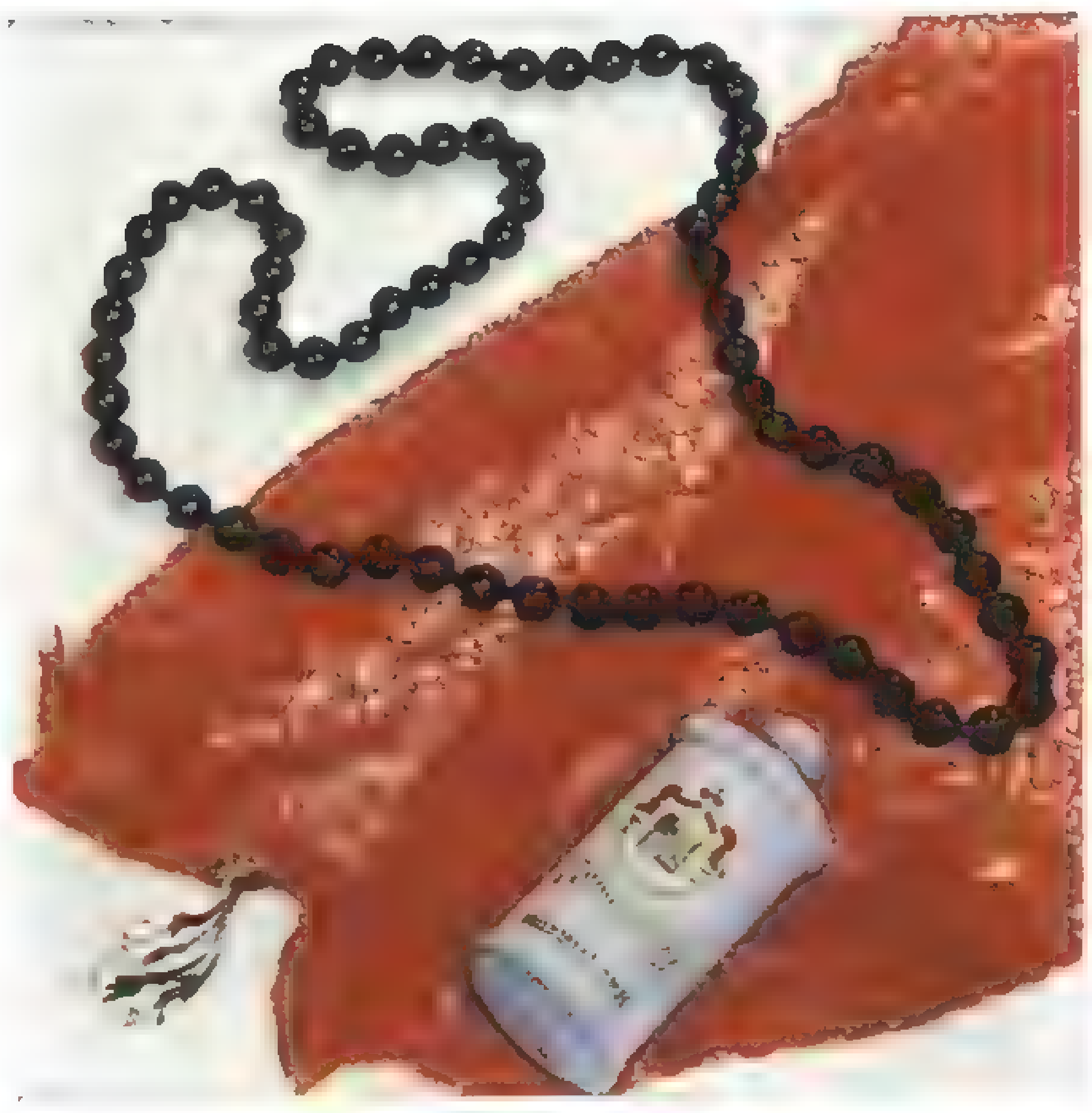
gifts for fair



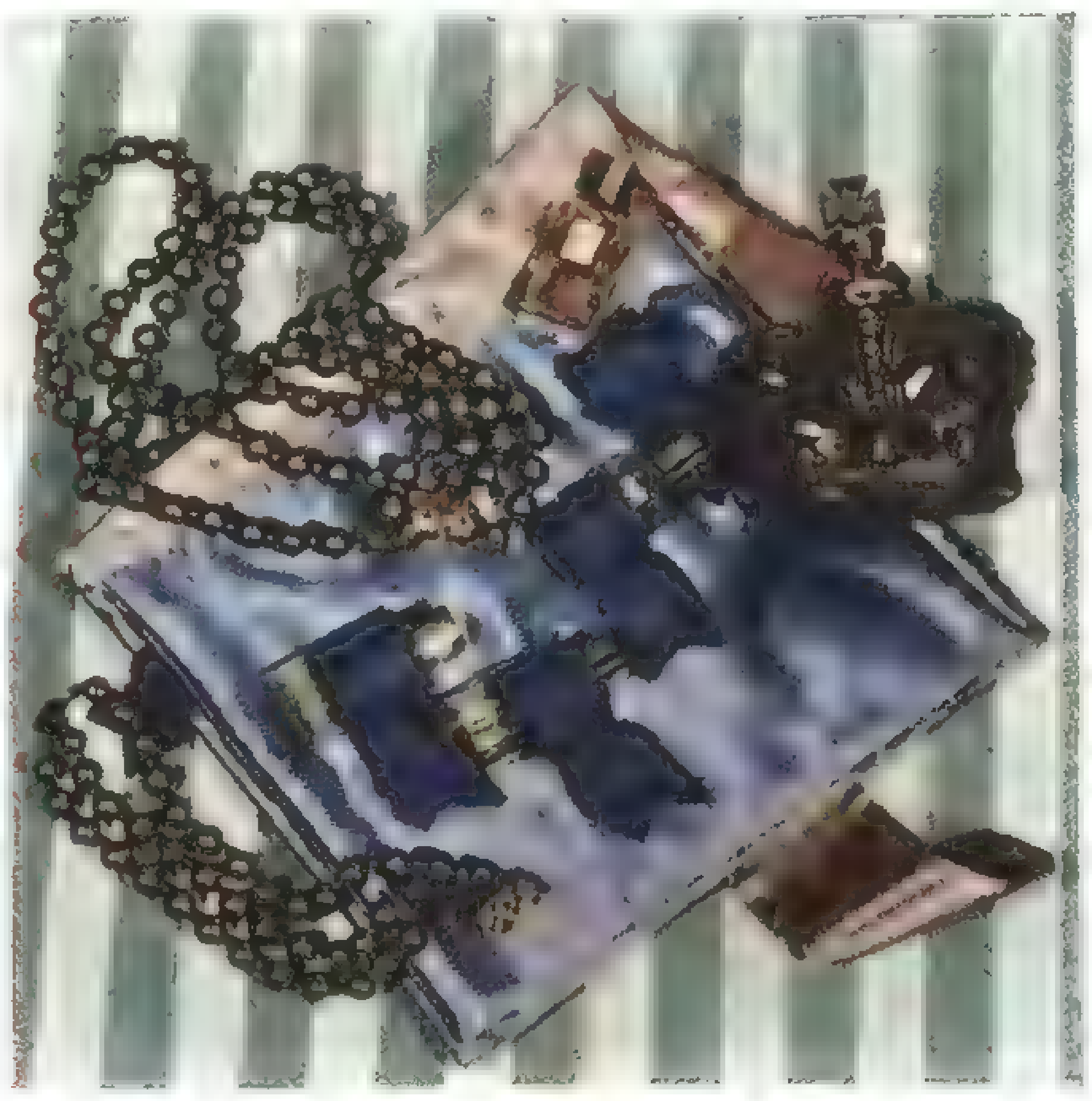
43. The velvet bag has the form of a water pitcher and opens up wide when the ring is slipped over the handle. Calf leather vanity, cigarette case, wallet and clock, bag accessories of a really smart woman.



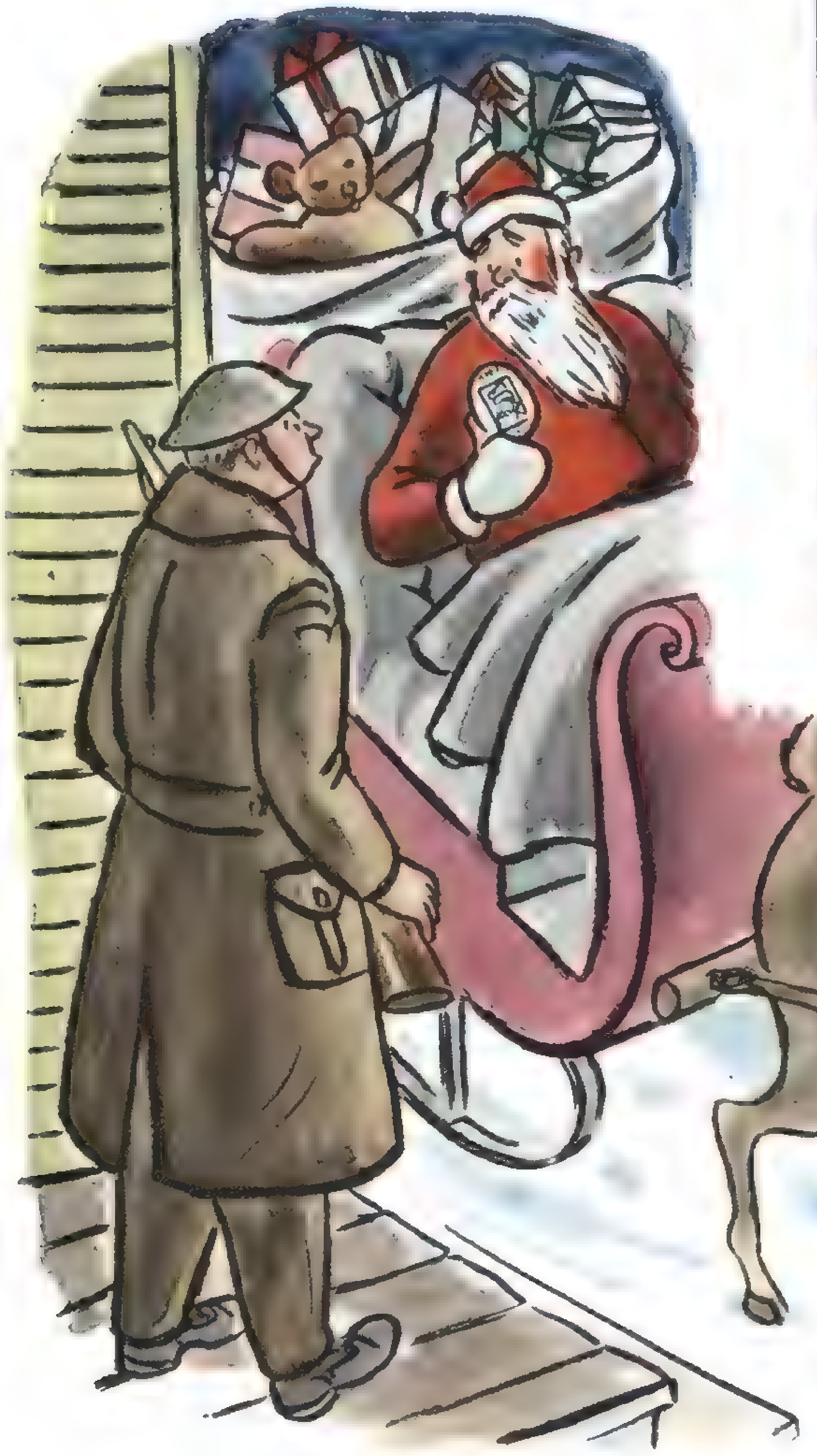
44. Studded antelope bag in the shape of a drum of Colonial days. The leather-handled umbrella has a built-in flashlight, handy for carless days and dimouts. A hand-embroidered linen handkerchief.

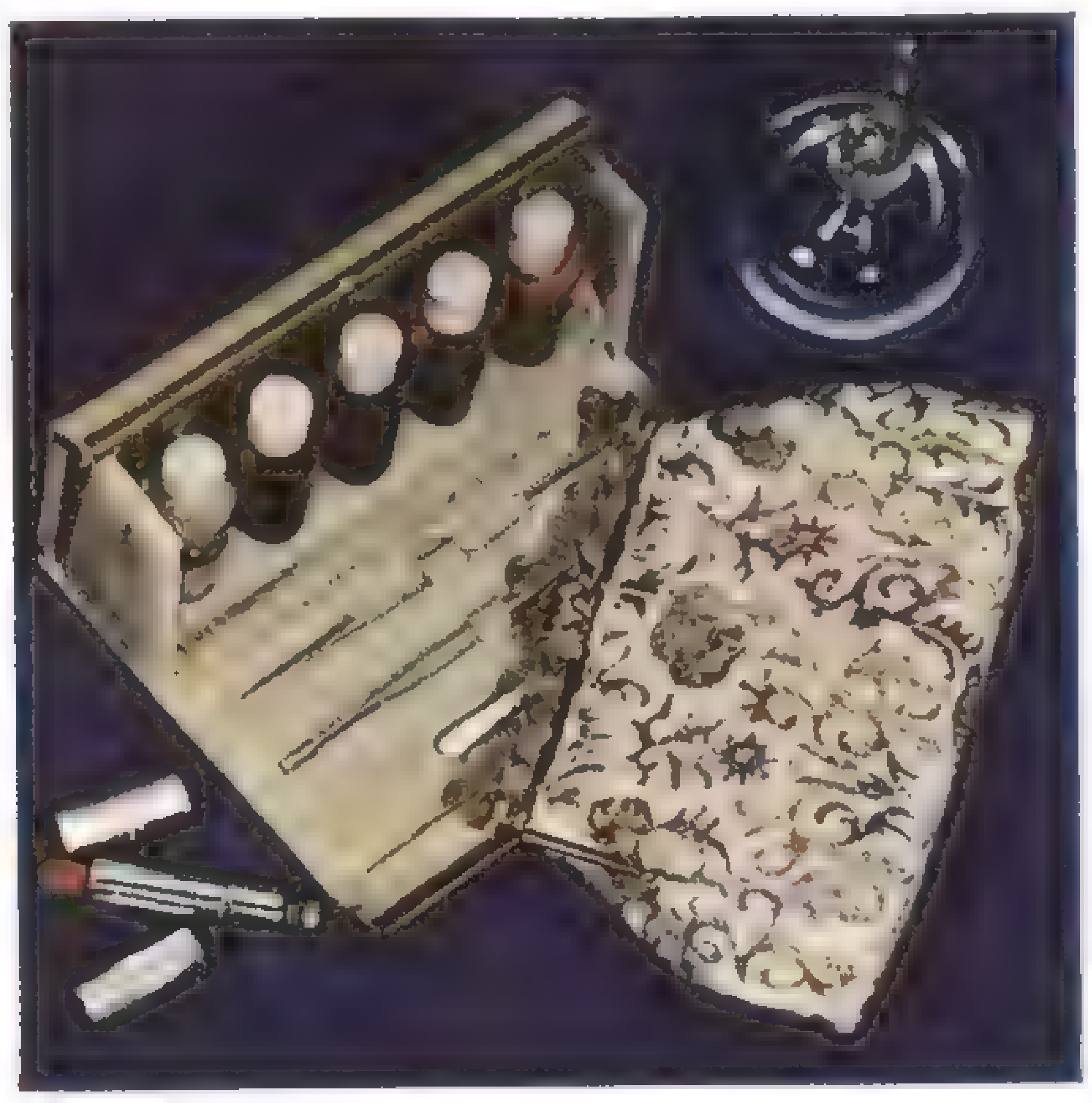


45. You wouldn't suspect these beads are made of priority-free wood. Frilly yet warm, the sheer scarf of Alpaca wool. A moonstone and silver pin. Gourielli toilet water in apothecary bottle.

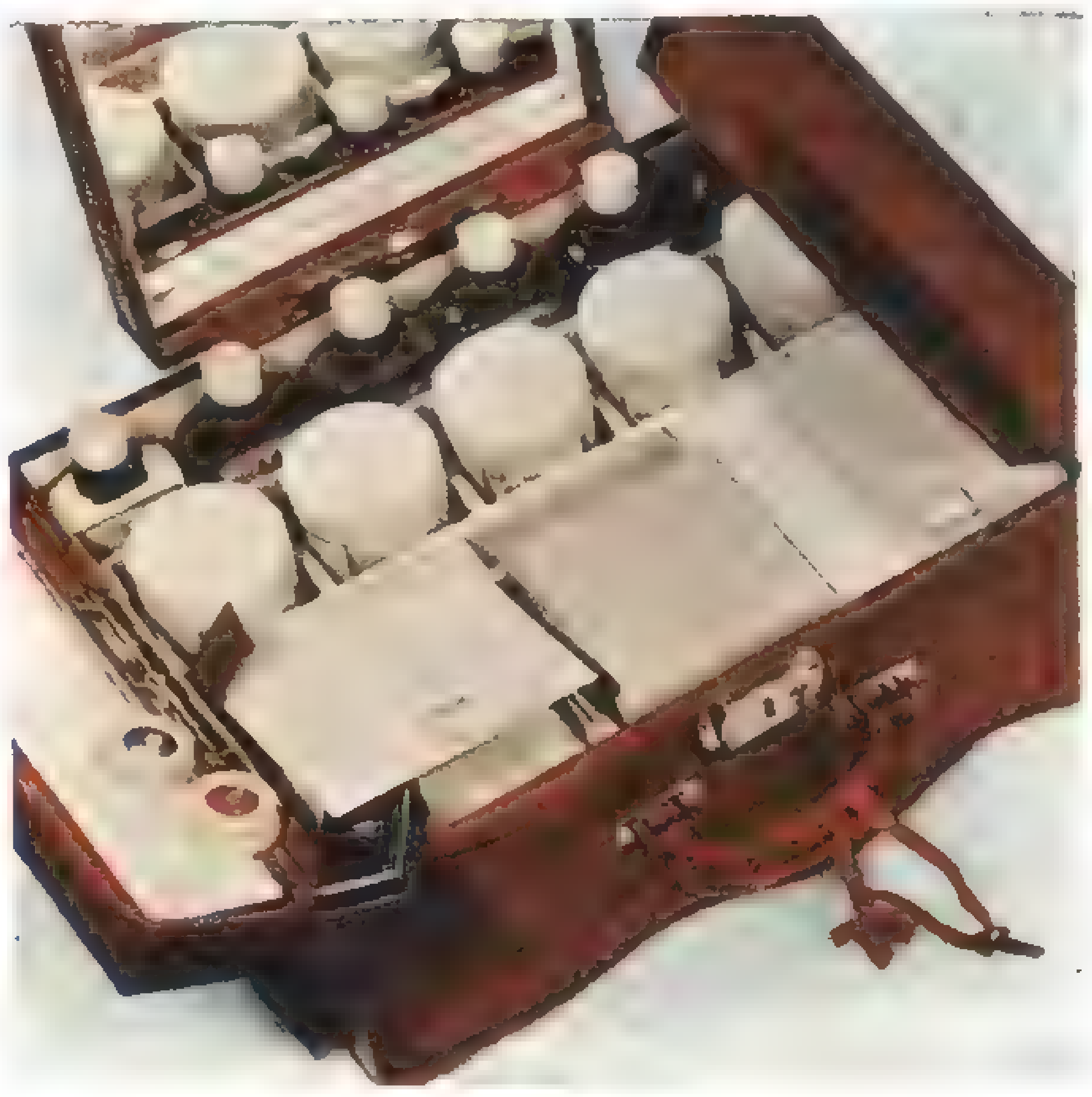


46. Sachet to keep handkerchiefs fragrant is, at the same time, a sampler of Lelong perfumes. Necklace and bracelet are of gold pearls. The beauteous crown holds Prince Matchabelli perfume.

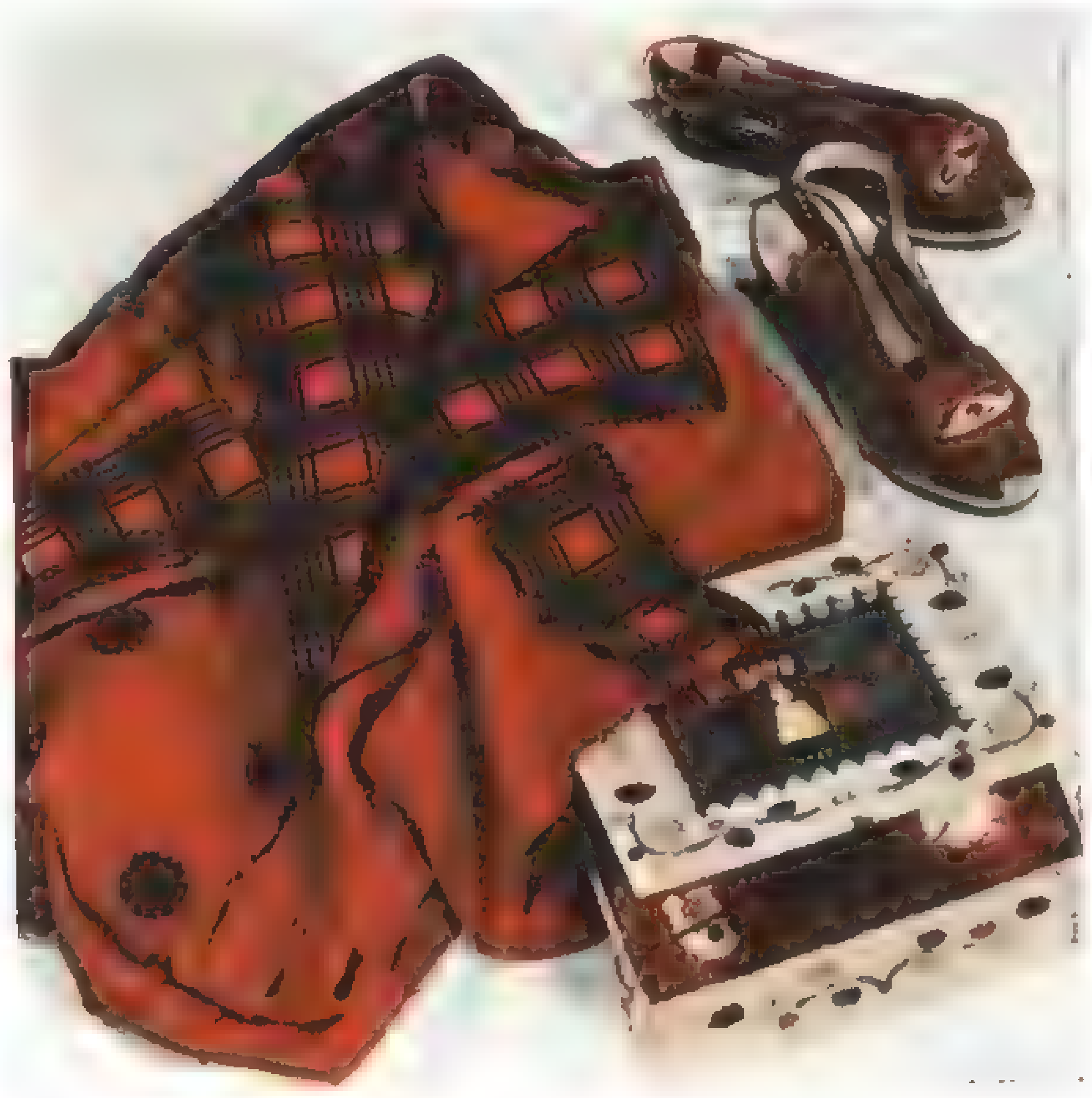




47. Moire-lined leather kit contains 12 manicure aids. Silver-handled crystal jar, one of a set of three. Gourielli lipstick with perfume flacon in one end. Hand-embroidered, beaded evening bag.



48. A woman gets one cosmetic here, one toiletry there, and rarely gets around to buying a complete kit like this—which makes this case with all the accoutrements of beauty such a good gift.



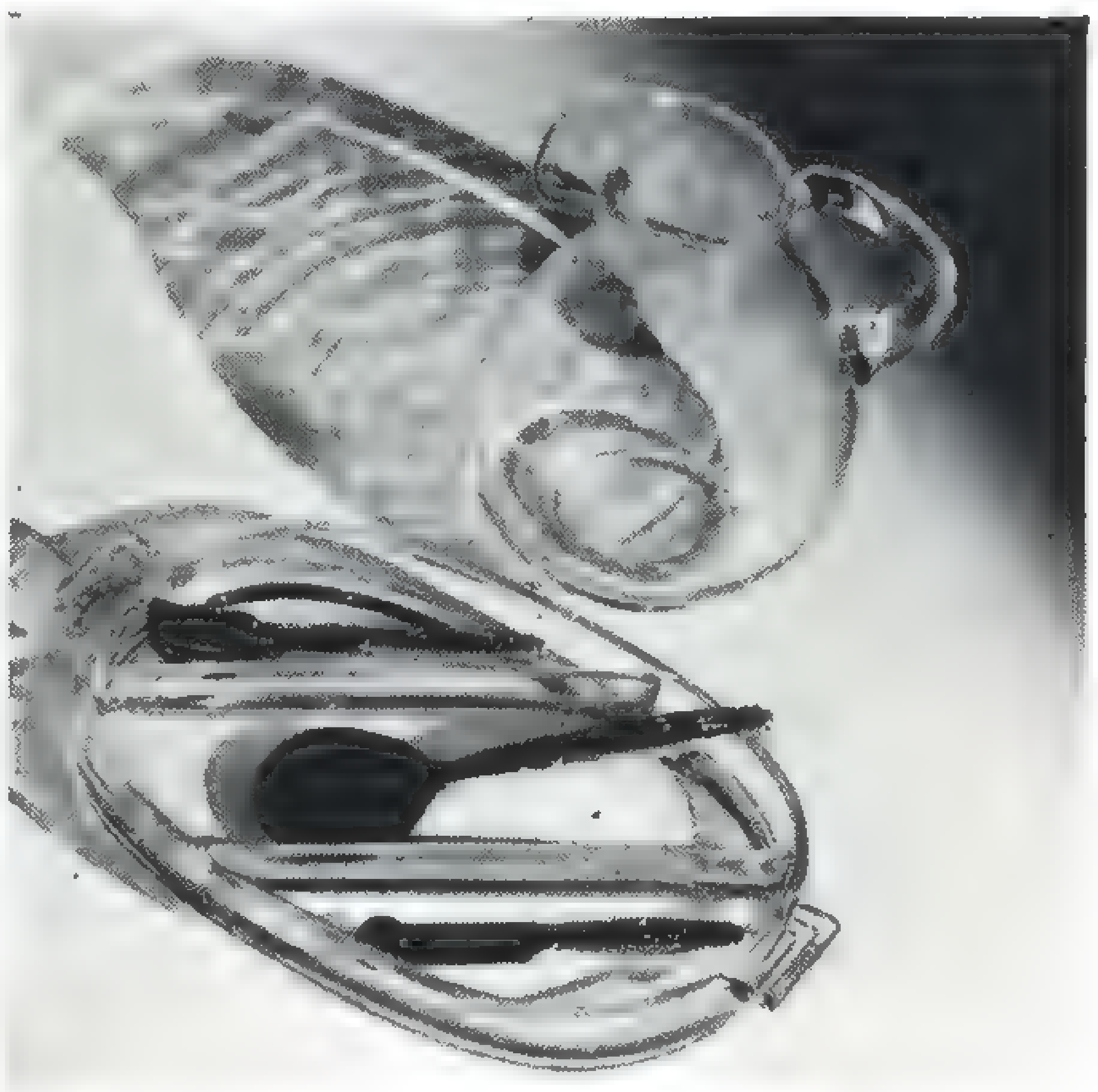
49. You can't see it here, but this flannel robe with velvet trim has flattering, form-fitting lines. Stone-encrusted mules of suede and gold kid. Shulton toiletries in Colonial mirror box

KODACHROMES BY HOWARD S. REDELL

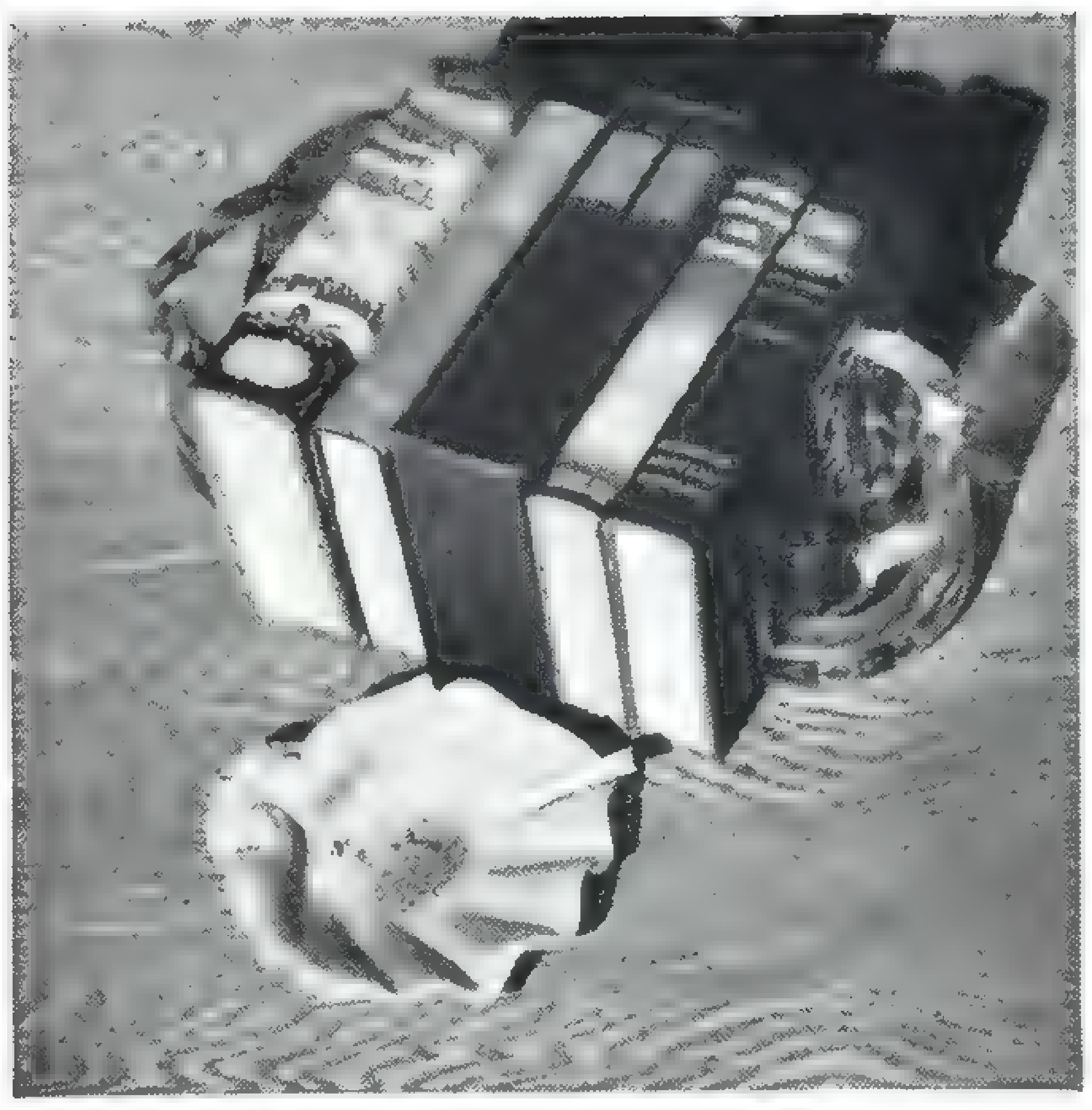
50. Crystal and etchings, like many other things, used to be identified with foreign countries. This has changed. The crystal vase and the Thomas Benton etching are works of purely American skill.

matters of taste

51. Appropriate for both modern and period furnishings is this replica of an Early American "banjo" clock. Mahogany with brass trimmings, has self-starting electric movement and strikes the time.



52. Fine glassware has light refraction properties which distinguish it from ordinary glass. Crystal pitcher of graceful lines, hors d'oeuvre dish with the servers of horn and sterling silver.

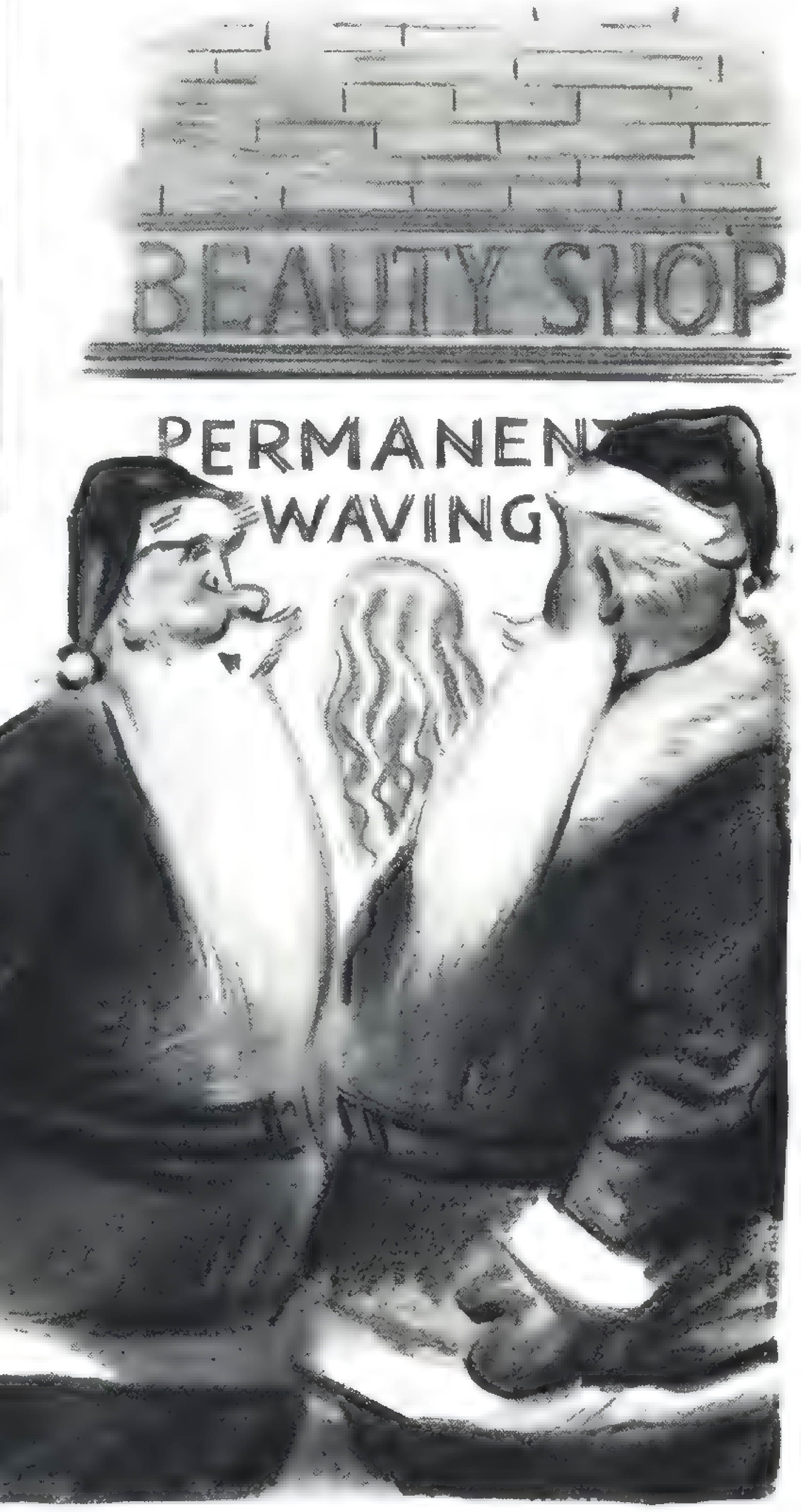


53. This Christmas, start someone off receiving and reading one good book a month, selected by authorities. Modern Art crystal bookends. Ceramic shell ash tray, scalloped to hold cigarettes.

54. You cannot go amiss if you give a friend of music one of these colorful albums. Cesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor is his only symphonic work. Beethoven's Fifth is beloved by all.

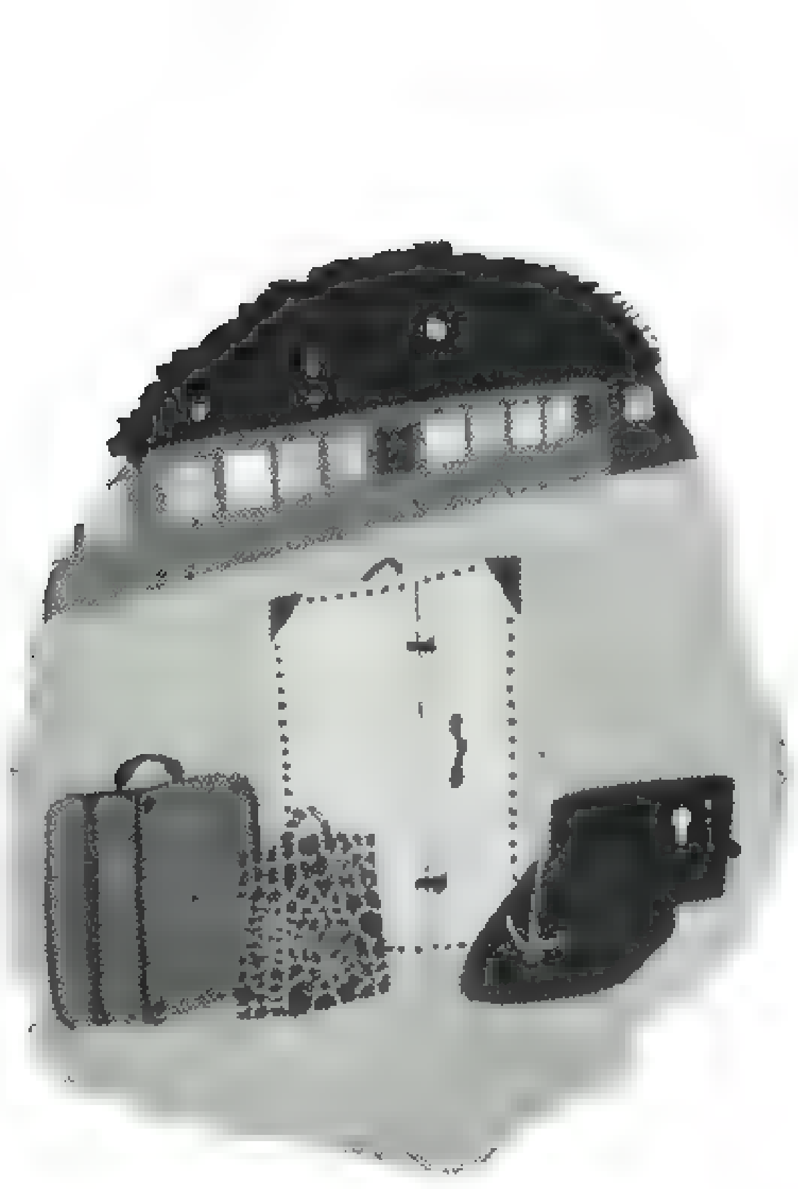
55. Gifts for a connoisseur: Genuine Wedgwood lamp—china base in pale blue with the white Grecian figures raised in relief. The burnt ceramic horse, clearing a fence, is painted by hand.

56. Functional service wagon; raise slightly and it rolls, let down and it stays put. Bar gadgets: Wooden tray showing both hemispheres, crystal glasses, vacuum ice bucket, sterling silver set.

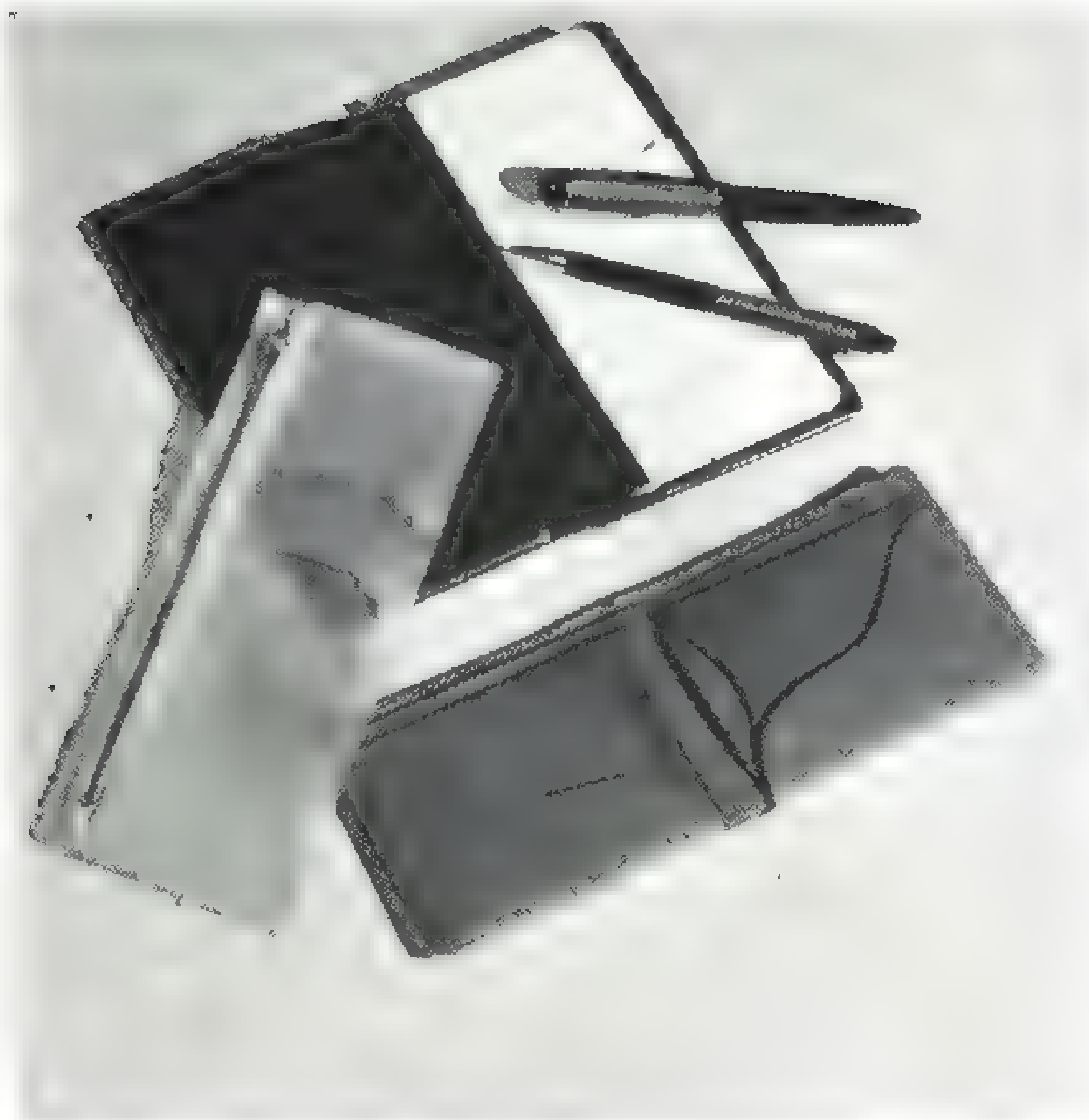


"I dare you."

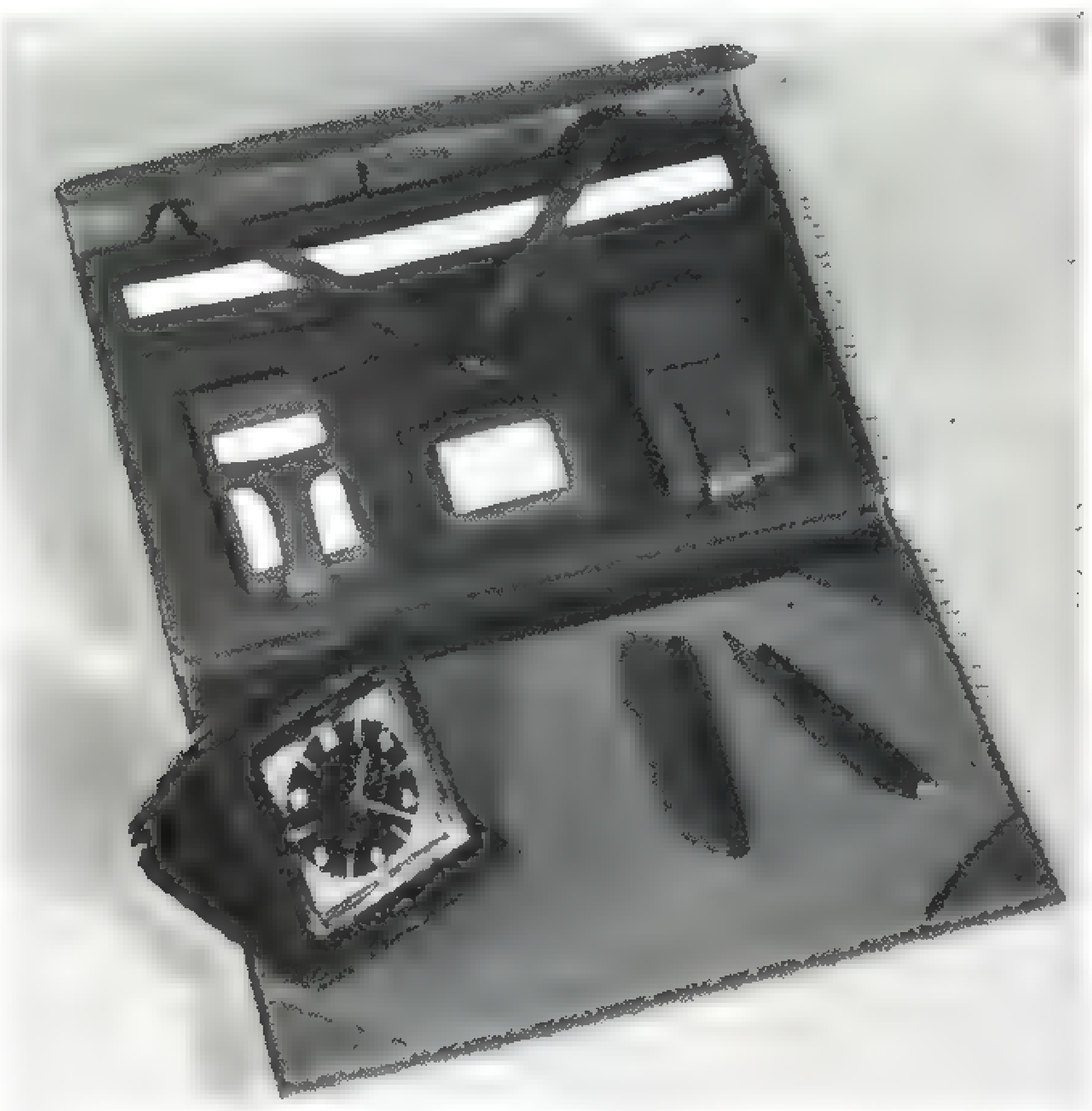
with reservations



57. War work or recreation, Americans are on the go. A smart, economically priced case for two suits and accessories, with plaid lining. Steel-edged hickory skis and leather-handled poles.

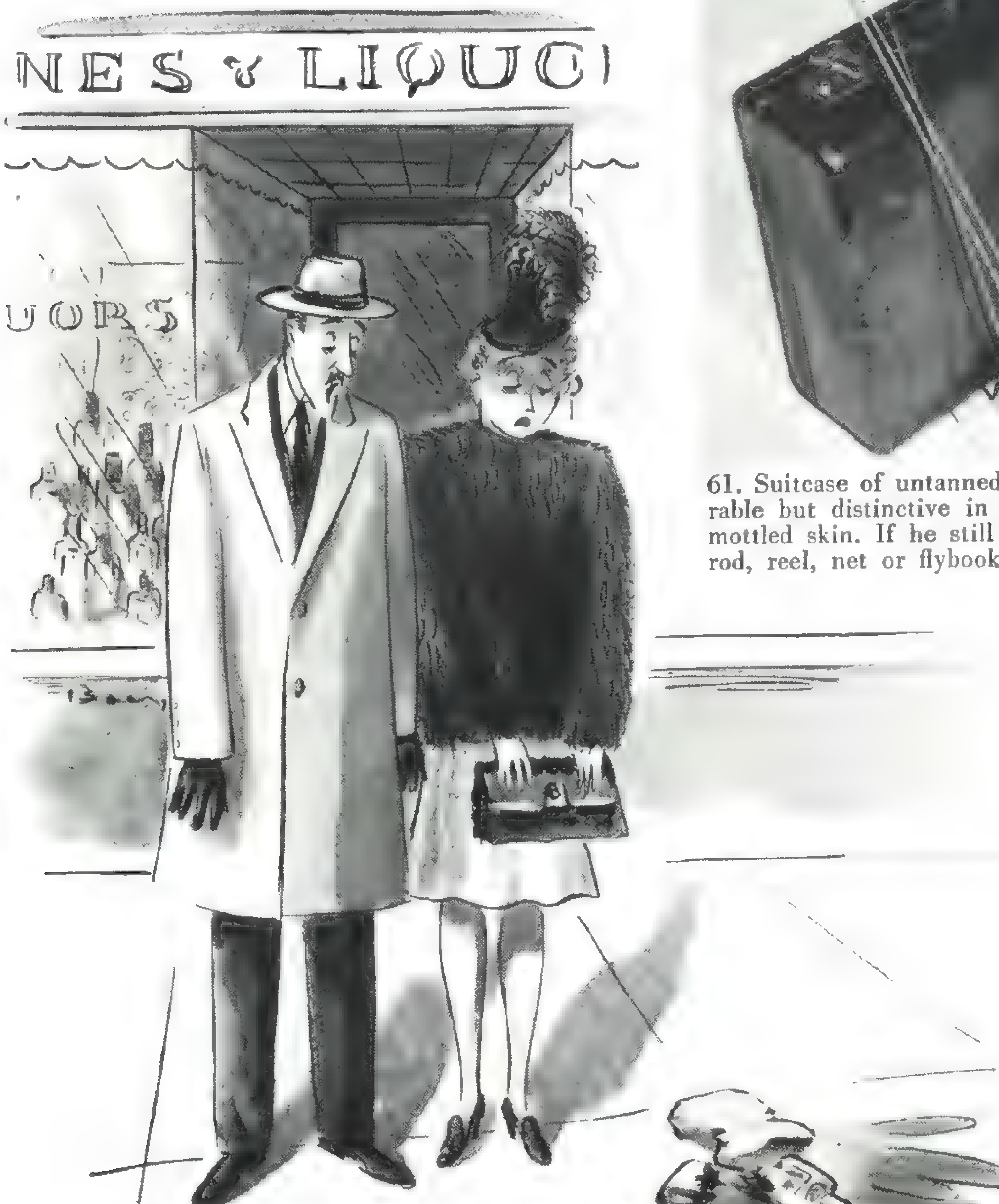


58. Letter case holds perforated memo pads; used notes may be torn out. Transparent synthetic billfold makes cards, passes or snapshots visible. Another wallet of pigskin. Pen and pencil set.



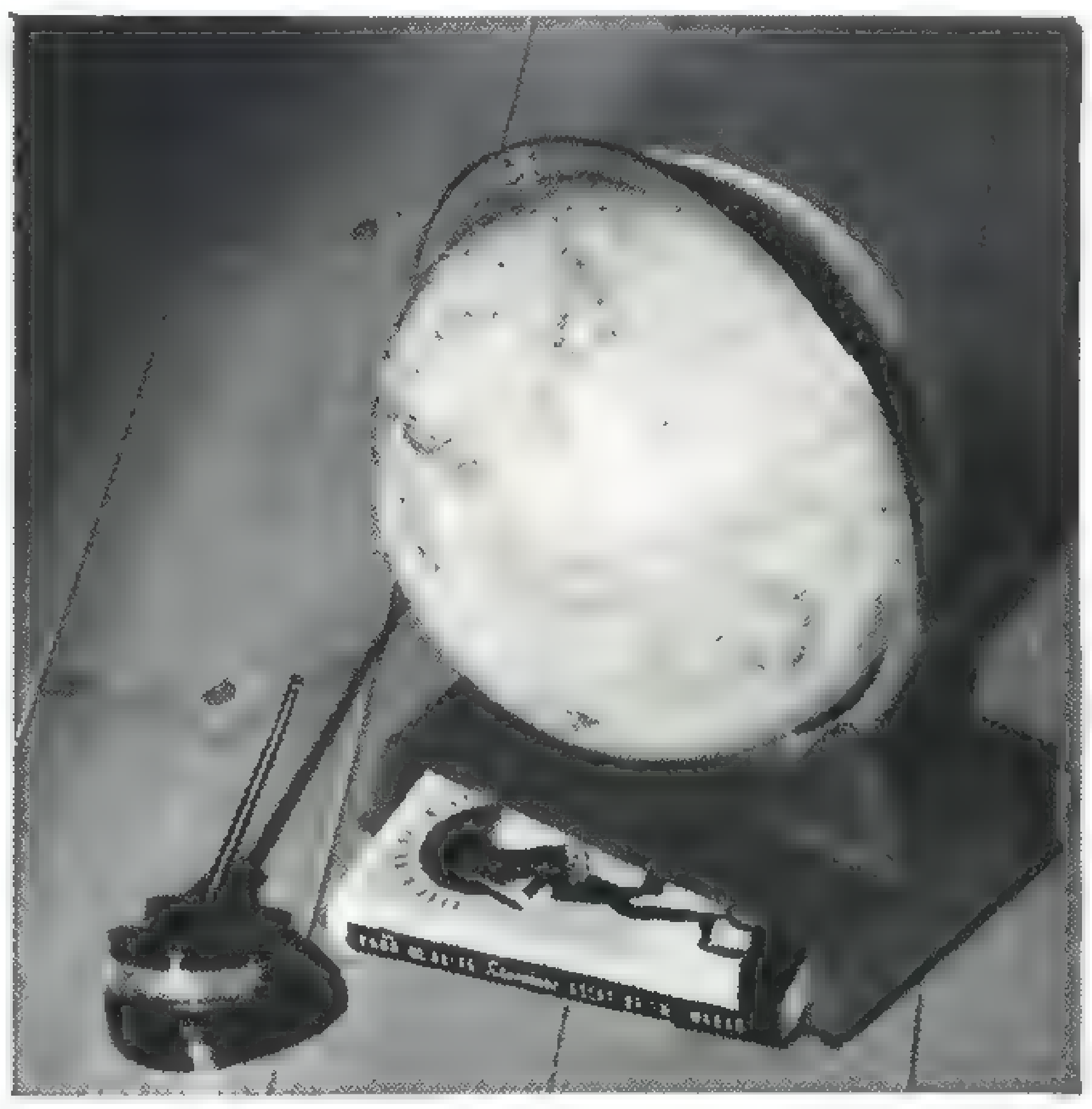
59. Travel time-savers. The leather writing case has blotter, pad, calendar, memo book and four file and stationery compartments. Efficient pen and pencil set. Folding leather alarm clock.

60. This piece of luggage is the solution for short trips where no spare suit is taken along. Set of cologne, emulsion, after-shave lotion. Brown shell cordovan belt, light tan leather braces.



"Well, there goes our civilian morale!"

61. Suitcase of untanned rawhide, not only durable but distinctive in the mellow tone of the mottled skin. If he still has time to go fishing, rod, reel, net or flybook will make a good gift.



62. One gets fascinating new perspectives of the war theaters from a globe. This model, in parchment tone, has atlas in the base. Inkwell and pen are always ready for writing, have no mechanism.

63. Two gifts that are suited for both men in civilian life and in service: Leather-saving dark-drab twill suitcase with V straps; double-breasted processed cotton raincoat with belt and epaulets.

(For answers to gift queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.)

Esquire's Gift Selector

Need a few ideas on Christmas gifts? Just leave your shopping list to Esquire. The gift suggestions in "Talking Shop" (in the front section of this issue) —and in the foregoing Esquire gift pages, have been completely catalogued for you. Write to "Ranger" in care of Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City, for complete and detailed guidance on all your gift queries. But the advertising pages in the display section of the Christmas Esquire are also rich in gift suggestions so, use this Esquire gift selector as your guide, and make up your complete gift list from the ideas between these two covers.

Merry Christmas and Good Hunting!

Select Your Gifts from these Lists . . .

apparel . . .

Topcoats and overcoats for town or country wear...............see page 4

Assortment of men's ties in a variety of patterns, fabrics and colors, see page 11

Men's white shirts in a choice of collar styles...................see page 13

Sportswear, including sweaters, jackets, shirts, gloves and mufflers, see page 15

Men's hats in styles for business or sportswear.............see page 18B

Gift certificates for hats of his choice in miniature hat case with jeep size hat. ....see page 25 & 204

Ties in several patterns to match or contrast with suiting fabrics....see page 29

Men's shirts, ties, handkerchiefs and underwear in matching combinations.... ....see page 179

Plain toe military shoes and Scotch grain wing-tip oxfords..........see page 182

Men's garters, braces and leather belts. Several styles for service men, see page 183

Men's twill raincoats and twill sports jackets..................see page 184

Men's raincoats of processed fabrics; civilian and military styles..see page 193

Men's shoes in town and country styles for winter wear..........see page 196

Sweaters for him and her, various outdoor patterns, sleeveless and coat styles...... ....see page 197

Men's corduroy jackets and coats, for sports, town or country wear, see page 200

Men's leather gloves in slip-on styles—several shades............see page 202

Men's pajamas in different styles and patterns................see page 205

Hand turned leather slippers for men. Several styles with hard or soft soles. ....see page 214

Men's fall-weight underwear. Two-piece styles, different leg lengths, see page 215

Men's raincoats in several models; processed fabrics..........see page 218-219

Gift certificate for the hat he chooses is included with tiny hat in Tom 'n' Jerry mug....................see page 223

Neckties in plaids, diagonals and prints; also solid colors..........see page 226

White broadcloth shirts; neckband, regular soft, or semi-soft collars, see page 232

Men's ties in several woven patterns, prints, and weaves.........see page 235

Men's oxfords in informal moccasin style and military strap style.....see page 236

Military officers' shirts, cottons, tropicals, gabardines...........see page 244

Ski boots for men or women, also high leather boots for hunting, fishing and hiking...................see page 250

Men's topcoats and overcoats in styles for town or country wear......see page 253

Men's gabardine shirts for sports or town wear....................see page 256

Assortment of men's leather gloves for military and civilian wear...see page 267

use this column as your Christmas Gift Guide

for
FIRST CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE
SECOND CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE

for
FIRST CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE
SECOND CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE

for
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for
FIRST CHOICE
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total

Brother Bill

Uncle Silas

Betty the WAAC

Classmate

Esquire's Gift Selector

Girl Friend

for
FIRST CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE
SECOND CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE

Janitor

for
FIRST CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE
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Steve the Marine

for
FIRST CHOICE
PAGE ☐ PRICE
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Dad

for
FIRST CHOICE
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total

Underwear in winter weight for sports or everyday wear............see page 272

Plain or patterned shirts with 3-buttonhole collars adjustable to various sizes. ....see page 274

Men's capeskin and goatskin sports jackets, also selection of leather gloves...... ....see page 276

Men's pigskin gloves for business, sports or military wear..........see page 278

Topcoats and overcoats in several styles for town and country wear, see page 280

Lightweight and fall-weight hosiery for men in full or ankle length styles...... ....see page 281

Men's hats to wear with town or country clothes..................see page 282

Men's socks; wools and mixtures for winter wear..............see page 282

Men's lounging pajamas with pullover shirt and tailored slack trousers........ ....see page 288

Knitted Argyle sweaters in coat or pullover styles...............see page 290

Men's neckwear in assortment of colors and patterns.............see page 290

Women's lingerie, including nightgowns and negligees............see page 293

Reversible gabardine sports jackets in variety of colors..........see page 293

Women's slacks in assortment of styles, fabrics and colors.........see page 294

Men's robes of worsted flannel; several solid colors..............see page 296

Men's suits in fabrics and styles for business or country wear......see page 298

Men's ski boots and moccasins for wear indoors or out............see page 298

Coat sweaters in variety of colors or wool vest in several plaid designs, see page 299

Men's and women's pullover lounging jackets with back closing, see page 300

Convertible collar sport shirts for men in assortment of fabrics and colors........ ....see page 301

Men's poplin outdoor jackets and gabardine utility jackets........see page 303

Men's coat sweaters in heathers and plain colors..................see page 305

Assortment of ties in several patterns and colors and various fabrics...see page 306

Men's rayon shirts in assortment of patterns and colors..........see page 307

Men's sport jackets suitable for wear on civilian defense duties.....see page 308

Men's shoes in black or tan military calf leather..................see page 309

Military monk strap-style shoes for men; also another style in mahogany cordovan leather.................see page 310

Assortment of men's hose, ankle or regular length..............see III Cover

jewelry and watches . . .

Men's, women's and service men's watches in assorted shapes, finishes and styles.....................see page 3

Men's belts, cuff links, tie chains, key chains and pocket knives..see page 18A

Identification bracelets and anklets for men or women in the service, see page 30

Men's and women's watches in various styles..................see page 182B

Men's cuff links, tie chains, and key chains..................see page 194

Men's and women's watches in several styles...................see page 198

Simulated Oriental pearls with white gold clasps..................see page 199

Assortment of watches for men and women.................see page 207

Jewelry for men in assortments for business, town or country wear, see page 233

Service men's watches in varied styles and finishes.............see page 260

Reproduction pearls with matching earrings and bracelets........see page 277

Watches in styles for men and women ....see page 283

Men's watches in various styles and finishes.................see page 287

Watches suitable for military service use.....................see page 289

Men's watches with sweep second hand. ....see page 291

Assortment of watches for service men...................see page 292

Diamond engagement and wedding rings in various settings.........see page 295

Men's and women's watches in assortment of styles............see page 300

Lady's diamond bracelet watch also man's chronograph watch that chimes quarter hour..................see page 304

perfumes and toiletries . . .

A perfume with a "Forbidden" fragrance in a "Colossal" bottle.....see page 14A

Fitted beauty kits and handbags; compact, perfumes, toilet waters, dusting powders.................see page 180

"Love me" fragrance perfume, in a heart and ruffle design bottle.....see page 190

Deodorant for masculine use—several sizes....................see page 192

Toiletries for men including shaving soap, lotion, eau de cologne and hair dressing. ....see page 211

Shaving creams, talcums, lotions in several combination packages, see page 217

A "romance perfume" in a gift designed bottle..................see page 234

Shaving accessories and toiletries for men. Several combinations of shaving soaps and lotions..........see page 237

Polish and manicure sets, several kits for men and women.......see page 240

Women's perfumes and toiletries in crown shaped bottles......see page 247

Men's toiletries including soaps, lotions, powders, etc.............see page 255

Assortment of men's toiletries in sportsman package design.......see page 266

Several types of perfumes suited to personalities of different types of women.. ....see page 268

Perfume in various fragrances, in personalized initialled bottles..see page 279

Service men's kit containing shaving and toilet articles.........see page 284

A shaving mug with scented shaving soap, and refill for same...see page 285

luggage and leather goods . . .

Several styles of leather wallets for men; date-keeper, pass-case and others...... ....see page 21

Assortment of pigskin accessories for men; cigarette case, wallet, gloves, etc. ....see page 185

Assortment of wallets and key kits, also combination wallet and key kit........ ....see page 186

Luggage assortment for men or women; overnight bags to wardrobe trunks...... ....see page 189

Letter case, wallet, cigarette case, manikit, tobacco pouch, picture frame, reveille kit....................see page 208

Assortment of men's leather belts, leather wallets and braces.........see page 221

Matched belt and bill-fold sets in hand tooled designs............see page 229

Wallets for men or women, and all-purpose fabric purses for women, see page 239

Men's billfolds, travel kits, tobacco pouches, key cases with utility features. ....see page 251

Reminder notebook, bound in leather, perforated coupon pages. Several styles. ....see page 259

Leather and simulated leather snapshot portfolios in several styles..see page 261

Men's leather belts in various styles and colors. Also men's braces and belts of other material...........see page 262

Memo pad billfold, pass case billfold, and other styles.............see page 269

Natural finish rawhide luggage for men or women. Range of several sizes........ ....see page 280

Belts in several styles. "Expand and contract as you breathe"......see page 284

Billfold with a card pocket, coin purse, and removable 4-leaf transparent card unit....................see page 302

smoking accessories . . .

Set of three pipes, different styles...... ....see page 17

Two styles of pre-smoked pipes........ ....see page 186B

Cigars in several sizes, holiday wrapped in boxes of 25 and 50......see page 195

Men's smooth or rough finish pipes..... ....see page 216

Oval shape king-size cigarettes in crush-proof boxes.............see page 228

Cigarettes cartoned for Christmas giving.....................see page 242

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Cigarettes with ivory tips, plain ends, or red tips.................see page 264

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Ma

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The Colonel

Buddie

Esquire's Gift Selector

The Boss

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Bob the Gob

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The Steno

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The Cook

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of a change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Top Sergeant

Telephone Operator

Pat the Cop

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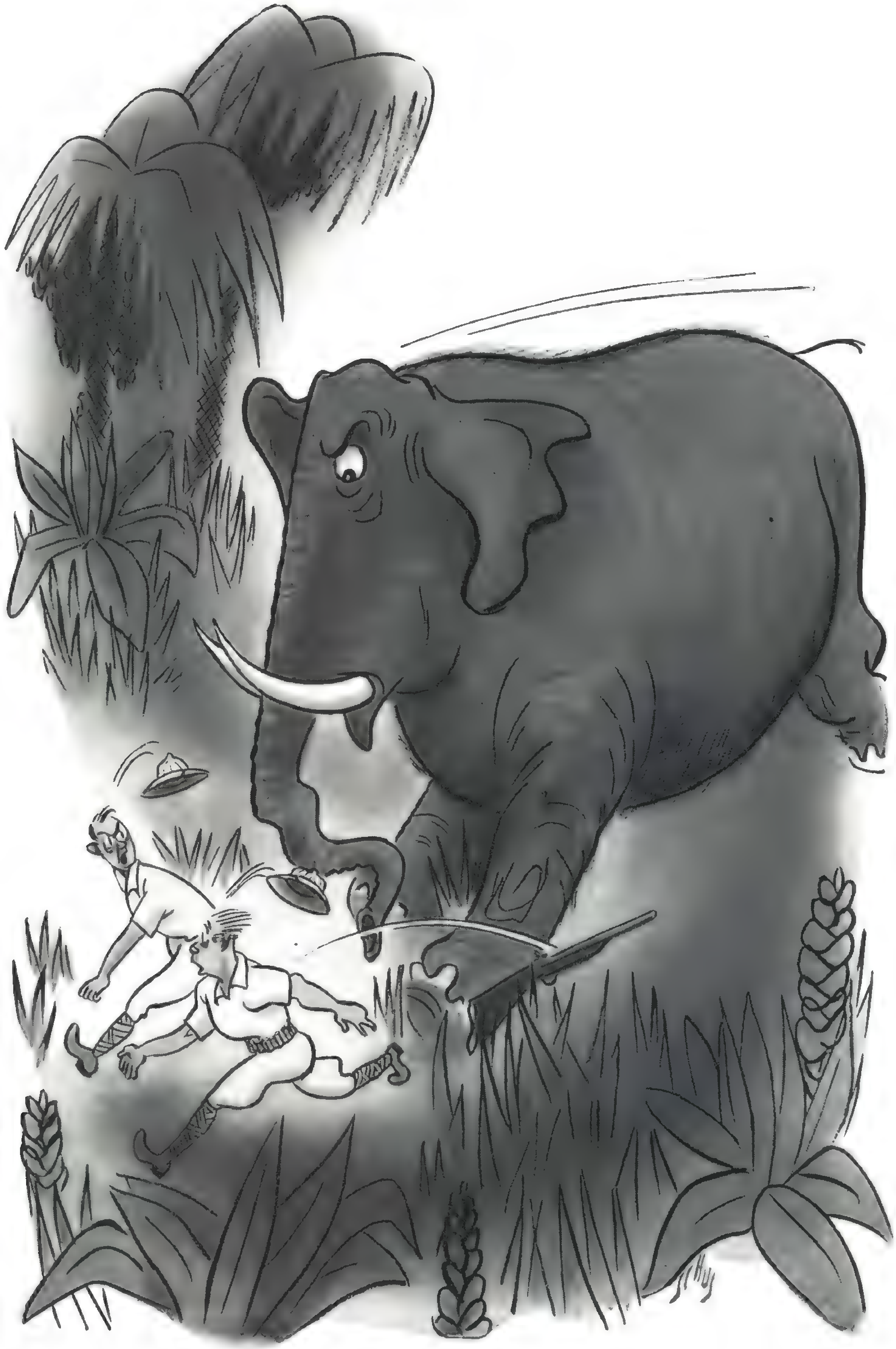
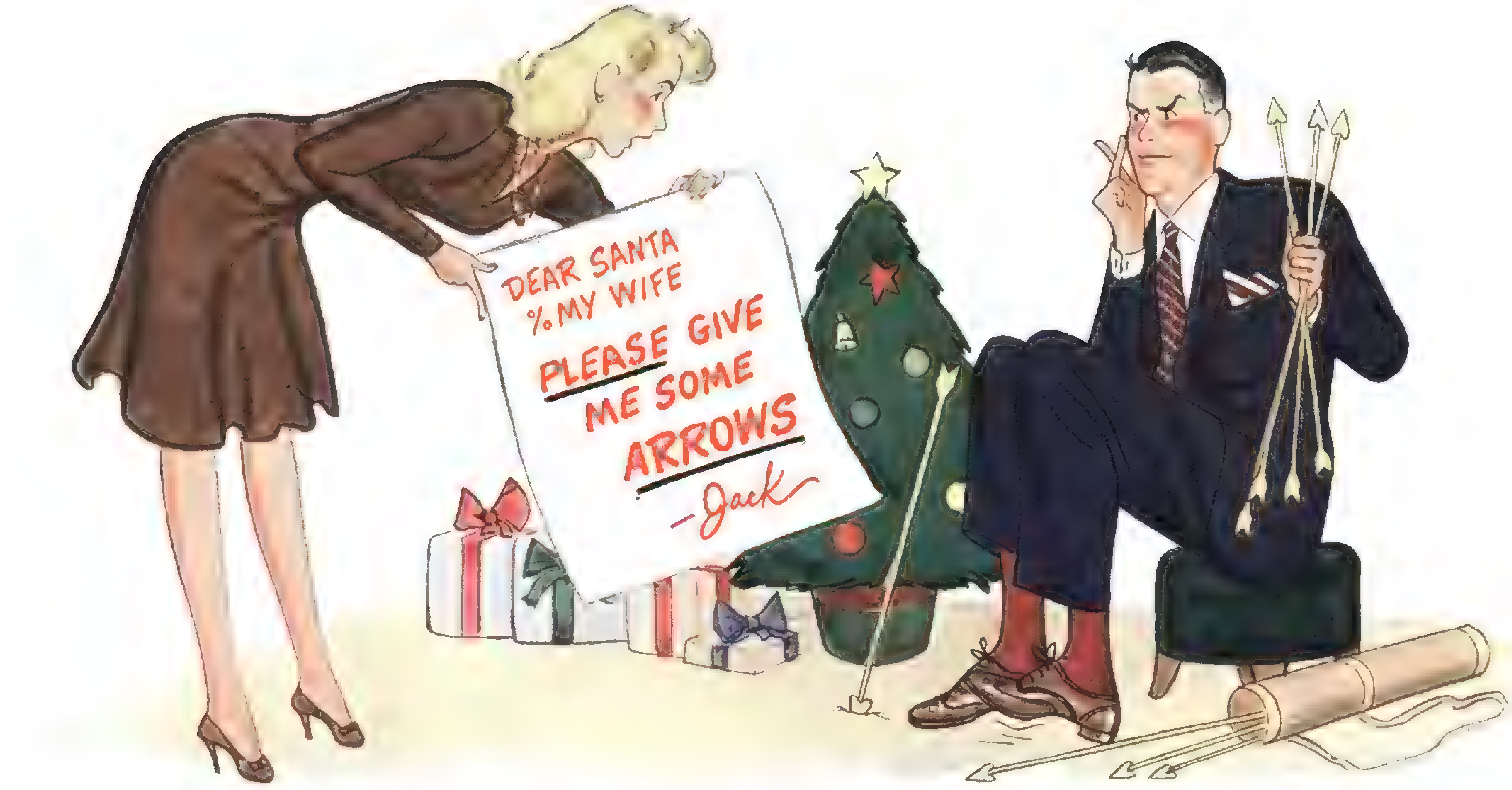
Elevator Man

Office Boy

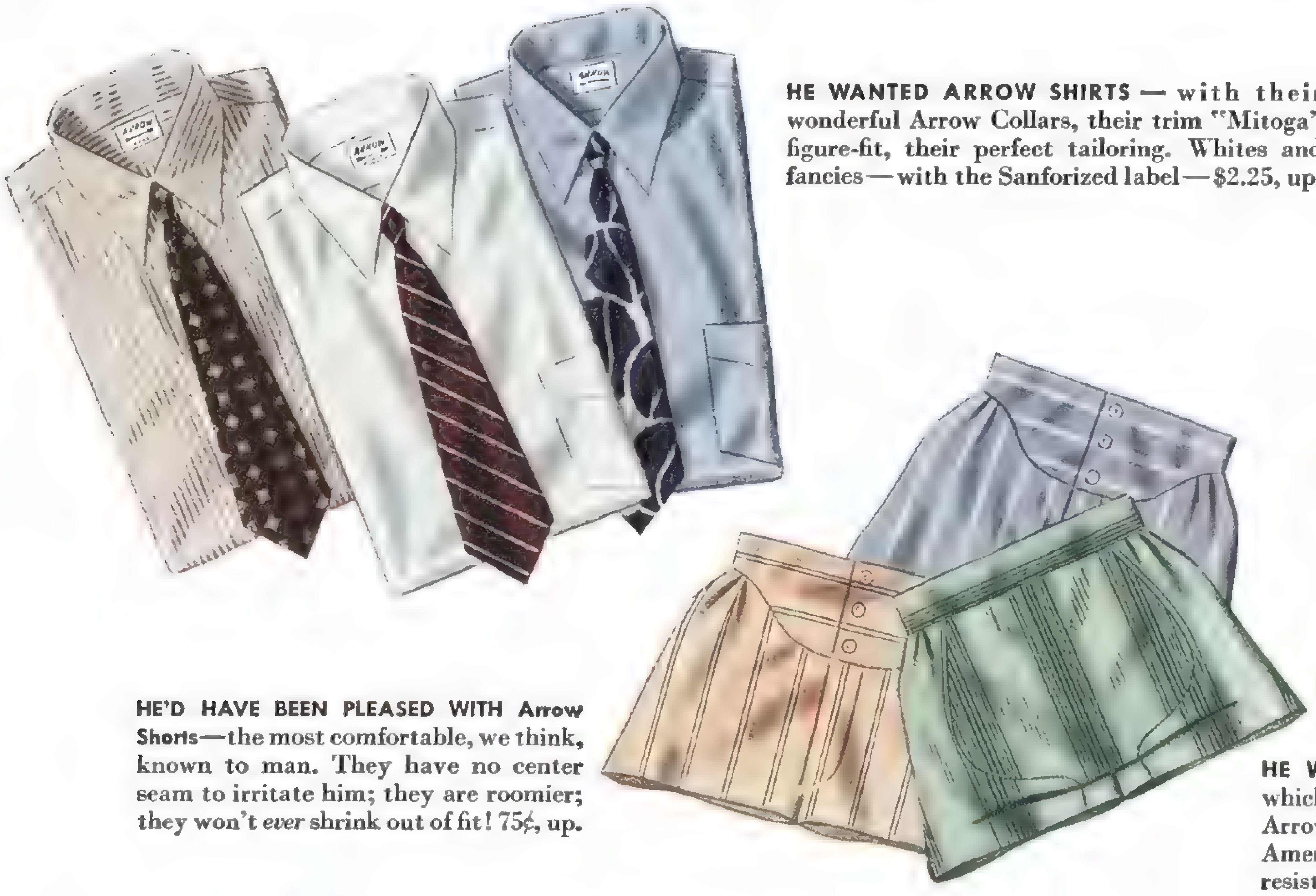
Doorman



"Aw, why can't a piano have all black keys?"



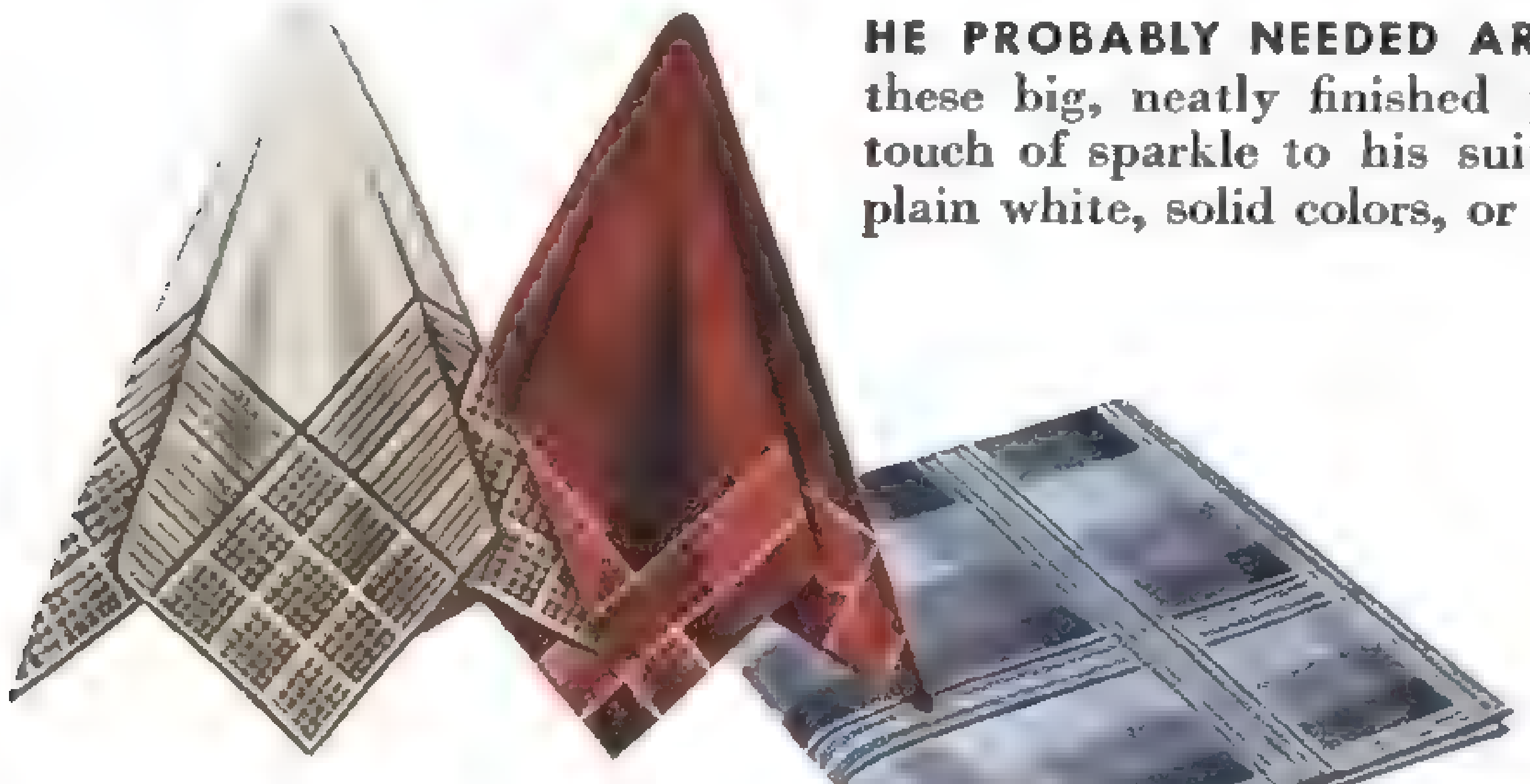
(*No, lady, he meant these Arrows...*)



HE WANTED ARROW SHIRTS — with their wonderful Arrow Collars, their trim "Mitoga" figure-fit, their perfect tailoring. Whites and fancies — with the Sanforized label — $2.25, up.

HE'D HAVE BEEN PLEASED WITH Arrow Shorts — the most comfortable, we think, known to man. They have no center seam to irritate him; they are roomier; they won't *ever* shrink out of fit! 75¢, up.

HE WOULD HAVE LIKED Arrow Ties — of which there are seads of new patterns. All Arrow Ties, in addition to being designed by America's Number One Stylist, are wrinkle-resistant, perfect knotting. $1, up.



HE PROBABLY NEEDED ARROW HANDKERCHIEFS — these big, neatly finished pocketchiefs add an extra touch of sparkle to his suits. Your Arrow dealer has plain white, solid colors, or fancies. 25¢, up.

BUT MOST OF ALL, HE WANTED an Arrow Ensemble — Arrow Shirt, Tie, Handkerchief, and Shorts, *designed to go together!* The Arrow dealer in your neighborhood has several different combinations — they make a close-to-perfect gift. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.*

ARROW

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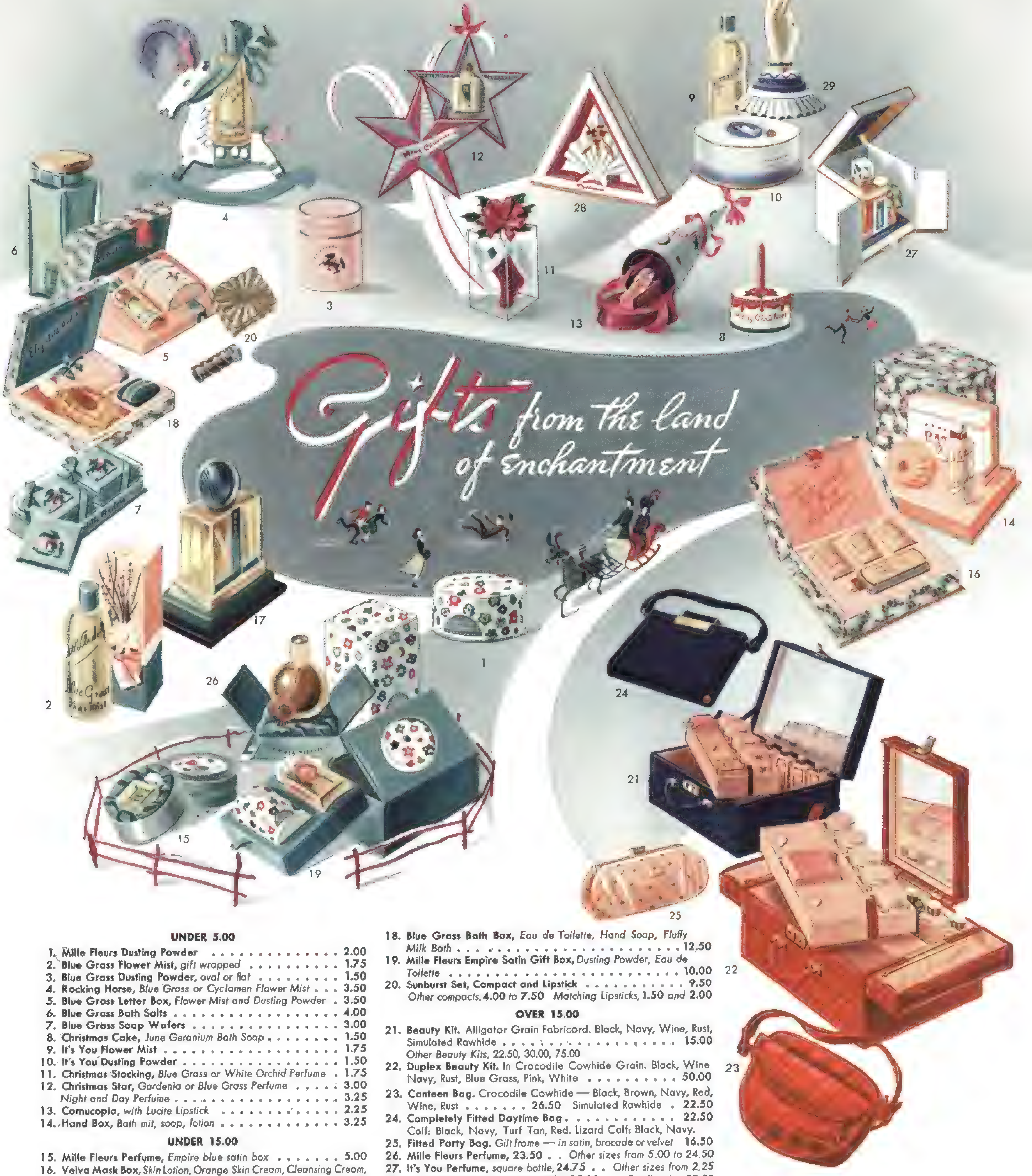

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28.	**Cyclamen Perfume in Fan Bottle, 35.00** . . *Smaller size*	22.50
29.	**It's You Perfume,** *in Lovely Victorian Hand Bottle*	37.50

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Elizabeth Arden

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The Legs Have It in All Sports

St. Louis Cards weed out their rookies on basis of speed tests on base lines

by **BILLY EVANS**

SPORTS

NO ATHLETE is any better than his legs. And strangely enough, the legs go first.

The value and importance of speed in baseball was never more dramatically demonstrated than by the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals this year when they simply ran over the competition in their own league in the vital closing weeks of the National League pennant race, and then proceeded to run the touted New York Yankees right off their feet in the world series.

When it comes to passing judgment on legs, the late Flo Ziegfeld had nothing on Branch Rickey, major-domo of the St. Louis Cardinals' far-flung chain system of minor league baseball clubs. True, Rickey is interested only in the masculine variety, and he isn't particularly interested in the shapes or curves of the limbs, just so long as they possess speed. That asset is demanded of any player who seeks to win big league fame under Rickey's direction.

Each year Rickey passes judgment on thousands of young ball players. With some twenty minor league clubs under his direction there is a constant demand for fresh talent, either to take the place of players who have graduated to a higher league or who passed out of the St. Louis picture when it became apparent to Rickey or his assistants that the players were not regarded as big league prospects. In order to weed out the thousands of players corralled by the St. Louis scouts, from three to six spring training schools are held each year. The players are assembled at various points throughout the country. A central city is selected in each section to cut down as much as possible the overhead expense. Before any attempt is made to catalog the players, they are given a number as a means of identification and then given the first task that all applicants must pass to get further consideration—the speed test. I do not know what time limit is placed on the 100-yard dash, but let us say it is twelve seconds—possibly it is higher. However, any player who cannot step the 100 yards in the given limit is immediately erased from the picture as lacking the first asset every St. Louis player must possess—speed. The next test has to do with arm strength. All players are required to be able to throw the ball a certain distance. Failure to do so eliminates them, but the legs are of first importance.

Santa had the right idea all along. He knew that reindeer could keep right on going in spite of gas and rubber shortages.

The legs certainly spell "it" in all sports. The athlete is only as good as his underpinning. That goes from the knees to the toes. Bad "dogs," to use the slang of the ball field, have spelled finis to many a star's career. Speed seems to hinge on the knees, ankles and arches. Trouble at any of the three vital spots usually takes just enough away from the athlete to remove him from stardom to mere run-of-the-mine.

The greatest arm in all baseball, unless it was the one possessed by Cy Young, belongs to Walter Johnson. Johnson, in my opinion the greatest pitcher of all time, never once suffered a sore arm, never had the trainer rub it to remove kinks, the bane of every twirler. Johnson was always able to pitch superb baseball, regardless of the rest given or the lack of it.

If Walter Johnson's legs were as good as his arm, he might still be pitching big league baseball. Johnson spent a score of years in the Majors. Realizing the great value of good legs, Johnson gave more thought to that part of each spring's conditioning than to the arm. His motto was, "Get the legs in shape and the arm will take care of itself." During his first week of spring training Johnson seldom, if ever, touched a baseball. It was a case of run, run and then run some more with Johnson.

During spring training in 1927—really Johnson's last year as a regular—I saw an accident that probably was the beginning of the end of Johnson's remarkable career. The evening previous I had sat with him for a couple of hours, discussing baseball in general but pitching in particular. It so happened that I umpired the first game Johnson worked in the Majors. His dazzling speed was such that, without any professional experience, he was started on his second day with the Washington Club against the Detroit Tigers, who had a tough time beating him by a single run. For a matter of three years he was a sensation in the American League without anything that even approached a curve ball. He didn't have so much as a "wrinkle,"

Continued on page 182

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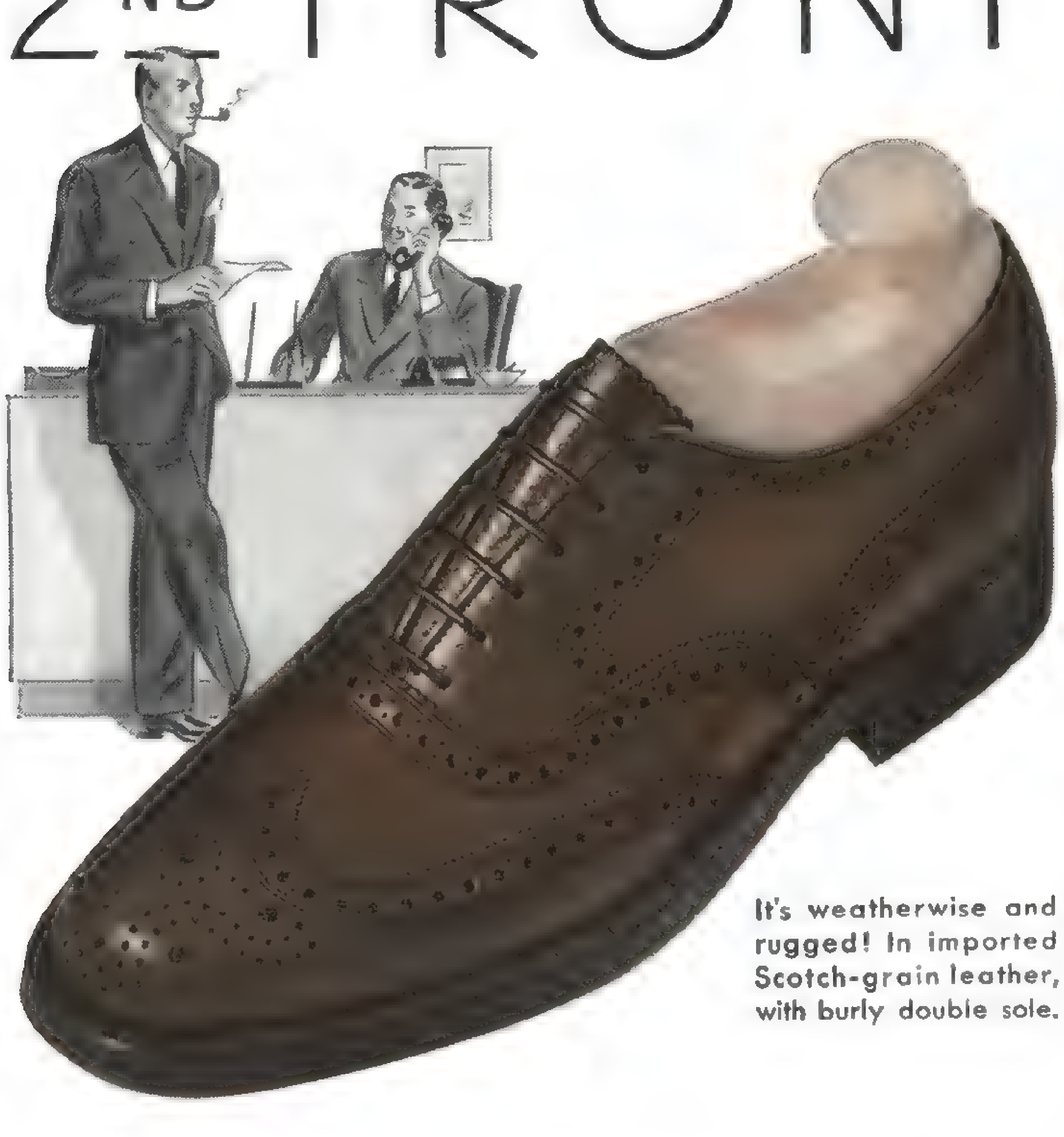

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FREEMAN

The Legs Have It in All Sports

Continued from page 181

as players say of a pitcher who tries to curve the ball and can't make it look different from a fast one. As his old catcher, Charley Street, used to say, "Why fuss about a curve when you can't see his fast one? You can't hit what you can't see."

That evening as I sat on the broad porch of the Tampa Bay Hotel discussing pitching with Johnson, he revealed these facts to me, in reply to my query as to whether he had ever had a sore arm.

"Never had any trouble with my arm from the start of my big league career, some twenty years ago. I always had a smooth, easy delivery that placed no strain on my arm. You know a fast ball has no bad effect on the arm, and that is what I have been throwing most of the time. I didn't have a good curve until after I had been pitching perhaps a dozen years. I never bothered much about perfecting a change of pace, although in recent years I have used it to throw the opposition off balance and make my fast ball seem just a little speedier. I am inclined to believe that most pitchers with a real fast ball don't bother much about smart pitching. They just throw the fast one at the batter, often pitching to his strength, and defy the batter to hit. That was my style of pitching.

"How are my legs? Well, that is something else. My legs don't compare with the old arm for strength and elasticity. I have always taken an extra long stride in pitching, throwing much of the weight of my body on my legs, the right one in particular, as I deliver the ball. My legs first told me I was slipping as a pitcher. Usually about the sixth inning a nervousness would develop in my legs because of the strain on them, which made it seem as if they were on hinges. In late years my legs have twitched far more than in my opening game against the Detroit Tigers. Often it would seem as if I were going to fall on my face, for I seemed to be staggering rather than striding as I pitched each ball."

The following day, while watching the Washington Club indulge in batting practice, I saw Joe Judge hit Walter Johnson on the ankle with a terrific line drive. At first the incident drew nothing but laughter from the rest of the club. Al Schacht, then one of the club's comedians, began to count him out in true ring manner. Nick Altrock, the other member of the comedy pair, fanned him with a towel. Johnson lay on the ground in much pain, but still able to laugh at the funny antics of the rest of the club. There was no sympathy for Johnson, only ridicule for his failure to get out of the way of the ball. For years they had kidded Walter about his awkward fielding and the size of his feet.

Johnson was helped from the field, the ankle having swollen to almost twice its normal size in a very few minutes. Yet at that time no one gave any serious consideration to the accident. Almost immune from injury, the players expected Johnson to be back on the job within a few days. I walked from my seat in the stand to the dressing room of the Washington Club, where I found Mike Martin, the highly efficient trainer of the Senators, working on Johnson's ankle, giving ice treatments in an effort to reduce the swelling so that it might be possible to get an X-Ray picture to determine the extent of the injury. To Johnson, I expressed the hope that the accident would prove to be of a minor nature and that he would be back in training within a few days. Trainer Martin expressed a similar hope, but Johnson was rather pessimistic.

"I hope a few days will bring the ankle around," he said, "but I have my doubts. I fear I have suffered a bad break. It seemed as if I could hear something snap as the ball hit me. My legs have been none too good for a couple of years, and a broken bone will just spell the finish. It takes a good pair of legs to hold up the 210 pounds that I carry around."

Never were more truthful words

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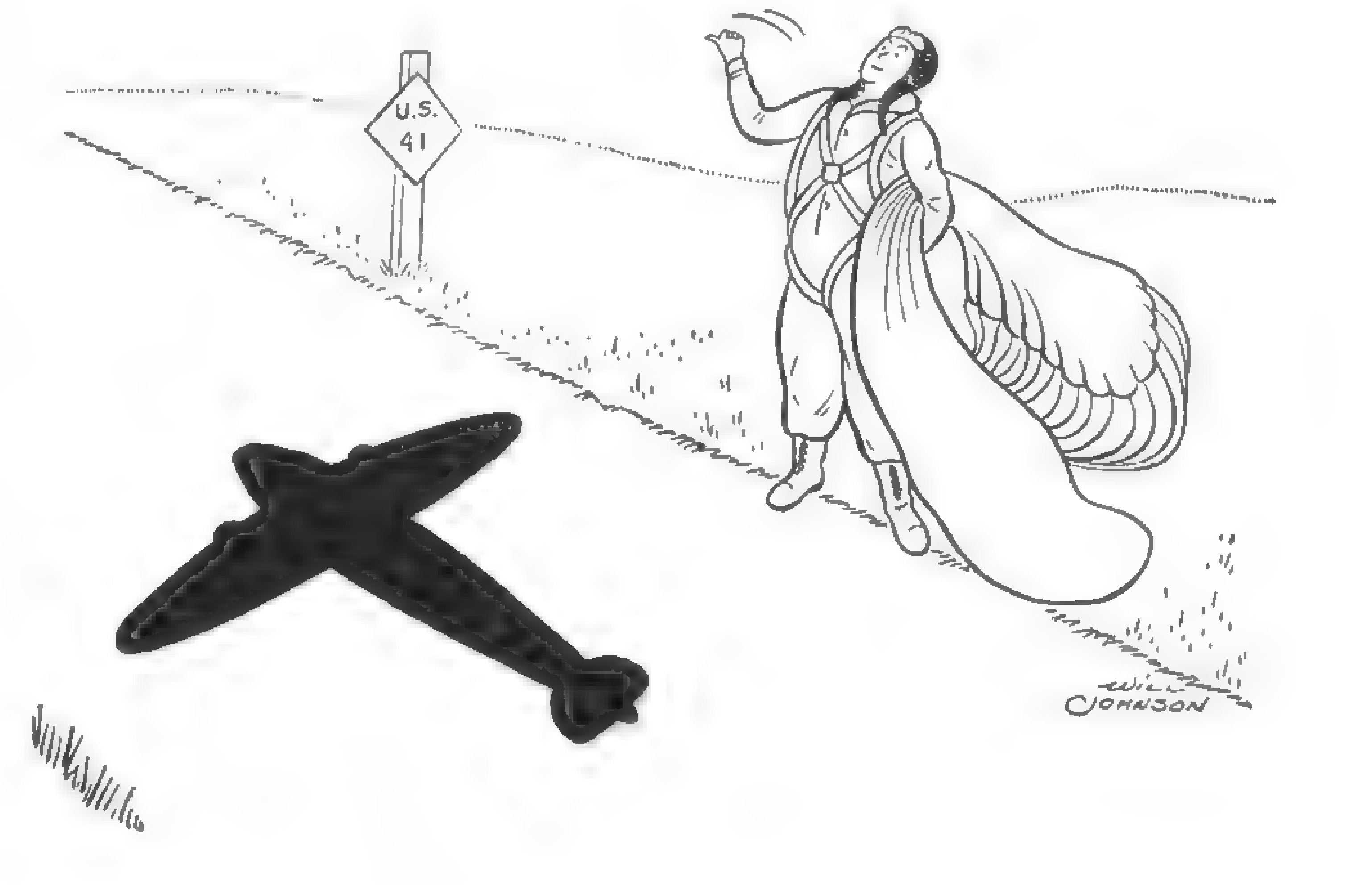

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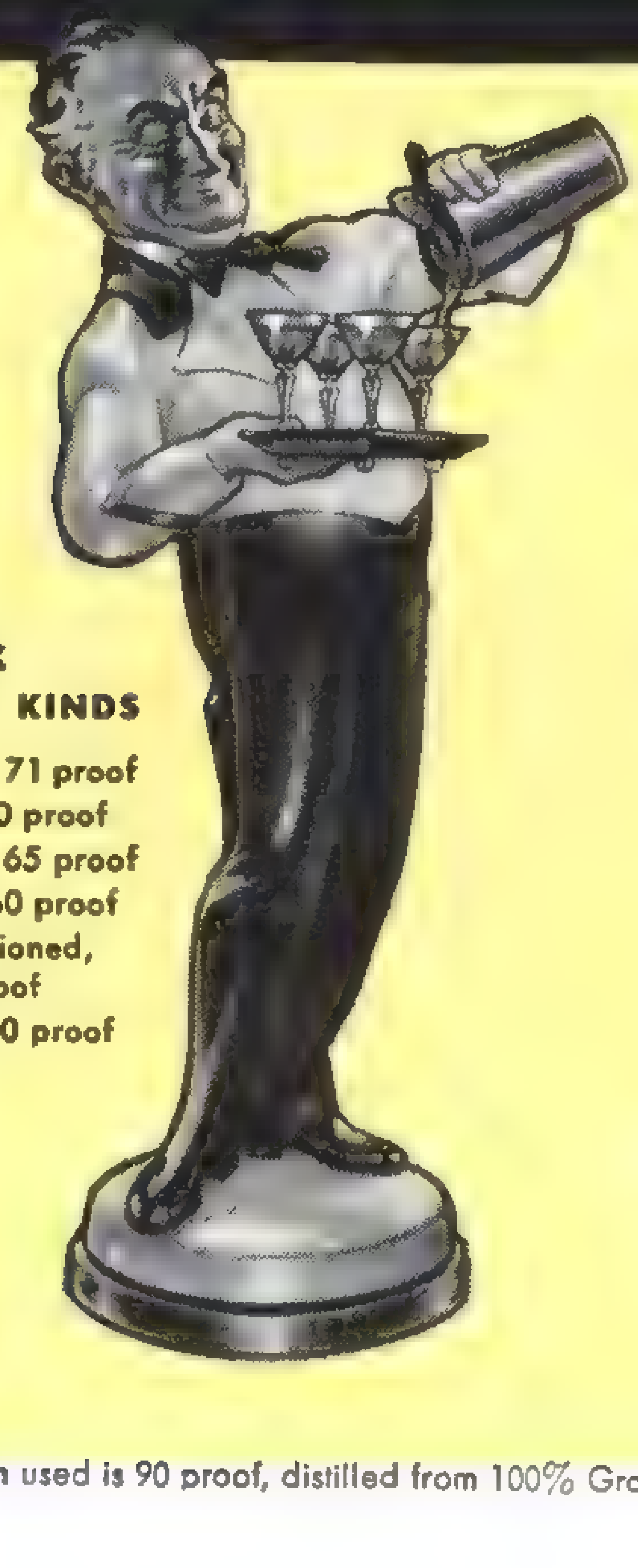

If you're finicky about your Martinis, you're probably resigned to a long, hard winter. But if you're open-minded, you'll try the Dry Martinis made by Heublein . . . and get the pleasant surprise of your life. Ready-mixed by a master mixer, these mellow marvels are made of scarce and precious Milshire Gin—*the genuine pot-still gin*—and the world's finest vermouth for Dry Martinis. You just add ice and serve.

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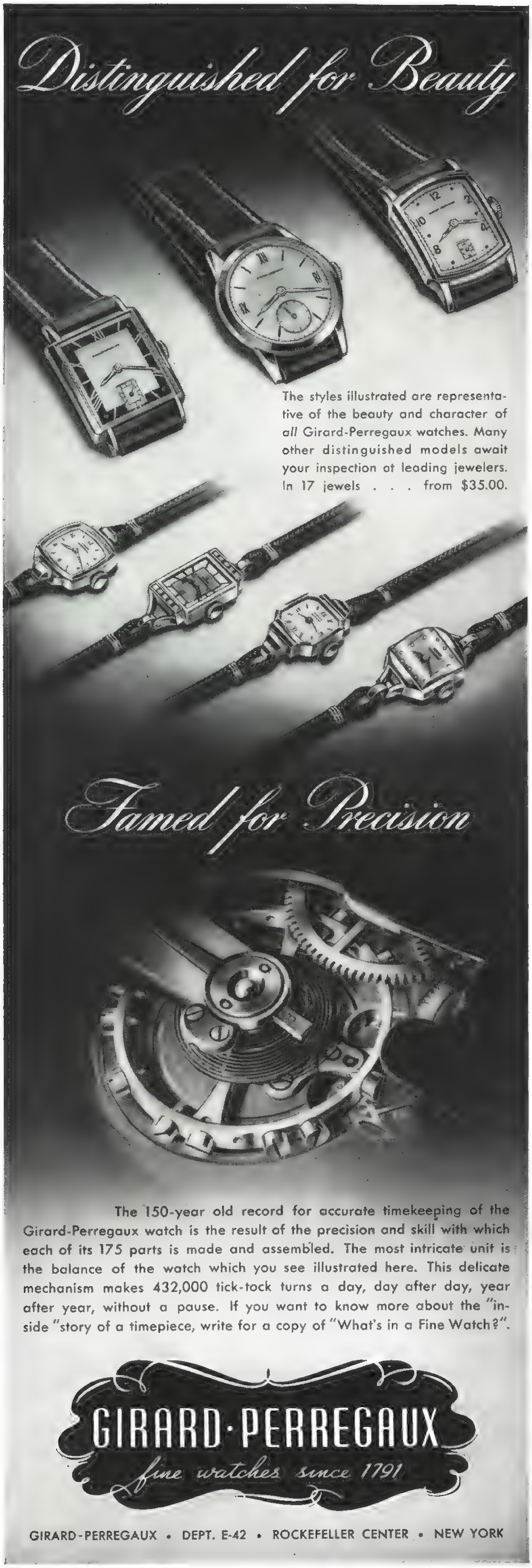

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The Legs Have It in All Sports

Continued from pages 181-182

spoken than those uttered by Johnson as he lay on the cot in the Tampa, Florida dressing room of the Washington Club. The X-Ray showed that he had suffered a bad break. It was several months before he was able to pitch, and he was far from the Johnson of old. That line drive from the bat of Joe Judge really spelled the finish of Walter Johnson as a Big Leaguer.

The "Big Train" was just one of those fellows who liked to throw that old apple more than anything else in the world. The reason he really wanted to manage a ball team after his playing days were over, he told me one time when he was managing Cleveland, was so that he could get out there every afternoon and pitch batting practice. Walter could still wind that old ball through there years after his legs had taken him out of competition, and he really enjoyed himself during the time he was out there in the sun on the hill pitching that old horsehide.

But as time went on, his legs failed him more and more. He was unable to get out of the way of the hot line drives shot back at the mound by the hitters digging in and teeing off on every pitch, assured that they would not be dusted off as in a game. Walter's legs became black and blue from the beating he took out there those days, but he hated to give up that last long lingering pleasure in the game. Nobody quite understands except an old ball player how really tough it is to give up, in the apparent full flush of manhood, the game that has been your all throughout all of your boyhood, youth and your most virile mature years. It is actually a great emotional tragedy that has been enacted in every one of the really great stars of the game—Cobb, Ruth, Speaker, Johnson . . . all of them.

The time came when Walter finally had to give up pitching batting practice because of the terrific punishment he was taking, and from that day on he lost all his interest in being a manager. That was the final wave-out of his career. But it was significant that his arm was still good; he still had hop on that old fast one for years after his legs had long ago put him off the active player list.

Walter Johnson was the Manager of the Cleveland Club, during the season of 1935 and 1936, with which I was connected as General Manager. At various times

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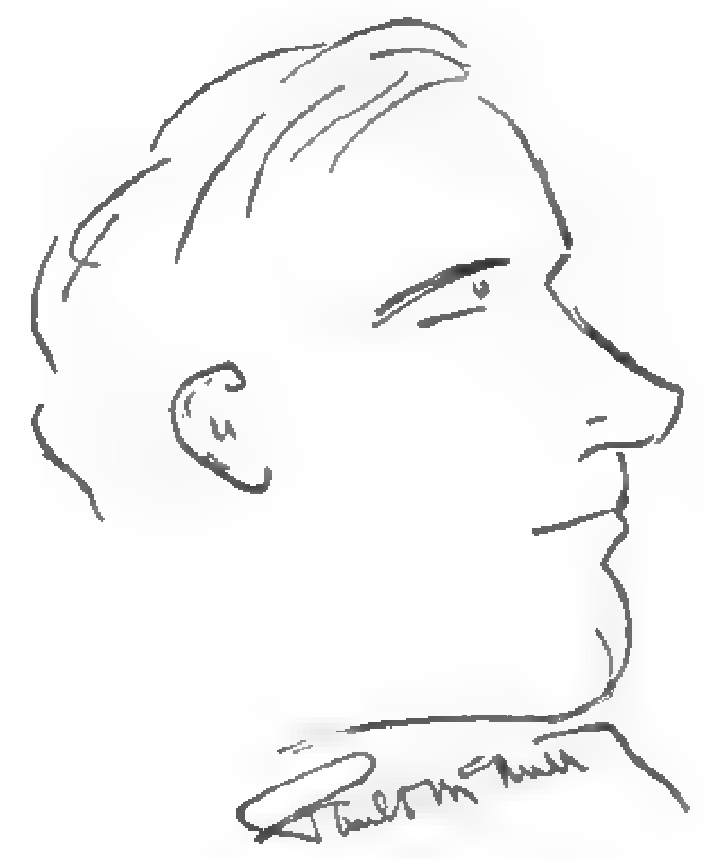


Paul V. McNutt, as sketched by himself

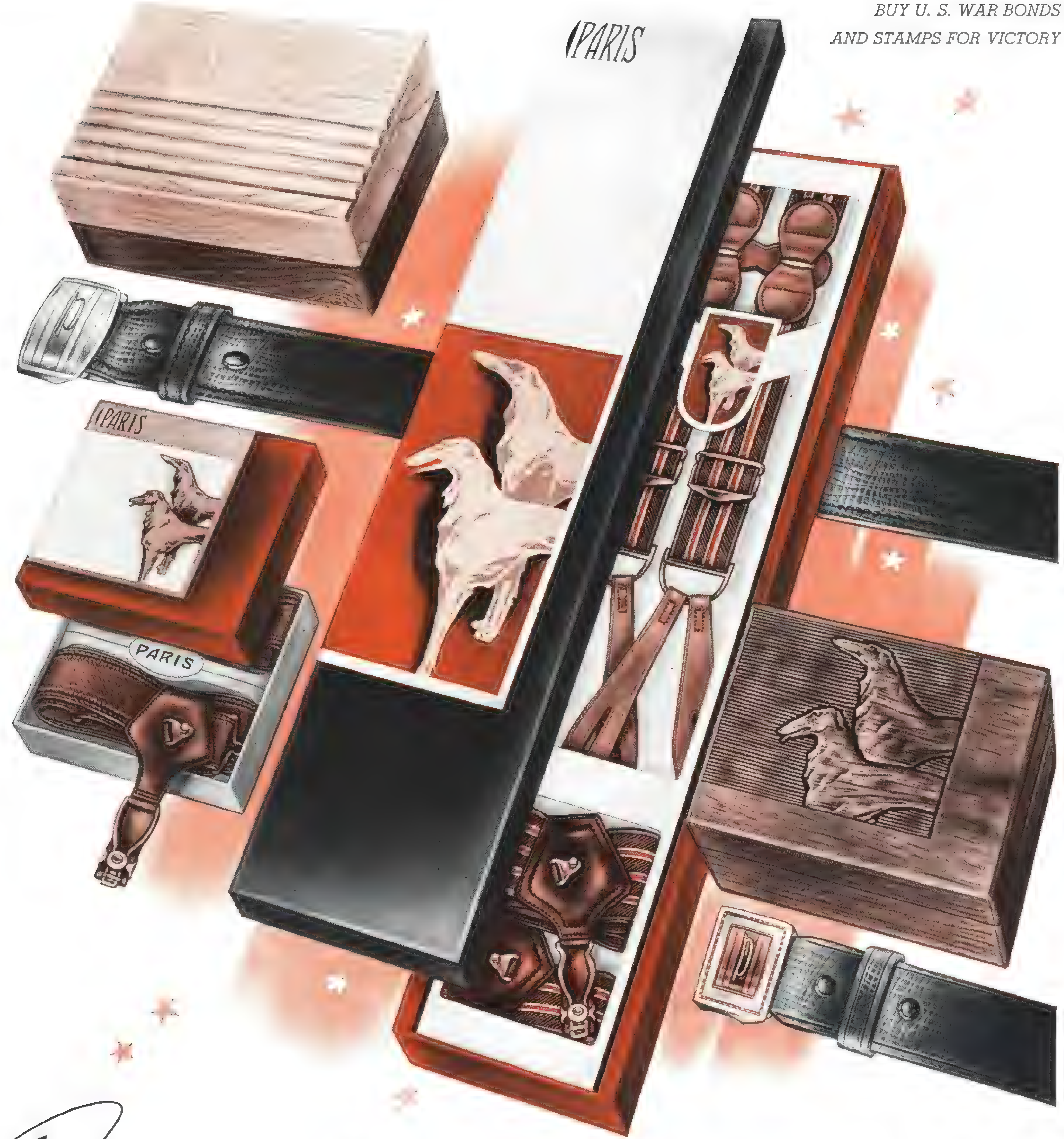
A Portrait of Paul V. McNutt

by Paul V. McNutt

Director of the War Manpower Commission
Administrator of the Federal Security Agency

No. 1 Decision: Demonstrating my faith in the state of Indiana by being born a fifth generation Hoosier on both sides of the family.
Insurance against Boredom: Taking an interest in other people's interests.
Favorite ArmchairAdventure: The study of the Civil War period, when the emotions of the nation were perhaps closer to the surface than they ever have been before or since.
Point of Pride: Taking over the governorship of a state in the red in 1933 and leaving it in the black in 1937, depression to the contrary notwithstanding.
Our Manpower Problem: The conversion of millions of men and women to war work—which must be accomplished just as deliberately and scientifically as the conversion of plants from peace to war production.
What To Do About It: If you want to enlist for war work, apply to the United States Employment Service; there are 4,500 offices, so there is one not far from you.
The New Policy: Since the dislocation of material is a lesser evil than the dislocation of human beings, bring the work to the laborers and not the laborers to the work.
Challenge to Our Universities: To examine the vocational training program and, now that we are re-learning the dignity of labor, teach the philosophy of the doers as well as of the thinkers.
My Hope and My Conviction: That our Social Security program has just begun to evolve and will not cease evolving until it has freed every last one of us from the gnawing, inhuman fear of economic insecurity.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY



Distinctive Gifts for Distinguished Service

Smart to give, smart to receive—Paris gifts for "Him"—distinctly styled, modestly priced, and famed for distinguished service. Your favorite store has the gift items illustrated, and others, too. See them today ☆☆☆ Illustrated top left—Hand boarded, lined cowhide belt with sterling silver buckle, $3. Other Paris Holiday Belt and Buckle sets, $1.50 up. Bottom left—Famously comfortable "No metal can touch you" Paris Garters in handsome fancy weave, $1. Others 35c to $1 ☆☆☆ Center—Paris Matched Set $2—"Free-Swing" Suspenders with smart leather ends—"Can't skid off your shoulders" and wide "No metal can touch you" Paris Garters. Other Holiday Sets, $2 up. Bottom right—Hand boarded, lined cowhide Belt with sterling silver buckle and gold plate center, $4 ☆☆☆ A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles

PARIS
THE SUPPORT OF A NATION

IN BETTER RAINWEAR . . . IT'S

SKINNER'S TACKLE TWILL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

There's just one really de luxe fabric in the better rainwear market today . . . and that's Skinner's TACKLE TWILL. The smart dull cotton poplin face, the smooth rayon twill back that forms a lining surface, the wearing and tailoring qualities of the fabric, are all unique.

Sales in better stores all over the country dramatically prove TACKLE TWILL'S tremendous appeal to men. It's so completely different that once you try on Skinner's TACKLE TWILL you just don't want anything else.

If you're the kind of man who takes pride in giving . . . or wearing . . . the finest of its kind, you'll take particular pride in buying Tackle Twill. For the Skinner name and the Skinner Fabric label are among the oldest and most aristocratic in fine clothing.

Place your order for Skinner's Tackle Twill Raincoats or sports jackets at your favorite store . . . and be sure to look for the identifying Tackle Twill label.

MADE OF Skinner's Tackle Twill B245 RAYON AND COTTON FABRIC TREATED WITH "Long Life Cravenette"

William Skinner & Sons

Established 1848 Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

FOURTH AVE. AT 17TH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

The Legs Have It in All Sports

Continued from pages 181-182-182B

during the season, exhibition games were booked on off days. When inquiring as to what players we would use, the request that Johnson pitch the game or at least part of it, was a part of every contract. The consensus was, "If we can advertise Johnson to pitch, the park will be packed." When I received the first request, I spoke to Johnson about going nine innings, in a kidding manner, not believing that he was equal to the task or would even care to try. His reply surprised me.

"Sure, I will be glad to pitch and will agree to go as far as my legs will hold me up. I may have to quit in the first inning and then again I may be able to go the entire route."

For two years Johnson started every exhibition game scheduled by the Cleveland Club. He never pitched less than four innings, while in several he went all the way. The small town fans marveled at his great speed after something like twenty-eight years of pitching. I am sure many wondered why he didn't take a turn on the rubber for the Cleveland Club. There is no doubt in my mind that he would have helped out, had he been certain of his legs.

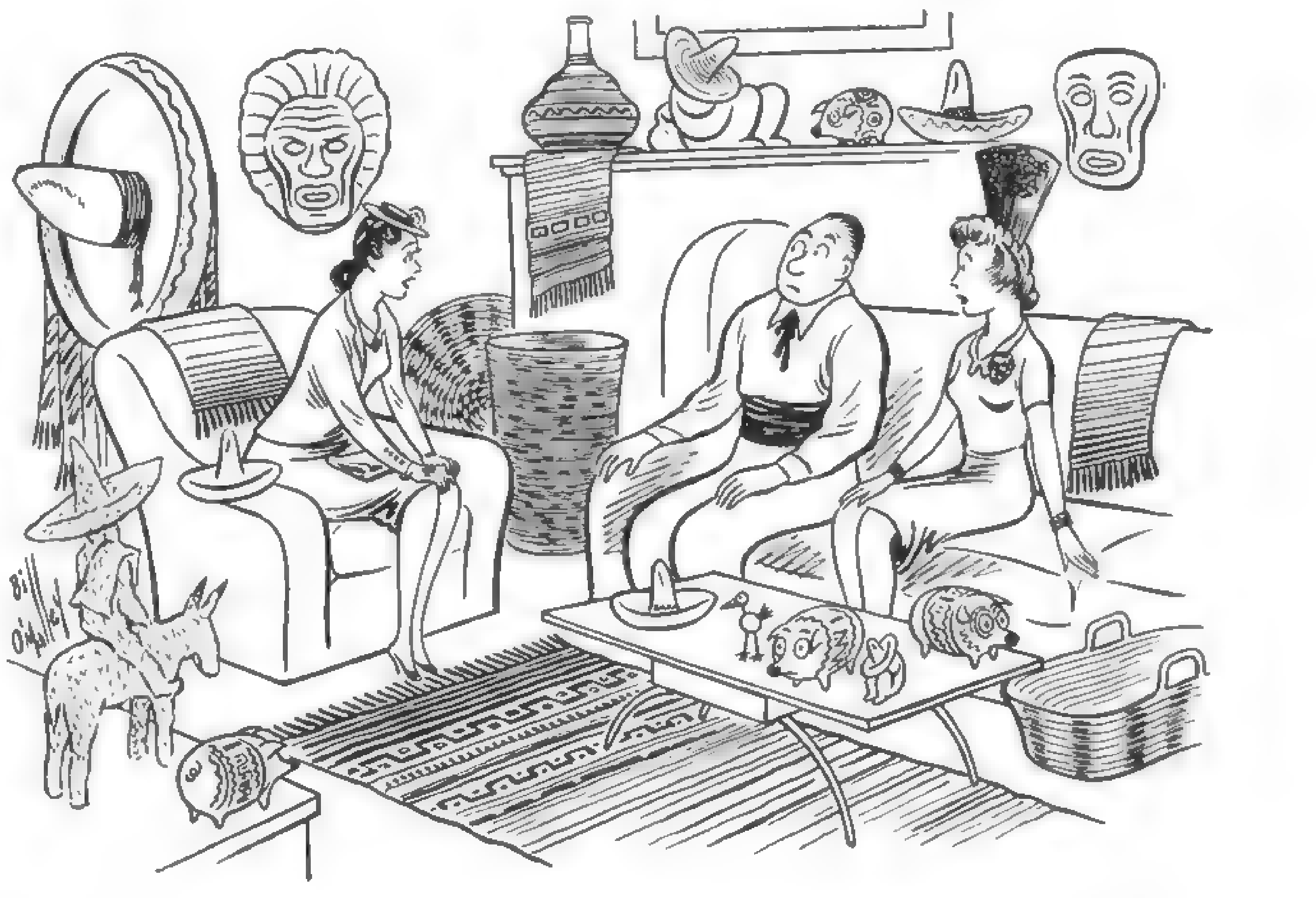
Getting away from baseball for a moment, legs saved a world fistic championship for Gene Tunney, and lack of legs lost it for Jack Dempsey. There have been few greater demonstrations of leg value in sport than the now famous second fight between Tunney and Dempsey. That bout, you will recall, was featured by the "long count." If ever a fighter made use of his legs to get himself out of danger, it was Gene Tunney in that historic seventh round of the "Battle of Chicago." Knocked down for the count of anywhere between nine and seventeen, Tunney, when he finally regained his feet, gave the neatest exhibition of picking up one's dogs and then hurriedly laying them down in a different spot, that has ever been seen in a ring. As he backed around the ring, keeping out of the way of Dempsey's wild haymakers, Tunney did everything from the one-step to the tango.

To the followers and supporters of Dempsey, who came to see a fight, and to Dempsey, who loved nothing better than a toe-to-toe encounter, Tunney's waltz around the ring was regarded in the light of "dogging" it. But to Tunney's supporters and to the layman, who leaned neither way as to the outcome, Gene's retreat was a work of art, made possible by a keen mind and a nifty pair of fast-stepping legs. That retreat saved a championship, also kept Dempsey from changing the contour of Tunney's classical features. Dempsey, on the other hand, lacked the very asset that retained for Tunney his title of the champion heavy-weight of the world—a good pair of legs. Leg speed and strength saved a title—the lack of it kept Dempsey from regaining it.

Offhand, in discussing legs, my memory goes back to the great Ty Cobb, while I still marvel at the speed of Bill Tilden, holder of many tennis titles. Tilden, after a score of years of strenuous campaigning, is still near the top among the tennisers. Ty Cobb, for even a longer time than Tilden, was tops in a more strenuous sport—baseball. Unquestionably, the legs of Tilden and Cobb comprise the four greatest legs in the history of the sport. At one stage in Tilden's career he suffered a knee injury that threatened to end his career. Nothing is worse than a knee injury to a tennis player. As a matter of fact, bad knees are perhaps the reason for more athletes passing out of the picture than any other ailment you could name. Tilden suffered his knee injury about ten years ago. For a season or two, he was just a good player—not the great Tilden—due to the fact that his style of play was cramped by the necessity for him constantly to favor the weak knee. But Tilden came back after a major knee injury—something few athletes ever do.

In all the history of sport, there never was a better pair of legs

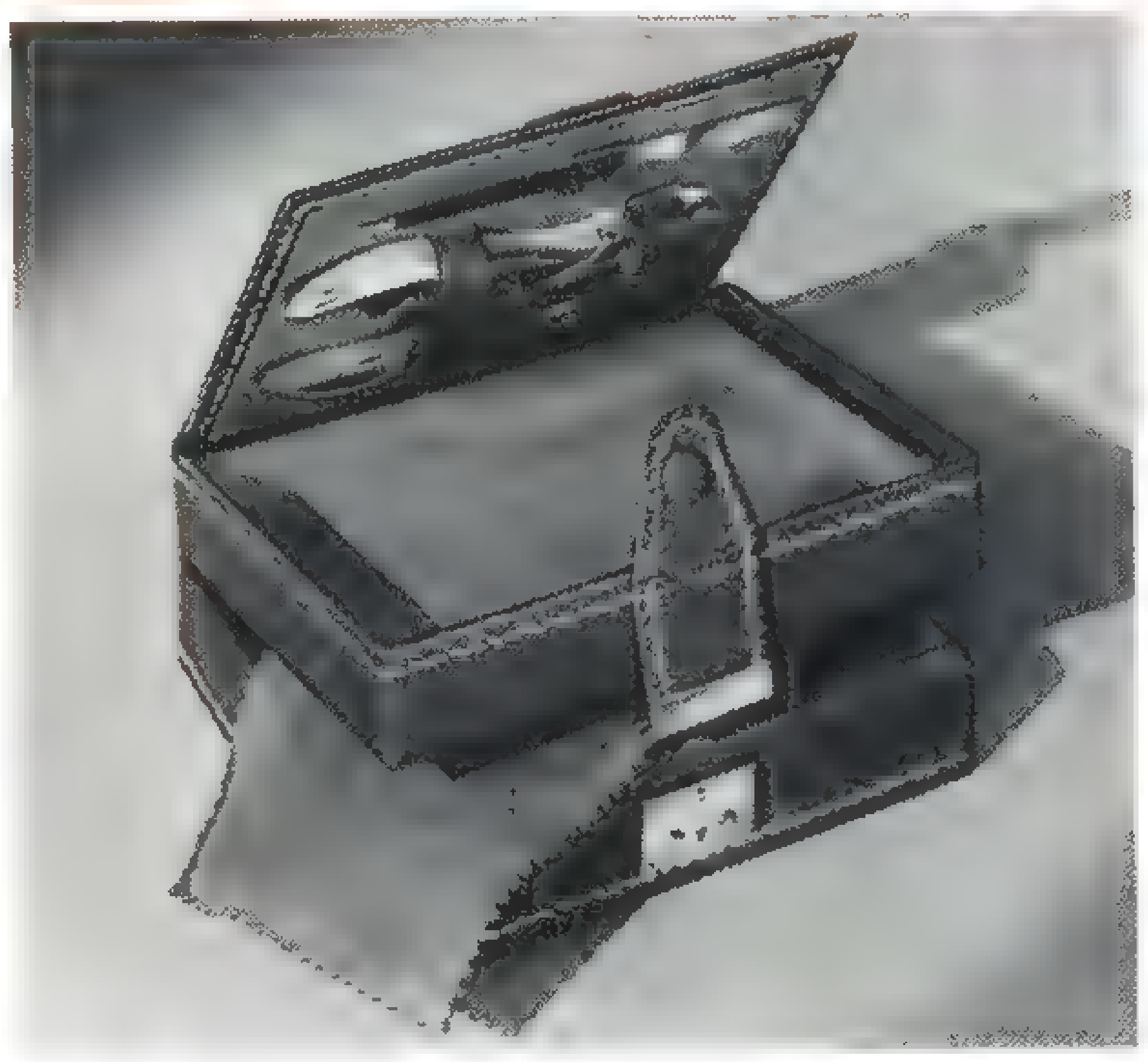
Continued on page 186



"Where did you go on your vacation?"

HIS PRESENT IS PIGSKIN

Pigskin covered Tie Clip and expanding Cuff Links, in stitched pigskin case. Set, $10.50



Superlative English Stud Box, suede lined, with manicure set in the cover, $18.50

Saddlesewn Cigarette Box for both regular and king size, $12.50. Cigarette Case, $6.50

Billfold-Pass Case, $10. Sterling mounted Comb and file Set in pigskin case, $5.75*

Practical Utility Case for his travels. Lined with oil-silk. Zipper closing, $16.50

His favourite Glove in his favourite pigskin. Knit wool lined, $7.50; unlined, $6

*Plus 10% Federal Tax

The leather he prefers . . . the gifts he finds most useful . . . the name in leather that stamps his gift as the ultimate in fine workmanship and quality. No matter who he is . . . husband, father, son or respected employer . . . your gift of sturdy, handsome and practical Mark Cross pigskin will please him tremendously. You'll find an unlimited selection at our Fifth Avenue shop in New York, and at representative stores in other cities from coast to coast.

MARK CROSS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND, NEW YORK

May we send you our booklet, "Serviceable Gifts for Service Men?"

PRINCE GARDNER
Always the Perfect Gift

for your Christmas Beau

DETACHABLE CARD CASE

The REGISTRAR

Favored by men of action for their busy way of living! Detachable card case with 9 Swing-O-Windows carries service and identification cards, snapshots, license, passes—shown at a finger flip! The card case unsnaps, leaving a thin-slim billfold worn solo for evenings. Shown: Invisible Stitch Saddle Leather in Cordovan, $5. Also Military Brown, Natural, Black. Others little as $3.50.

KEY KITS *for Men*

Easy *Push-Of-The-Thumb* action! Windows for his driver's license and ownership card. Leathers and colors to match billfolds. Shown: Saddle Leather, $2. Others little as $1.

for your Christmas Belle

Princess Gardner REGISTRAR

Make her Merry Christmas last all year—with The Registrar! Slim-trim billfold carries all her currency and cards in one packet—folds to fit palm, pocket and purse! 4 Swing-O-Windows for cards, identification, etc. . . . gusseted pocket for coins, keys. Six gala colors. Shown: Gypsy Red in Genuine Saffian, $3.50. Also in Glade Green, Leaf Brown, Ebony, Hurricane Blue, Mulberry. Others little as $2.50.

The CASHMATE

Detachable bellowed pocket for small change 'n' keys. Identification window, roomy bill section. Same smart colors as The Registrar. Shown: $2.

The DOODLE-BUG

Neatly caches coins and keys in bellowed pocket. Roomy identification window. Bill compartment. Shades to match The Registrar! Shown: $1.

KEY KITS *for Women*

Ingenious *Push-Of-The-Thumb* action spares her fingernails! Windows for driver's license, etc. Leathers to match billfolds. Shown: $1. Others to $2.

At Better Stores Everywhere, or Write
PRINCE GARDNER
2025 S. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Creators of the "Invisible Stitch" Billfold

The Legs Have It in All Sports

Continued from pages 181-182-182B-184

than those owned by the great Ty Cobb. For a quarter of a century Cobb put his legs to every severe test possible on the ball field. There have been other batters just as good as Ty Cobb, but there never was a greater all-around ball player. Few players have had greater speed than Cobb—certainly no one had more daring. On the bases, Cobb threw caution to the winds; he asked no quarter from opposing infielders. Cobb's keen mind, his ability to outguess the opposition, his aggressiveness coupled with perhaps the most deceptive slide ever developed by a ball player, made him baseball's most feared athlete, a constant menace to the opposition.

The most unusual pair of legs in all the history of sport, to my way of thinking, belong to Babe Ruth. From the time he broke into the Big Show as a pitcher until he made his exit in 1935, Ruth's legs have been the marvel of the baseball world. Weighing 225 pounds during most of his big league career, covering a score of years, Ruth supported that weight on a pair of legs that were built to carry around about 150 pounds with comfort and safety. Those spindly legs seemed fairly to creak under the weight the Babe carried. His peculiar lope and mincing steps called all the more attention to his grotesque underpinning. Despite his weight, for a big man, Ruth was mighty fast and somehow those legs proved equal to the task, although they were constantly threatening to break down under him. The last three or four years of his career the weak underpinning gave way, and the Babe's efforts to cover ground were pathetic. He would run in one place and get nowhere, even though he was going through the motions of covering a lot of ground. The legs, or rather the lack of them, wrote finis to the career of Babe Ruth. I still think he would be a good pinch-hitter for some big league club, even though it might be necessary to move him from the bench to the home plate in a wheel chair.

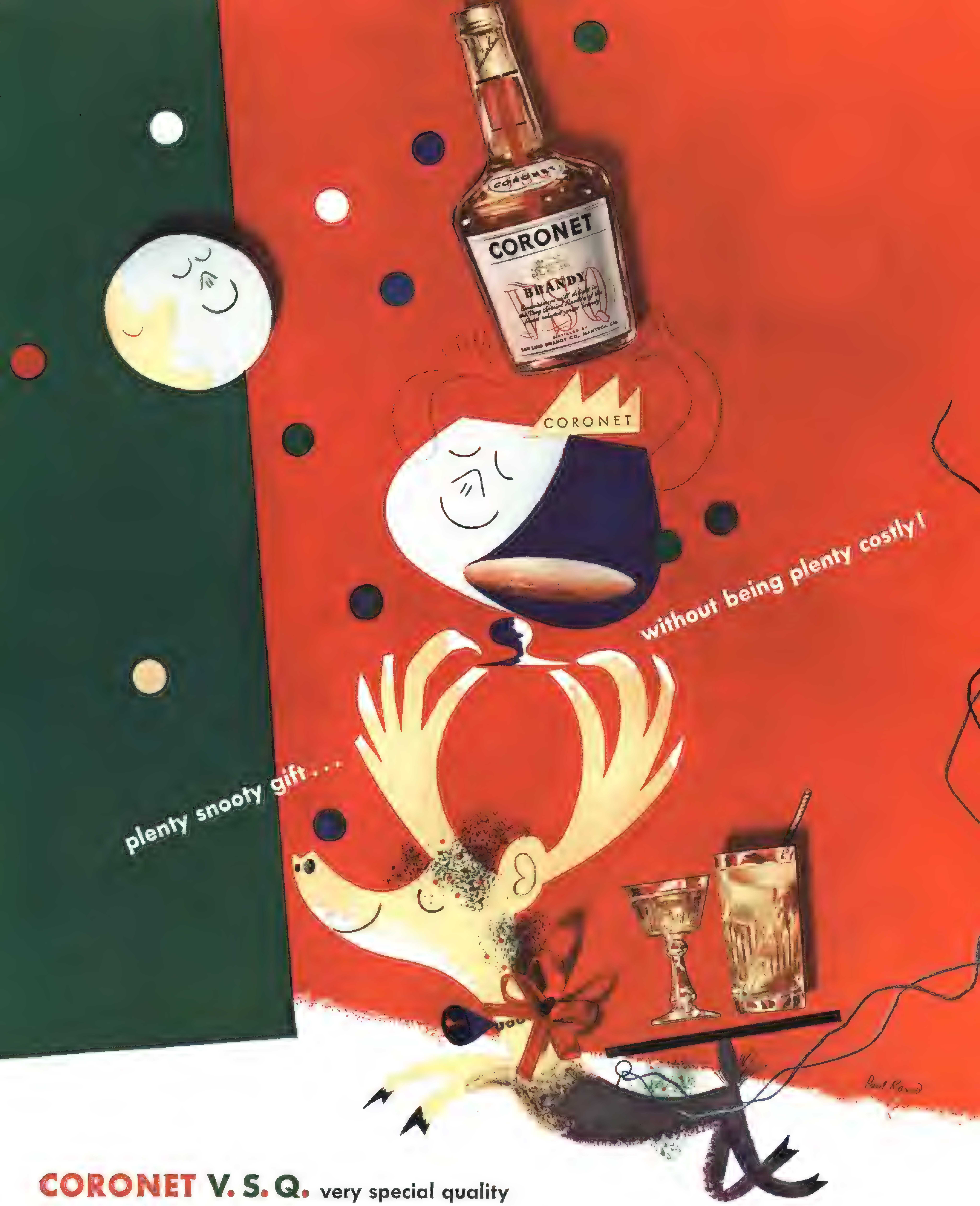
Some of the driest things in existence are the Sahara Desert, Fred Allen's humor, and the average Christmas tree after it has been more than eight hours in a steam-heated apartment.

"Red" Grange of Illinois, known to gridiron fans as the "Galloping Ghost," had a marvelous pair of legs—the only pair that I can recall that compared with those of Ty Cobb for durability and speed. When Grange quit the gridiron he was anything but slow after something like fifteen years of football, a game that demands much of the legs, takes plenty out of them. Football ordinarily takes more out of legs than baseball, slows the athlete up quicker, but Cobb played a different game of baseball from that of any other player in all the history of the sport. Ty put his legs to a test that was equal to what football demanded of Grange.

Speed makes for thrills in any sport. Cobb's great speed gave an added thrill to everything he did. He was credited with hundreds of base hits that a slower man would have lost. His nimble legs helped him to complete many a remarkable play in the field that a less agile athlete would not have reached. His fleetness of foot caused the opposition to be constantly on edge, made them hurry the play at all times, invariably to Cobb's advantage. The anxiety of the opposition made many a break for Cobb that would not have been the portion of a slower player. Opposing players always referred to Cobb breaks as pure luck, when, as a matter of fact, the fear the opposition had of Cobb's remarkable physical assets really made the breaks.

If you have ever seen Glenn Cunningham run; if you have ever lamped Red Grange stepping the length of the field for a touchdown, or marveled as Ty Cobb went from first to third on an infield hit, you realized it was the extra speed that made these feats possible, a tribute to a pair of legs.

Invariably the legs go first in sports. Cobb could have gone on had not his great legs finally quit on him. Babe Ruth had the same experience. Faltering pins kept Jack Dempsey from winning back the heavyweight title from Tunney, while a good pair of legs enabled Gene to retain it. Slowness of foot on the part of those who first gained fame through their great speed is a fatal handicap in baseball, football, tennis, ring or track. Yet there is a decided difference in legs. A different set of muscles is called for in the sprint than in the marathon. The speedy back has an entirely different pair of legs than has the line smasher. The trained legs of a baseball star differ from those of the football star. The baseball legs must stand a grind of 154 games, while ten games is a hard schedule for the football player. Truly, the legs are "it" in all sports. When you see some star suddenly drop out of the sport picture, you can rest assured that his underpinning finally quit on him.



CORONET V. S. Q. very special quality

Cap your own holiday climax this year with the thoughtful gift of Coronet, America's handy brandy! Depend on its three-way versatility to make a three-way hit...Coronet is equally delicious with soda, mixed in a side-car cocktail, or served straight as a de luxe liqueur. This great Yankee Doodle Brandy, made by top-skilled experts in our own California distillery, is writing its own tradition right here in America. Give Coronet! Try Coronet! Taste it yourself...today!

50c for unique Coronet snifter...yours without advertising, special brandy snifter of thin, hand-blown crystal glass with snooty face and crown (illustrated above), satin-etched on side. 33 oz., 6" high. Order one or more. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to Schenley Distillers Corp., P. O. Box 78, dept. B. N. Y. C.

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York, N. Y.

America's handy brandy!

Ready for Action

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

America's only PRE-SMOKED *Pipes*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

America's Biggest Selling Pipes
In Their Price Class

The New DR. GRABOW *Tru-Grain*
The Perfect Gift

NO BITE • NO BITTER TASTE
NO BREAKING IN

\$1.50 AND \$2 *Gift Boxed*

DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes are ready for smooth, sweet pipe enjoyment at the very first puff... for these come to you mechanically broken-in ... a grand Christmas gift.

DR. GRABOW *Tru-Grain*
A GRAIN CREATED BY NATURE
\$3.50 *Gift Boxed*

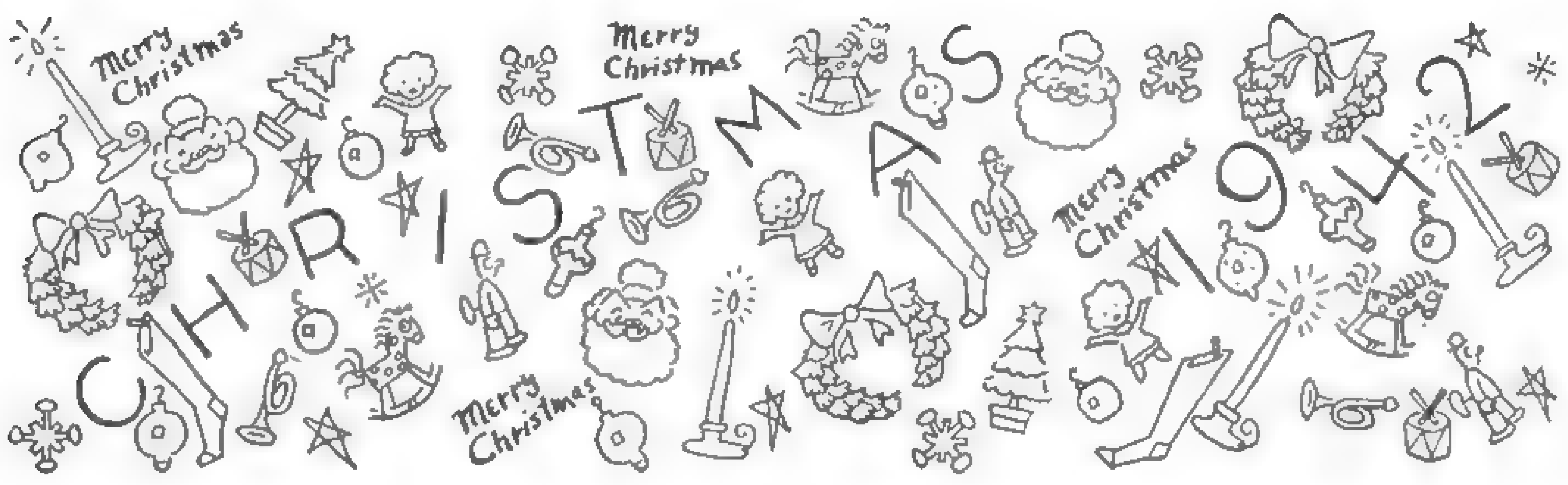
Pre-Smoked ... ready for action ... a pipe of unexcelled beauty and character. The red glow of its sunburst grain is nature's outward sign of the cool, sweet, smoking qualities that lie within this fine, centuries-old root.

Fashioned by
M. LINKMAN & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Linkman's exclusive Pipe-Smoking Machine duplicates the slow, deliberate puffing of an experienced smoker to produce DR. GRABOW pipes . . . America's only Pre-Smoked Pipes.

FOR VICTORY
BUY U. S. WAR
BONDS and STAMPS

Ad-Libbing with Esquire



A word to the spies is too much.

MEMORY & HAPPINESS

One of our clever friends says the happiest people in the world are the ones with the best memories. He contends the reason for this is that when the going gets tough they escape into the past. Then it follows that the stronger the memory—the more complete the escape. While we were in the dentist's chair the other day we tried to recall a pleasant party of a year ago but were unable to transport ourself from that Sadist's chair.

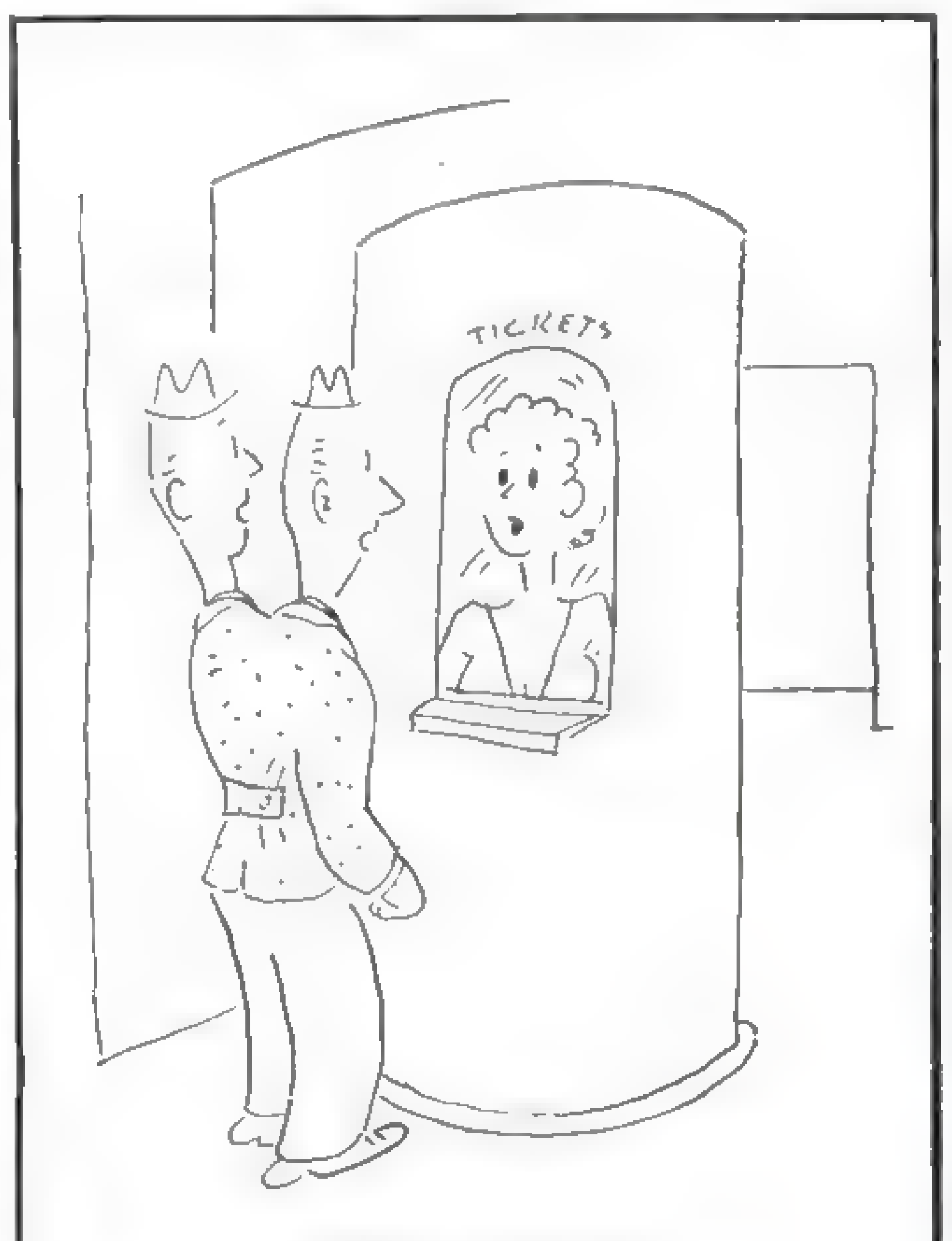
But if there are people who can escape unpleasantness by using memory, then it follows that the men with the best memories are the happiest . . . that should mean that the experts of *Information Please* are the happiest people in the World—I wonder if they are?

When good little gag writers die they go to Hollywood and write for Bob Hope . . . He tells gags so well.

DANCING GIRLS AND MOVIES

We think we get into the spirit of a moving picture as well as most people . . . we get the chill feeling from a background of snow, or feel the rock of the boat when the camera is at sea, and we feel the depth of an Orson Welles picture. There are many backgrounds and situations we relish but when it comes to chorus girls dancing in movies we simply can't go for it . . . it always shocks us how damn flat they look . . . yes, we'll continue to take our chorus girls in the flesh.

Every morning I get on my electric exerciser and the rest is done by machine. My lazy colon is shaken awake, my sluggish liver is stimulated, my backbone is cracked and snapped till the kinks are taken out of it. My slightly rotund buttocks are rocked from side to side in a reducing fashion. My stomach is gently rumbled. My shoulders are shaken till I reach out and grab hold. All this goes on with little or no effort on my part . . . but you probably know all about it . . . you probably ride on the street car too.

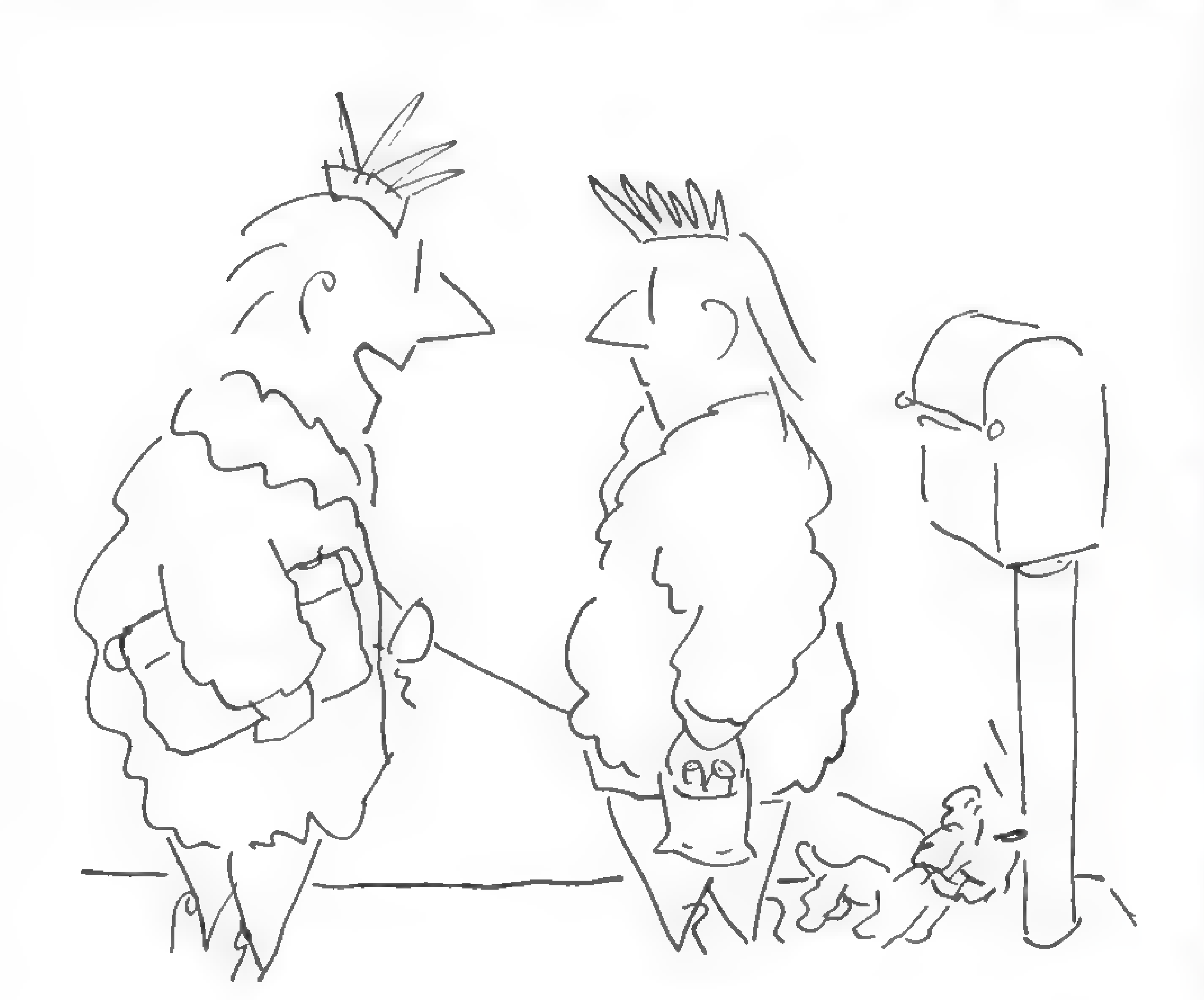


"How many?"

DIGEST DEPARTMENT

For the first time in any magazine we present not a condensed book, or two condensed books, but the entire works of De Maupassant condensed to one sentence . . . "Every Woman is Different but all Men are the Same."

Continued on page 188



"My husband likes me better with my gas mask on"

"Tae your tr-r-uly Scotch weelcome ..an' your tr-r-uly weelcome Scotch"

He who serves Teacher's
is assured that his guests will
appreciate his choice of Scotch.

"It's the flavour"
HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
W^m TEACHER & SONS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

86 PROOF

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

SOLE U. S. AGENTS:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

Now! World-famous Kentucky Tavern is 6 years old!

20% Older..
Smoother..
Mellower..
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
ONE QUART . 100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
ONE QUART ONE QUART

Switching to Bourbon? Start with America's finest... Kentucky Tavern!

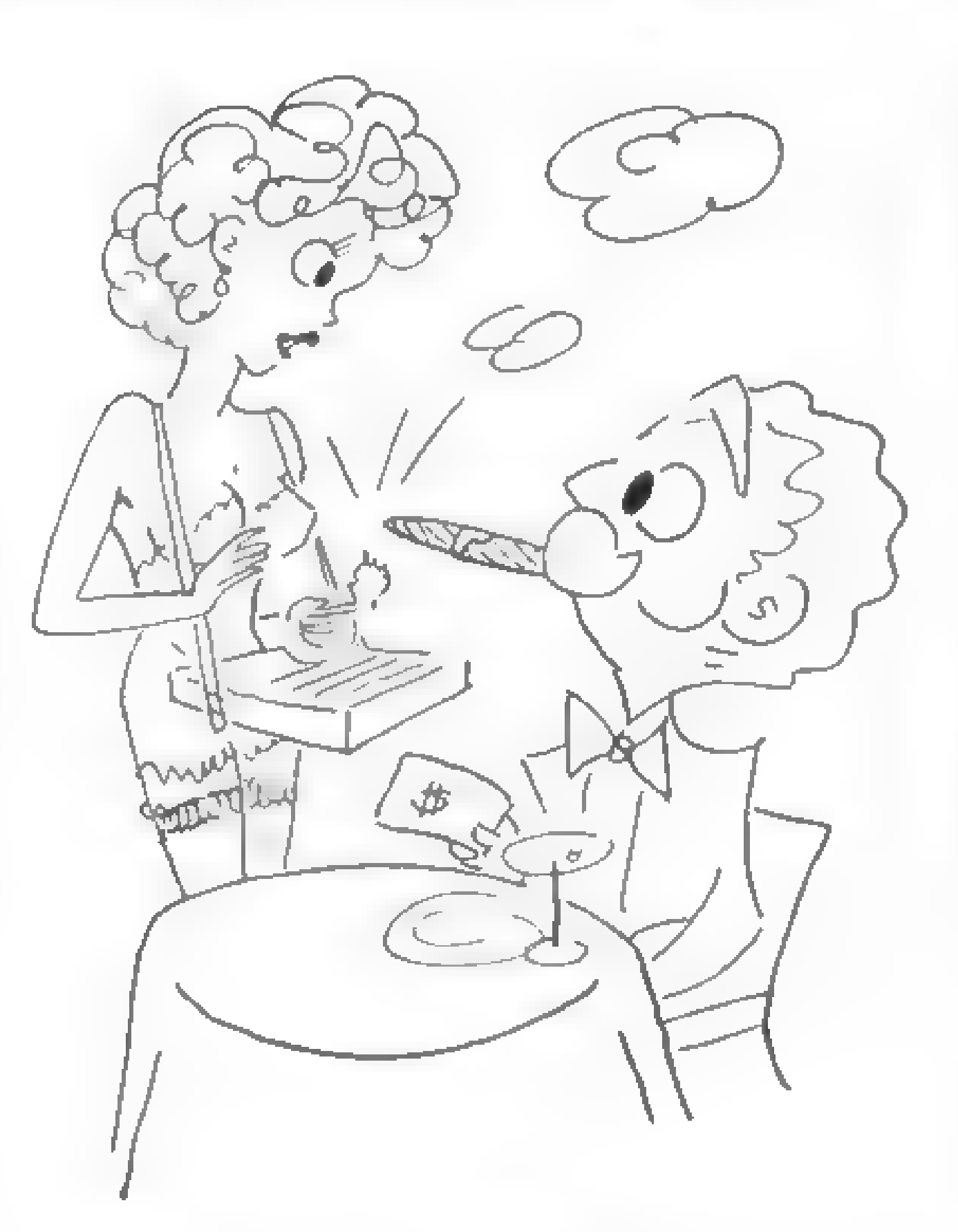
BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Ad-Libbing with Esquire

Continued from page 187

Did you hear about the fellow who listened to the big One Hour Program for China Relief . . . he was affected . . . so deeply affected he went out and bought some Chop Suey.

A Bighearted Girl is one who says never mind burning any gas, she will just come over and sit in your car—in the garage.



Nothing can defrost a cigaret girl so quickly as forgetting your change.

When we were a very small boy in a small town in Colorado, colds were given the axe treatment. This is not nearly so drastic as it sounds. When the kid broke down with a cold his chest was rubbed with goose grease, a wool sock was wrapped around his throat and he was stuck in bed. If he was not improved in the morning, then the axe treatment.

In this treatment someone brought in the cold axe from the woodshed and the mother burned a clean piece of cotton cloth on the side of it. As the cloth burned, the cold axe sweated, and this sweat was carefully collected and rubbed on the sore throat and chest. It was all very impressive with the fire and all, and I can tell you it made a fellow feel mighty important. About the medicinal value I will not argue, but it was fun.

The Man Who Ruined Baseball

From a newspaper column of 1964

Dear Miss Ann Tiny: Why don't men and boys play baseball anymore? Curious.

Dear Curious: All on account of a Man named George Foreski baseball is not played anymore. Mr. Foreski joined the Philadelphia Phillies as an outfielder in 1944 and attracted little attention until the following year, after he had been hit on the head with a beer bottle in a brawl. Immediately after the accident he started batting 1.000. It seemed that the hit on the head made him have perfect eyesight. During the year 1944 baseball had the biggest attendances in its history. Wherever Foreski played the parks were jammed. He never missed the ball. He always hit and always hit safely. Cigars and babies were named after him . . . he endorsed everything from breakfast foods to nightcaps. He was the greatest hero sports ever had.

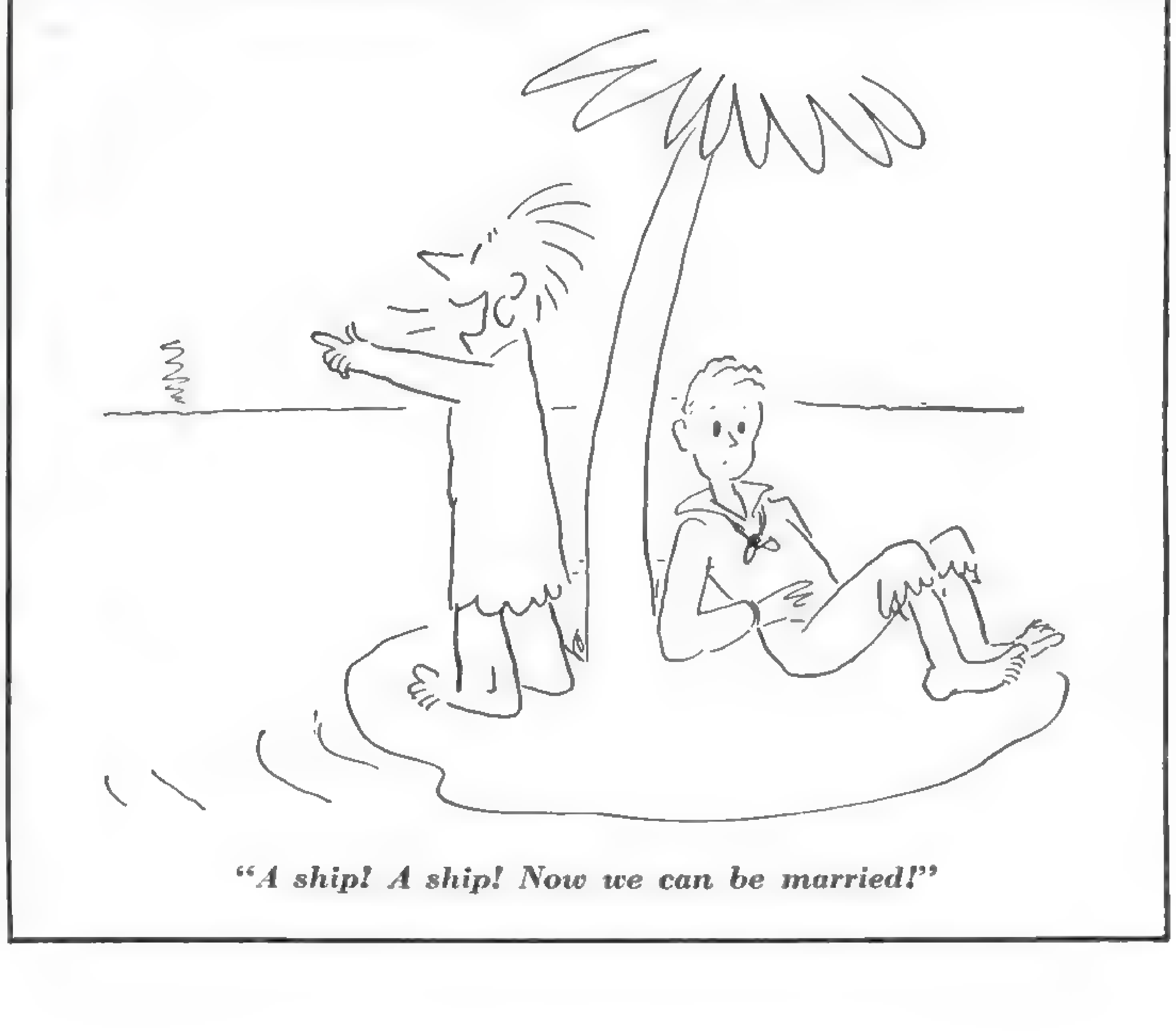
But the following year everything was different. It suddenly seemed to dawn on the Public that if Foreski never missed there was no thrill in it, so they began to lose interest in him. Attendance fell off at the ball park and breakfast food sales fell so fast the advertising world was astonished.

There was nothing the Big Leagues could do, because the Public refused to go see anyone not as good as Foreski and they refused to go see Foreski.

Years passed and the baseball parks became Housing Projects. Then someone thought he would try and revive baseball. But immediately Foreski came out of retirement on crutches, and batted 1.000 again, so the effort was doomed.

Lately there has been a rumor that someone else will try to revive baseball, but we are informed that no one with money will back any such venture until he is positive that George Foreski is dead and buried.

Continued on page 190



"A ship! A ship! Now we can be married!"

100%
Every Hartmann Employee is gladly having money deducted *Every Pay Day* for the purchase of *U. S. War Savings Bonds!*

This Christmas

GIVE WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND HARTMANN LUGGAGE-

Both are Investments for the Future!

Every War Bond you give this Christmas is a visa to Victory and a passport to peace—and, while each gift of Hartmann Luggage conserves clothes in keeping with today's needs, it will hold its beauty for that bright tomorrow when planes, trains, ships and highways will again be gay with travelers' laughter echoing along the peaceways of the world.

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

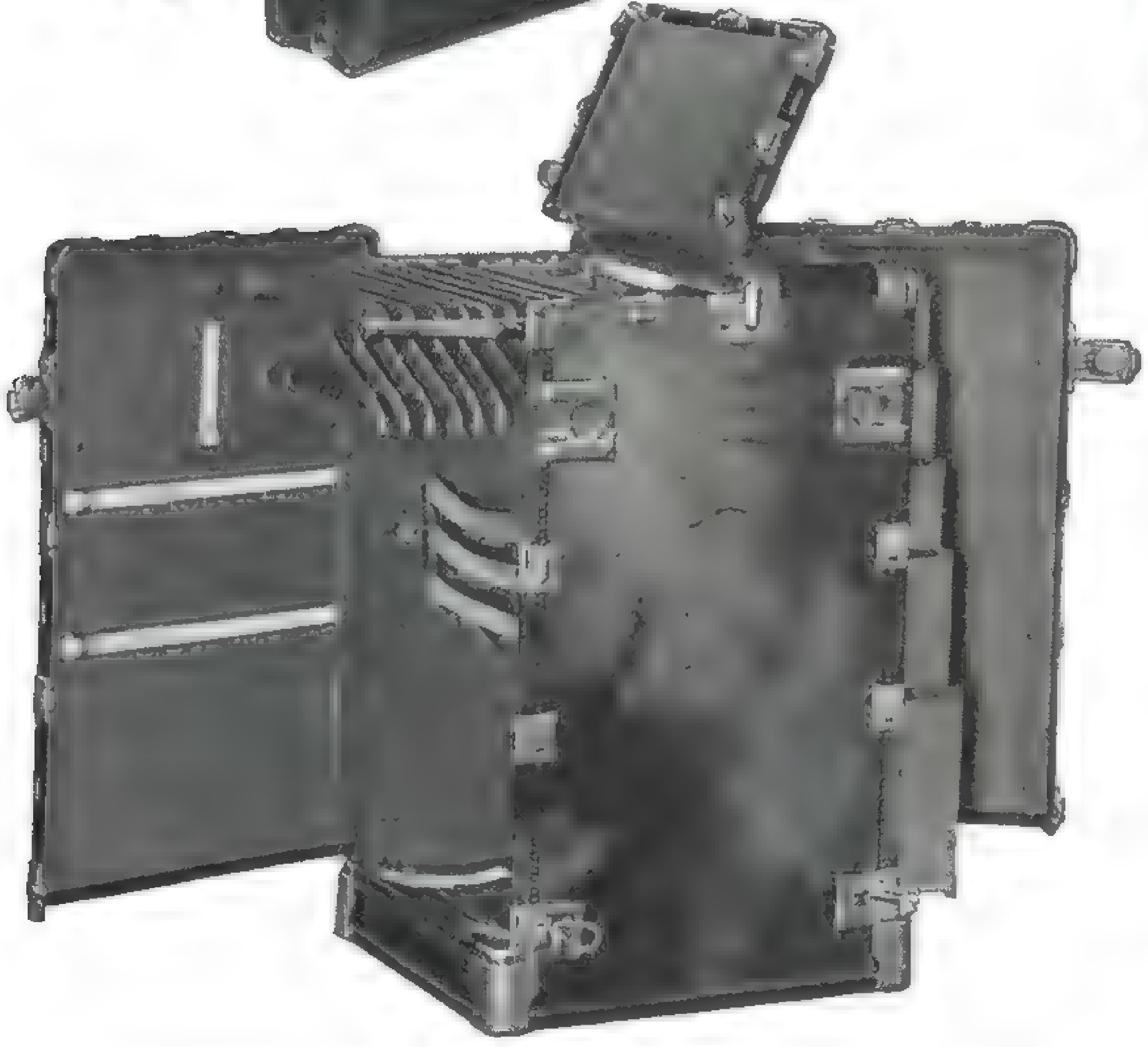
HARTMANN
Luggage

THE KNOCABOUT (shown open) holds two suits on hangers, wrinkle free. Plus accessories. $29.50 to $235.

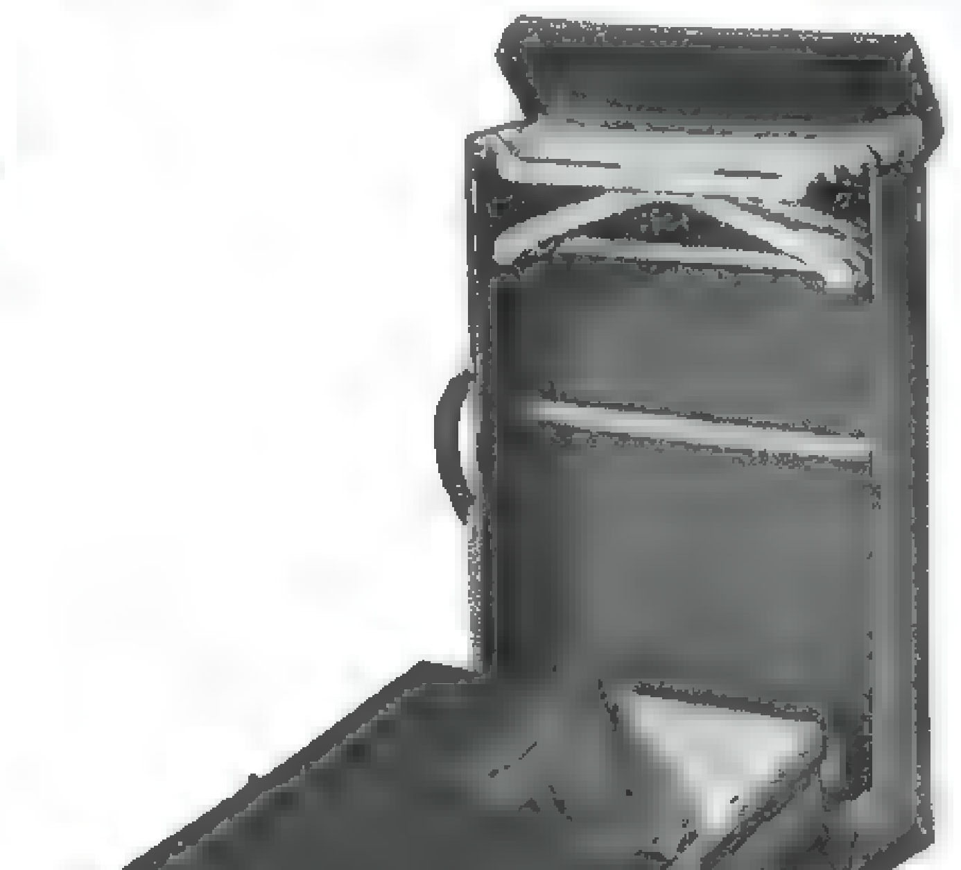
THE O'NITE KNOCABOUT AND KNOCABOUT (shown closed). O'Nite is a companion piece for accessories and priced from $26.50 to $157.50.

MADEMOISELLE: 4 to 6 dresses on hangers, generous accessory space; pocket for shoes. $22.75 to $35.50.

SKY-ROBE: 4 to 8 dresses sans wrinkles on hangers; plus room for other apparel. $19.75 to $200.



WARDROBE TRUNK: The ideal gift for a family or boy or girl going to school. $45 to $355.



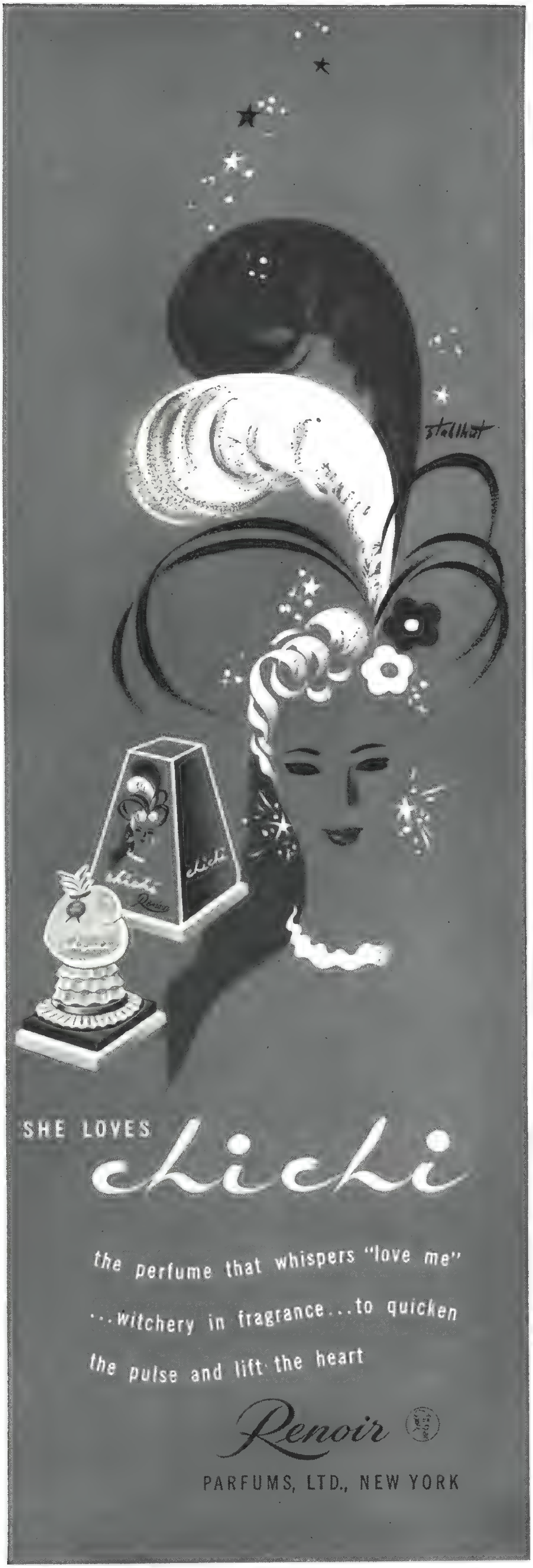
TOUROBE: For Pullman, ship or auto travel—a wardrobe-trunk-in-miniature. $25 to $115.

BONDSTREETER: Suits on hangers in tray. Space for other apparel. 2 or 3 suit size. $27.50 to $255.

VANITY FAIR: 4 to 6 dresses, accessories. Cellophane bags for formals. $35 to $205.

Prices slightly higher Denver, West

GIFT OF THE YEAR... FOR YEAR-ROUND GIVING


stallhut
chichi
SHE LOVES chichi
the perfume that whispers "love me"
...witchery in fragrance...to quicken
the pulse and lift the heart
Renoir
PARFUMS, LTD., NEW YORK

Ad-Libbing with Esquire

Continued from pages 187-188

Veronica Lake has a beautiful mask-like face, but darned if we can tell whether there is anything behind it or not.

We almost didn't go to see the revival of Chaplin's *Gold Rush* for fear the flicker of the old fashioned pictures would spoil a sweet memory. But we went, and by some magic the film is as clear and steady as though it were made this year, only its undated humor tells you it wasn't.

All the working girl wants from man is his seat on the streetcar, his salary every payday—and his job.

It is the little things in life that defeat us, like a sore finger when we are to play a concerto or a split lip when we have a date with a million dollar baby.

Nowadays when you tell a girl you are out of gas she believes you.

I love my little doggie
My little doggie loves me
But not quite so much
As he loves a big tree.

Be a gentleman—tip your hat to everything not chewing tobacco—it might be a woman.

Aah for the good old days when the women used to get the worst of it once in a while.

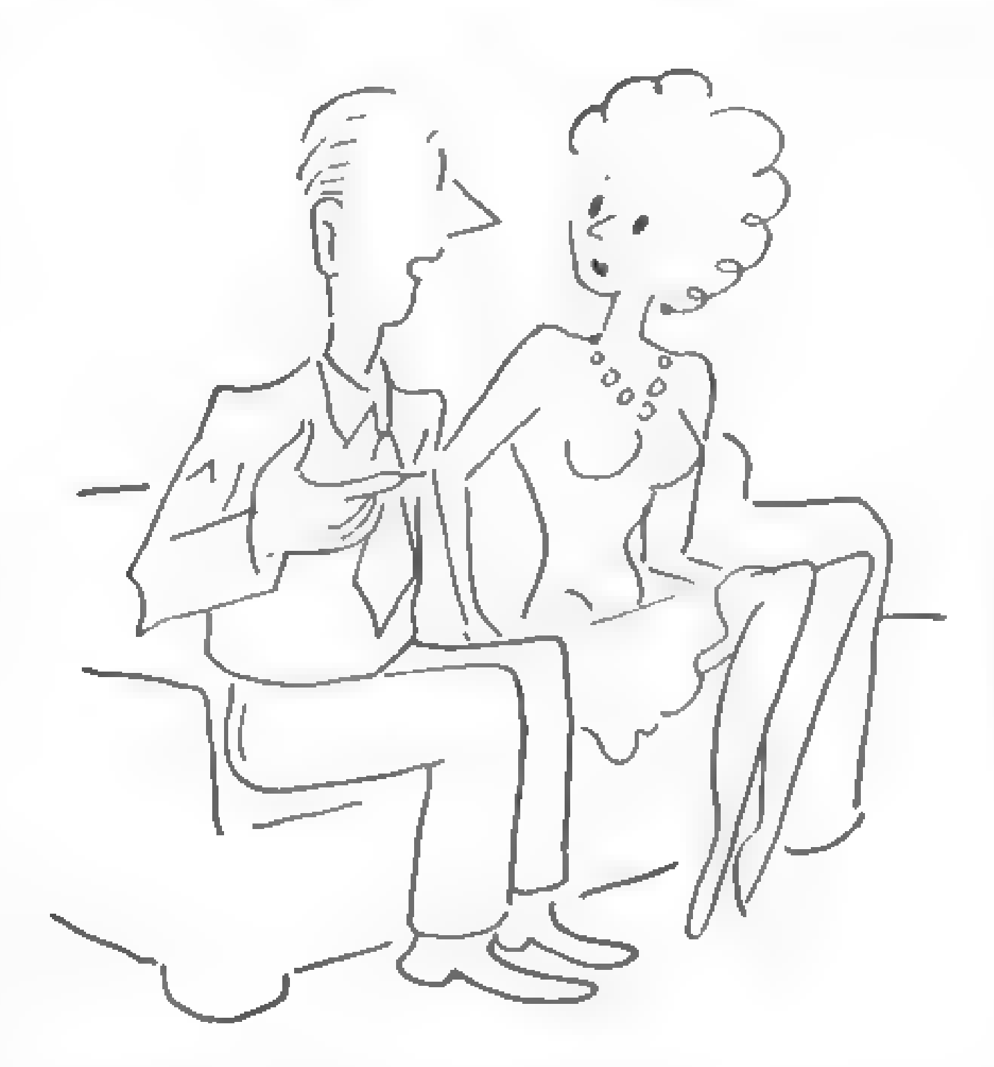
Definition

Time: The stuff between paydays.

Friend: Someone who will listen to you if you will listen to him.

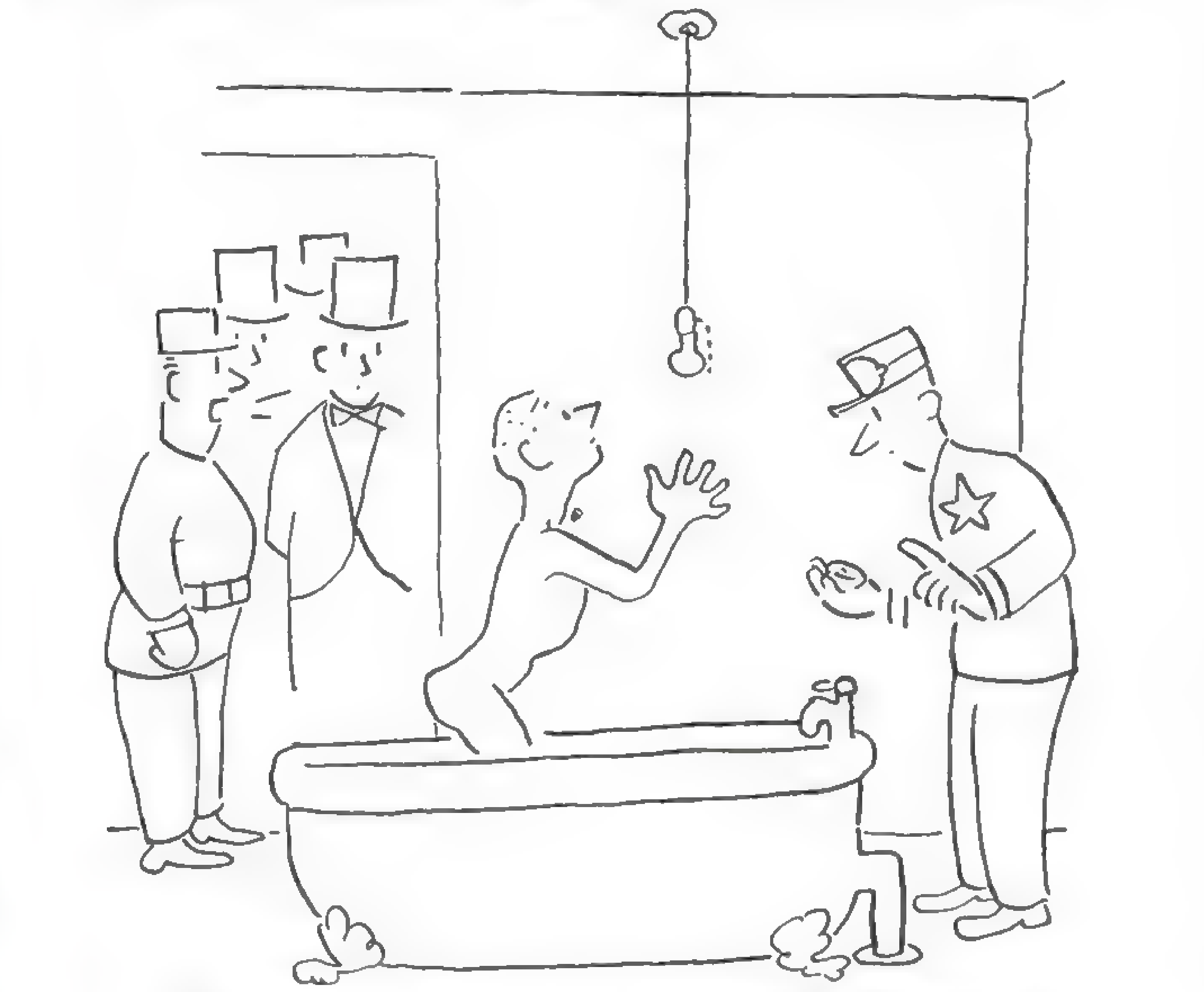
Female Friend: Someone who listens to you without hearing you.

Will Rogers once said he never met a man he didn't like, but I wonder if he was ever neighbor to a fellow who sleeps all day and raises hell all night with the help of a twelve tube radio, two sour singers and three female hyenas?

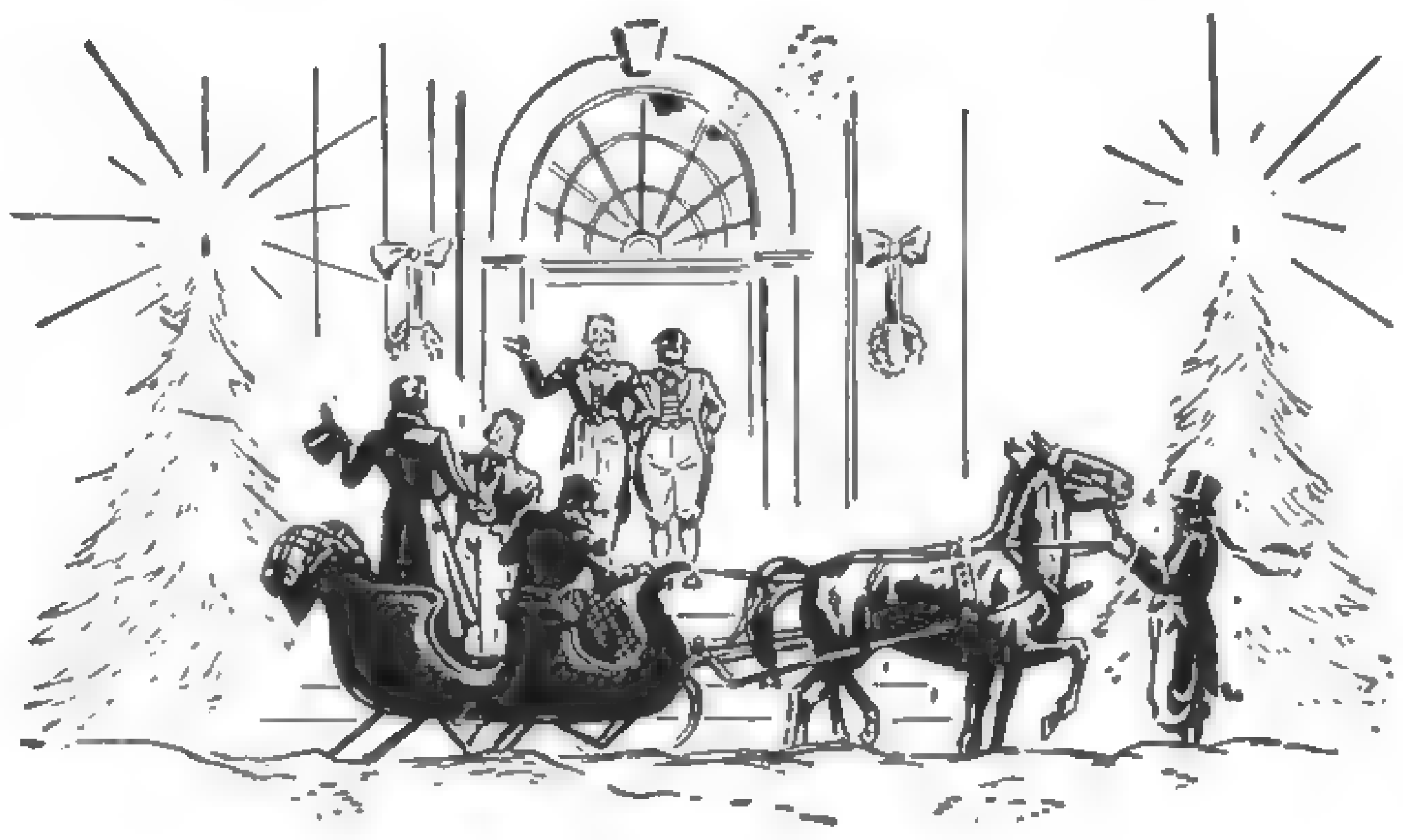


"In a way you might say I'm an officer—I'm captain of my soul"

Yesterday we got madder than hell when we couldn't think of a movie we had lately seen. We went to bed as usual last night, and when we got up this morning there was the name of the movie fresh in our mind. We are surprised and pleased. Maybe it means we are entering a new era when all we have to do to solve a problem is to sleep on it—just think how handy that will be. Why, all our personal problems will disappear like magic . . . and after we have taken care of our own we will make ourself available for National—yes, even International problems. Just think of the possibilities! Every night we will have some member of the State Department come in and read us the questions that are vexing Mr. Hull and his department. Then after a few hours' sleep we will dictate the correct answers to a secretary. Now that we think of it we believe we will also be available for Quiz programs and for the Good Will Hour. ⵌ



"Damn nice of Butch to cooperate with your economy drive, Governor, and save us electric chair money"



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Appraising Saroyan, from b. o. flops to that fine travesty on Hollywood, *Get Away, Old Man*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Say what you will about William Saroyan—among other things that you are getting a bit fed up on reading so much about him in this department—the fact remains that he continues to be the best available source of critical copy in our current theatre. With O'Neill in temporary retirement, Sherwood in the service of the government, Hellman withdrawn to her rural estates, Behrman adapting plays from the German, and most of the other relative big shots negotiating little or nothing, the Virtuoso of the Flying Trapeze remains just about the only American playwriting item on deck at the moment worth repeated treatment, grouse as you will.

Someone, I am told, has recently referred to Saroyan as a one-man theatrical season. And with a jigger of reason. For, already produced and still awaiting production, he has offered a supply of plays, short and long, that makes Lope de Vega, that sixteenth-seventeenth century Willow Run, look like a loafer. I name them: *Across The Board On Tomorrow Morning; A Decent Birth, A Happy Funeral; Get Away, Old Man; Afton Water; Talking To You; As I Live And Breathe; Subway Circus; Once Around The Block; Hello Out There; Jim Dandy; Coming Through The Rye; Bang! Bang! You're Dead; The White Swans Of The River Liffey; Elmer And Lily; Arena And Referee; Opera, Opera;* and *The Hungerers;* not to mention several others in preparation or *Sweeney In The Trees,* which along with two or three of those mentioned has already been experimented with either by summer companies, amateur groups or on the professional road.

Having listed the wholesale bill of goods, I take an amplitudinous breath and describe its various particulars.

1. *Talking To You.*—At once the easiest and most difficult dramatic form is the dream play. It is the easiest because a writer without the slightest skill in dramaturgy may, by employing it, let his deficiency run amuck and periodically get away with it on the ground that a dream has no form or substance anyway. It is the most difficult because, out of countless tries, only some such master dramatist as Strindberg or Hauptmann in *The Dream Play* or *Hannele* respectively—or in the shorter length some such deft one as Galsworthy in *The Little Dream*—has contrived to give vital form to formlessness and meaning to the essentially meaningless. Saroyan for the most part gives us only the formlessness and the meaninglessness. Yet, as in most of his plays, good or bad, he here and there fleetingly captures and projects that peculiar cry of humanity that is his poetic gift. In the character of the Negro prize-fighter, Blackstone Boulevard, he projects it tellingly. And here once again he presents in a few strokes another of his captivating young heroines. Her name is Maggie, and this is her entire role:

The Crow
Maggie's always silent.
The Tiger
Not always—now and then Maggie speaks. (*Softly*) Maggie. (Maggie looks at him but does not speak.) What do you want—most? Most of all?
Maggie (*smiling beautifully*)
Nothing.

If that doesn't constitute one of the most desirable heroines in our modern drama, you owe me $100,000.

Nevertheless, set down *Talking To You* on the whole as a dud.

2. *Get Away, Old Man.*—This is by long odds the best play about Hollywood that has so far come along. More, it is one of the best plays Saroyan has so far written. Combining a demolishing irony with a tender understanding, and embroidering the whole with capital humor, it presents in conflict a typical motion picture executive and a young writer who must be Saroyan himself. The clash of their viewpoints makes up the body of the play, which has the added credit of a generosity toward the executive that makes him in the end, though absurd and hollow, a heart-breaking figure. Much of it is pretty swell stuff: the low, boozy companion of the writer whose articulateness is at its best only if a blackboard and piece of chalk are handy; the young movie extra girl who shows up in a nun's costume and sardonically gratifies the Hollywood mentality by talking sex; the tough, hard, passé female film star who is the executive's only remaining, despairing haven of affection; etc.

Superficially, the play has a thematic kinship to Raphaelson's *Jason.* Saroyan admits as much, derisively, in one of his passages of dialogue. But to the theme he has brought a depth and passion, a breadth and humor, that *Jason* materially lacked.

3. *Afton Water.*—Willing to try anything, the Fresno Lope, having spent a few days in Dublin several years ago and admiring the plays of Sean O'Casey, here decided to write one in the lilting Irish rhythm. Sending me the result about a year ago, and requesting my critical opinion, I politely obliged him by replying

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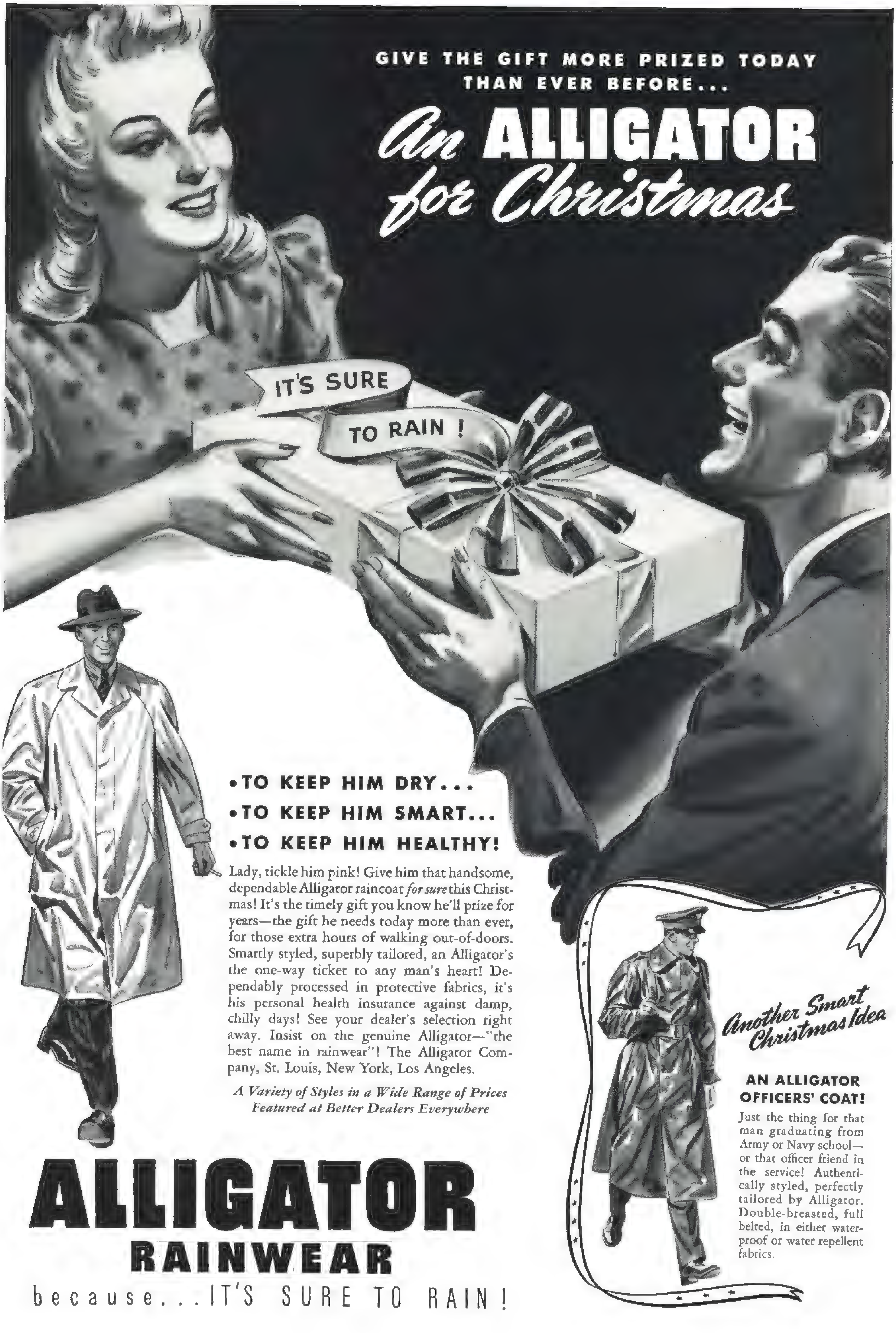

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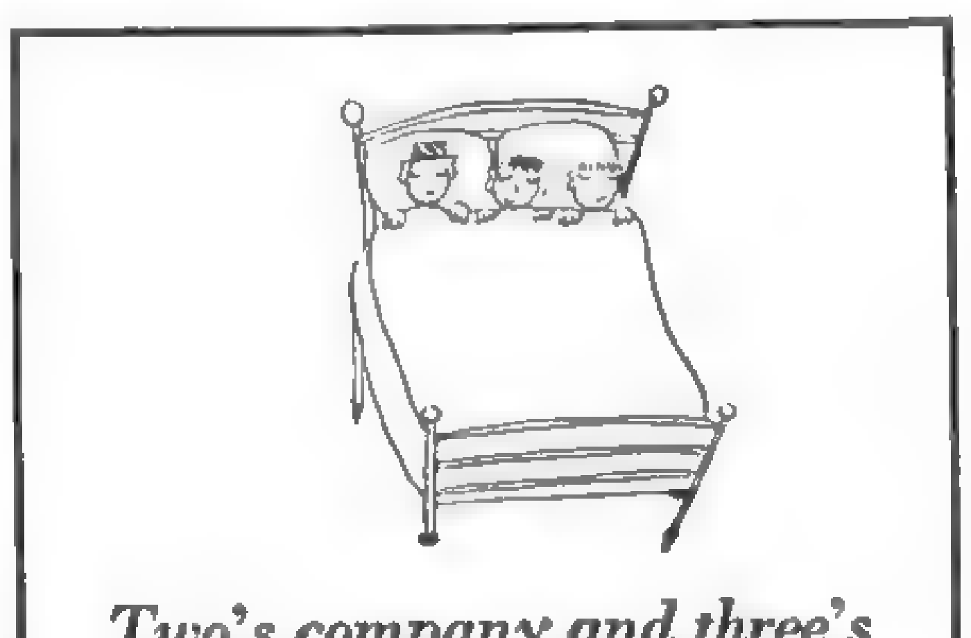
First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 192

that I had read many fine plays in my life but that this was one of the doggone worst I had experienced. Why? he in turn politely inquired. Because, I even more politely returned, among a hundred or more other things the characters in whose mouths you have put the Celtic lingo which, incidentally, relies mostly upon the endless repetition of *and* for its hoped-for melodic effect, are—you may be startled to reflect—Scots. Was he discouraged? You have guessed the answer. "It's all O.K. now," he telegraphed. "I have changed the names from MacPherson, etc., to Irish ones."

It is still, however, a bad play, starting nowhere and in the end again duly getting there. What virtues it possesses are just two in number: the character of the ninety-year-old but still young-minded Lothario who, continuing to chase the girls, can't understand why they no longer run away from him as they used to but just stand around and smile, and the character of the precocious brat who can't stomach Dickens. Otherwise, on the wrong side of the Fresno dramatic ledger.

4. *A Decent Birth, A Happy Funeral.*—It is sometimes as hard to describe exactly what a Saroyan play is about as it is to describe a woman's charm or the flavor of spaghetti. This is a case in point. Any attempt at close analysis is bound to be as confusing as an effort to analyze the ingredients against the peculiar final impression and effect of, say, Hauptmann's *And Pippa Dances* or the silver-blue skies of Troyon. For those who demand literality, I suppose the theme, with variations, may be set down as a man's cynically merry pilgrimage to death. But that no more precisely describes the play than would a man's cynically merry pilgrimage to life describe O'Neill's *Lazarus Laughed* or even Davis' memorable stinker, *The Ladder*. It is the variations that make the play, after a desultory and much too talky beginning, the generally interesting, if intermittently repetitive, performance it is:



Two's company and three's a crowd—except in the average Washington hotel room.

The mock funeral, for example, with burlesque comedians officiating in various roles. The little strip-teaser heroine whose repartee consists chiefly in "You're sweet" and who can't resist taking her clothes off wherever she may be. The very old man who once preached the Gospel but who now goes to burlesque theatres to worship. Casimir Zarmutok, the giant fighting Hungarian and good Christian, who buys drinks for everybody but cautiously sees to it that he gets drunk first. And so on.

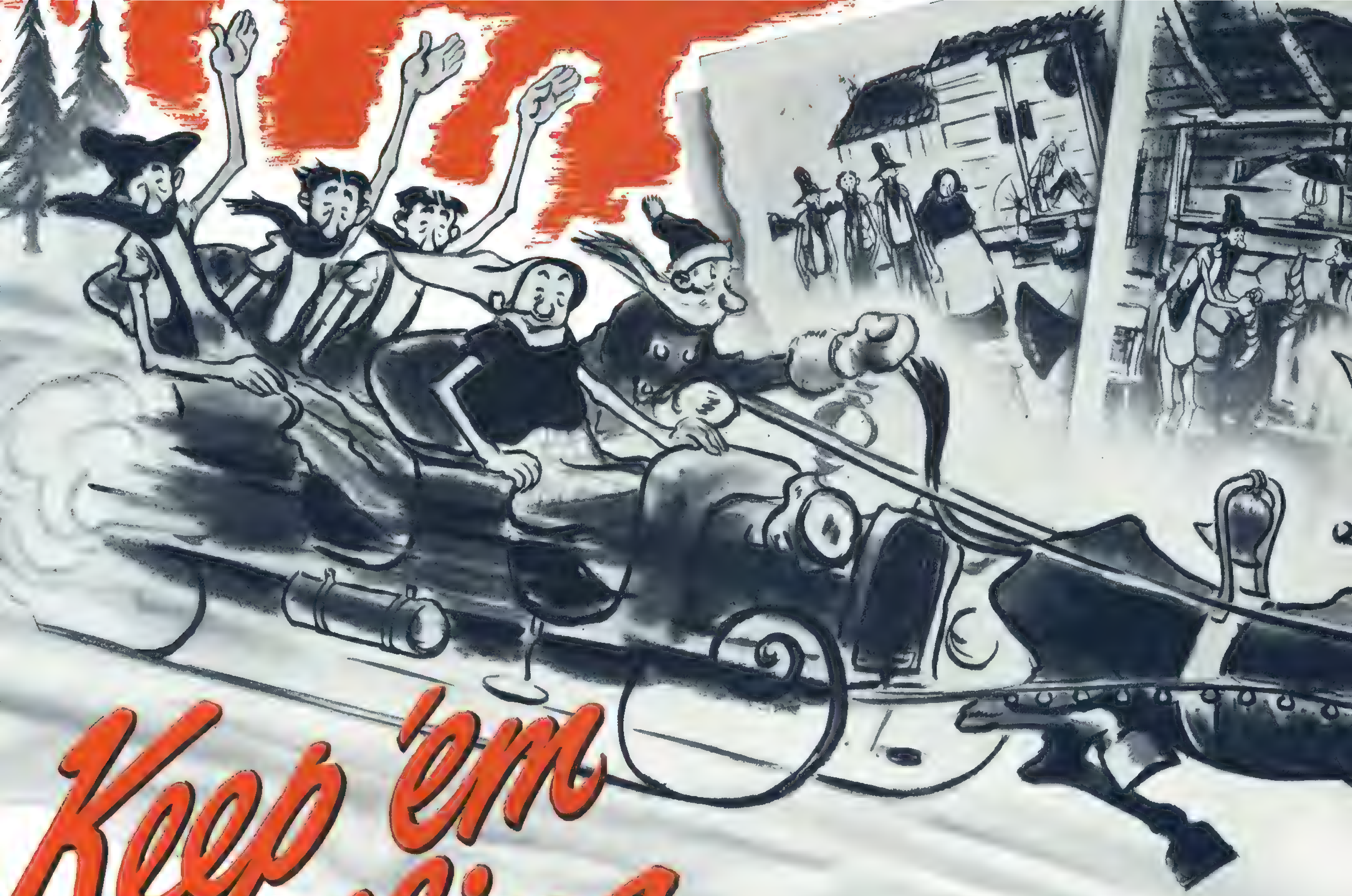
5. *The White Swans Of The River Liffey.*—Another consequence of its author's visit to Ireland, this short play, like the long *Afton Water*, suggests it might have been dramatically better for him had he taken a trip to Coney Island instead. What we get is only a mushy spiel about the familiar prostitute with the noble heart, aided and abetted by some spurious E-string dialogue about love, faith, moonlight, swans, and the Irish soul. Pretty sour.

6. *Hello Out There.*—I told you of this one last year, after witnessing a try-out performance on the road. It impresses me now, as it did then, as one of the finest one-act plays in the record of our theatre. The simple account of a man in a Texas jail cell accused of rape and awaiting the approach of a lynch mob and of the little slavey around the jail who, broken and alone and defeated as he is, seeks to befriend him, it combines in its short playing span a power and a compassion, a despair and a cry for shining hope, that have not been the property of plays on the same general theme thrice as long. In the loneliness of its two central characters, in their ache for justice, mercy, understanding and a touch of the outside world's beauty, there is prose poetry both vivified and infinitely moving.

7. *Elmer And Lily.*—A series of sketches designed as the basis of a musical revue, the idea doesn't quite come off. The thread tying them together is a pitchman whose dancing toy won't dance and who consequently can't win Lily, the girl of his heart. The pitchman's quest of the reason for the toy's failure to work involves experiences with a wild assortment of folk ranging from a professor who announces he is prepared to answer all questions and who can answer none to a psychoanalyst who spends most of his time studying his face critically in a mirror. "That is to say," indicates Saroyan, "he studies his face, making all sorts of happy, tragic, horrible, dainty, ridiculous, and pious faces," whereupon "he waltzes a little, then practices various kinds of jumps, upward and lengthwise, backward and sideways. Then he tries singing opera, then he tries crooning, then he begins a speech." At the conclusion of the speech he applauds thunderously, "wearing the appropriate expression of great admiration . . . and then bows six or seven times."

That gives you a fair idea of the whole. Some of the crazy humor gets its effect and some of the character lampooning is droll, but an underlying tendency to monotone, along with frequent repetition, proves too much for the superstructure. But the revue plan is

Continued on page 195



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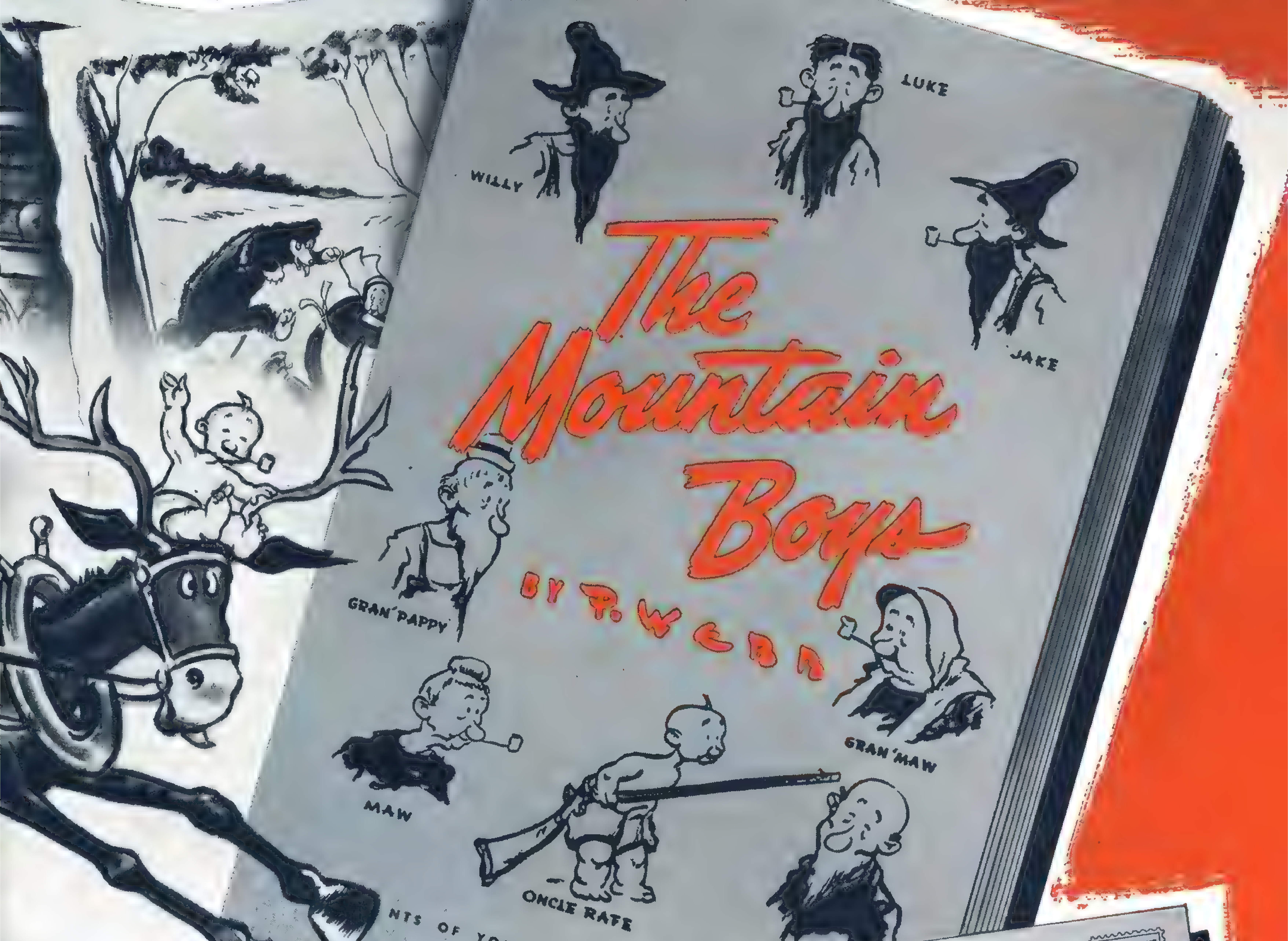
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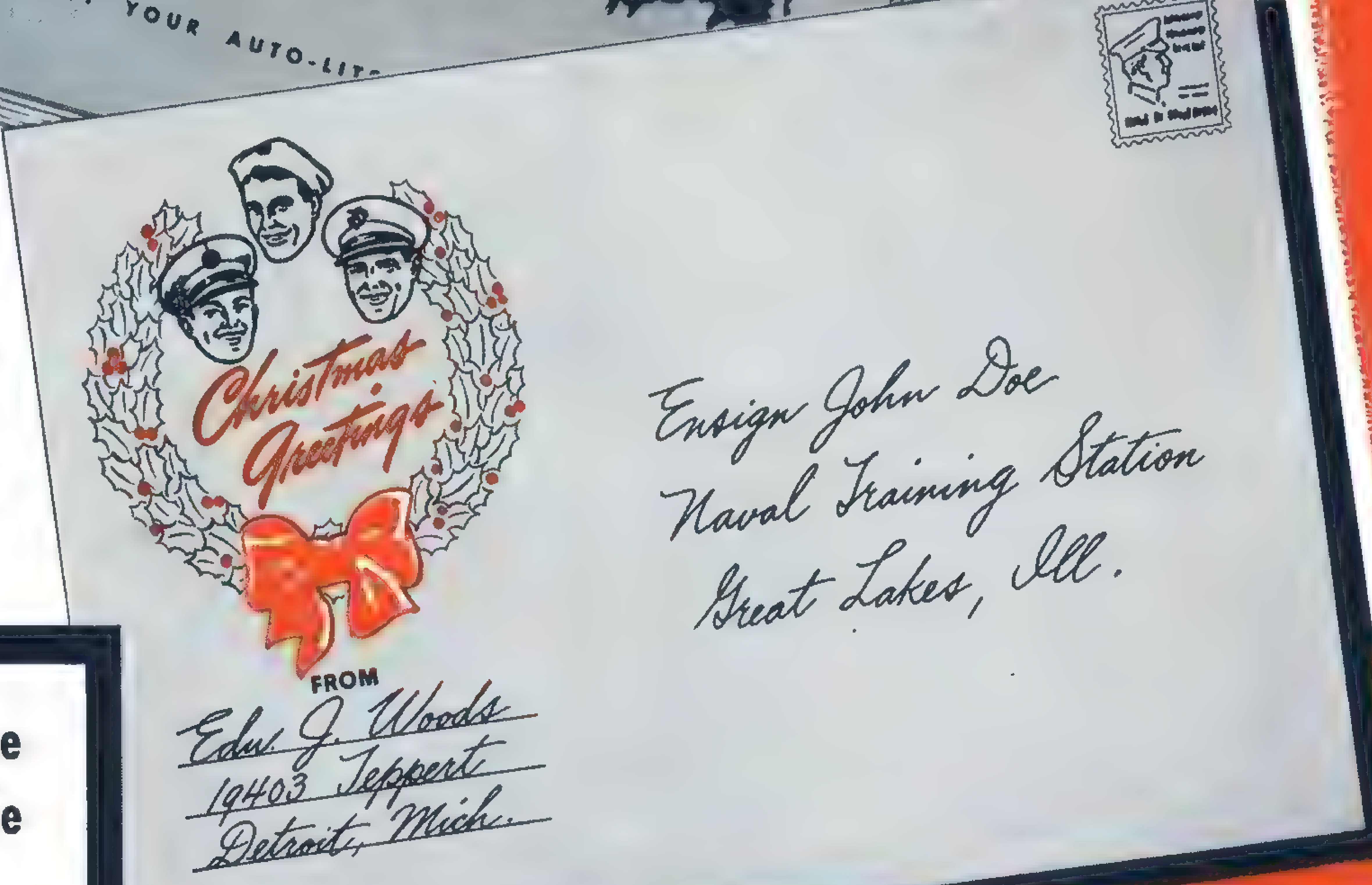
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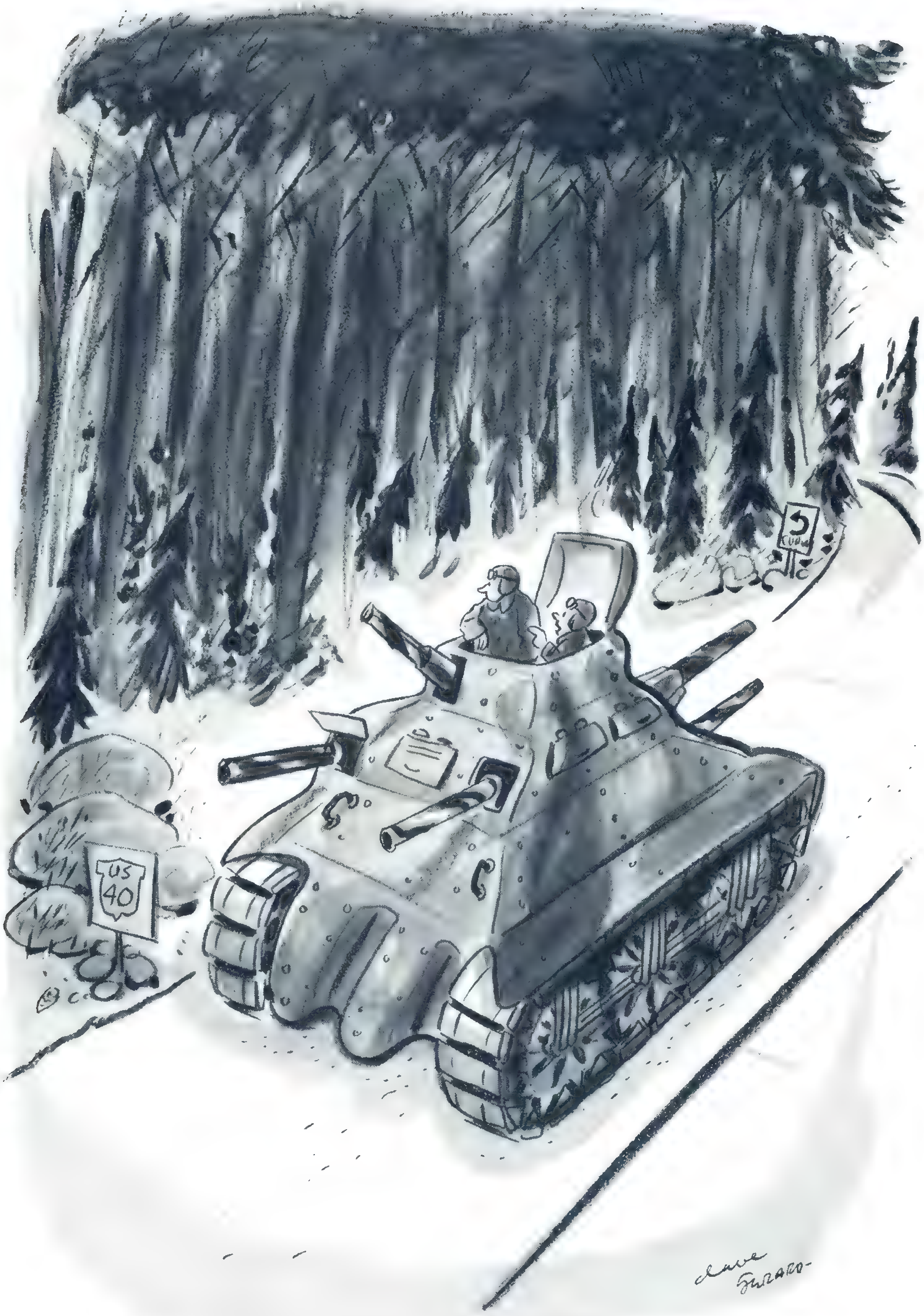


"I know a short-cut off this way—not as good a road, of course"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 192-194

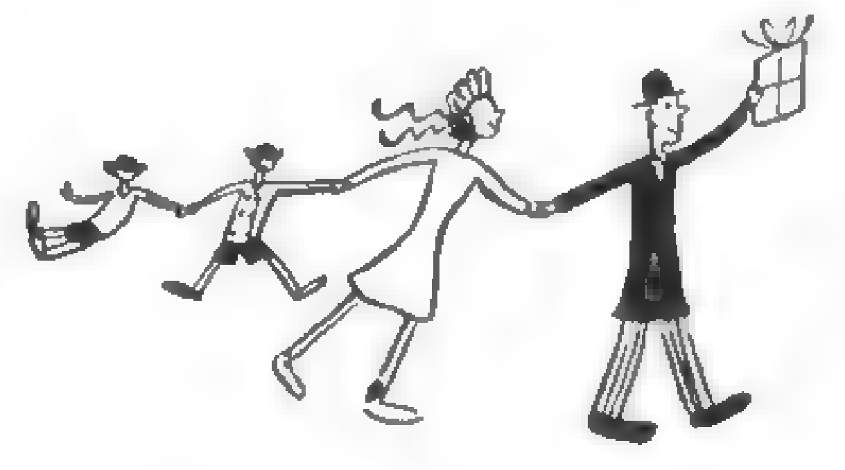
a valid one, and Saroyan may one day make something of it.

8. *Across The Board On Tomorrow Morning.*—Patterned largely after his *The Time Of Your Life*, this constitutes a frequently entertaining hour of typical Saroyan balmy fancy. While without the felicitous undertones and overtones of the stem-play, it contains some passages, notably the boozy end-of-the-world episode and the colloquy of the Filipino kitchen-boys, that, if properly directed, would have been the stuff of tip-top humor. In general, however, it suffers badly by comparison with the play of which it is an off-shoot. And Saroyan's staging was murderous.

9. *Bang! Bang! You're Dead!*—This one, in the still shorter form, is also a weak derivative of *The Time Of Your Life*. At least three of its elements are a close copy: the love passage in the vein of the Mary L. scene, the inebriated Joe, and the juke-box dance business. One or two of the fresher touches, however, are piquant. For example, such a speech (abbreviated) as Joe's "Might as well die now as some other time—what's the use going through all the trouble of trying to put two and two together and make it come out even, when you know it won't? Everybody in the world wants to be dead—they're all sick—they all want to be dead—that's what the war is about. It's all for dying. All the money—billions, I hear—so everybody can die for everybody. That's the only time they spend billions—when everybody wants to die for everybody. When everybody wants to live for everybody, they hide the money . . ."

But Saroyan must stop copying himself.

10. *As I Live And Breathe.*—A short-short play—it runs only about ten minutes—showing the world in ruins and consisting almost entirely in a young man's effort to pitch his hat onto the head of a young girl, his argument being that that is just about as sensible a thing to be doing in the midst of chaos as anything else. A jolly trifle enlivened by some of its author's sprightliest foolery.



The number of people you have for Christmas dinner is pretty much a relative matter—particularly your wife's relatives.

11. *Arena And Referee.*—A one-acter laid in a boxing arena with a prize-fight going on throughout. Around the ring are various booths in which assorted nuts discuss their personal problems, some of them fraught with a fair grade of burlesque humor. Originally the first act of a projected three-act play, the fragment lacks the coherence, body and wit to stand alone.

12. *Opera, Opera.*—A short travesty of grand opera, translated into the modern popular lingo with candy-butchers introducing and interrupting the performance. At moments faintly amusing, but on the whole altogether too obvious. However, with Willie Howard, Lou Holtz and Eve Arden in the leading roles, it might be worked into a serviceable revue sketch.

13. *Jim Dandy.*—The many National Theatre Conference stages have already exhibited it, although it has not yet—at this writing—seen professional production. A fantasy of eternity, it seizes divers characters out of time and space and relates them to one another. The pattern is deliberately loony and here and there much too fuddled, yet like ill-assorted fireworks it now and again nevertheless manages to shoot off some pretty colors and novel effects.

14. *The Hungerers.*—A brief play treating again of the futile dreams and longings of the human race. A mixture of sentiment and fantastic humor, it has its points but fails to achieve the dramatic end its author plainly had in mind.

15. *Once Around The Block.*—A grandly hilarious one-acter about a young man who loses the girls because he is too effervescently eager, who is advised to wear himself down to a state of provocative languor, who duly does so, and who thereupon loses the girl he had his eyes on to a vigorous cop. A twenty-five minute bellybuster.

16. *Coming Through The Rye.*—I reviewed it last season upon its try-out performance on the road.

17. *Sweeney In The Trees.*—I have also reviewed this item, which was tried out in the Cape May, New Jersey, summer theatre.

18. *Subway Circus.*—Designated "a vaudeville," it begins thus:

Teacher
Now, John, if a farmer has seven apples and he gives away three apples, how many apples remain?

Johnny
What kind of apples?

The scenes gallop riotously through the Subway from an abstract city over which a trapeze swings to a business office whose outstanding decoration is a moving picture screen, from a backdrop embellished with a life-size portrait of Lionel Strongfort to a synagogue, from a smart drawing-room in which the entrance of each guest is greeted with a hearty Bronx cheer to Harlem, and from the New York Stock Exchange to what the author describes as "an empty world." #

(Editor's Note. At this point, Mr. Nathan fainted from exhaustion. We hope, with loving care, to be able to revive him in time for his next month's department.)

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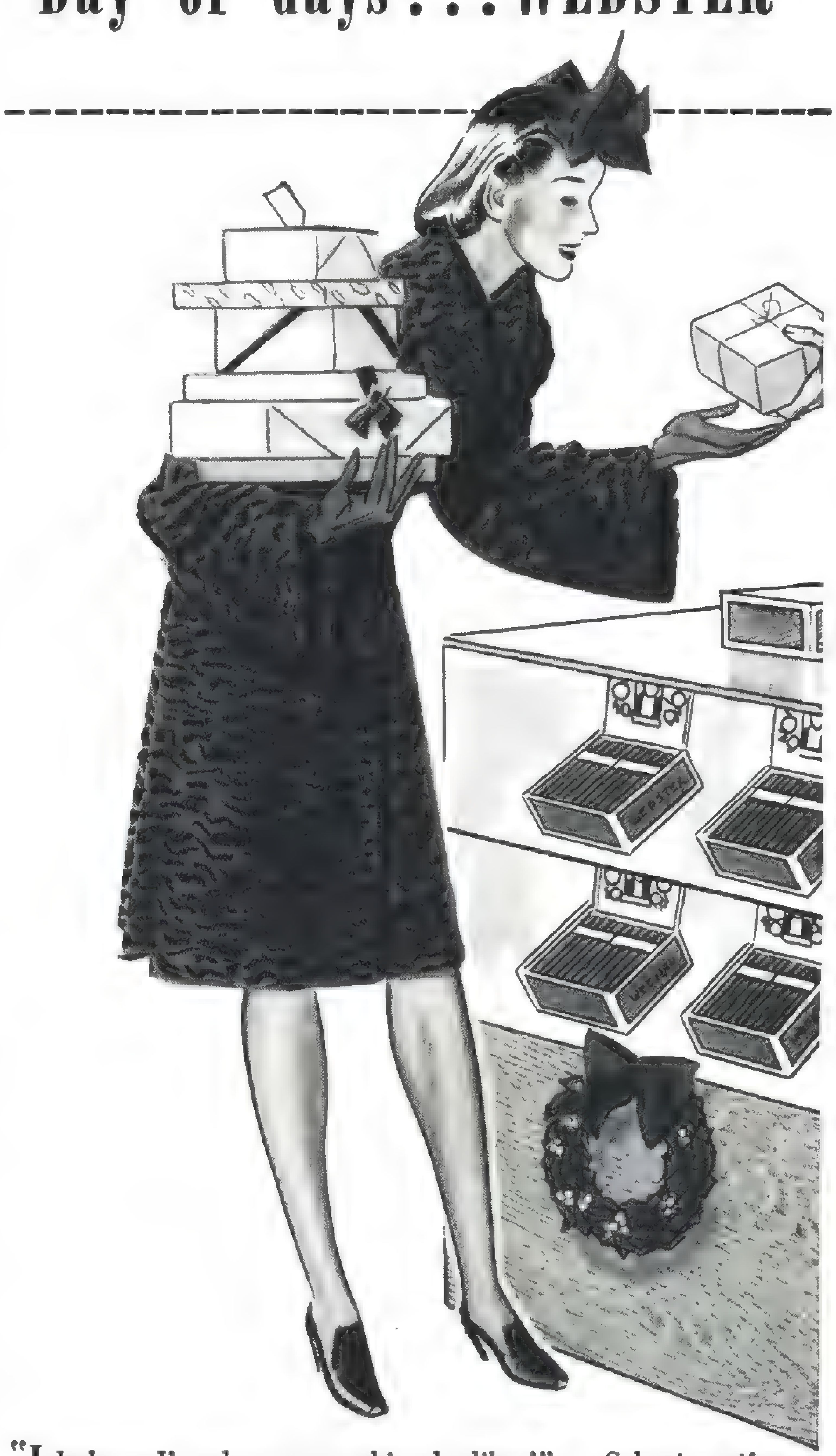

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Louisville	Rodes Rapier
Lowell	Dickerman-McQuade
Macon	Macon Shoe Co.
Memphis	Oak Hall
Miami	Burdine's
Minneapolis	C. M. Stendal
	The Dayton Company
Nashville	Meador's
Newark	Funk, Lewis
New Haven	Emerson-Darby
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New York City	In Metropolitan New York are many dealers. For store most conveniently located — telephone WIsconsin 7-6540
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Okla. City	Rothschild's
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Philadelphia	Cherry's
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Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
	Boggs & Buhl
Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore.	Meier-Frank
Providence	Thomas F. Peirce
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Rochester	Pidgeon's
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Tacoma	Pessemier's
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	Raleigh Haberdasher
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Stars in the Service

College stars of other days give last full measure of devotion to Uncle Sam

Captain Kirk Armistead, USMC basketball star at the University of San Francisco until his graduation in 1935, won decorations for his "valorous action in line of duty" at Midway. He led his tiny flight of five fighters against a swarm of 80 Jap dive-bombers and emerged with a smashing victory over the enemy in which more than one-third of the total number of enemy planes were destroyed. "Buck" Mazza, University of San Francisco quarterback in the class of 1934, was decorated with the Navy's Distinguished Service Cross for his action in the Coral Seas and Java battles as a member of the Navy Air Corps.

Danny Fisk, San Francisco center, Manuel Gonzales, halfback on the 1936 football team, and Freddie Jardin, basketball star of the class of 1935, have lost their lives in the war. Fisk and Jardin were killed in plane crashes while training in California, and Gonzales was lost at Pearl Harbor. San Francisco students have raised a fund of $45,000 to buy enough bonds to pay for three training ships which have been dedicated to their memory.

* * *

Ensign Edward G. Binning, who played lacrosse at Colgate, was the Navy pilot who sank the Axis submarine which torpedoed the United States Destroyer Blakeley off Martinique, May 21. Binning sighted the sub during a moonlight patrol, dropped his depth charges, and shortly afterward radioed: "Sub Sunk."

* * *

Captain Wayne Thornbrough, former Kansas State basketball star, has been awarded the Army's Distinguished Service Cross posthumously. In addition to playing basketball at Kansas State he was captain of the tennis team in 1926. Captain Thornbrough's citation said:

> "Captain Thornbrough was the first aviator to pilot a plane in a torpedo attack on an enemy fleet. Flying through fog and clouds he became separated from other planes in his formation, but continued the attack alone. He released his torpedo, scoring a direct hit on a Jap aircraft carrier, then sped back to his base, loaded more bombs and roared back to continue his attack single-handed. Captain Thornbrough was last seen as his plane vanished into a thick overcast, but his mates expressed confidence that his bombs took a heavy toll before he lost his life."

* * *

Lieutenant Clint Frank of the Quartermaster Corps, former Yale All-American football star, was rescued along with his other shipmates after a torpedo sank his ship in the Atlantic.

* * *

Freddie Crawford, All-American tackle at Duke in 1933, writing from England, said: "I really hate to admit it, but Westminster Abbey far overshadows our chapel at Duke. In fact I've never seen anything which would even compare, un'ess it is St. Paul's Cathedral. However, I'd very much like to see the Duke Chapel at the moment."

* * *

Quarterback Jimmy Owens of Southern California was one of the Naval officers in the torpedo squadron that was wiped out at Midway. He was a lieutenant (j.g.) and had been a Navy flyer for about four years. Frank Kurtz, former national diving champion at U.S.C., was a second lieutenant in the Philippines when he won several decorations for carrying out dangerous missions under fire. As a result he became so respected that he was promoted to major and became the flying aide to Lieutenant General George H. Brett. Frank used to be an aerialist in a circus, and then a great high and springboard diver; so he has the balance and co-ordination to make him a marvelous airman.

* * *

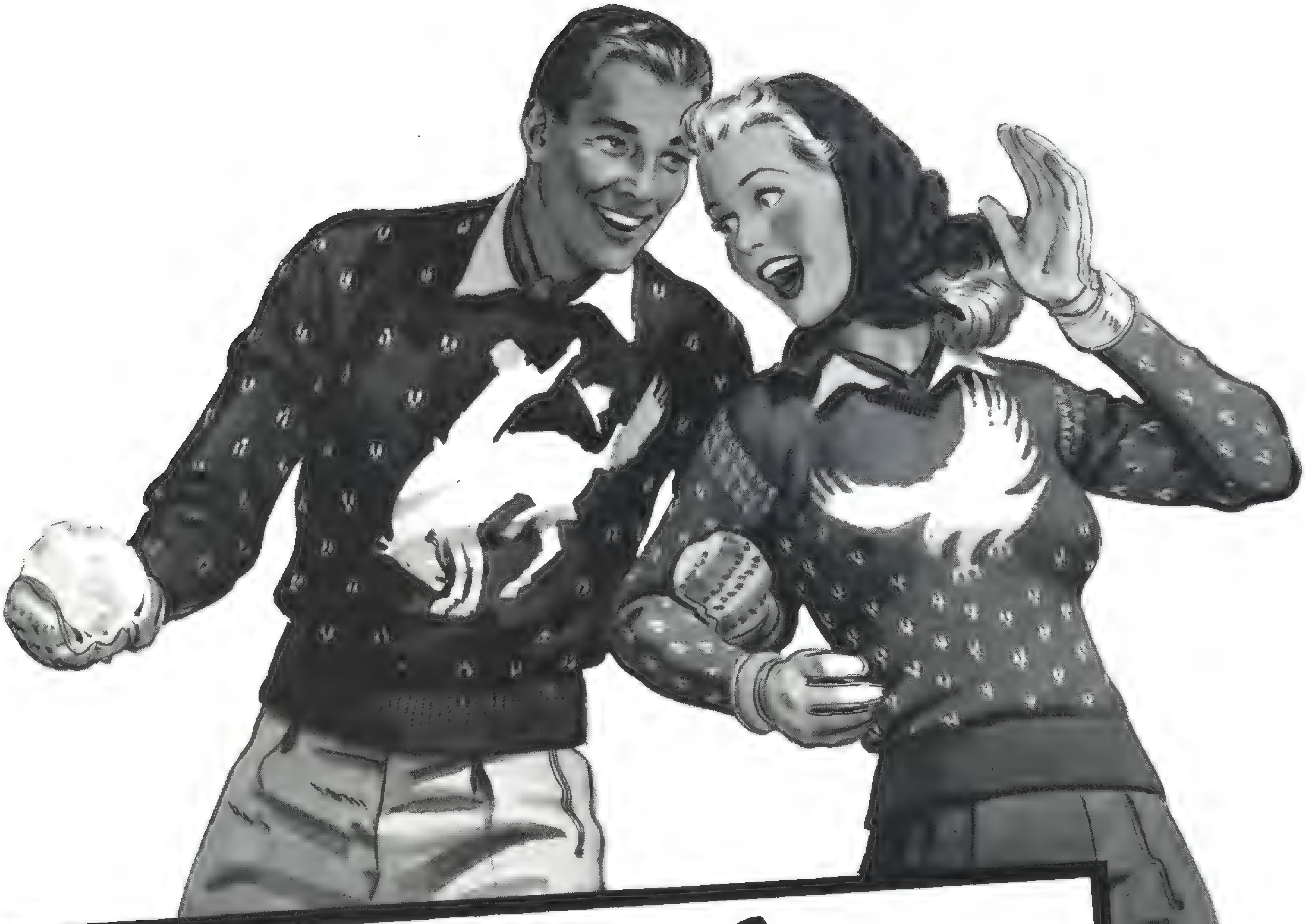
Neil Martin, former Arkansas halfback, was one of the first of the Flying Tigers to go down in Burma. Lieutenant Scott McCuskey, the lad who did such a good job mopping up Japs in the big Pacific sea battle with his fighter plane, was a "scrub" at Arkansas for a couple of years while working for a law degree.

* * *

Major General Charles H. Gerhardt, commander of the 91st Infantry, or "Powder River—Let 'er Buck" Division, was quarterback on the 89th Division football team that won the championship of the A.E.F. in France after the Armistice in 1918. He was also a 7-goal man in polo, and played baseball, basketball, and football, in addition to polo, at West Point. In 1919 and '20 he was assistant football coach at the Point.

In a recent address to his men, following a military ceremony, he said:

> "Members of the 91st Division, old and new, citizens of this great republic, I accept the responsibility for the tradition and the achievements of our predecessors in the 91st. We have shown here the froth and glory of the military profession. However, we also are training in the grim facts that turn these gentlemen soldiers into savage, efficient killers on the field of battle. We are building the stamina, efficiency, and character that will pull us out of the fox holes to meet the Japanese and Germans with the bayonet, and will prevent disintegration when the going gets tough.
>
> "In less than one year's time, many of us participating today will have become battle casualties, drowned at sea or drained of our life's blood on some far distant battlefield. We of the armed forces stand ready to make the supreme sacrifice. Consider well, you citizens, the sacrifices that you may make to aid us." ⧻



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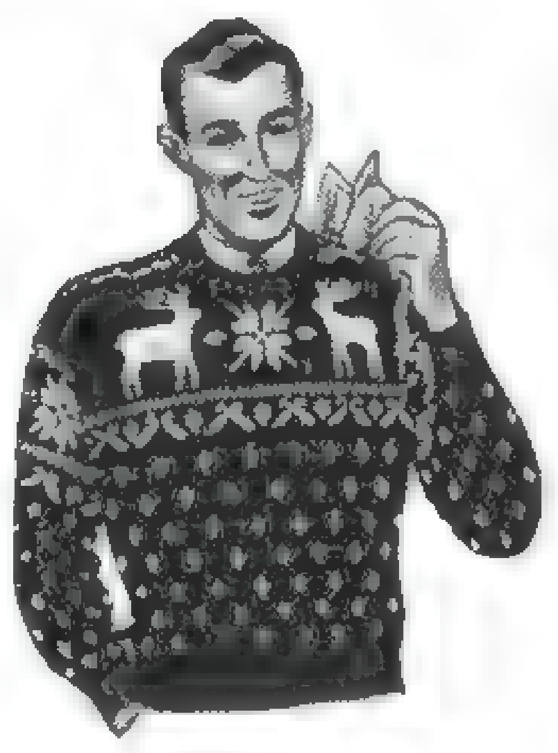

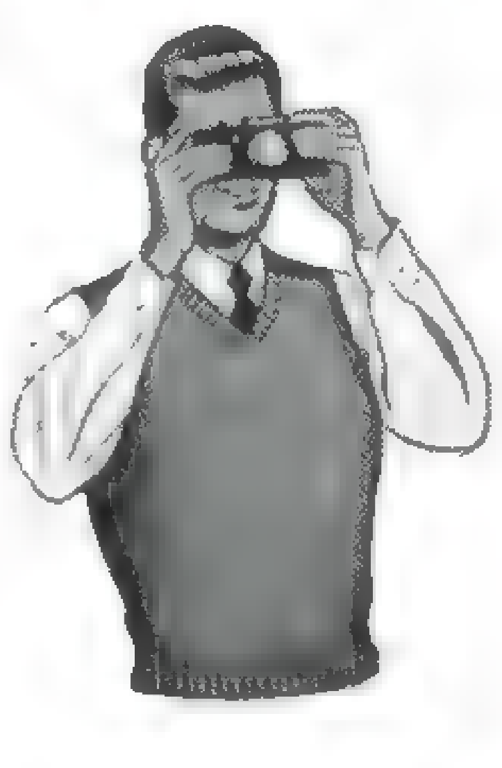

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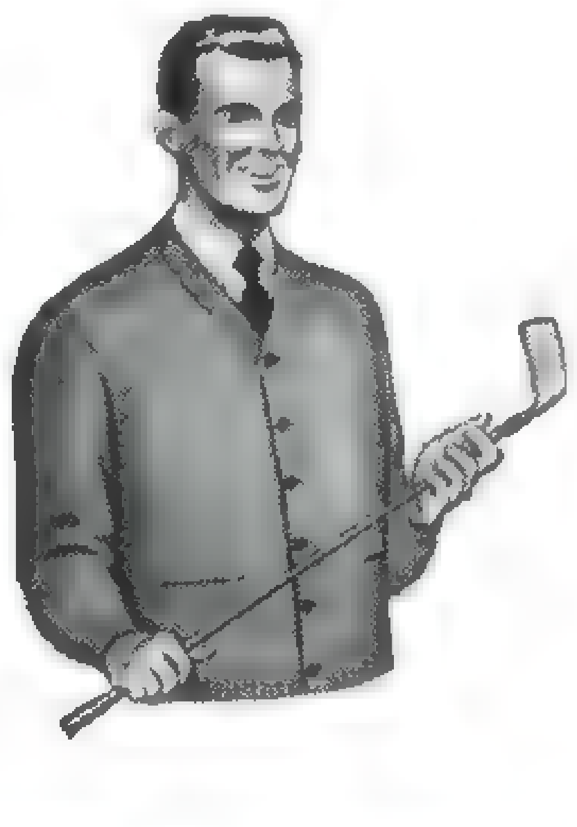

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recommending books as Christmas Gifts for the average reader, the intellectual, for children

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

IN THE world of art and letters, the annual Christmas number of this magazine is an event. The humor also that it contains is appropriate to the season, for Christmas is a time of jollity and mirth. Let us remember that the births of many famous persons are commemorated only nationally, but that Christmas is celebrated in every portion of the earth. His birth over nineteen hundred years ago has brought more happiness into the world than the misery brought by all the wars. In many places the lights of civilization are temporarily extinguished; but nothing can extinguish the Light of Christmas. The universal darkness of 1942 makes even brighter the Light of the World.

S. K. Ratcliffe, the distinguished London author and lecturer, writes me concerning the recent death of J. A. Spender, often regarded as the leading British journalist: "I have a letter from Gardiner, in which he quotes Spender's farewell words, from a letter written on his deathbed:

> 'Dare I add what I told Worsley (a friend in common), but have wondered since whether he would not ascribe it to a nightly rise in my temperature? This is that since I have been here I have felt an extraordinary feeling of happiness coming from within and assuring me that all is well here and hereafter. I have no orthodox religious belief to justify it, but it comes and comes again and will not be dismissed.'"

A nightly rise in *my* temperature always is accompanied by a corresponding lowness in my spirits. Although no one respects and admires physicians more than I, it is quite natural that they should ascribe (Spender forestalled them) an elevation of the mind to some physical cause. The smile of Mona Lisa has not only charmed the world, it is so enigmatic that it has caused innumerable query-essays, one of the greatest being Walter Pater's with Oscar Wilde's comments; but when I asked a physician about it, he said it had no spiritual meaning whatever; it simply showed she had tuberculosis. I have no right to make any diagnosis; but to me Mona seems a lusty and buxom wench.

Whatever Mr. Spender may have thought about his religious belief, he had earned a calm and serene deathbed. I knew him well and in his newspaper work and in everything else his intelligence was equalled by his integrity. He was also a good friend to the United States.

Remembering that this is a Magazine for Men, all its readers should read with admiration and enjoyment the new biography of John L. Sullivan. This is by Donald Barr Chidsey and is called *John the Great. The Times and Life of a Remarkable American, John L. Sullivan*, with an Introduction by John P. Marquand. Illustrated. Mr. Marquand's excellent introduction contains one error. Sullivan was never the Champion of the World. For a good many years he could easily have defeated any man in the world, for he was certainly the world's best fist-fighter, with or without gloves. But owing to the technicalities of the London prize ring, both his fights with Charles Mitchell had to be called a draw. Incidentally, Mitchell was an extraordinary person who had a tongue like a poisoned dagger, which he used only for professional purposes. Corbett very nearly lost the fight with him on a foul, because he got Corbett in a boiling rage.

Mr. Chidsey is correct in calling John L. a "remarkable American." He was not only a person, he was a Personage and a Personality. The Strong Boy from Boston was indeed so strong that he never used footwork in defense or retreat, and very little defensive work with his hands. When his opponent got close enough, John beat down his arms with a left hand and knocked the man out with a right. And there was another reason for these quick knockouts. Of all the fighters who have ever lived, it is probable that John L.'s blows were the fastest. Even as with Shakespeare thoughts and words were identical, so with John were thoughts and blows. If I remember rightly, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a satire on the public for the universal excitement preceding the Sullivan-Corbett fight in 1892, wrote that the fight was simply to be between the only man in the world who could strike a blow as quick as thought and the only man in the world who could dodge that blow—which was not far from the truth.

Mr. Chidsey says wisely, "If it had not been for this man's fists, you and I would never have heard of him. Yet his fists alone cannot be held to account for a popularity which continued long after he had lost the title." Well, when we consider how difficult it is to get two heavyweight boxers into the ring for a championship match, what negotiations have to be made—and remember that John L. Sullivan traveled around the country offering in a different town night after night one thousand dollars to any man who could stay four rounds with him—we can understand some reasons for his extreme popularity. Furthermore, no whisper of crookedness ever was made against him. As Mr. Chidsey said, his epistolary

Continued on page 200

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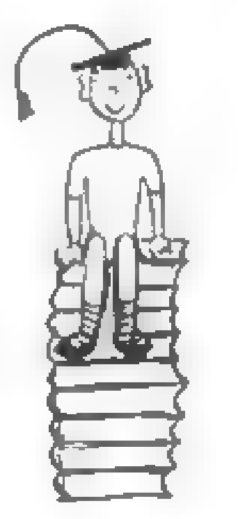
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 198

speeches ended "Always on the level, yours very truly, John L. Sullivan." No wonder he was a popular idol. Even his drunken excesses were so Gargantuan, he smashed so many barroom mirrors and bottles, and always paid for them, that the public looked on in awe and wonder. "Sometimes he would take every bottle in the place and hurl them at the mirrors, bellowing with joy. Nobody ever tried to stop him. In the first place, he was too dangerous. In the second place, everybody knew that when he had his hang-over he would be presented with a bill, and probably an excessive one, which he'd unhesitatingly pay."

Then he made a greater victory than he had ever made with his fists. He stopped drinking. Never drank again.

I remember from the newspapers some comments on John the Great. I *think* the New York *Sun* under Dana was almost the first respectable newspaper to comment seriously and approvingly editorially on a prize-fight. When Sullivan defeated Paddy Ryan in nine rounds in Mississippi in February 1882, the *Sun* editorial, if I remember correctly, said Sullivan jumped over the ropes laughing, "Happy Sullivan!"



Same Effect

"Shall we buy an encyclopedia set or adopt one of the Quiz Kids?"

Sullivan's comments on other fights and on various matters were always given space in the newspapers because his words, like his blows, usually hit the mark. "One fighter says this, another that; but what they all want is the good old dough." After Fitzsimmons was knocked out by Jeffries, Fitz claimed he had been doped; Sullivan, asked for his opinion, said, "He may have been doped; but I think the cop on the jaw he got in the second round had something to do with it." Mr. Chidsey is correct in saying that Sullivan kept out of politics; but I remember reading in the papers that he was asked about running for Congress, and he remarked, "Well, the business of a Congressman is to get all he can for his constituents; and I could do that as well as anybody." During his brief career as a bookmaker, a man asked John L. what were the odds on a race that had already been run, just to see what John would say; John replied, "To the pines!"

I am grateful to Mr. Chidsey for writing so interesting and valuable a biography of a man who will never be forgotten; and his book gives a good explanation for the tremendous hold John L. had on the public, long after he had retired from the ring. He intrigues me; I wish I had seen him.

It does not surprise me that his autograph sold at a price 50 per cent higher than that of his contemporary, President Eliot of Harvard; and Mr. Chidsey unconsciously supports this by spelling Eliot's name with two extra letters, though in the Index, which, with the Notes, Appendices, and Bibliography, is valuable, the name is given correctly. While both are living, a heavyweight champion is always more widely known than a man eminent in more intellectual fields.

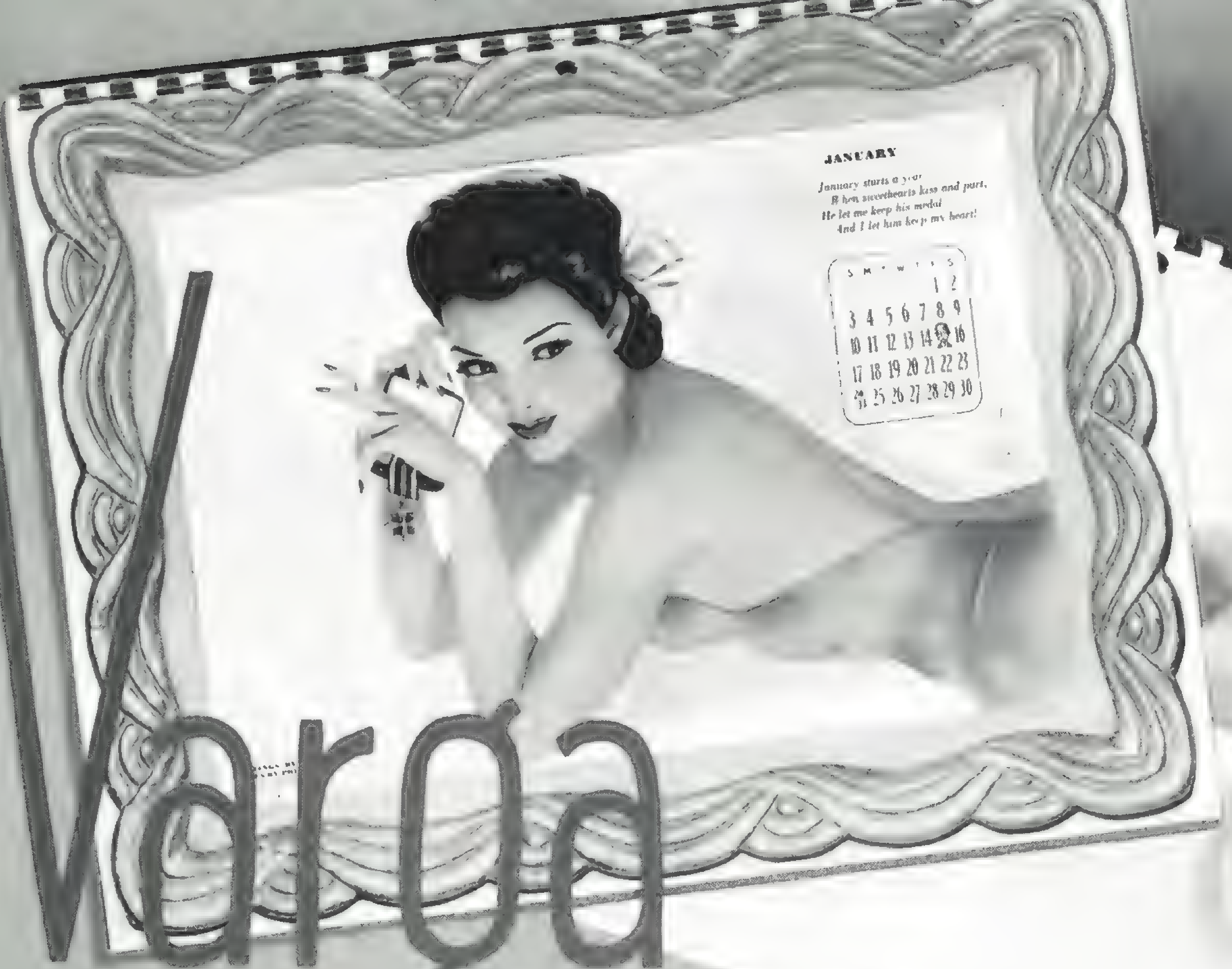
The Hon. Joseph Davies, recently Ambassador to Russia, and author of the famous book, *Mission to Moscow*, told me that when he was in Belgium, he played golf frequently with the young King Leopold (1939). Mr. Davies himself is a good golfer, but on the course in Belgium where the par is 72, the King offered him *eight bisques* for the eighteen holes. Mr. Davies shot an 82 and was beaten. The King made a 68. Leopold is one of the longest drivers in the world. In a match with Mr. Davies, five of his eighteen drives covered 340 yards, and the grass was so damp that the ball had little run. He is the longest driver Mr. Davies ever saw. The King's prowess at golf may be well known in Europe, but not in America; it should be.

As every intelligent person is interested in clothes (often all that distinguishes humans from animals) this article from the London *Spectator* is worth quoting:

> It is to be hoped that women will not be intimidated by unfavourable critics from going stockingless when they feel like it. If it saves coupons and stockings and feels comfortable, why not? "Most legs look better covered," says Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, supported, I dare say, by all the stocking trade. So, very likely, does the whole human surface, which is not particularly beautiful compared with that of most of the other creatures. But we cannot—even the Turks have renounced that—cover it all up. So why not treat the legs like the hands and face? Is it becoming? I don't know. And don't particularly care. The age-old obsession that it matters intensely what women look like on all occasions gets tedious to yawning-point. I can hear shocked voices crying, "If *that* doesn't matter, what on earth does?" Frankly, I can't think. It opens a line of enquiry it were wiser not to pursue. . . . But do not be intimidated into stockings, even by the First Lady in America. Nor yet by the Babu who complained, "My wife damn fool. She not march with the times. She not wear stockings."
>
> Clusius.

Sometimes a very good writer writes a very bad book. This does not apply to me, because I am not a very good writer. But I deeply regret that Hilaire Belloc has produced *Elizabeth: Creature of Circumstance*. This is surely one of the poorest books of the twentieth century; and it is written by a very distinguished author, for

Continued on page 202


JANUARY
January starts a year
When sweethearts kiss and part.
He let me keep his medal
And I let him keep my heart!

Varga

around the calendar with the Varga girl or romance regained for 1,000,000* knights

Romance is yours for the asking—and 25c . . . yours wherever you are, even if you have to dog-sled to the nearest igloo postoffice . . . even if the village postmistress is a barefoot bush-belle with a ring in her nose. And especially if you're holding down the home front.

Here's your annual treat, a completely new Varga calendar, with twelve dewy beauties, airbrushed by Varga, its attested master. Double-six darlings, one for each month, twelve for each year—to send you into twelve opiate upper-stratums.

This year's calendar—which will also appear in the January issue of Esquire—presents an unparalleled Pleasure Dome of feminine pulchritude for your rapt contemplation. Printed in full color on sturdy paper, and bound in modern plastic, the Varga girl's super eggshell smoothness has never been so alluringly set off. Never has she lifted her hip more lithesomely for publication. Nor has Phil Stack ever turned a more graceful round of verses.

Hang the Varga calendar in ship or club locker, or at home with your other trophies. Watch the crowds collect. Or better still, to insure safekeeping, multiply each nimble nymph in the calendar by the number of wistful wolves in your acquaintance—and give a calendar to each. It'll prevent pilfering, at the same time serving as an excellent Christmas gift.

So if Paradise for you was Lost, at home, or in the Draft, don't lose it again in the rush of Varga fans. Hurry, hurry, and clip this coupon before the calendars are gone. Then the wispy girl of your dreams will be ensnared for a whole year—and Romance Regained, for only 25c.

**In 1940, 319,000 calendars were sold. In 1941, 526,000 calendars were sold. This year, you can buy a million!*

CLIP OR TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY TO

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1143, Chicago, Ill.

Here's my 25c advance order for the new plastic-bound, 12-page, full size and full color Varga girl calendar. Send it as soon as it sizzles from the presses—around December 5th.

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Broadside
THE GLOVE WITH A PUNCH
Moderately priced... at better stores
Broadside
A REAL MAN'S GLOVE

The new Broadside has a third dimension—two full-length side-wall panels—that preshape the glove to fit your hand. Assures a better fit, more comfort. Made of fine skins, whip-sewn with special harness and long-wearing nylon threads. Smart slip-on styles in the season's popular shades.

Wilson Brothers
CHICAGO

GLOVECRAFT, Inc.
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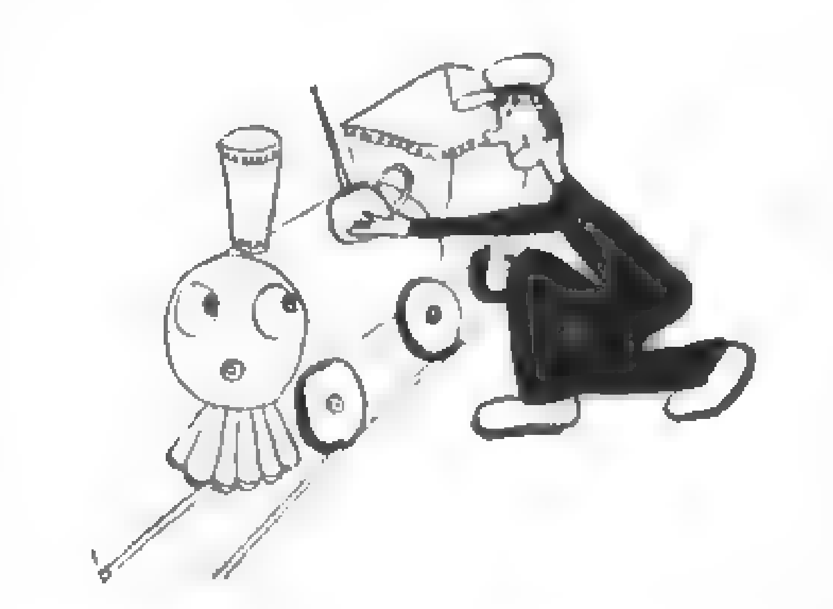
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 198-200

whom I have high respect. In various kinds of literature—history, biography, poetry, essays, wit, humor, satire—he is justly eminent, which makes it astonishing that such a work as this (1942) should bear his honored name. In England the title is *Elizabethan Commentary*, which is much better than *Creature of Circumstance*. If the great Queen was a creature of circumstance, then everybody is a creature of circumstance. She knew what she wanted and she had a will of iron. She wanted England to be a first-class power; England under her reign became just that and has been that ever since. With her England came *first*, and she sacrificed anything and everything, including her own happiness, that stood in the way.



America's railroads are doing heroic work. . . . Particularly the toy ones that are now amusing father as well as Junior.

If one wants to read one of the most notable curiosities of literature in our time, he should read in Mr. Belloc's book on Elizabeth the chapter called *Bunyan, Wordsworth and Others*. It is filled with amazing statements; among others, his explanation of the American Revolutionary War. "The United States was produced by a rebellion against the connection of the colonies with England. That rebellion was led principally by the Southern slave-owning gentry, but it was strongly supported by the commercial North." It was supported even more strongly by another North.

And now, being myself a passionate lover of England and of her men and women of genius, Elizabeth, Bunyan, Wordsworth and others, I have the pleasure of printing a most gracious letter from Her Majesty Queen Mary. Last month I called attention to a remarkable book on *Chinese Jades*, by Stanley Charles Nott. He sent a copy to Queen Mary and received the following reply:

> MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
> S.W.I. July 3rd, 1942
>
> Sir,
>
> I am commanded by Queen Mary to thank you warmly for the beautiful completed treatise on Chinese Jade, which you have so kindly and generously sent to Her Majesty, and which will be a delightful addition to the Queen's collection of Books on Art.
>
> Her Majesty's interest in Chinese Art, and especially, perhaps, in Jade is well known, so that this completed treatise makes a very special appeal to the Queen; and though the exterior and general appearance of a book are not its most important characteristics! nevertheless, the excellent photographic illustrations, the splendid printing and binding, in fact the whole "get up" of this volume do add to its attractiveness, and Her Majesty does indeed appreciate your kind thought in sending her this really lovely book—an informative and *very* welcome gift.
>
> Believe me
> Yours very truly
> Cynthia Colville.

The Challenge of the Greek and Other Essays, by Professor T. R. Glover of Cambridge University, will interest all intelligent readers, whether they know any Greek or not. Dr. Glover has taught Greek at Cambridge, England, for many years; he dedicates his book, however, to his Alma Mater in Canada. It is largely autobiographical, which adds to its value and its charm. (It is possible to become acquainted with Greek literature (second only to the English) by reading excellent translations of the dramatists, philosophers and historians.) Professor Glover has a lively and engaging style; he shows how stimulating to thoughtful men a new and totally different way of life may be. He points out first what a challenge the Egyptian way of life made to the Greeks; in later times the Greek way to the Middle Ages in Europe, and how it is today a challenge to us. He says, "The object of my task is to challenge and perhaps even to annoy." Here he goes:

> "It was perhaps between 600 and 700 B.C. that the Greeks began to have any real acquaintance with Egypt; and it surprised them. The country itself was unlike any other known to man. Eight hundred miles long and some thirty broad, it consisted of a river and a delta. It was the strangest river in the world; for every river the Greeks knew would dry up in summer and become a torrent in winter; but the Nile overflowed in summer, and the prosperity of the land depended on its overflowing. . . . Lizards in Greece seemed obvious and natural; the lizard of Egypt grew to be a nightmare twenty feet long—a quite impossible creature."

After pointing out other surprises, he says:

> "Egyptian religion was a thing apart. No people was more religious; . . . and yet—it became a Greek proverb, 'Like an Egyptian temple, all splendour outside, and inside a priest singing a hymn to a cat or crocodile.' For the cat was an Egyptian beast, new to the Greeks, and not needed in Europe, for the rat had not yet come from India. A strange land altogether. . . . Egypt set the Greeks wondering, putting new questions to life, to tradition, and to themselves. 'Wonder,' said Aristotle, 'is the beginning of philosophy.'"

Then he comments on the immense surprises Mexico and the Peruvians gave the Spaniards; on the surprises Greek life gave to northern Europe.

> "Every medieval idea, monarchical, political, ecclesiastical, was challenged at once—no Emperor, no pope, no priests (worth talking about), no nobles, no Turks; but commonwealths of thinkers, artists, and poets. They were free men, those ancient Greeks, men who did their own thinking, governed themselves . . . might not that freedom for the human mind be recovered?"

Other chapters are called *Purpose in Classical Studies, The Greek and the Forest, The Greek Farmer, Feeding the Athenians;* etc. We

Continued on page 204

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI

LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED BY
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The preferred Scotch both for Holiday Giving and Hospitality —because in age and taste VAT 69 is Scotch Whisky at its Best

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 198-200-202

know one thing for certain; these intellectual Greeks overemphasized athletics. When the track meet came along every four years, *all wars were stopped*, so that soldiers might take part in the games.

The English writer, Harold Nicolson, says, "War brings fame to the geographically obscure." Remote places inhabited by persons who have never expected either visitors or letters, are now in the lurid light of battle. And an increasing number of books show how the world has shrunk since the days of Magellan; it took his men, I believe, three years to encircle the earth. Shakespeare, who generally "beat everybody to it," made Puck say, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," but the telegraph is still faster. By the way, why *Western* Union?

The Death of the Moth, a collection of essays from the late Virginia Woolf, is attractive. Synchronously with *The Death of the Moth* appears a little book by one of her greatest admirers, E. M. Forster, being the lecture he delivered at Cambridge University in 1941. Several remarks in this lecture may be taken with a saline solution: "I have not the least faith that anything which we now value will survive historically" meaning, after the war. "Like most novelists worth reading, she strays from the fictional form. She dreams, designs, jokes, invokes, observes details, but she does not tell a story or weave a plot." It seems to me that some novelists worth reading tell a story—Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dickens, Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy, to name a few. The reason many novelists of today do not write stories, or poets write melodiously, or composers write harmoniously, is because they are not able to do so.

I cannot expect everyone to like essays in criticism as much as I do; but for those who do, this slender volume will be richly rewarding. She discusses the monumental collection of Horace Walpole's letters, edited by W. S. Lewis, there are three short essays on Henry James, a particularly good one on George Moore, there are outdoor meditations, reflections on that art of biography; she combined depth of thought with lightness of touch.

Alexander Sturm, author and illustrator, whose *Problem Fox* pleased so many people, has well followed up his success in *From Ambush to Zigzag*, which will give alphabetical delight.

Westbrook Pegler's new book, *George Spelvin—American and Fireside Chats*, is worth reading for its virility as well as for other reasons; he is a master of humor, satire, and the artillery of attack. And the force behind his words is a passionate American faith in individual liberty.

Erle Stanley Gardner's latest murder story is one of the best he has produced—*The Case of the Careless Kitten*. Lucky for Perry Mason that there were women on the jury. Women understand cats.

When a famous author dies, usually some one reprints his earliest or discarded works; this led Seumas O'Sullivan to send to the London *Times Literary Supplement* four lines that W. B. Yeats sent to *Bibliography* in 1908:

Accursed who brings to light of day
The writings I have cast away!
But blessed he who stirs them not
And lets the kind worm take the lot! ##

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For the intellectually élite

- *The Death of the Moth*, by Virginia Woolf. $3
- *The Challenge of the Greek*, by T. R. Glover. $2.75
- *Giants in Dressing-Gowns*, by Julian Arnold. $2.50

For the average reader

- *Napoleon at the Channel*, by Carola Oman. $3
- *Look to the Mountain*, by Le Grand Cannon. $2.75
- *Fair Is Our Land*, by S. Chamberlain. $5
- *The Just and the Unjust*, by James Cozzens. $2.50
- *The Hour before the Dawn*, by W. S. Maugham. $2.50
- *The Boy from Maine*, by Katharine Brush. $2.50
- *John the Great. The Times and Life of a Remarkable American, John L. Sullivan*, by Donald Barr Chidsey. $2.50

For those who love art and have money

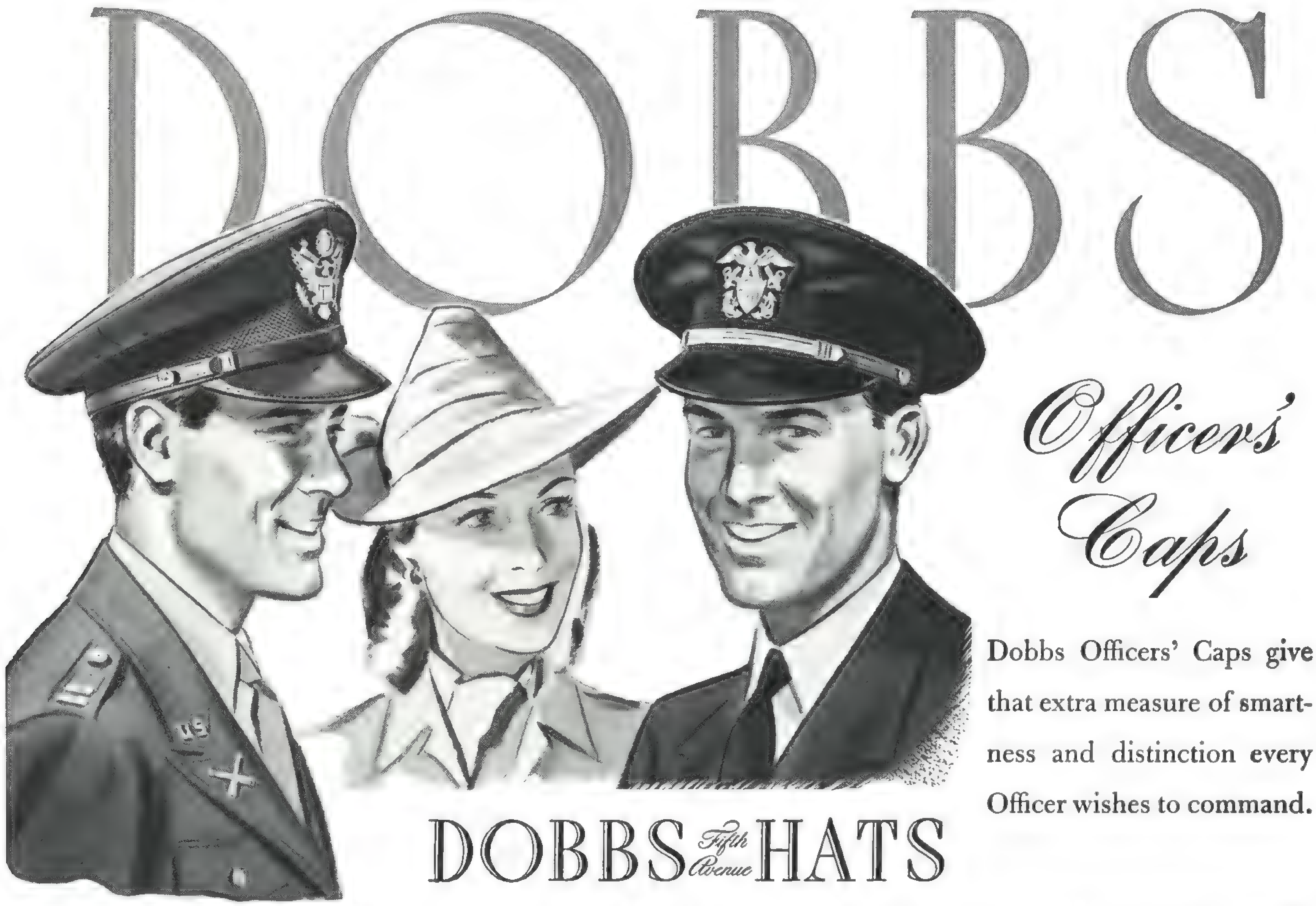
- *Chinese Jades*, by Stanley Charles Nott. $50.

The best thriller of the year

- *The Raft*, by Robert Trumbull. $2.50

For children

- *The Old Testament*, Authorized Version; especially Judges, I and II Samuel, I and II Kings.
- *Pilgrim's Progress.*
- *Robinson Crusoe.*
- *Gulliver's Travels.*
- *Treasure Island.*


DOBBS

Officers' Caps

Dobbs Officers' Caps give that extra measure of smartness and distinction every Officer wishes to command.

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NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

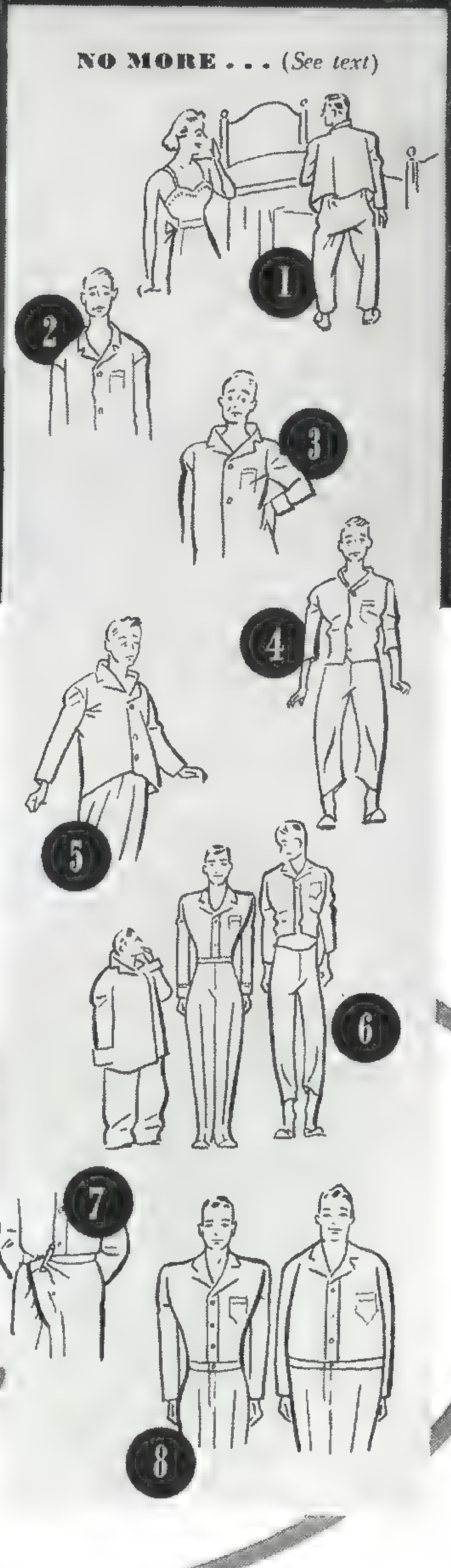
Retail Store: PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET
AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Return Engagem

Things have changed a bit since this page appeared in color here last year. Your choice of fabrics and patterns has narrowed somewhat. Some few are no longer available. But you can still get the revolutionary Glover cut—the superior Glover tailoring. It's amazing how much EXTRA comfort and satisfaction these mean—how much they contribute to the sound sleep which is "your first defense". Naturally, the better fit makes for longer wear, too. You'll find a good selection at the better stores 'most everywhere. Be sure they're Glover Tailored Man Pajamas.

This Christmas... Give the 8 FREEDOMS

OF PAJAMAS THAT REALLY FIT!



You can see in this actual photograph the finer appearance, the amazing comfort of pajamas made a *revolutionary new way*. Glover Tailored Man Pajamas alone give these 8 great Freedoms:

1. NO MORE Bedtime Bow Legs. Tailored Man Pajamas hang straight as an arrow—as all men would like them.

2. NO MORE Droopy, Overhanging Shoulders. Tailored Man Pajamas look smart—not a bit like flour sacks.

3. NO MORE Horse Collar Effects. The new Curve Cut collar is shaped to fit the neck.

4. NO MORE High Water Sleeves and Trouser Legs. The scarecrow motif is definitely passe.

5. NO MORE Hiking-up Coat Fronts, so popular with stage comedians. That's out!

6. NO MORE Hit and Miss Fit. Tailored Man Pajamas are made in 3 heights. What a difference *this* makes!

7. NO MORE Overlapping Safety-pinned Trouser Front. Why saddle infants' customs on the adult male?

8. NO MORE Binding or Slipping Waist Band. Patented Adjusto-Band Waist s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you move and breathe. Easily adjusted, tight or loose—no wrinkles or overlap. This stunt alone is worth the price of admission.

So give him this Gift of Gifts—Glover Tailored Man Pajamas. You will find them at thousands of fine stores where *customer satisfaction* is of first importance. H. B. Glover Company, Dubuque, Iowa.

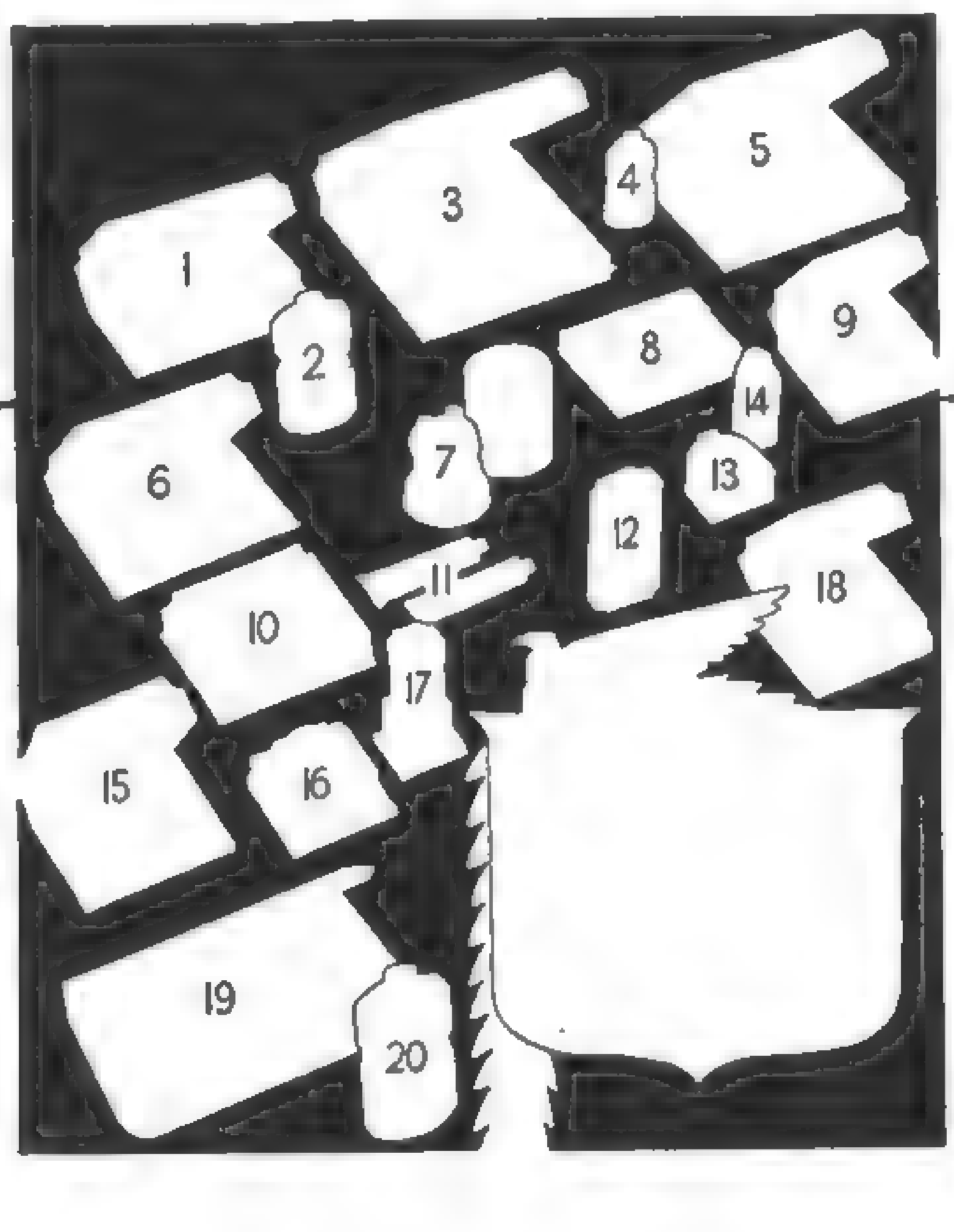
TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS *by Glover*

WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

MAKERS OF MEN'S WEAR FOR NIGHT AND DAY
SHIRTS . . . . SPORTSWEAR . . . . PAJAMAS

CHRISTMAS TRIBUTES TO

men of action



ILLUSTRATED ON OPPOSITE PAGE

1 **Gift Shaving Set,** pinch-bottle, After-Shave Lotion; Wood Bowl of Shaving Soap; and Wood Container of After-Shave Powder...$3.00
2 **Eau de Cologne,** pinch-bottle...80c & $2.50
3 **Master Gift Set,** pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne and Scalp Stimulant; Wood Bowl of Shaving Soap; matching container, After-Shave Powder; and Men's Soap...$4.85
4 **Men's Hair Dressing,** pinch-bottle...$1.00
5 **Gift Set,** pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne; Wood Bowl of Shaving Soap; matching container, After-Shave Powder...$3.80
6 **Gift Set.** Wood container of After-Shave Powder; with pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne...$2.80
7 **"The Three Musketeers,"** military presentation; pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder. and "Tanbark" Cologne...$1.95
8 **Men's Toilet Soap,** 3 cakes...75c
9 **Gift Set,** pinch-bottle, After-Shave Lotion; and Wood container, After-Shave Powder...$2.00
10 **Gift Presentation,** closed.
11 **Shaving Cream,** lather and brushless; each...50c
12 **"Tanbark" Cologne,** (super-refined) in de luxe decanter; $2.50 & $4.00
13 **Wood Bowl** of Shaving Soap...$1.00
14 **Wood Container** of After-Shave Powder...$1.00
15 **Gift Shaving Set,** Wood Bowl of Shaving Soap; and matching container of After-Shave Powder...$2.20
16 **De Luxe Shaving Bowl** in transparent plastic...$5.00
17 **De Luxe Container** of Shaving Powder in transparent plastic...$5.00
18 **Gift Set,** Shaving Stick; and pinch-bottle, After-Shave Lotion...$1.65
19 **Genuine Leather Travel Case,** Tan Cowhide, fitted with After-Shave Lotion, brushless Shaving Cream or Shaving Stick, After-Shave Powder, military brush, nail file, comb, scissors, and containers for toothbrush and razor...$9.00
20 **After-Shave Lotion,** pinch-bottle...80c & $2.50

All prices, plus tax

★ GIFTS FOR MEN IN EVERY SERVICE ★

Lenthéric

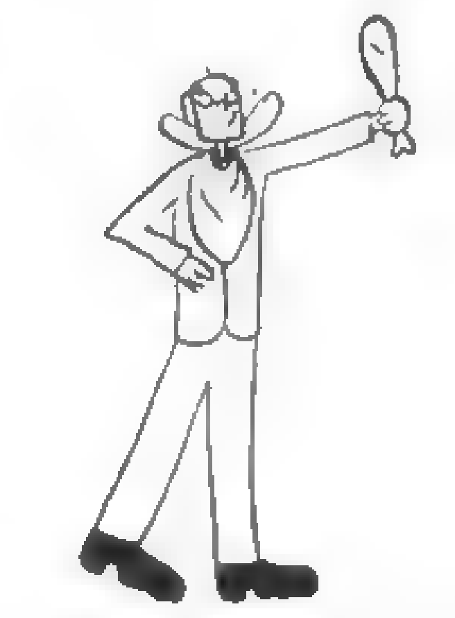
Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 206-208

not writing a new Boccaccio.

So back to the kitchenette, this time colder than a refrigerator—the year was 1918, and there was no more to eat in camps of the countries loyal to Germany. The wrath of the housewives descended on the insanely severe Teutonic ideology. In meting out punishment it is almost inevitable that the innocent should suffer with the guilty, and my country, innocent in many respects, went hungry just like Germany.

Whoever could, fled to foreign lands. I too escaped from the nothingness, to France, and started to eat my way around. It was so easy for a young man who had cheated death on three fronts and in two revolutions, to become a hedonist! My program—and I thought with my young head at that time that it was the only right program—was set: to enjoy life, to live well and eat well, and thank my stars each day for being alive. One by one I discovered restaurants in Paris that were full of tradition and history. When I had the means I dined at Foyot's, or at the Café de Paris, or at Prosper Montagné's for hundreds of francs. When I was broke, I charged a *biftek* in a friendly bistro. Everywhere, for many years after the war, food was divine in France; it simply couldn't last. It is easy to second-guess, but do believe me that I felt (together with many others) that cataclysm was coming, that something would put a stop to this plenty, to these fat years. In the interim I dined well and thought that fate couldn't harm me.



The trouble with too many visitors for Thanksgiving dinner is that father usually gets the short end of the drumstick.

A German shepherd dog, an acquaintance of mine, lived the way I did, and made it his business to eat only the best. I first saw the animal walking all by himself down the Champs Élysées at luncheon time. He was walking with the air of someone who knows where he is heading. I followed him, as he excited my curiosity. He turned in on a narrow path leading to the back entrance of Les Ambassadeurs, one of the best luncheon places in Paris, stopped at the service door, and sat down. In a little while a waiter appeared and spoke to the dog, who answered with a tail wag. Then the waiter went in and returned with a large dish. The dog devoured its contents, wagged his tail again, and started his lonely walk up the Champs Élysées, toward the Arc de Triomphe. I spoke to the waiter, because it was the happy habit of Parisians, though unacquainted, to discuss small events, and he told me that the dog came there every day for lunch but never for dinner. "They must put him on a leash in the evenings," said the *garçon.*

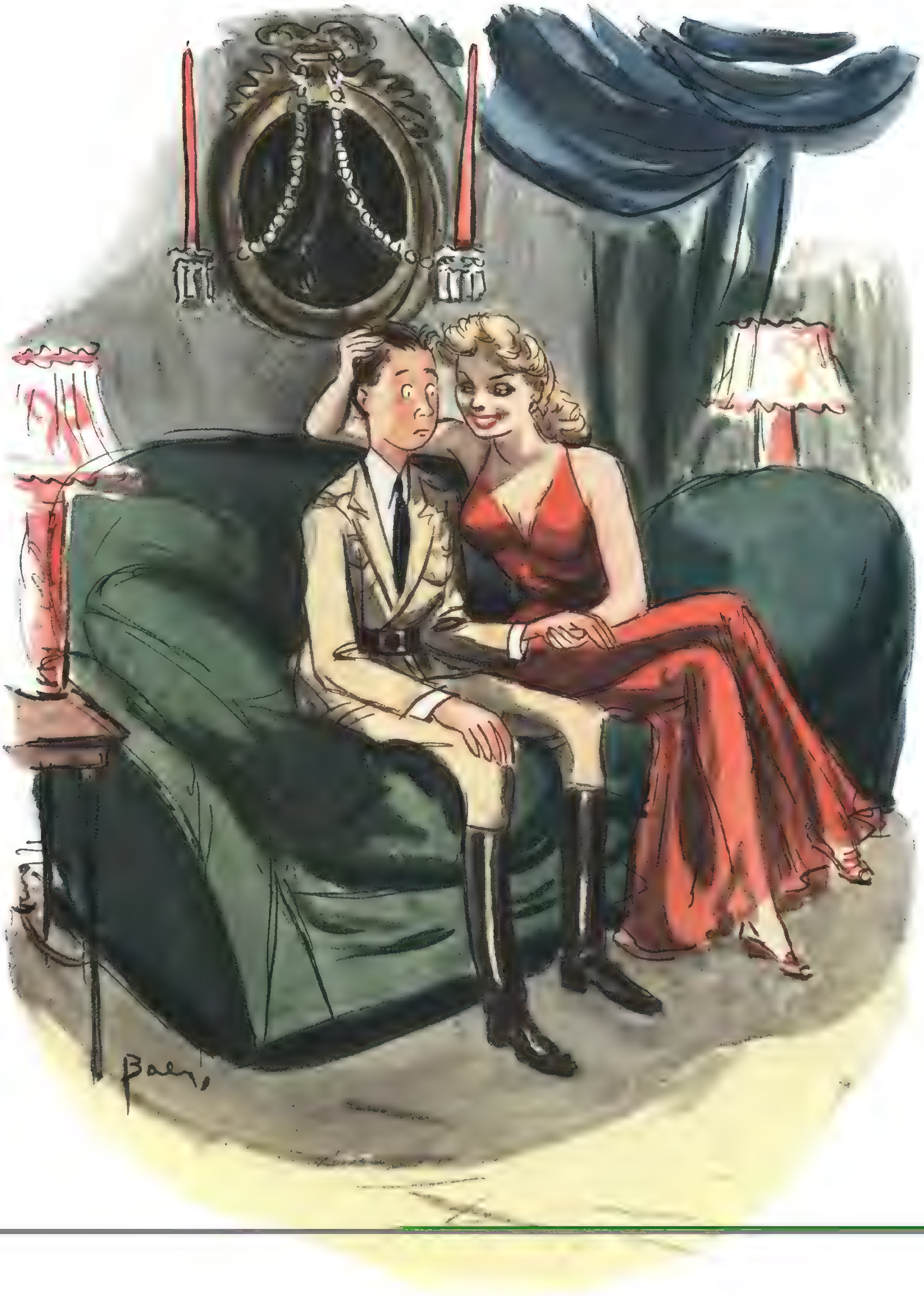
A few months after this, I saw the dog again. It was in the evening. I stood in front of Chèz Maxim's, the best dinner place in the French capital. My dog turned in slowly to the Rue Royale from the Place de la Concorde, and looking neither right nor left, crossed the threshold of the house in which Chèz Maxim's was situated. Captain Molyneux's famous dressmaking establishment was also in the same house, and for a moment I wondered if the dog was going up to order some fancy gowns for a canine sweetheart stubborn and hard to get. But on following him I saw that he was just receiving his dinner from a young chef—the service entrance of the restaurant was in the courtyard. "Poor fellow, he must be a stray," said the chef to my query, "always traveling at nights. We never see him in the daytime." I knew better, and gazed with reverence and admiration after this great four-legged epicure walking away from the celebrated restaurant.

Excuse me, young soldier, for talking at length about a former struggle, its aftermath, and its culinary aspects. Veterans are long-winded and enjoy recalling their war experiences if they can lasso someone to listen, just as women like to talk about their operations.

I just wish to make one more point—real lovers of good food do not care for women at the dinner table. The presence of females, and particularly lovely females, distracts the attention. Sometimes they bewitch you so that you almost forget the location of your mouth as your hand, with a fork in it, and a piece of steak on its prongs, travels toward your face. And sucking at the bones of fowl—a delightful pastime—is out of the question. With women around, you pay more attention to your manners than to food, unless they are subjugated to the station of a wife. It's good for a man sometime or other in his life to live without women; and it is only through letters that you really become acquainted with your girl. The supreme courtship is through the written word. Besides, woman's really deep affection is slowly secured.

Merry Christmas, Soldier. I envy you, your importance, your adventures, your vigor, your food and your appetite.

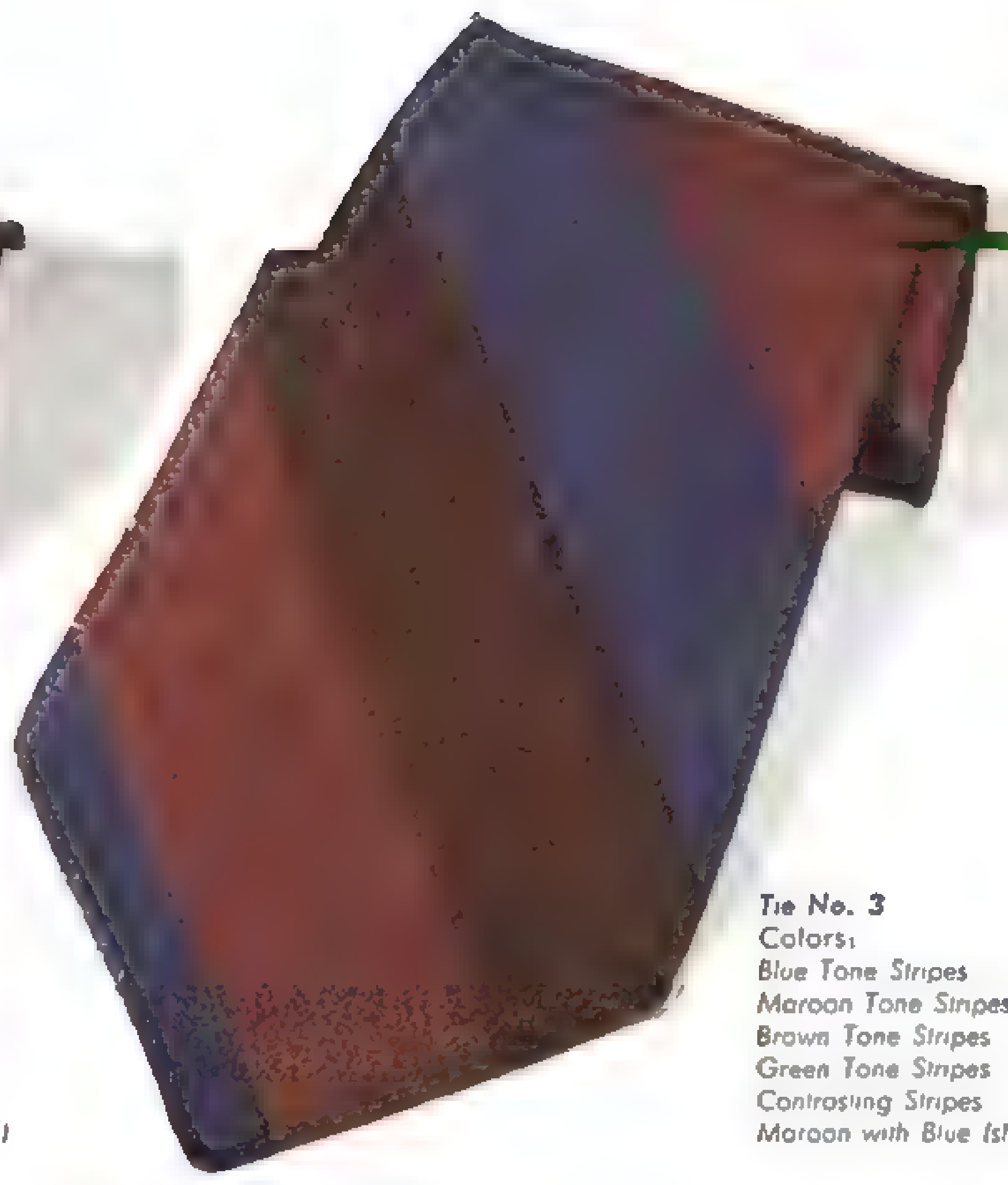
Yours for Victory . . . #



". . . and if you didn't get back till very, very late—what would your captain say then?"

Tie No. 1
Colors:
Blue with Tan
Maroon with Tan
Burgandy with Gray
Brown with Tan
Navy with Wine
Blue with Gray (shown)

Tie No. 2
Colors:
Eighteen
correct color tones
Plain Maroon (shown)



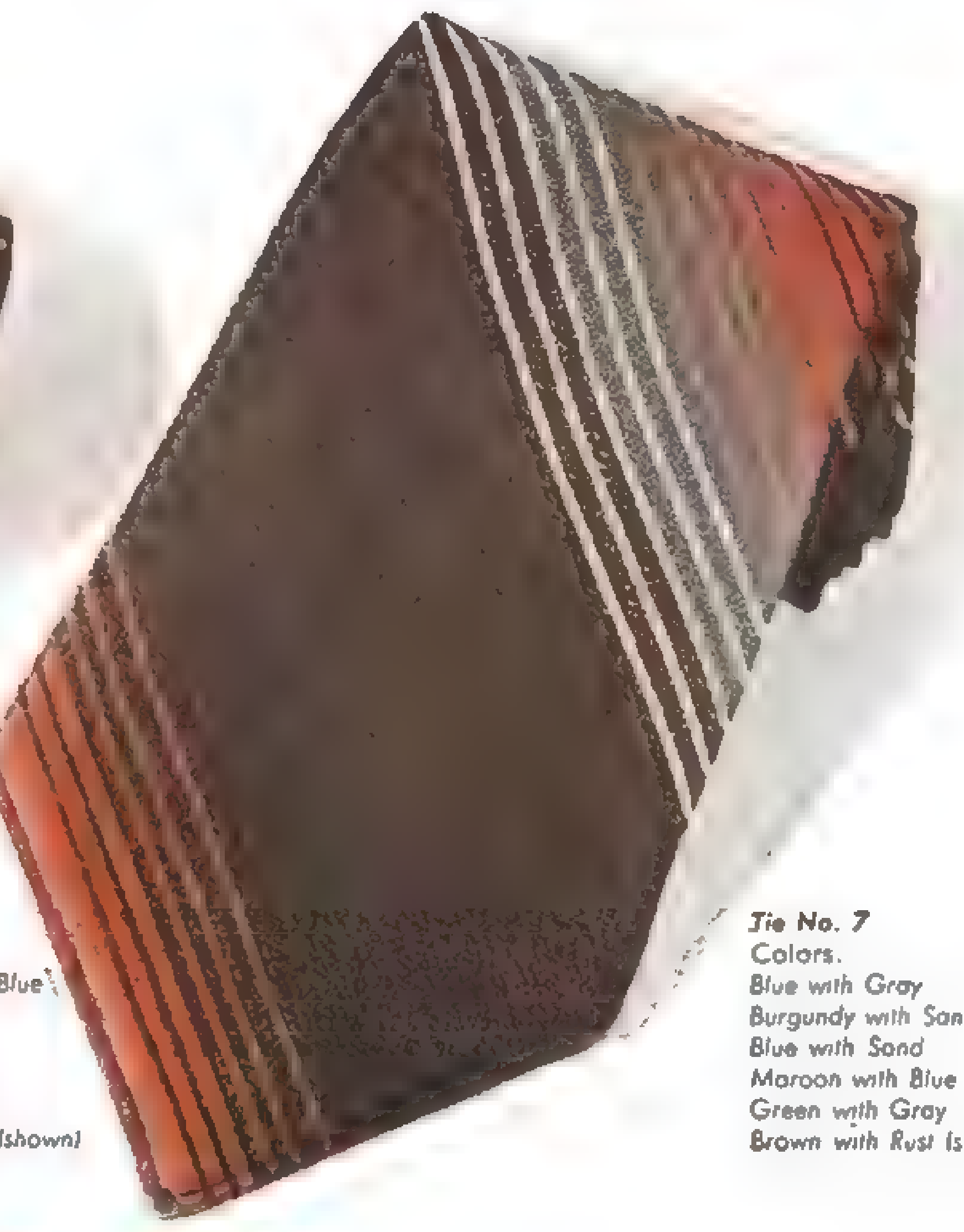
Tie No. 3
Colors:
Blue Tone Stripes
Maroon Tone Stripes
Brown Tone Stripes
Green Tone Stripes
Contrasting Stripes
Maroon with Blue (shown)

SUGAR and SPICE*

"EVERYTHING THAT'S NICE IN A TIE"

Tie No. 5
Colors:
Blue with Blue
Blue with Red
Maroon with Gray
Green with Tan
Brown with Tan
Maroon with Tan (shown)

Tie No. 6
Colors:
Navy with Light Blue
Navy with Sand
Wine Tones
Wine with Gray
Green with Sand
Brown with Tan (shown)



Tie No. 7
Colors:
Blue with Gray
Burgundy with Sand
Blue with Sand
Maroon with Blue
Green with Gray
Brown with Rust (shown)

THE SUPERB YULE TIE

This unique STEHLI fabric puts gracious giving right within easy reach—just as close as the store now showing Sugar and Spice Ties. These ties are soft, powdery and enduringly handsome . . He'll like their draping quality—they'll give him an expert's knot, every time. A right royal gift is a collection of Sugar and Spice in fancy patterns and plain shades. See them today at your favorite store.

$1

SUPERBA CRAVATS

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1942 Superba Cravats

Tie No. 9
Colors:
Eighteen
correct color tones
Plain Blue (shown)

Tie No. 10
Colors:
Blue
Brown
Maroon (shown)

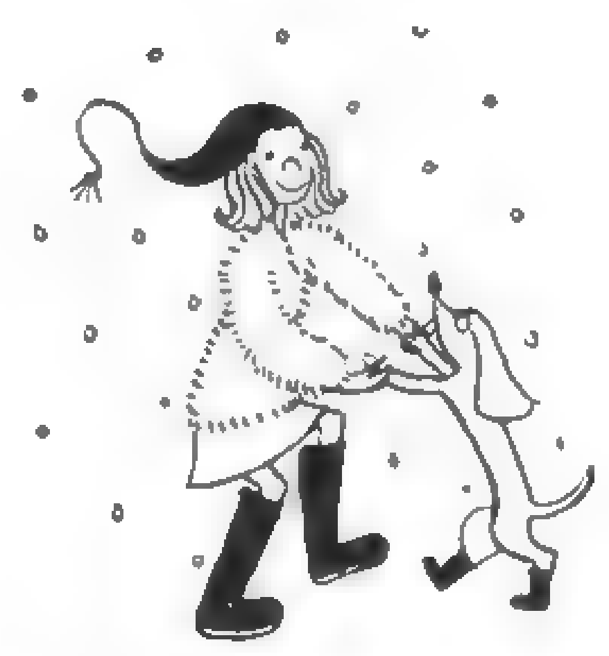
Tie No. 11
Colors:
Blue with Red
Blue with Blue
Maroon with Gray
Maroon with Tan
Brown with Tan
Green with Tan (shown)

Visit on the Nazi Front

Continued from page 46

Paris and how happy everybody is to have them there. Incidentally, Max Schmeling, too, visits Paris occasionally; evidently he finds this less dangerous than his much publicized adventures as a parachutist.

In order to show how happy the Frenchmen are with Hitler, some newspapers even delve into literary book criticism. Under the title of *Tragik und Gewinn* (Tragedy and Profit), the *Reich* reviews the books of a few collaborating authors or, as the Nazis term it, "books of those who have found the way back to themselves."



Here's to lots of snow this Christmas—so we can take Hitler for a sleigh-ride.

And on the other hand, Frenchmen who visit the Reich are just too, too happy. In *Signal* a member of a Paris vaudeville troupe, playing a Berlin theater, writes:

"It is a fact that they like the French in Berlin. One looks at them with curious sympathy. Curiosity, to be sure, but there is no obtrusiveness. The Berliners seem to say: 'Well, you are Frenchmen. That is funny, but since you are here . . . why not?'"

The Prague newspaper, *Der Neue Tag*, however, beats all records in reporting how the Prague population celebrated the birthday of the Fuehrer who, as we all know, is a great favorite with them. The headline was "Prague celebrates Hitler's birthday—a workday and holiday at the same time."

And the article went on to say: "Streetcars with flags brought the Prague people to their places of work today through a city which had become a sea of flags. The stores had put pictures and busts of Hitler in their windows."

Only a short time ago Public Enemy No. 1 of the Nazi press had been Winston Churchill. Now Churchill is hardly mentioned any more. Goebbels has found a new enemy and literally not a day passes, not even a newspaper edition, in which he is not attacked. The new enemy is Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Die Deutsche Zeitung im Ostland, published in Riga, writes about the collaboration between North and South America on the occasion of a visit by an American symphony orchestra on a South American good will tour: "Roosevelt sends American symphony as front for tanks." The same paper and the *Voelkischer Beobachter* and indeed practically every paper, also writes: "Dollar imperialist Roosevelt installs himself in India. Technical commission of the U.S.A. already working there."

And the weekly organ of the SS: "Brazilians battle against Germanism. The stooges of Roosevelt will foot the bill after the war . . . Roosevelt sends fifth column to South America in order to create a second Egypt. Roosevelt demands mass arrests in South America . . . Wherever the armed forces of the U.S.A. show up, Roosevelt has great losses and defeats. With all his might he tries to get South America under his whip. On this front he only shoots with dollars."

The *Voelkischer Beobachter*: "Snatcher Roosevelt not satisfied with Australia. U.S.A. grasps New Zealand."

Aujourd'hui (Paris) publishes ironic articles about America under the title *Libre Amérique* (Free America). The *Voelkischer Beobachter* publishes a fantastically implausible novel in instalments, called: *Speculators—Scenes from the Life of an American Stock Exchange Tycoon*. It would take books, indeed whole libraries, to quote all the lies which Goebbels is spreading about the United States these days. To give just one small item, *Der Neue Tag* (Prague) writes:

"Museums and zoological gardens along the American coast are being evacuated. With typical American publicity, preparations for the evacuation of animals were made, and when they were finished, the caravans went into the interior of the country. It was the same with the great art objects of the country."

And of course, Goebbels never fails to attack the Jews. Readers of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*—and also of every other Nazi-controlled paper—have known for some time now that it is not Hitler that America has to fear but the Jews. I quote from an article, *Jew Power in the United States:*

"An American magazine of economics has published revealing statistics on the influence of the Jews in the U.S.A. According to this American tabulation 97% of the American newspapers are in Jewish hands, 90% of the radio corporations, while the banking business is dominated to 98% by Jews, the heavy industry to 87% . . . One glance at these figures makes it unnecessary to explain what interest the Jews of the U.S.A. had in getting the war started."

Aside from the small but not insignificant fact that America got into the war because the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, it may be interesting to publish the correct figures on Jewish influence in the United States—just for the record.

As to the newspaper business: Of 1700 newspaper owner-publishers, 15 are Jews. Six per cent of the daily newspaper circulation

Continued on page 240

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They'll Fly for the Navy

Continued from pages 76-250

be followed by our schools after the war, it means a 100 per cent compulsory participation of students in some form of competitive athletics.

"The fact remains that even though our Aviation Training Centers can turn out the best flyers in the world, the success or failure of this group largely depends on their aggressive spirit and indomitable will to win. These factors cannot be developed in books, and I know of no better school to develop such characteristics than the great American field of sport. Other things being equal, the fighters with the most guts are going to win out and I defy anyone to develop this trend in our youth without giving them some contact and highly competitive athletics."

To us, as testimony, that seems pretty conclusive.

After the future flyers are hardened physically and mentally at the four Pre-Flight schools, they are sent to basic training centers where they begin their flying. There are twenty-two of these fields now in operation. One of the most important of these is at Glenview, Illinois, which is also an "operational", where finished flyers are groomed at landing on carriers by practicing on the newly-reconstructed *Wolverine* in Lake Michigan. As we waited for our credentials at the entrance in a virtual wasteland of mud, ditches and piled lumber on what was once a golf links, two big gray buses drove up, stopped and passed on in. Lounging inside, some of the boys stretched out asleep near the back window of the bus, were the young flyers. Before we even passed through the gate ourselves, two more buses arrived loaded with our future flyers.

We drove along rutted, muddy, temporary roads, past newly-laid railroad tracks where steam cranes were unloading material onto the platforms of new warehouses. Off to the left we saw great stretches of newly-poured concrete for some of the largest runways in the world. Everywhere we could hear the chatter of steam cranes and the throb of caterpillar Diesels. Ahead we saw splendid new modernistic buildings, and around them acres of temporary structures with green asbestos-cement siding.

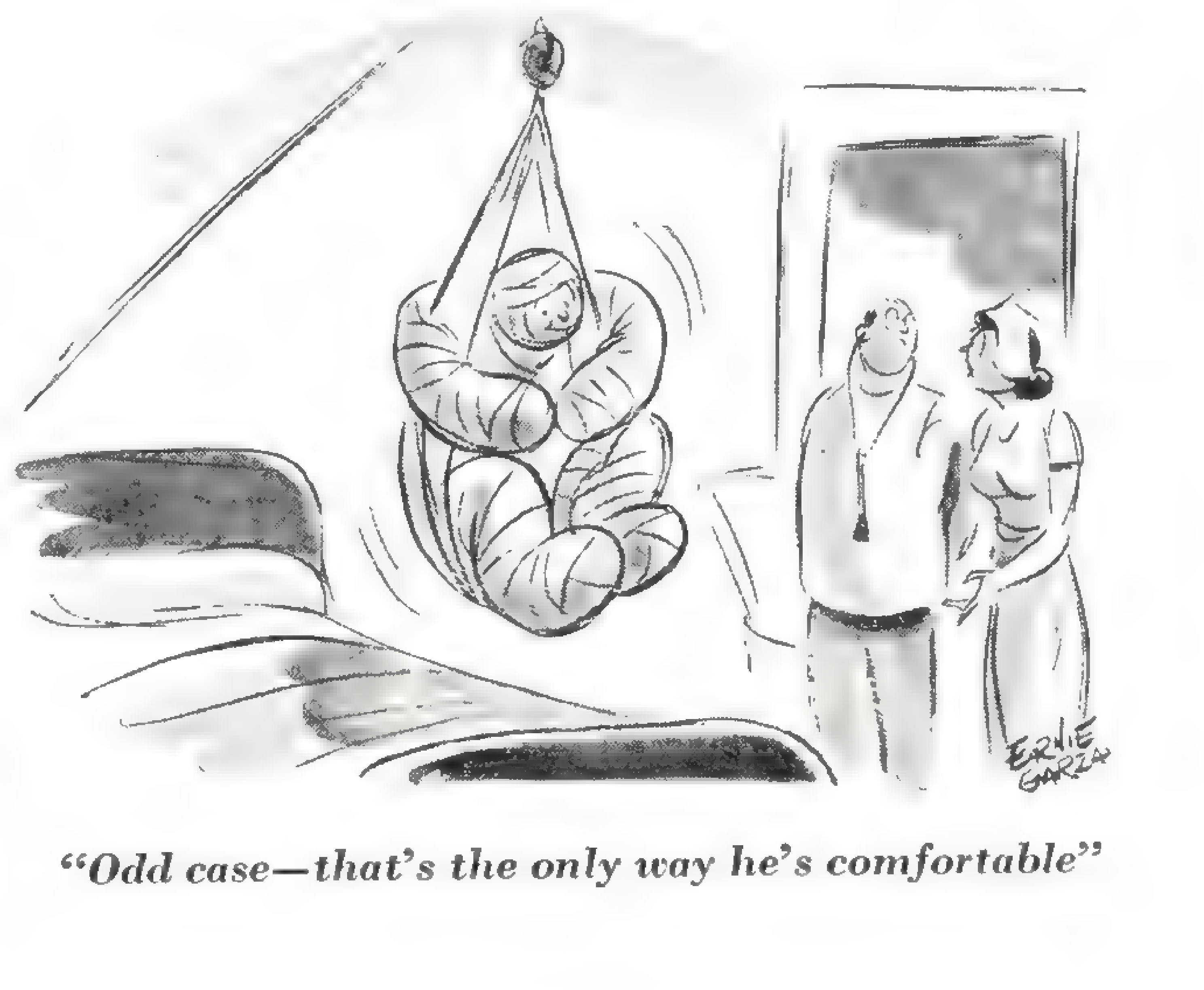
Along the front of the Headquarters building was another large runway, thick with yellow planes and gray planes. In the hangars we saw huge bombers with folding wings, dive bombers, and other training planes.

Commander G. A. T. Washburn, U. S. Navy, the Commandant, a gigantic, youngish man with sober open face and steady eyes, is slow to warm up to you but once he feels he is on good ground, loosens up into a conversational friendliness that is enlivened by quick smiles. He started this field in 1936 with a fragment of the money that is now being poured into it. If he could have had a fair percentage then of the money that is being spent now, there would have been more runways, hangars and quarters, and fewer piles of uncarried-out blueprints.

Commander Washburn explained why the athletic program of Naval Aviation should not be confused with crowd-pleasing activities of other sports programs. Stadium-filling requires star-building to draw the crowds, and Naval Aviation does not want individual stars. "In the other war, it was a different proposition," Commander Washburn explained. "Then individual combat counted. Men like Guynemer, Hall, Lufbury and Rickenbacker were invaluable. Today we have to have superb formations, unbeatable *teams* of flyers. Everything is teamwork. In the air no formation is better than its poorest flyer. That's why our aim now must be to bring up the lower rank of flyers, rather than to inflate the more exceptional men."

Commander Washburn is another of that fine thin line of Annapolis men who have been brought up on air power—fortunately, for our nation's safety. In

Continued on page 254



"Odd case—that's the only way he's comfortable"

One Lone Guerrilla

Continued from page 85

lieutenant, with a medal swinging from his breast, apologized personally to old Anton. He came with an interpreter and was courteously apologetic. He explained that his men had no way of knowing that the defending army had left this village four days before. His men came in expecting to find opposition, and—but naturally—they had to fire first. They had to fire first, since they could take no chances. He expressed the hope that old Anton did not blame *them*.

He tendered his profound regrets. He assured old Anton that his army didn't make war on old women and babies; they were the innocent victims of war. He offered old Anton a cigarette, which old Anton refused. He declined politely, and did not, by a flicker in his face, let the trim young lieutenant know that he sincerely wished that a bullet from the gun of one of his six sons would smash that trim young breast a hundred miles onward.

The trim young lieutenant proffered chocolates then, explained through the trembling interpreter that his government bore no ill-will whatever towards Anton and his kind. His government wanted to be friends with Anton, to protect him and his kind. He was very polite and gracious—and old Anton wanted to leap at him and tear that smart young throat. But he thanked the lieutenant instead, and tottered as he walked away—tottered like a feeble old man. The accursed were taking no chances with healthy men, even civilians. They were rounding them up and sending them far back behind the lines. But a doddering old man—that was different. They gave him an apology for the regrettable death of his wife and grandchild, offered to make friends, and let him alone.

That night, while the four holy candles flickered at the bed of Anya and Georg, old Anton got his gun from the hollowed rafter, with its ramrod tucked underneath in its little tunnel, the powder sack with its little horn measuring cup and the bag of balls. It was a wonderful gun, though the government man who was seeking guns for the army had shaken his head when he saw it months before. He had said it was no good, which old Anton knew was false. It was as accurate as a gun could be. Only the sights were wrong. But if you aimed two feet to the left, three feet low, at a hundred yards, it hit the deer every time. It was a wonderful gun, as his father's father had said, when he brought it back from his travels more than a hundred years ago. It had the miraculous advantage of having two barrels, and thus was as effective as two guns, though it needed only one man to handle it.

He had slipped out the back door that night, with the old gun, and made his way through the spring foliage to the mountainside overlooking the narrow, muddy road.

In the morning, at dawn, a column of gray cyclists came pumping along. Old Anton shot two of them, through the breast, and they fell while he slipped away, and bullets rattled overhead through the leaves.

He knew they would come back. They did—and many times thereafter. But the leaves were his allies.

* * *

The red and gold leaves were falling fast now, and soon it would be over. Old Anton wasn't sorry. All spring and summer he had been doing much thinking. He didn't have much else to do, sitting at a wooded spot, overlooking a section of the road—a different section every day. It had occurred to him that a guerrilla's life was a thankless one. There were stories and songs about brave soldiers who fought and died valiantly, in brave, hopeless charges.

But even the officers of his own army were contemptuous of guerrillas; he had often heard them, expounding their convictions, in the little inn in the village, saying that guerrillas were a negligible quantity, really. All right, they harassed the enemy a bit—but did they hold lines? Did they save cities? They talked, these officers, in the days before the army withdrew, much about "stabilization of lines," and "slit trenches" and "supply lines." Those were important; guerrillas were not important. Oh, sure, a small help, but that's all.

And yet a guerrilla's life was hard and fierce. Old Anton lived on the mountain, subsisting on fish from the brooks, the little red berries that Anya used to make into a preserve. When he had bread, he stole it. He crept into a house and stole it, and slipped away. Perhaps the inhabitants would have been glad

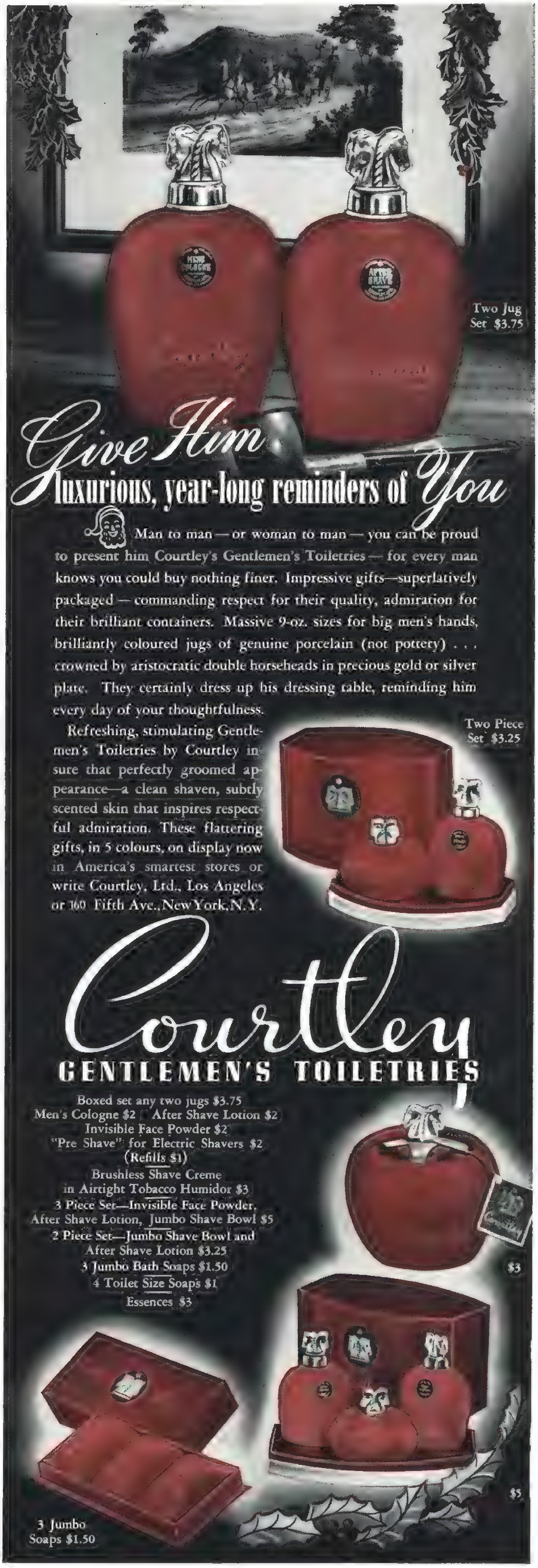
Continued on page 256

Traditional Christmas Gifts For—

Mussolini: *Slippers. (He's always on the carpet.)*

Hirohito: *A pair of socks. (Right in the eye.)*

Hitler: *A necktie. (About twenty feet long and of inch-thick rope.)*



Two Jug Set $3.75

Give Him Luxurious, year-long reminders of You

Man to man — or woman to man — you can be proud to present him Courtley's Gentlemen's Toiletries — for every man knows you could buy nothing finer. Impressive gifts—superlatively packaged — commanding respect for their quality, admiration for their brilliant containers. Massive 9-oz. sizes for big men's hands, brilliantly coloured jugs of genuine porcelain (not pottery) . . . crowned by aristocratic double horseheads in precious gold or silver plate. They certainly dress up his dressing table, reminding him every day of your thoughtfulness.

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2 Piece Set—Jumbo Shave Bowl and After Shave Lotion $3.25
3 Jumbo Bath Soaps $1.50
4 Toilet Size Soaps $1
Essences $3

$3

$5

3 Jumbo Soaps $1.50

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On the Home Front...
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(*Not available for civilian use)

• In manufacturing the "WINTER FLYING SUIT" exclusively for the government, UNITED craftsmen go *all-out* in applying their garment manufacturing ingenuity, just as they do in the making of our regular line of Lake O'Woods Sportswear such as the SPORTSMASTER JACKET, SUR-VARSITY FINGER-TIP COATS and GABA-DEAN SHIRTS.

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• GABA-DEAN Shirts are featured by leading men's stores at $9.50 each in these eight he-man shades.

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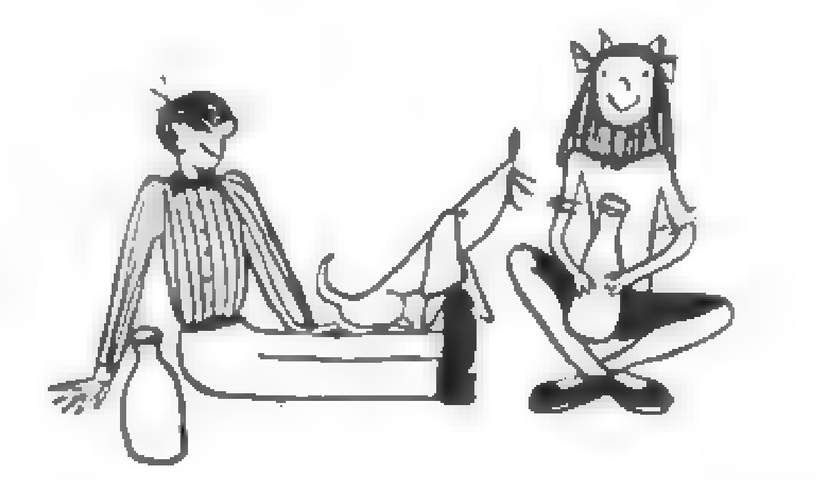
__Turf Green __Fall Rust __Teal Blue __Coffee Brown
__Prairie Tan __Sea Green __Silver Gray __Deep Water Blue
Collar Size______ Sleeve Lengths ______
Name______
Address______
City______ State ______

One Lone Guerrilla

Continued from pages 85-255

to give him the bread, but—perhaps they would have called the invader and collected a reward for delivering him up. Nights were cold and lonely. A fire would tell the accursed where you were. You did without.

And, if you were caught, you weren't given the dignity of a firing squad, and the last puff at a cigarette, and a priest to give you absolution. No. The invader was even more contemptuous of guerrillas than your own army. They tied your hands behind your back, and hung you from a tree in the square, and left you hanging there, indecently, for everybody to see. Or they hung you from a little portable gallows and rolled your jerking body around the village, to show that guerrillas weren't even worthy of a soldier's death. And they didn't hang you in that quick, neck-snapping way that was the privilege of felons, the way that ended everything quickly, with a trap. They just dragged you up on the tree or the gallows, and let you strangle by your own weight, slowly and painfully. Old Anton had seen a couple of these hangings, from the brow of the mountain. You had no friends, no champions.



If the post-war world is going to be really *perfect, everybody in the world who wants one should have not only a quart of milk a day but also a seat on the fifty-yard line.*

Except the leaves.

Beautiful, lovely leaves, now all gold and red.

But even they were dying now. They were dropping, swirling around the old man. The bite of winter was in his bones, almost as deadly as the falling leaves. He couldn't live out a winter on the mountain. The cold alone would kill him. But, before that, the leaflessness would make him as conspicuous a target as the deer to the huntsman's gun. The deer that is hidden all summer by the friendly leaves.

They were loyal, these leaves.

Once they had sent back a party of sixty men, after old Anton had dropped the usual two, to make a lesson of the guerrilla on this mountain. Doubtless, they were irritated at paying a toll of two lives every time they used this road. And determined to end it. They had sent a dozen planes, too, to help, and these howled overhead, with their torpedo-shaped bombs clinging to their bellies, and their pilots peering out. Sixty men, a dozen planes, a horde of machine guns against one guerrilla. They had reason to be irritated. Anton had killed fifty-four by now—not counting the two who could still crawl after he shot them.

But the leaves were as faithful as ever. Through them, hidden himself, old Anton could peer. He could see the sixty stretch out in a long thin line, each man twenty yards from the next, with their new machine guns held ready at gray hips. He could see them march forward, at a single word, barked in a foreign tongue. They moved forward steadily, eyes searching right and left.

Watching them, he knew what they were up to. They were going to sweep the mountain. Sweep it ruthlessly. Sixty men, twenty yards apart, could sweep a path more than a half mile wide.

He could hardly imagine they could be such fools. But they were. The thin line came on, methodically, stupidly, as though they were hunting a foolish goat or a deer.

All he had to do was to withdraw just beyond the half-mile line, and when they passed, cursing in a foreign tongue the sharp brambles that tore their uniforms, cursing the foliage that rubbed their faces, stumbling and falling, he slid back into the area they had just combed.

And when they reached the lake on the other side of the mountain, they wheeled and swept the adjoining half mile, while old Anton lay in the part already combed. Such fools!

From dawn until sunset, he watched them comb the mountain. At sunset they finished. Torn and scratched by brambles, weary and dog-tired, they came out to form in a column again, to march off to headquarters and report, no doubt, that the guerrilla must have fled.

Oh, those wonderful leaves!

* * *

Old Anton heard the strumming of motorcycle motors over the twisting stretch of muddy road, and made ready. He beat his chilled fingers against his knees to restore circulation. The chased metal of the barrel, when he touched it, clung to the skin of his fingertips. A crimson leaf kissed his face.

The accursed were coming from a different direction this time, but he knew well the sound of their motors.

He lifted the old gun, and nestled his bearded cheek against the old stock. Three motorcycle troopers came first, driving hard. Old Anton aimed, at this range, two feet to the left, and lower than his cycle wheel, so that the ball caught the cyclist square in the chest and hurled him back off his machine. The driverless machine twisted and fell so that the next rider struck it and was thrown, flying through the air and cracking his head against the stones at the side of the wall. The

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The Eagle's Advocate

Continued from page 105

at least opposite this side, he concentrated on his first love, flying—first writing for, then editing the magazine called *Aeronautics*. Immediately he struck up a personal correspondence with the old French aeronaut, Bleriot, and the other air pioneers of the day. Later, he took the stump for Billy Mitchell. He kept on fighting for Billy Mitchell, as a matter of fact, until the advertising in *Aeronautics* dipped to the vanishing point.

In the interim, he went exploring in Honduras—for the Museum of Honduras. A few months in the tropics and Ziff found himself neatly ensconced as a Colonel in the Honduran Army.

Once he ran for Congress in Illinois. "Unfortunately," he admits, "I made the mistake of running as a Republican."

Today, rumored a millionaire, he is the possessor of vast erudition, wide and eclectic accomplishments, publication after publication, an 855.2-acre estate outside Washington, an extensive collection of primitive arms, one of the best military libraries in the country, and what he believes is "the finest cactus collection in the world."

* * *

Ziff's approach to the war is startling. In his book, in all his writing, and in all his talk, he holds that wherever a non-bridgeable body of water separates two antagonists, aircraft are the only weapons of importance. "Experts" shy at this. "But 'an expert,'" Ziff insists, "is any damn fool fifty miles from home."

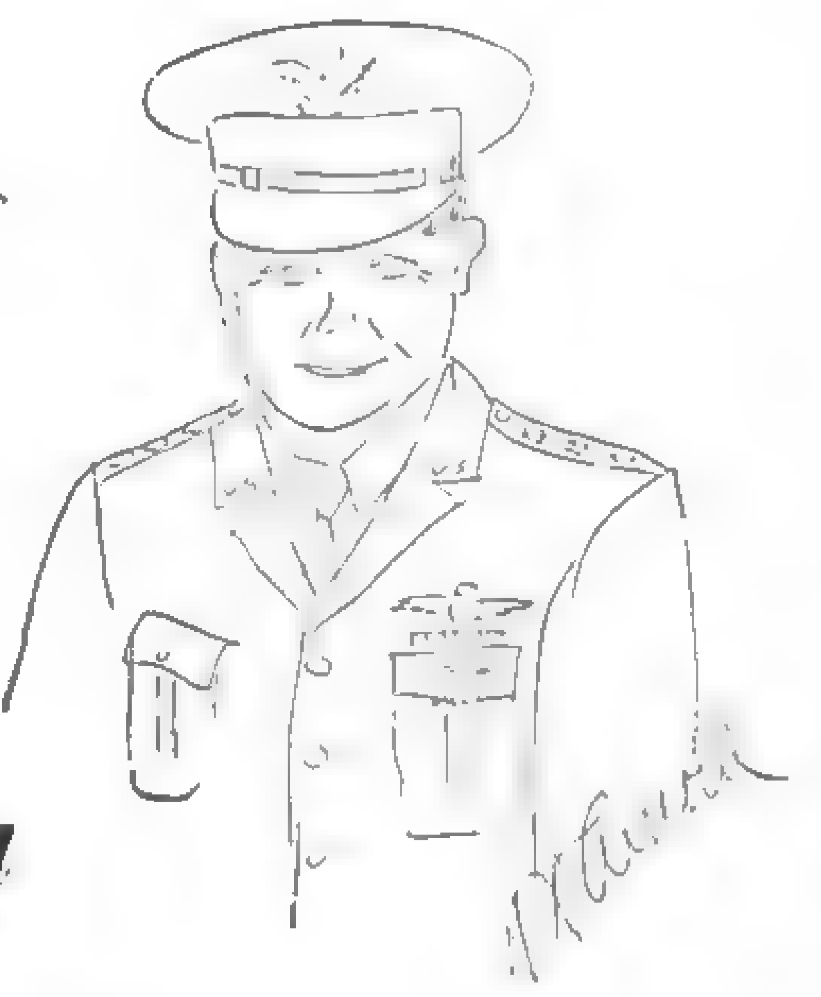
He painstakingly explained his theory in France to a certain prominent French general, many months before France fell. "But my God," said the general, throwing up his hands in despair, "there's no rear—every soldier knows you can't fight without a rear."

Ziff did not make the obvious pun. He merely said that the airplane, together with the tank, had dissolved the rear. War, today, had gained a dimension: it was now cubic. Well, in the Summer of 1940, the front fell out of the rear . . . and the French General Staff learned a new trick, *a posteriori*.

"We haven't yet fought an air war," Ziff feels. "An air war can't be fought until you concentrate all your strength . . . and all productive facilities . . . on aircraft." He wants to see total mobilization for war. He wants to turn the whole country into an arsenal—with war the one and only business—and with every single business, factory, and barn attenuated to an air program.

He believes that the only non-aviation phase of the Army that is necessary is one trained for occupation and political administration. The building of a giant Army in America, he feels, is relatively useless. For in the face of hostile aircraft, it is not only hazardous to attempt to transport men and matériel across ocean barriers, but next to impossible to keep the supply lines open. Further, he doesn't feel that we have sufficient brutality in our culture to stand up well against the trained and calculated sav-

General Arnold as sketched by himself



A Portrait of General H. H. Arnold

by H. H. Arnold, *Lieutenant General, U. S. A.*
Commanding General, Army Air Forces

The Arnold Saga: From a flying egg crate in 1911 to a Flying Wing in 1950.

Favorite Locale: Shangri-La and its Teutonic counterpart—Schlaraffen-La.

Formula for Success: Concentrate on one field until you become a specialist and then keep concentrating until you become a super-specialist.

Advice to Aviation Cadets: Profit by the mistakes of others because you can afford to make only one yourself.

Amendment to a Slogan: "Production will win the war"—yes, the production of well-trained and equipped squadrons of fighting men.

Aviation's Question Mark: What will happen when the speed of planes catches up with the speed of sound?

Hearty Welcome: To any appointment that gets me into my plane.

Lure of the Air Forces: Man's last hope to conquer the unknown—his last opportunity to venture alone beyond the far horizon, seek out the enemy and destroy him.

Airman's Reward: The unshakable self-reliance and quiet courage that come to a man who has learned how to maneuver tons of flying dynamite on a mission of life or death.

Things That Puzzle Us

How a fat fellow like Santa Claus gets down these modern slender chimneys . . . Why folks try to eat three times as much Christmas dinner as is good for them (instead of only twice as much) . . . Junior's electric train . . . How salesgirls are as cheerful and courteous as they are during the Christmas shopping rush . . . What the wife saw in those ties she gave us . . . How the average youngster can empty his Christmas stockings so quickly . . . What we'll use for money after we pay those Christmas bills . . . Why our Christmas tree doesn't get tipped over more often than it does . . . What would be left of our digestive system if we tried to eat plum pudding every day in the year.

agery of the Axis manpower. Consequently, he concludes, if we try to fight this war with the same tactics we used in the last war, we will lose—and have nothing but devastation and slavery in the offing.

On the other hand, we have tremendous advantages over the enemy in production facilities, skilled manpower, and raw materials. We can build more and better aircraft of every type than all the Axis countries and conquered countries lumped together. He feels we should stop deluding ourselves with old and classic and unrealistic dreams. We should face squarely the fact that we are fighting a new kind of war, with new kinds of weapons, against a new kind of enemy. Once accepting these premises, we can plunge ahead with full throttle.

All that orthodox methods will do for us is prolong the war. The Axis eventually will take Russia and China; it will make terms with South America, which is a natural customer; it will take Alaska, which is a land island; and combining its newly-acquired, strategic materials with a highly-developed technology, it will turn a gargantuan air blitz on England . . . and blockade us.

In addition to making war our only business, he maintains that we should get tough at home. We should round up all ex-Bund members, all Silver Shirt followers, all Fascist sympathizers, and put them into concentration camps. We should seize immediately all the Axis-controlled or influenced territory in the Americas, including all Vichy French possessions.

About leadership: Thought, logic, imagination, and the laboratory, in Ziff's opinion, are much to be preferred to experience—particularly where experience is no longer apt. He favors the drafting of brains and the shelving of the inept and superannuated. He points out that both Russia and Germany have put their fate in the hands of young and dynamic men, ruthlessly relegating the tottering old men to the scrap heap.

George Washington, he points out, was scarcely a military man. Prior to the American Revolution, he had fought only one battle in his life. And the brilliant general who defeated the most highly-trained and experienced men of the Russian Imperial Army was a young intellectual from the Bronx, Leon Trotsky.

Ziff modestly disclaims any credit or originality for his book. He feels that it is simply an articulate expression of what the more progressive minds in the Army believe, continuing the line of thinking begun by Billy Mitchell and enriched by de Seversky. "I believe that more than 250 men in this country," he says, "could have written this book . . . or one much better." The fact remains, however, that it was written by William B. Ziff.

* * *

Well, times are changing at a log speed. New dynamics are at work. And agencies which can't relate themselves to the new forces are earmarked for extinction—a fact which has been tragically shown by the rubble heaps and White Papers of the past three years.

That Ziff, himself a product of American mid-century industrial forces, has reflected the new change the way a fluoroscope impinges the shadows of objects in the path of an X-ray, is our gain. If the American branch of the human race is not to become extinct in the face of streamlined terror, we must look at the present and the future with a cold, but enlightened sense of reality.

We should take a page from Mr. Ambrose Bierce's fable. There were once, you may remember, three animals who faced a flood for the first time—a bear, a fox, and an opossum. Looking at the waters, the bear, emulating Poland, said: "Death loves a coward." Forthwith he dashed forward to fight the flood.

"What a fool he was," said the fox, with the voice of the French General Staff. And slyly he slipped into a hollow stump.

The opossum, watching the waters envelop his friend, called on philosophy. "There are malevolent forces, which the wise will neither confront nor run away from," he said, in the manner of certain pre-Pearl Harbor, American leaders. So saying, he lay down . . . and pretended to be asleep. ⯑

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Continued on page 262

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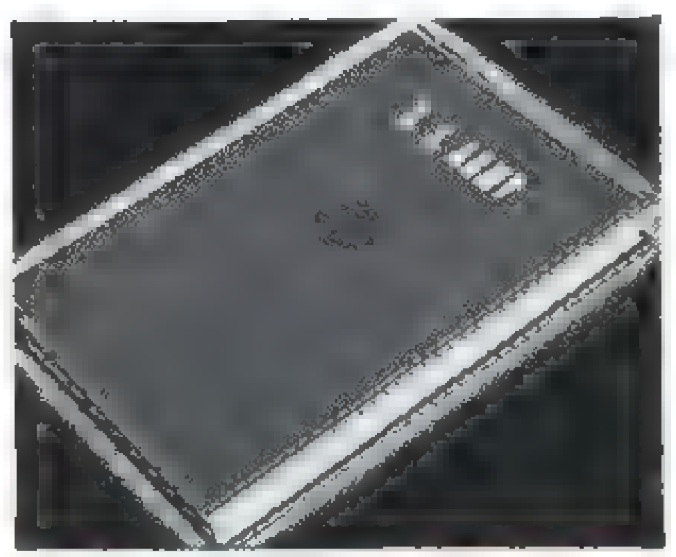

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Nine Out of Ten Can Fly

Continued from pages 94-261

If you are color blind, the Army and Navy Air Corps won't take you, but even if you are so bad at guessing colors that you can't tell a red traffic light from a green one, you are still Okay for private flying. So you see—there's a lot more leeway in the regulations than most people think.

HEARING—"Listen to your airspeed" is one of the first lessons a flight instructor tries to impress upon his student. When the motor is idling and the plane is in a glide, the reassuring sound of air swishing past wires, struts and wing surfaces is certain proof that the airplane is moving through the air fast enough to maintain "safe flying speed." When this swishing fades to a whisper, a well-trained pilot knows he is gliding too slowly for safety, and immediately uses more power or increases his glide.

Almost all airplanes these days are equipped with radios and headphones—exactly like the phones used in the early days of broadcasting. You need a receiver to follow the radio beams when flying 'cross-country, in plane-to-plane communication, and to receive landing instructions from the control towers of busy airports. If your hearing is bad, you can't hear the rush of air past the wings or take full advantage of modern aviation's radio aids.

The test for hearing is very simple. You don't even need a watch with a tick. To obtain a standard "loudness," simply have a friend stand exactly twenty feet away, exhale all the air possible from his lungs, and then whisper the five following numbers—one at a time: "Ninety-nine; Eighty-three; Sixty-eight; Twenty-six; Nineteen." In the meantime, you must close your eyes and repeat each number as you hear it—listening first with one ear and then the other—plugging the opposite ear with your finger.

If you can hear all five whispered numbers correctly with each ear, separately, your hearing is perfect and you are eligible for either Army or Navy flying. If you are able to hear the whispered numbers with just one ear when your friend is standing not less than three feet away, your hearing is okay for private flying.

BALANCE—A pilot's balance tells him if he is flying sloppily, such as carrying one wing low. Balance instinctively warns a pilot if his banks and turns are poorly executed. The instinct to fly properly depends largely on balance. So, if you are good on skates, ride horseback well, and are known by friends as "a good dancer," you probably have very good equilibrium. Balance is determined by a combination of reactions depending on your eyes and a fluid in the semi-circular canals of your ears as well as sensations from joints, bones and muscles. In the old days, the balance test was a lulu. They whirled you around in a power-driven infernal machine called a Ruggles Orientator, an experience that would sour even a bird on flying. The most modern balance test is approximately like this: Close your eyes, raise one foot off the floor and balance for fifteen seconds without touching your raised foot to the floor or hopping on the other foot. You can move your arms all you like to help balance. If you can balance in this manner on each foot for at least fifteen seconds, your balance is okay for any type of flying. If not, there must be something wrong which would make it dangerous for you to fly, and you may be ineligible for any flying.

MUSCULAR CO-ORDINATION—Piloting an airplane smoothly and well requires the highest form of muscular co-ordination. The controls, in fact, should feel as familiar to the pilot as an extension of his hands and feet. Some people never learn to drive an automobile smoothly—a vehicle which operates in only two directions, forward or backward, right or left. Bad automobile drivers are, therefore, not very likely to fly well, as an airplane must be controlled in three dimensions—forward; up and down; left or right. Good muscular co-ordination is simply the difference between being awkward or skillful. People who are good at competitive games, such as tennis, baseball, golf, football, badminton, or ping-pong, must have good co-ordination and will probably make good pilots. There are three trials in each of the five parts to this test. All you need for equipment is a blindfold and the assistance of a friend to score your "hits" or "misses." Try to carry out the following orders quickly and accurately and have your friend record the results on a scratch pad in two columns labeled "Hits" and "Misses." There should be fifteen trials recorded altogether. At the end of the test, add up the hits and misses. If you have more hits than misses, your co-ordination is okay for any type of flying from private license to a fighter pilot for the Army or Navy. The minimum passing score is, therefore, eight hits and seven misses. Now blindfold yourself and let's see how good you are at co-ordination. Your assistant must record the results.

FIRST: Touch the tip of your nose with your right index finger, *three* times in rapid succession—returning your arm to a horizontal position each time.

SECOND: Repeat the test in exactly the same manner with the other arm—touching the tip of your nose with your left index finger.

THIRD: Extend both arms to your sides in a horizontal plane. Now bring your index fingers together at arm's length in front of you *three* times in succession.

FOURTH: Now sit down in a chair with your legs stretched out before you. Touch the heel of your right foot to your left knee-cap *three* times in succession, extend-

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(*MERELY A FEW PENNIES MORE*)

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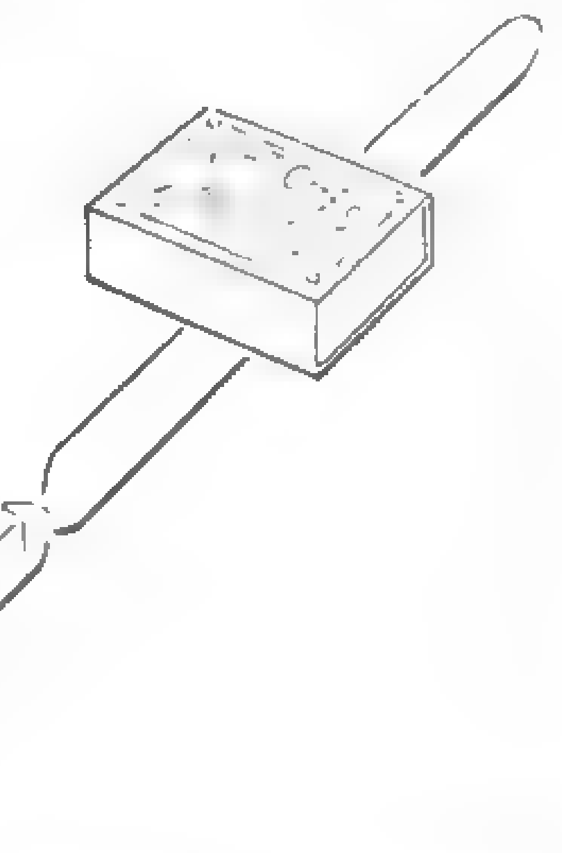
Checkpayers

Good for One Free Drink at the Nearest Bar



The Wager: That you can tell which way the match heads face in a closed match box.

The Payoff: Balance the match box on the edge of a table knife; the side containing the match heads will be heavier.

Life with a Dream Girl

Continued from page 61

are the girl of my every dream"—his voice grew passionate—"you are everything to me, my first and only love. I have always been lonely before never loved before nor been loved, not even by my mother. My father was killed in the War, and I think her heart died with him. After that she was cold and aloof, more like a wraith than a woman, as if shut in on herself. She did not seem to love me, but kept me always at home, in the empty old Kerry house where we lived in one small wing, as she did not entertain after my father's death. My childhood wasn't unhappy; the house was full of books and I read from morning till night, and wandered through the woods, dreaming of old Greek heroes and King Arthur and his Knights and the fairy lands of Wonder. Three years ago Mother died, but it didn't change my life. I looked after the estate and did business with my tenants, but never had any friends and did not seem to need them. Not happy nor unhappy. Then I started to write a book, to tell the tragic story of a castle near my home. I worked on it very hard, too hard perhaps because . . . at least I had a bad illness which left me with these headaches . . . until I met you my dear. You've healed my body and soul . . . Oh, darling, I love you so much!"

"I love you too," she murmured. "I loved you from the first."

He saw that her eyes were wet, and for the first time he kissed her. She clung to him half-sobbing. "Oh, Don, I am yours for ever, for ever and for ever."

* * *

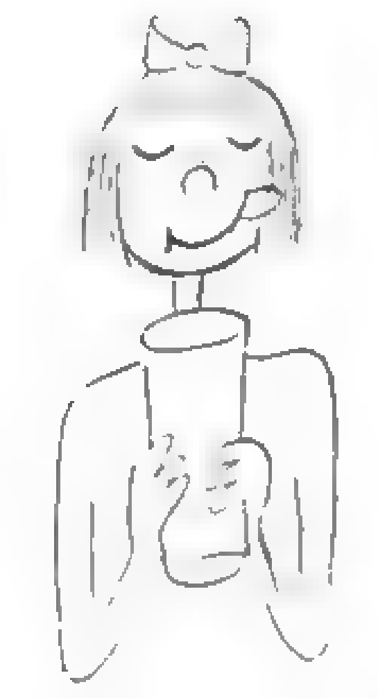
McNeil put the letter down. "You know that cousin of mine," he said to Harry Lowden. "I was worried about him; that's why I came back today instead of tomorrow morning. He had a very close call, meningitis it was, and what's more, between you and me . . . well, you know what some families are, too much intermarriage and what not. His mother was rather strange, and . . . But now it seems he's all right; he says that he never felt better, and is actually engaged to a Viennese girl named von Lossen—I suppose that must be one of the nieces of the late Chief Justice—and wants to know how soon he can get married. I wonder where he met her . . . though perhaps he knew her before. I suppose it should be quite easy, as she is a resident here."

"Oh yes!" said Lowden, smiling. "Do you know, I nearly met her, in a little café near the Opernplatz. I was looking for an Austrian newspaperman who often goes there, but he hadn't been in that morning. I saw your cousin sitting there, in a little alcove. He was alone, but there was another glass at his table, and he asked me to meet 'a very charming young lady,' as he put it, who was telephoning, he said. I was in rather a hurry, but I waited about five minutes, and then as she didn't come I had to quickly dash away."

"Too bad," said McNeil, "too bad. But I'll meet her myself tomorrow; he's sure to bring her to lunch. This is quite a weight off my mind."

With what care Don ordered the dinner! A soufflé to begin with, then tiny cutlets of lamb *en canapé* with mushrooms, and *bombe surprise* for dessert. "Remember," he said to his servant, "we dine at half-past eight. Miss von Lossen is always punctual, she's coming at eight o'clock. I'll make the cocktails myself, and you'll have some hors d'oeuvres ready. Oh, and Gustave, be sure and remember the roses! Yellow ones, that's what she likes."

As the bell at the door rang shrill he couldn't wait for the man. He ran to the door himself and lifted her over the threshold and carried her into his study. She put her arms round his neck, and her cheek was soft against his. He set her tenderly down in a big brocaded chair, then busied himself with the cocktails, giddy



New Standard

"This celebration calls for champagne."

"Champagne nothing! We'll shoot the works and serve gin."

Definitions

White Christmas: *One that causes dad's hair to turn white when he starts thinking about the bills.*

Old-Fashioned Christmas: *One where old-fashioneds are served before dinner.*

Christmas Decorations: *The designs and spots on the tablecloth after dad gets through carving the turkey.*

Christmas Cheer: *What you do loudly when the final in-law departs at 11:40 P. M. and leaves you in peace and quiet.*

Christmas Spirit: *The pugnacious quality that Junior manifests when you attempt to play with his toy train all by yourself.*

as in the case of wheat and cotton, be limited by government controls.

You can't very well foresee such changes, but you can hedge against them when you buy. Such hedging requires land, climate and improvements of a type which make it possible to raise substitute products if and when your old standbys fall by the wayside.

If the farm measures up satisfactorily to the requirements of location, put another yardstick on it—the one for "soil fertility." For all practical purposes, soil fertility means more than mere chemical richness. The degree of erosion and the ease with which land can be worked both affect its fertility.

The physical composition of good soil and the plant food which it should contain are highly technical problems which deserve more expert appraisal than the average man is prepared to give. No farm should be seriously considered until a thorough laboratory test of its soil has been made. Fortunately the methods for getting such tests are simple. The county agent can show you how samples should be taken, and these samples can be sent to the state extension service to be analyzed.

Naturally, when you may be investigating from thirty to forty farms, you won't want to make soil tests on all of them. The best way to make a superficial check on the fertility of a piece of land is to compare the crops growing on it with those on neighboring farms. And, although farmers are notorious for their lack of adequate records, you can get a surprisingly accurate gauge of a farm's past productivity from its buildings and other improvements. Generally, good buildings in reasonably good condition will indicate that the farm has been profitable in years past. Ramshackle buildings and fences, on the other hand, are red lights worth heeding.

Always remember, however, that these are quick checks practical only in the first round of the elimination process. They should be backed up, before you put your name on the line, by a more scientific appraisal of the soil.

Another obstacle which nature has thrown in the path of productive land is topography—the "lie" as a golfer would say. When the land is very steep or broken, improved machinery usually cannot be used on it. It may even be hard to work with old hand methods.

For example, hay would seem like a natural for a steep field, because it requires little tillage. But hay loaders won't stick to steep slopes, nor can hay racks be loaded full when they have to be pulled across a hillside. Theoretically, the hay could be loaded by hand, and hauled away in half-filled racks—but the cost of such production in defiance of nature might be more than the crop is worth.

Tumbling topography is an agricultural Lorelei. It is picturesque and inviting, but it seldom produces much more than scrubby brush—a most unprofitable crop. Rough topography affects the shape of fields, too. And the less rectangular a field becomes, the harder it is to lay out, plow and cultivate. So, for speed and economy of tillage, it is best to choose a farm with fields which can be laid out as nearly in squares or rectangles as possible.

Eroded land has been damned so much in the public press that the necessity of avoiding it need hardly be mentioned here. But there is one type of erosion which may escape the inexperienced eye. Often called "sheet erosion," it is caused by wind or water which, steadily but unnoticeably, peels the rich top-soil from the earth. Be chary of land susceptible to it.

One final aspect of soil fertility which should be noted is the lowly weed. Weeds rob other plants of food. Once they gain a foothold, they are hard to stamp out. So, know the weeds on the farm you may want to buy—count the cost and the time it will take to eliminate them.

The long arm of the law figures in the fourth yardstick of farm buying. Farm land can have all the legal entanglements of city real estate, plus a few terrifying extras. For example, you may have what appears to be a perfectly clear title to a farm at the time you buy it, only to learn perhaps years later that your neighbor has an "easement" which entitles him to drive his stock or equipment across a section of your land to a roadway.

To avoid legal complications, demand an abstract of the title. It should contain all entries and show a clear, merchantable title. Make specific provisions for the delivery of the warranty deed, free of all exceptions and conditions,

Continued on page 268

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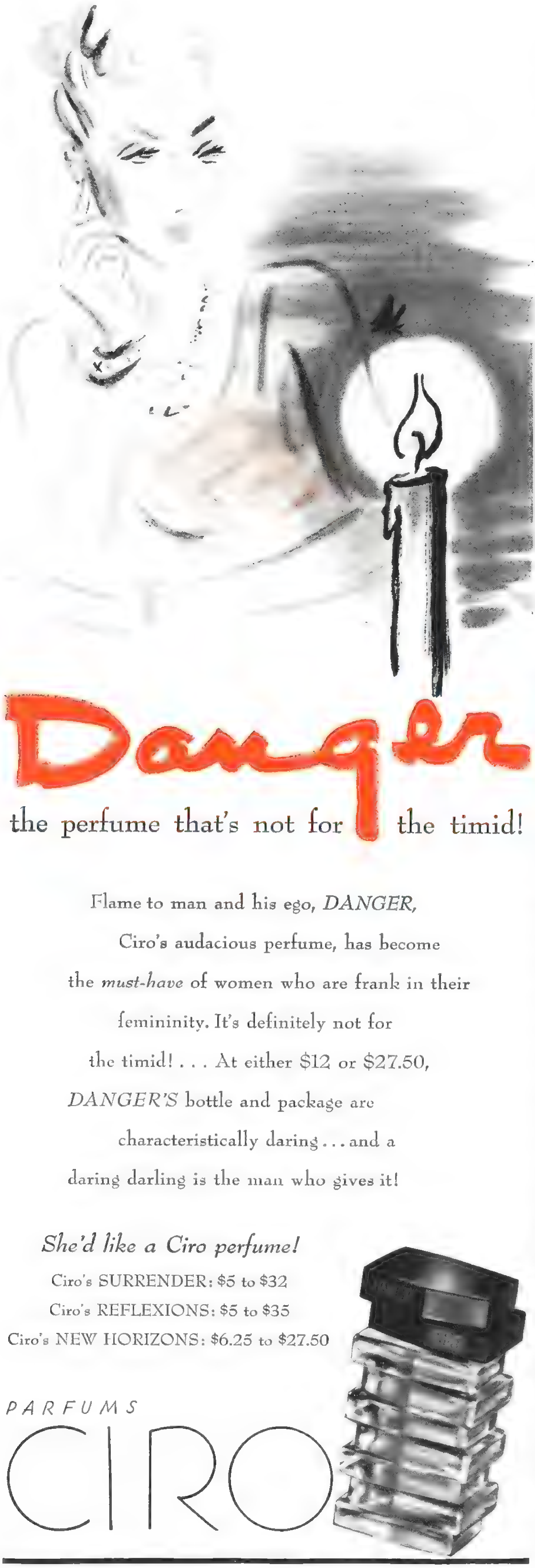

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PARFUMS
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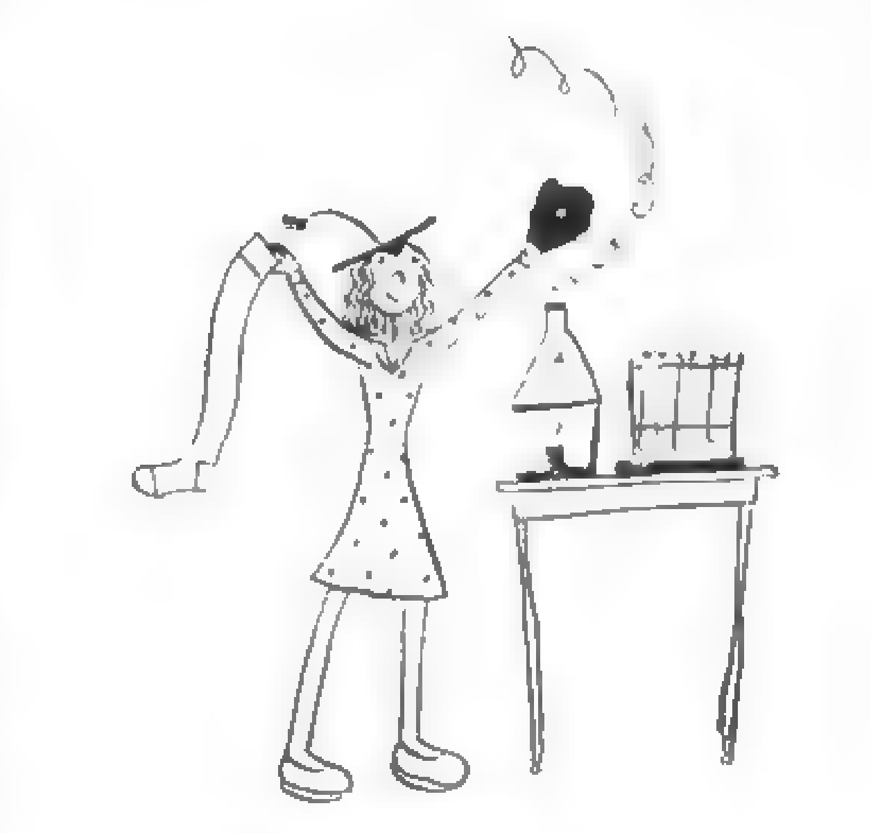
Roots in the Soil

Continued from pages 73-267

and be sure there are no valid liens, judgments, easements or other obligations which do not appear in the title.

Along the same line, know where your prospective farm stands with the tax collector. Past dues have been known to amount to more than the farm is worth. As a protection against future tax problems, check the tax rate in the community, the basis for assessment, and the dates for retirement of any bonds which may be outstanding.



Shortage Note

So they can make nylon from coal, can they? What we want to know is, can they make coal from nylon?

The fifth and final yardstick of farm buying deals with what are technically called "improvements." The word covers a multitude of sins—and a multitude of selling sins have been committed in its name. Roughly speaking, improvements denote the farm buildings, the water supply and drainage, and the fences.

Let's look at the buildings first. We'll confine ourselves to the barns, sheds, silos and other buildings which are concerned specifically with the business of farming, for farm homes are not strikingly different in their values from city homes and, after all, the home is largely a matter of personal taste anyway.

The adequacy of farm buildings goes right back to that original question—what kind of farm are you going to have? Obviously, the same kind of buildings are not required for a dairy farm as for a wheat farm. Generally speaking, it can be said that the average city man has a tendency to overinvest in buildings. If you want to show off to your friends in this way, that is all right, but don't discount the heavy expense in maintenance and repair which extra building space entails.

The best way to estimate the buildings you must have is to explain your farming plans to your adviser or county agent. He can tell you what your requirements are most likely to be in terms of local conditions. Then, too, of course, you can compare the building improvements on your prospective farm with those on neighboring farms, if the crop and stock practices of your neighbors parallel your own plans.

The problems of water supply and drainage are technical matters of which the novice farmer should be extremely cautious. Again, look for help from more experienced persons. The chief water supply, of course, will be the rainfall. Not only must it be heavy enough, but it must come at the right time of the year.

The man who plans to raise livestock should give particular attention to the man-made improvements which supplement the weather man in maintaining an adequate water supply. If storage ponds or reservoirs are necessary, make sure that they are adequate for dry seasons. If small creeks are utilized, make sure that Brother Jones on the next farm upstream isn't going to dry up the creek bed slaking the thirst of his own stock.

Getting excess water off the land is just as important as getting adequate water onto it. And this calls for a drainage system which will dovetail with the normal rainfall on the farm to provide water in the right amount at the right time to meet the needs of your crops.

The county agent probably can help you determine the adequacy of present drainage on individual farms. Don't count too much on what the man next door does in this case. His soil and the topography of his land may dictate a system entirely different from the one you can use.

Finally, there are the fences. They often represent an investment of hundreds, or even thousands of dollars, and when they are in poor repair, their rejuvenation may add considerably to the purchase price of the farm. In fact, during the emergency, you may not be able to repair them at all, for farm fencing is a war commodity which long ago marched off to the fighting fronts.

In considering fence, it is also wise to take a second look at the congeniality of the fellow next door. Many fences dividing one farm from another are joint ownership propositions. By long-standing agreement, their care, repair and replacement are split fifty-fifty by the owners. If your neighbor is a welcher, or a lackadaisical farmer, you may have more than one headache getting him to carry his share of the fencing responsibility.

These, then, are the five most important yardsticks in buying a farm—its value to you, its location, the fertility of its soil, its legal status, and the condition of its buildings. Any farm which you seriously consider should measure up satisfactorily in all these respects if you are to make a successful venture of its operation, for they are the basic elements—the food, clothing and shelter of good farming.

They determine whether or not a farm is a farm. They determine its real value. Unfortunately, however, they do not always determine its actual selling price. The good earth is almost as sensitive to speculation as the stock market. World War I wrote a horrible history of the human misery and financial ruin which a riotous land boom can cause. And in the pool rooms and stockyards of rural America today, disturbing rumors of another boom are spreading and growing.

If it happens, nobody wants to get caught in the spiral—and least of all, you and I. Studying the price charts of history isn't much help. Farm buying is different today, different even from the buying of the last war. Interest rates and land prices (so far) are lower now, but taxes and marketing costs are higher. What their effect on the price of land will be is still a matter of wide conjecture.

In the last analysis, the only accurate gauge of a farm's proper price is its productivity. When you make an investment in a farm, you should expect it to pay a reasonable rate of interest on that investment. On this premise, a good farm buy is a matter of simple arithmetic in reverse. Determine the profits which the farm can be expected to make. Call that the interest on your investment, and from the percentage you want to make, determine the amount you can afford. If the figure you get isn't enough to buy the farm of your choice—DON'T BUY IT.

Above all, don't predict the earning power of the farm on the basis of the bloated prices in a war-time economy. This error alone caused more foreclosures in the wreckage of another war boom than any other single factor.

Prices are good now—but their future is no better, and possibly worse, than after the first world war. Export prospects in the post-war period are not at all bright, for many European countries have become self-sufficient in the last twenty years. Nor is home consumption likely to increase enough to bolster prices.

All these facts are not meant to scare prospective buyers. They simply emphasize the need for caution and conservatism in estimating the value of a piece of land. It has been said before and it should be said again that buying a farm is hard work—probably the hardest work you will ever have to do in connection with your

Continued on page 270

My Idea of a Good Time

Jean Gabin Gives His Formula for Fun

When I was a boy I thought bicycle-riding the greatest sport in the world. I still think so, and I still take morning rides of twenty to thirty miles. There is something marvelously satisfying about propelling yourself along by the sheer force of your own muscles. Then too, while I won't say anything about my profile, I do attribute my flat stomach and slim hips to persistent and conscientious cycling.

To the new crop of cyclists, here is the secret of bicycle-riding which I can tell you as a veteran of hundreds of cross-country races in France. Always strive for rhythm, rhythm, rhythm in your pedaling. Set the bicycle up on its stand and practice pedaling for hours in absolute rhythm. Also, learn how to ride so that nothing moves but your legs. Once you get the feel of your bike, you will never give up this most enjoyable, healthful and practical of sports.

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Roots in the Soil

Continued from pages 73-267-269

farm. But it is absolutely essential to successful farming.

Most city farmers are quick to underscore this point. No matter how much they looked or how many headaches they had before they finally bought, they will usually tell you the results were worth it. A good example is Fort Pearson, top-flight Chicago radio announcer. To millions, he is variously known as a news commentator, as the man behind the mike at football games, and as the salesman on "The Quiz Kids" show. But to a few close friends and neighbors, he is also known as a top-flight farmer.

Fort bought his farm the hard way. He spent two years investigating thirty-five farms before he finally found just what he wanted. And now it's paying off—in fun and hard cash.

The last time I saw him, he was just winding up one of his daily newscasts. Hardly had the last words been spoken before he was charging down the hall toward the elevator. Thirty minutes later, the last remnants of Chicago's northwest suburbs behind us, we were speeding across the flat, sandy land which gradually whips itself into a billowy blanket of fertile farmland.

"I'm what they call a diversified farmer," Pearson was saying. "We're milking twenty-eight graded Holsteins, and right now we're feeding a hundred and twenty-five head of hogs in the dry lot. And our chicken flock yields plenty of market birds while the pullets are laying four or five dozen eggs a day."

He may be a radio announcer, I reflected, but he didn't get that vernacular from a schoolbook.

"There it is!" he almost shouted. And sure enough, there it was. Against the back-drop of a wooded hill was a cluster of buildings which looked for all the world like a Dale Nichols painting. There was the big, white house framed by an arch of old cedar trees and a lilac hedge. At a respectable distance stood the other buildings—the red barn, the gangling silo, the tool shed, chicken houses, milk house, hog brooders and two cribs bulging with last year's corn. Whether you were looking for a good farm or a good rest, this place seemed to have the answer.

We tramped all over the 175 acres of Fort Pearson's farm that afternoon—and the more you walked, the more you were convinced that, radio announcer or not, here was a city farmer who knew his business. A veteran couldn't have quarreled with his operations.

"Is it making you any money?" I asked as we leaned against a seed drill hopper for a rest.

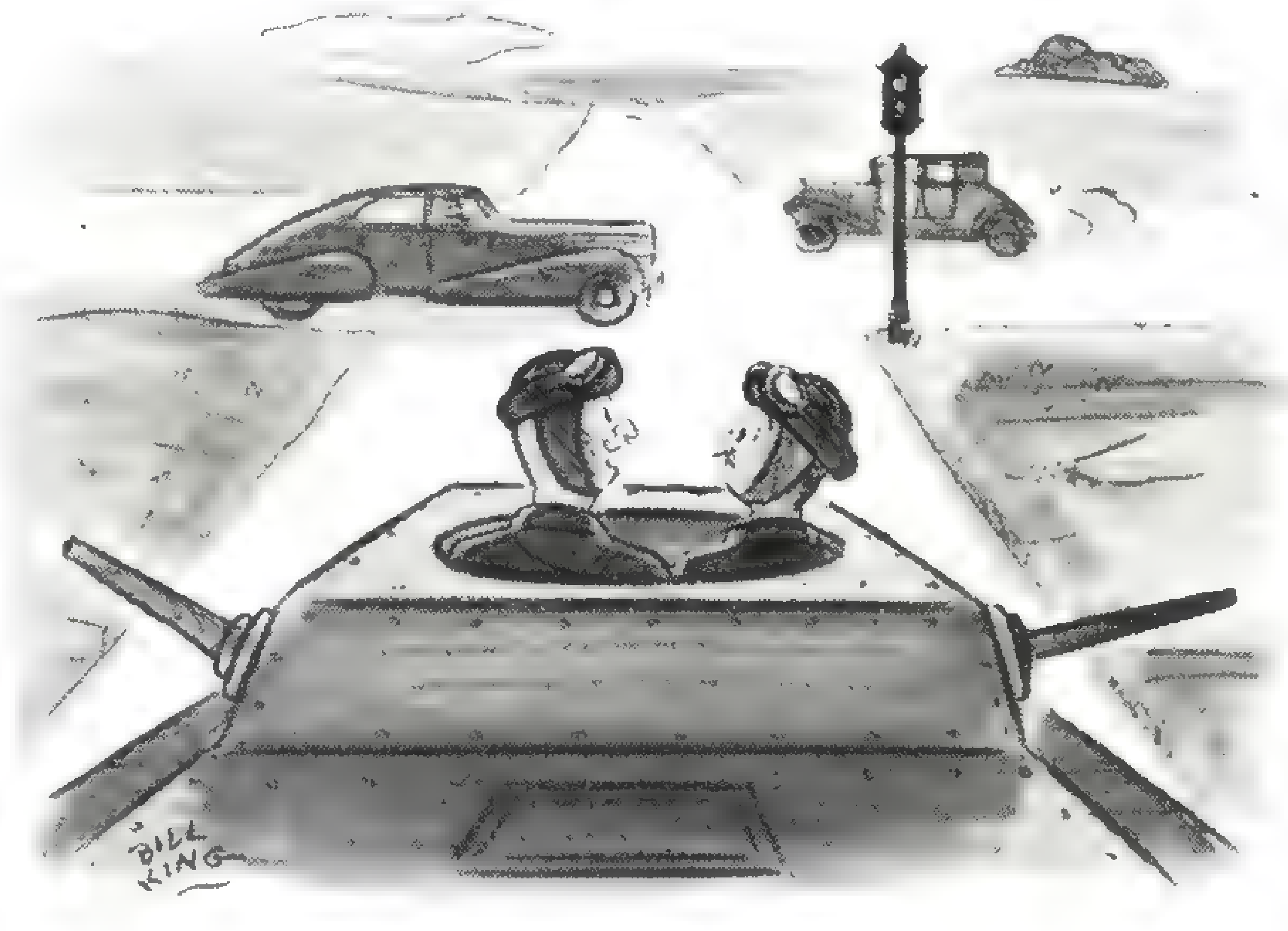
"This year, it will be in the black for the first time since I bought it—but say, did I tell you about our corn yield last year? One of the best in the county."

It was plain to see that Farmer Pearson didn't reckon all his profits from the land in terms of cash. This fact became still plainer when, later, he told enthusiastically about the personal satisfaction he got from supplying the Pearson table with "home grown" pork, sausage, bacon, vegetables, fruit and a dozen other items.

Because of the tire shortage, the family canceled their plans to move onto the farm this year. But Pearson keeps a close eye on its operation. No management detail escapes him. Whether it be a machinery purchase or the treatment of a sick calf, he makes the decisions and plots the activities for the farm. As a result, he is a good farmer, and he has a lot of fun.

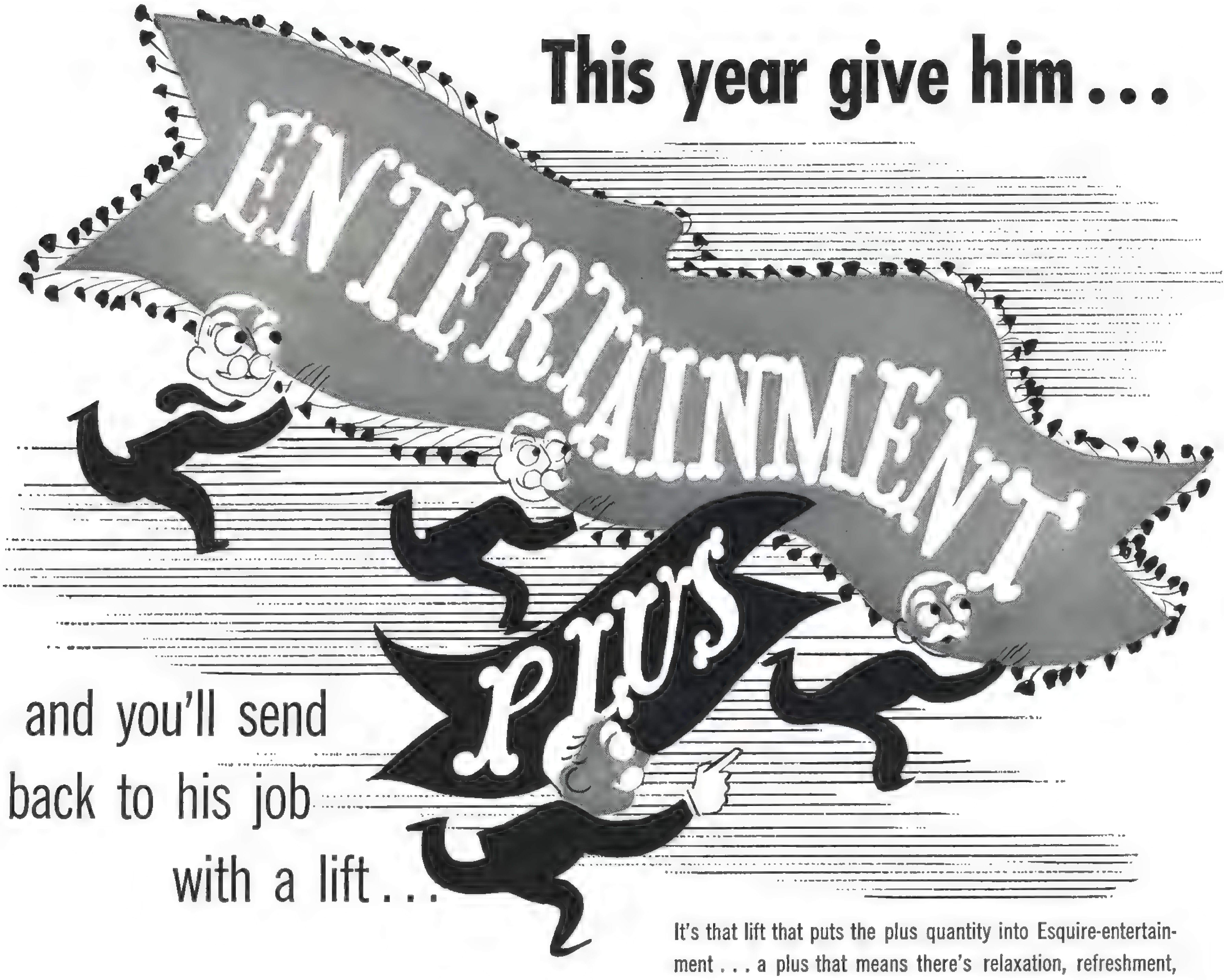
Like Fort Pearson, many another city man has become an excellent farmer. Out in the open, wrestling with the problems of raising healthy plants and animals, they have taken a new lease on life. They are having fun. They have lifted themselves up to a point where they can look down disdainfully on the mere mortals who must plod their dull way through the business world. But, most important of all, they have found that they can raise corn and hogs and soybeans in close competition with the sharpest "hayseed" in the land.

You can do it, too! ##



"You understand, of course, under actual war conditions we would ignore traffic lights"

This year give him...



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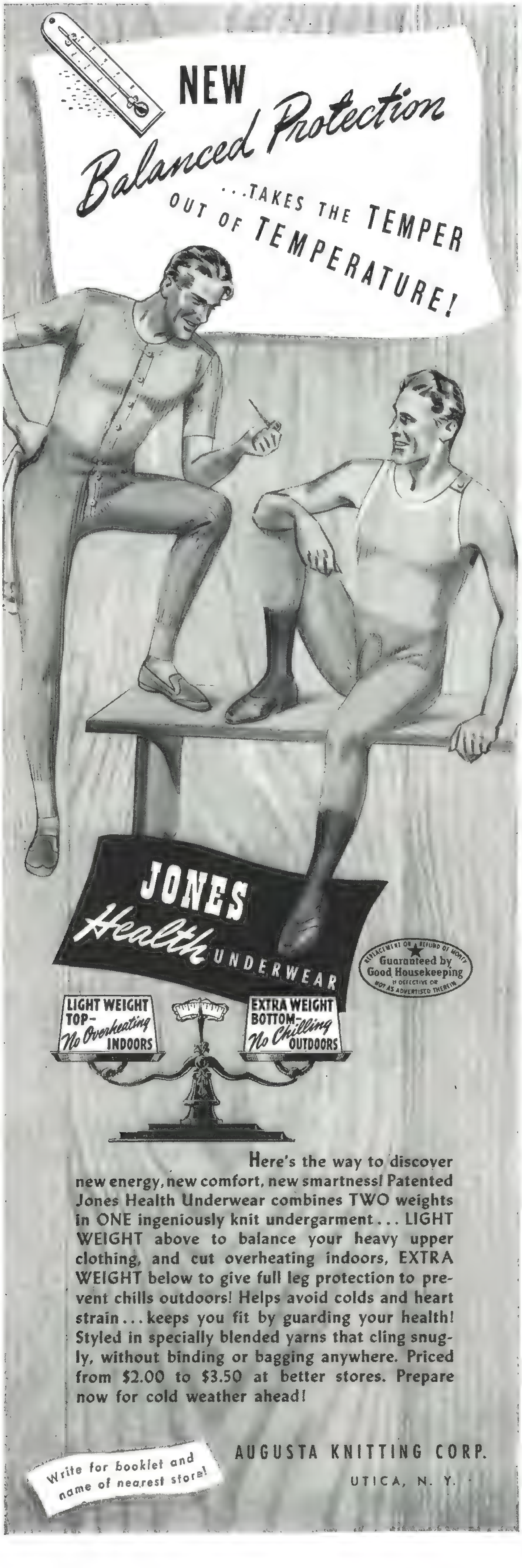
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AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP.
UTICA, N. Y.

Bear with an Admiral

Continued from page 62

cannot hany longer 'old myself reprehensible for her well-being."

Lankister rose to his feet. He was tired of all this. "The King's Regulations do not allow wild animals to be kept in the Ship's Cells, as you know, Jenvey."

"No, Sir."

"Very well, then. You had better go forward and have your—your wound attended to."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

Able-seaman Jenvey departed with great dignity and Lankister resumed his letter. He would deal with this problem later. The mail closed for England in half an hour; after that there would be plenty of time. As his pen flew over the paper thoughts of his well-beloved so far away excluded all other ones, and by the time he had finished and posted the letter he had forgotten the interview. After lunch he went ashore to play tennis, oblivious of the wistful glances of the ex-bear ward who stood fidgeting near the after gangway, waiting to resume the debate and prepared to be magnanimous about the whole thing in return for five minutes' back-patting. That was how it had ended in the past, but this time the First Lieutenant was not reacting properly.

He watched the retreating form of the officer as that worthy made his way through the Dockyard and then, turning, went back to attend to Venus. He'd show them what happened when he wasn't looking after the bear. Venus was in a good mood when he arrived, and on being loosed from her bonds trotted amiably away in search of provender. Jenvey watched her depart, with a sinister twinkle in his eye. Give her a couple of hours on her own, and the Admiral himself would come to him on bended knees and ask him to look after Venus once more, and then he'd make his own terms.

Aviation Note

Big modern bombers can carry loads of five or six tons—or approximately what the average postman carries on his back during the Christmas season.

Comforted by this thought, he decided to celebrate and so he shifted into shore-going kit, and slipping quietly down the forward gangway made his way to the Dockyard gate where on the other side of the street stood what he called "a nice littal pub."

His arrival aroused no comment, for he was a regular client, and presently he was seated in his favorite corner, supplied with everything that he required and plenty of it.

The author cannot attempt to diagnose the state of a bear's mind, but it would be a safe bet that Venus had but one thought as she ambled rapidly away from her place of captivity.

As she made her way amongst the sleeping sailors who lay all over the mess decks in a warm atmosphere redolent of the midday meal, she searched with her nose for scraps—and finding none (for H.M.S. *Empire* was a tidy ship) she went aft to the Officers' quarters. Experience had taught her that there were tasty snacks to be stolen from the Captain's Galley where strict vigilance did not exist, as it did in the main crowded Ship's Company culinary department.

But this time the galley was locked, and the Half-deck sentry lifted his boot warningly. She accepted the hint and ambled up the ladder to the quarter-deck.

It was a sultry afternoon. The *Empire* lay alongside a quay in Malta Dockyard. The waters of the harbor lay flat and glassy and not a ripple showed anywhere. The quarter-deck was deserted save for a faint off-shore breeze, full of the scents of the thickly populated town. Venus wrinkled her nose with pleasurable anticipation and identified amongst the variegated collection a spicy odor of malted liquor, which caused her to prick her ears and move in the direction of the succulent smell. Venus, be it said, was no teetotaler. So she made her way down the gangway to the jetty unobserved by the sentry, who ought to have seen her had he not been at the other end of his beat, and ambled along the quayside toward the tantalizing smell.

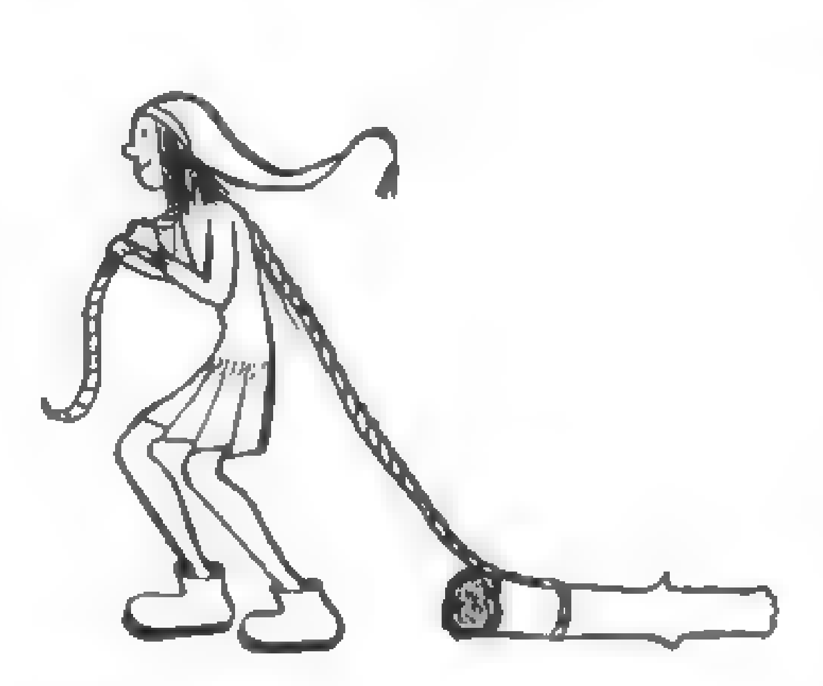
Her path took her past the Flagship *H.M.S. Foudroyant*, the pride of the fleet, and just arrived from Home. There she lay in all her splendor, whilst her crew followed the universal practice and slept the afternoon through. Venus had no intention of boarding the *Foudroyant*, but circumstances were too strong for her. The sentry on the gangway was a raw Marine recruit from the depths of Devonshire, and with no experience of foreign parts. The sight of a bear alarmed, but did not surprise him; foreign countries were full of such animals, and he was thankful it wasn't a lion or a tiger. He lost no time in putting himself into a state of defense and boldly faced his aggressor, his bayoneted rifle thrust forward at the advancing beast.

Venus stopped short. The sentry advanced with the correct gait of one about to repel cavalry. Venus turned tail and took cover behind an empty boiler drum.

The sentry was well satisfied; he had met his first wild beast and routed it. There was nothing more to be done but resume his beat. As soon as his back was turned the bear resumed her progress, but this time she decided that life aboard ship was the safer course. With a rapid rambling gait she mounted the *Foudroyant's* gangway and passed unobserved along the quarter-deck and down the Admiral's Companionway.

The Admiral's Steward, an Admirable Crichton of that branch of the Royal Navy, was busily decanting a bottle of very Special No. 1 Port Wine (a vintage with which he possessed more than a nodding acquaintance) when Venus entered, snuffing the rich aroma with great discernment.

It was not surprising that the Steward, fresh from home and unaware of the existence of the *Empire's* mascot, was startled, and not a little conscience-stricken. The decanter and bottle dropped with a crash. Both hands were raised to cover his eyes and with a cry of "I've got 'em," he fell backwards in a dead faint.



Who can remember way back when a Yule log was merely a tradition, instead of a useful article for heating your house?

Venus wasted no time. Her long tongue scoured the floor and transferred a large part of the spilt wine to her stomach and then she turned about and made her way with swaggering gait into the Admiral's sleeping cabin.

Warmed internally and drowsy withal, she clambered on the Admiral's bunk, and after making herself a nest with the bed clothes, sank into a drunken swoon.

The Admiral's Steward found her there about an hour later. The poor man was feeling very shaky and nearly suffered a relapse, but this time there was something too realistic about the tousled bedclothes and he stood his ground, shaking violently. After a while he plucked up his courage, and reaching for the Admiral's favorite mashie which protruded conveniently from its golf bag, he brought the handle with a sharp crack across Venus's rump. With a tremendous roar the bear sat up. Crack! went the stick again. Pain, and a violent hangover, galvanized the she-bear into a fit of ungovernable rage. With a convulsive leap she left the bed, ran between the Steward's legs, and brought him to the deck with a sickening thud. Man and bear struggled in a confused heap, and then the bear departed as fast as her legs could carry her whilst the man remained supine on the field of battle.

The flagship's Officer of the Watch on that hot afternoon was a young Marine Subaltern, who found the time hanging heavily on his hands. Ninety per cent of the entire ship's company were asleep. The officers were nearly all ashore playing tennis or bathing, and he alone was condemned to pace the hot planking. Two side boys lounged in the shade of the awning, and the quartermaster industriously picked his teeth whilst ostensibly writing up the deck log.

Into this lethargic scene charged Venus, her teeth bare, her fur ruffled and with angry noises issuing from her throat. The Officer of the Watch stood still for a moment whilst his senses readjusted themselves, then as Venus altered course in his direction he took steps, rapid ones, in the direction of the barbette of "Y" Turret. For a few seconds his stride, though rapid, could have been described as a walk, but when Venus swiftly gained on him, he threw all dignity to the winds and let out as fast as he could round the back of the Turret.

Venus, however, was not going to be shaken off and presently two mirthful side boys saw their Officer of the Watch emerge at speed from behind the Turret with Venus snapping at his heels. Round the quarterdeck they went and then back round the Turret. The side boys clutched at each other with anguished merriment as the cavalcade went past them. The second time round, however, Venus swerved from her immediate objective and made for the two spectators, who shinned up the awning stanchions with great agility until the bear had resumed its chase. The quartermaster continued to pick his teeth whilst writing up the deck log.

Venus and the Officer of the Watch were well-matched as regards speed, but the latter had not consumed a bottle of Port, and was therefore in extra trim. The third time round Venus evolved a stratagem. She feigned to emerge from behind the Turret, but turned and went to meet her quarry in the opposite direction. When, therefore, he sprinted round once more, completely certain that the bear was close on his heels, his bewilderment on coming face to face with his pursuer was complete. He leapt vertically in the air and caught the rungs of the iron ladder which gave access to the top of "Y" Turret and hauled himself, panting, to safety.

Having treed her main quarry, Venus set off in chase of the two side boys, who had foolishly abandoned their perches, and presently they, too, had joined their Officer of the Watch on the top of "Y" Turret. Venus sat down and scratched herself.

"What is it?" asked the first side boy.

"Bear," gasped the Officer of the Watch, fanning himself. "Somebody ought to shoot it."

The situation's irony struck him. He was perched on top of two of the biggest guns in existence, and he would have swopped them both for an air pistol.

"Blimey," gasped the second

Continued on page 274

BOOBY HATCH
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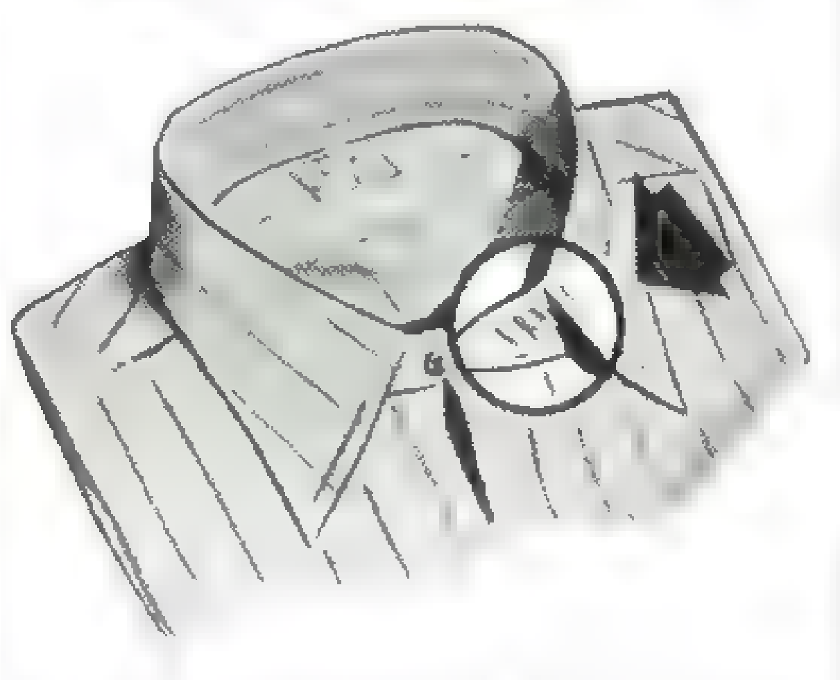

X-ACT-FIT provides three button holes in your collar. The middle hole corresponds to the shirt's marked size—say, a size 15. The other two button holes are placed a quarter of a size on either side. Result? — A shirt adjustable to 14¾ — 15 — 15¼ (or any other three sizes depending upon the marked size of the shirt).

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Bear with an Admiral

Continued from pages 62-273

side boy, "'ere comes the Admiral!" The reaction was terrific.

He was quite right. Vice-Admiral Sir Hildebrand Fore-Cross-Passage, K.C.B., D.S.O., approached the after gangway, tennis racquet in hand. He was clad in white flannels and looking every inch the distinguished man he was.

With bated breath the trio on the Turret watched him mount the gangway. Venus heard his footsteps and waddled towards the gangway singing a little song of victory in the depths of her larynx.

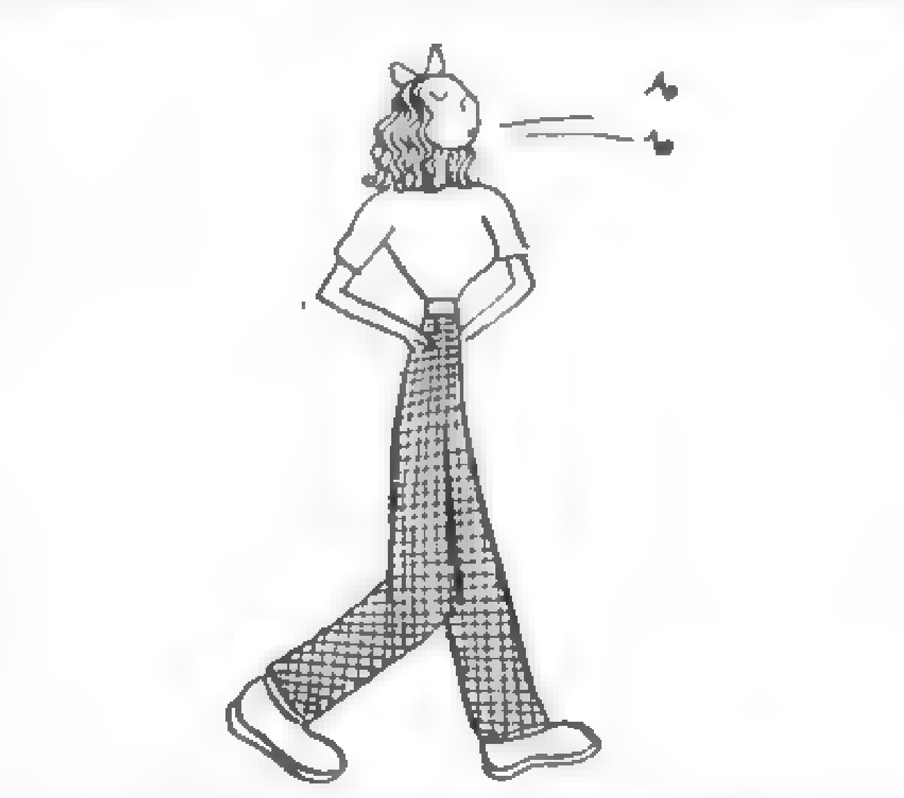
The Admiral had reached the top of the gangway, a little puzzled at there being no signs of the customary reception Committee, when he sighted the Officer of the Watch and his two satellites standing rigidly to attention on the top of the Turret. At the same moment Venus observed this new enemy and went forward to the attack.

The Admiral dropped his gaze from the astonishing sight that had greeted him, and found himself confronted by a bear. If he gave a start it was imperceptible. It was not for nothing that he had reached his present rank.

"It's a bear," he observed in a voice full of casual interest. "Hullo, old boy."

A deep-throated roar answered. The Admiral stood still and then his resourceful brain produced a possible way out, for he was determined not to retreat in the eyes of the spectators on the Turret. He felt in his pocket and found a piece of chocolate, which he broke into small bits and threw over Venus's shoulder. Angry as she was, she could not resist the lure of her favorite sweetmeat. She turned and made for the nearest piece.

The Admiral dusted his hands with a gesture of relief and stepped on to the quarter-deck. Fifteen seconds later he joined the refugees on the top of the Turret and Venus remained in undisputed possession of the Quarterdeck.



"I hear he likes all the girls."

"I'll say! He's crazy about anything in pants."

"Does anyone know to whom that infernal animal belongs?" the Admiral queried. The less frightened of the side boys answered. "The *Empire*'as a bear as a mascot. That there's it."

The Admiral said something to himself about mascots being jiggered, and then he made up his mind in characteristic fashion. "Make a semaphore signal to the *Empire* and tell 'em to send for their" (he gulped) "their bear."

The young Marine clambered on to the highest part of the Turret and waved his arms toward the *Empire*. To his astonishment an answering pennant fluttered up to the yardarm of that ship. Painfully (for his semaphore was not all it should be) he spelt out the message "Send for your bear. It is on our quarter-deck."

The *Empire's* signalman, however, being one of those hustlers who know all the answers before the questions are asked refused to believe his eyes, wrote out the message as it was obviously intended to be read and sent it down to the Wardroom Wine caterer. "Send for your *beer* it is on our quarter-deck." As the Wine caterer was ashore, little came of this attempt to obtain succor from the *Empire* and so the beleagured garrison waited for the help which was not on any account forthcoming.

It is at this moment that Able-seaman Jenvey reappears in the story.

Having spent a happy hour taking his favorite nourishment, he now wandered back to the *Empire* for a "cupper tea." He was in a mellow condition. If it had been dark he would have sung.

As he passed the Flagship he stood swaying a trifle to cast a gracious eye over the vessel. "Smart Ship," he soliloquized—"very smart ship. A fine example of the momp and pite of Briddish hic—Umpire. Very imposive, very. Nice lines, too." His eyes traveled from forward to aft.

"Hi you," shouted a voice—"come here."

"Bless my soul," observed Jenvey, "if that isn't the Admiral sitting on the top of "Y" Turret. Coming, Sir."

He trotted heavily to the gangway and mounted it, breathing heavily. The young sentry who should have been there was favoring the other end of his beat, where it was shady.

Jenvey caught sight of Venus immediately and sized up the situation. By now a few spectators, including the quartermaster, had gathered in safe positions. From one of these Jenvey quickly demanded a heaving line.

"What are you going to do?" enquired the Admiral.

"Capture the veracious brute, Sir," he replied.

"Very well, then, but I warn you it is really savage; it nearly got me."

He gave the impression that a bear who has the effrontery to bite an Admiral must indeed be past all bounds of ordinary ferocity.

"Look out, it's coming for you," yelled the quartermaster.

"'Ere, give us that line." Jenvey stood his ground and waited as Venus rumbled towards him. Then he sprang, and excited spectators witnessed the act described in the early part of this narrative.

Venus never stood a chance. Besides, she recognized her master and made little attempt to continue the struggle for long. In a few seconds she lay quiescent, with Jenvey sprawled across her. The heaving line was secured to her collar and she knew the game was up.

The Admiral descended from the Turret and approached with extreme caution. "Very good piece of work, my lad," he stated. "You showed initiative and courage. I congratulate you. What's your name?" Jenvey told him.

"Well," said the Admiral. "You can take that brute back to your ship and tell your Commanding Officer with my compliments to keep his Ship's mascot under lock and key!"

A broad grin lit up the able-seaman's countenance. "Begging of your pardon, Sir," he said "but might I have that in writing?"

"Yes, certainly, if you wish." The Admiral registered impatience. "And now take that bear away."

Jenvey rose from his retiring posture on Venus's flank and tugged at the line. The bear rose and followed her master down the gangway.

The Admiral said some wicked words under his breath. The Officer of the Watch resumed his perambulation of the quarterdeck. The side boys lounged afresh and the quartermaster methodically continued to pick his teeth whilst ostensibly writing up the deck log.

Jenvey and Venus went slowly homeward. The former chuckled continuously. "Come on, you old witch you," he said to the bear "you shouldn't oughter of 'ave, but you 'ave." #

The Ordeal of Mephi

Continued from page 88

along the coast and in the bays. Jim taught him how to bed down for the night on Raccoon Key, how to negotiate Bull Bay in a squall.

The two boys made trips up the Santee into the marsh country, where life was elemental. Mephi learned about birds and how to trap animals, he heard the stories about Colonial and Ante-Bellum days in South Carolina, he learned about rice culture and why it came to an end along the Santee. Days and years sped along, with Jim and Mephi growing bolder in their excursions. There are scarcely any parts of the counties of Charleston, Berkeley and Georgetown they didn't visit, especially the little known parts of the coast.

The boys found two lights along "their" shore that fascinated them—Georgetown Light, south of Long Bay, and Cape Romain Light at the tip of Raccoon Key, in Bull Bay. The islands and cays in between were favorites with them, and it was here that Jim and Mephi grew fat and strong on oysters.

Most of all the things Jim taught Mephi was how to live within himself happily, self-reliant and afraid of nothing man or the devil could devise. Mephi's chest, during these years, was swelling with pride and physical vigor. Even Jim quit casting pitying glances at Mephi's maimed and dragging feet. He was much too impressed by the great hunk of Mephi's chest and shoulders. Big as Jim was, Mephi could pick him up bodily and throw him out of the boat—which he often did when they frolicked. And once, when Jim tried to take a rod out of Mephi's hands, he learned what superhuman strength the boy had in his wrists.

The only shadow in this long relationship between the two boys, as they grew up, was Jim's books. Mephi had the feeling that one day the books would claim his friend, as college grew closer and closer. With a long and aristocratic Southern background, Jim just had to go the way of his fathers. Hadn't the Pooles always run affairs along the coast? Mephi knew they did it by virtue of superior schooling.

It turned out that way, too, for Jim finally enrolled at the Citadel. Gone was all the old companionship. Mephi was back where he started—all alone to work out his own problems and destiny. While Jim was working his way up to Annapolis, Mephi was rowing through the bays and marshes, hunting and fishing, exploring the coast as far as his fancy took him.

Of all the places Mephi loved and knew, the best was Raccoon Key. Often he'd pull his boat up on the sand, secure it and slither off in the twilight to watch Cape Romain's light blink out its warning to the sea. Mephi would row home with tides, in the moonlight.

Favorite sport of Mephi's, when he'd be on an excursion, was diving for oysters in some deep, forgotten bed along the keys. He would shuck his pants and shirt, dive deep into the sea and come up to his boat's side with some giant granddaddy of a mollusk. Reaching over into his boat for the oyster knife, Mephi would deftly pry open the shell and gulp the oyster, with just the right amount of brine for flavoring. When Mephi had his fill, he'd lift himself over the stern of the skiff, and be away to more adventures.

When Jim graduated from Annapolis, he came back to Awensdaw to see Mephi. When they looked at one another, they were mutually astonished at what they saw. Mephi, for his part, was astonished at Jim's prim, white ensign's garb, and the shipshape man who stood in it. Jim's eyes grew wide when he surveyed the broad expanse of Mephi's chest and the sinewed muscles that rippled down his arms to those powerful wrists. Four years had made a behemoth of his friend. Jim whistled, "Gor, would I hate to get in a scrap with you, Mephi."

For two weeks Mephi and Jim

Continued on page 276

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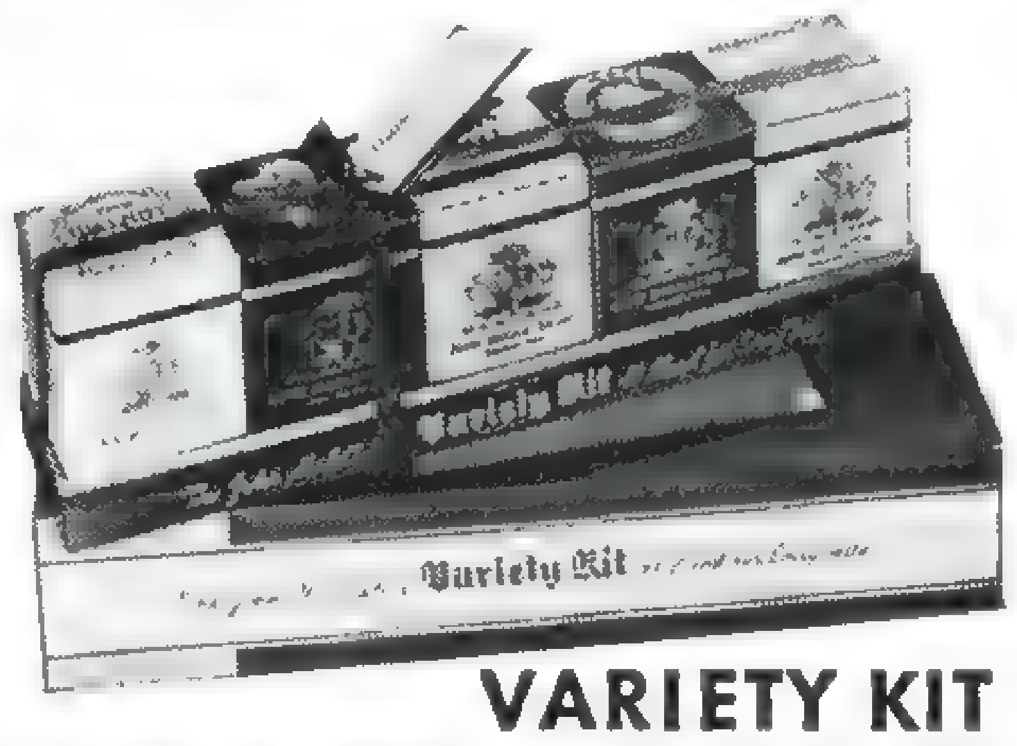

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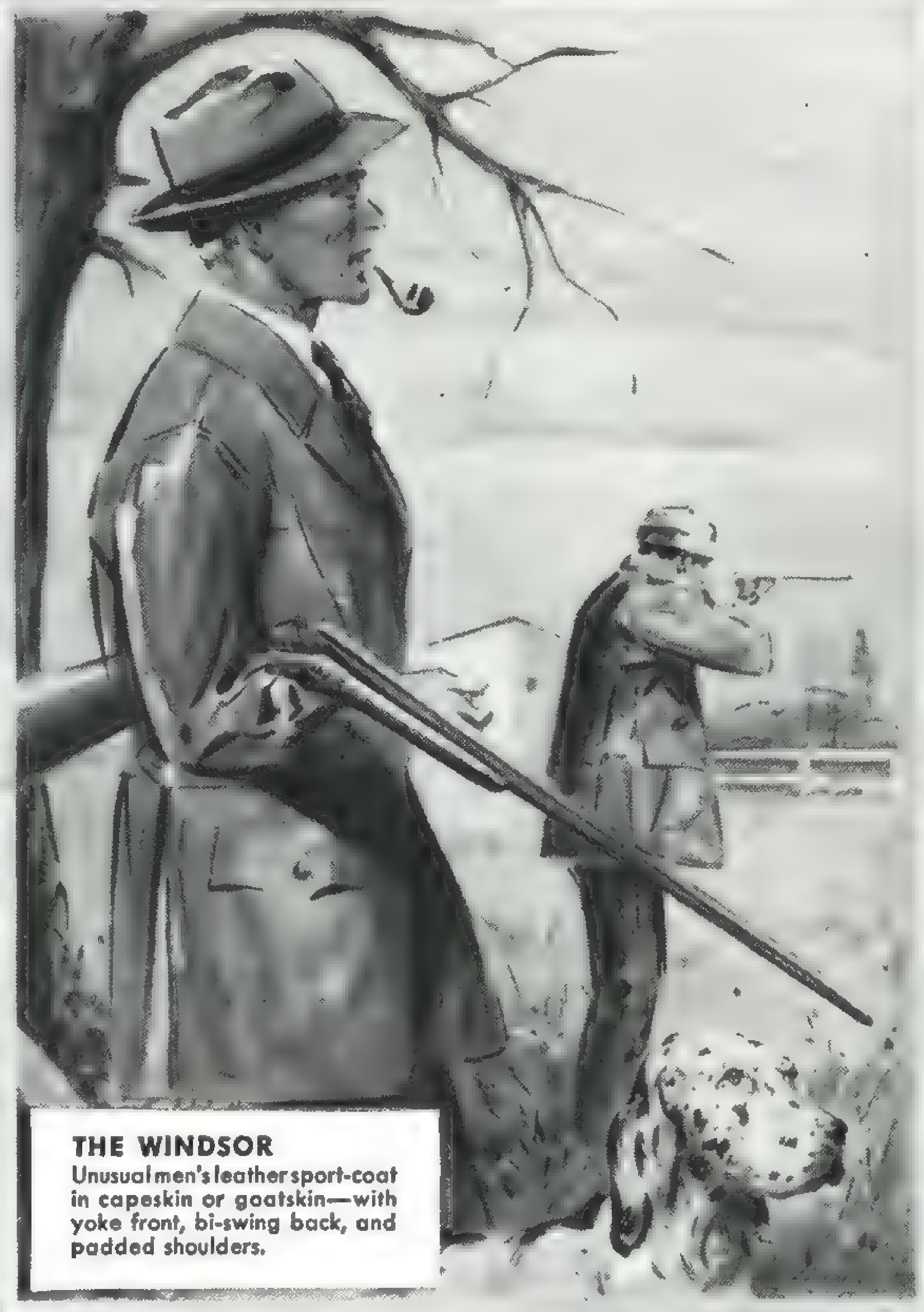

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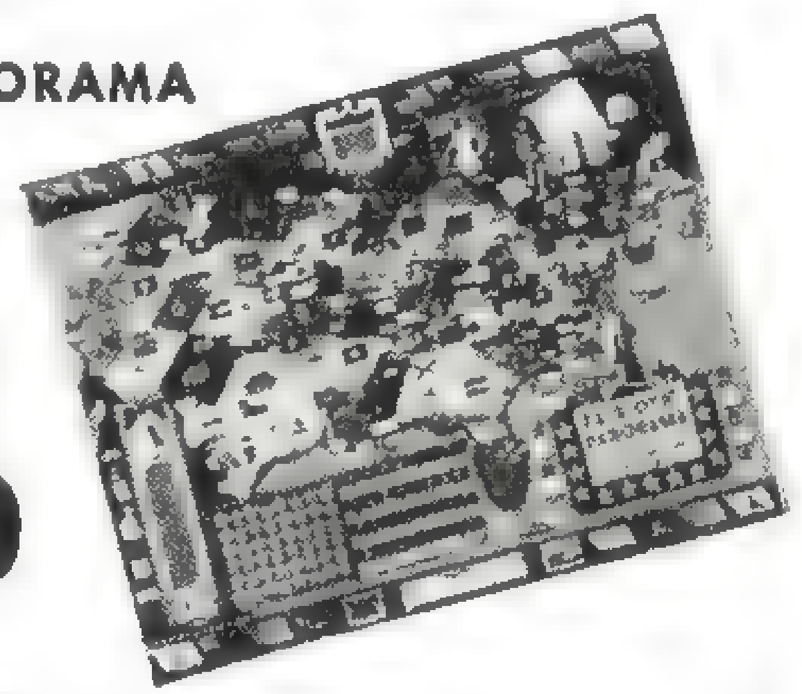

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The Ordeal of Mephi

Continued from pages 88-275

took to the boats, and to Jim's further astonishment, the teacher of yesterday became the pupil—his friend showed him things he'd never seen before. In their rambles Jim saw more than just water and fish, and strange secret hiding places of furred and feathered creatures—he saw for the first time in his life an inexhaustible human mechanism in Mephi.

Jim was reluctant to go, when his leave expired, but he was happy to tell Mephi he had been assigned to the *U.S.S. Buxton*, stationed at the Charleston Navy Yard. Jim was certain he could get leave occasionally to return for their fishing trips, but even with that thought came more ominous ideas that the sinkings going on off the coast might eliminate leaves entirely.

Then came December 7, and Pearl Harbor.

Mephi soon learned what submarine warfare was like, for he watched a slow-moving tanker heading up the coast one day, when a bright sheet of flame sprang from the vessel after the torpedo hit her. Almost before Mephi caught his breath the ship went down.

Swiftly Mephi rowed out to the scene. Four sailors had been blown from the tanker's decks, and now they were struggling in the water. For the first time in his life Mephi was grateful for his great strength. One after another he lifted the shocked men into his boat. As he pulled away for shore, he saw the periscope of the sub a mile or more out to sea. He had never learned to curse, but his lips parted in a snarl.

This event didn't mean so much to Mephi as the one that followed closely on its heels.

Clem Stone's smack came in to Awensdaw next day minus Jake Cranshaw, Clem's helper. When Clem told his story, Mephi got mad. Apparently the same U-boat that smashed the tanker had surfaced near Clem's fishing boat, fifteen miles out at sea, and demanded his catch. This wasn't so bad, for the fishing was good, but when they took Jake off and into the hatch of the sub, only to dive and disappear, Mephi went cold with fury.

Mephi resented such treatment and actions largely because Jim Poole was on the *Buxton*, down at Charleston, and this was his territory. Such things shouldn't happen. Jim ought to do something about it.

As the story was discussed at the store, the populace became very disturbed, for somehow they felt this marauder would bring an end to fishing off the coast. Mephi listened to all the talk and began to envy Jim Poole. At least he was in a position to do something about it.

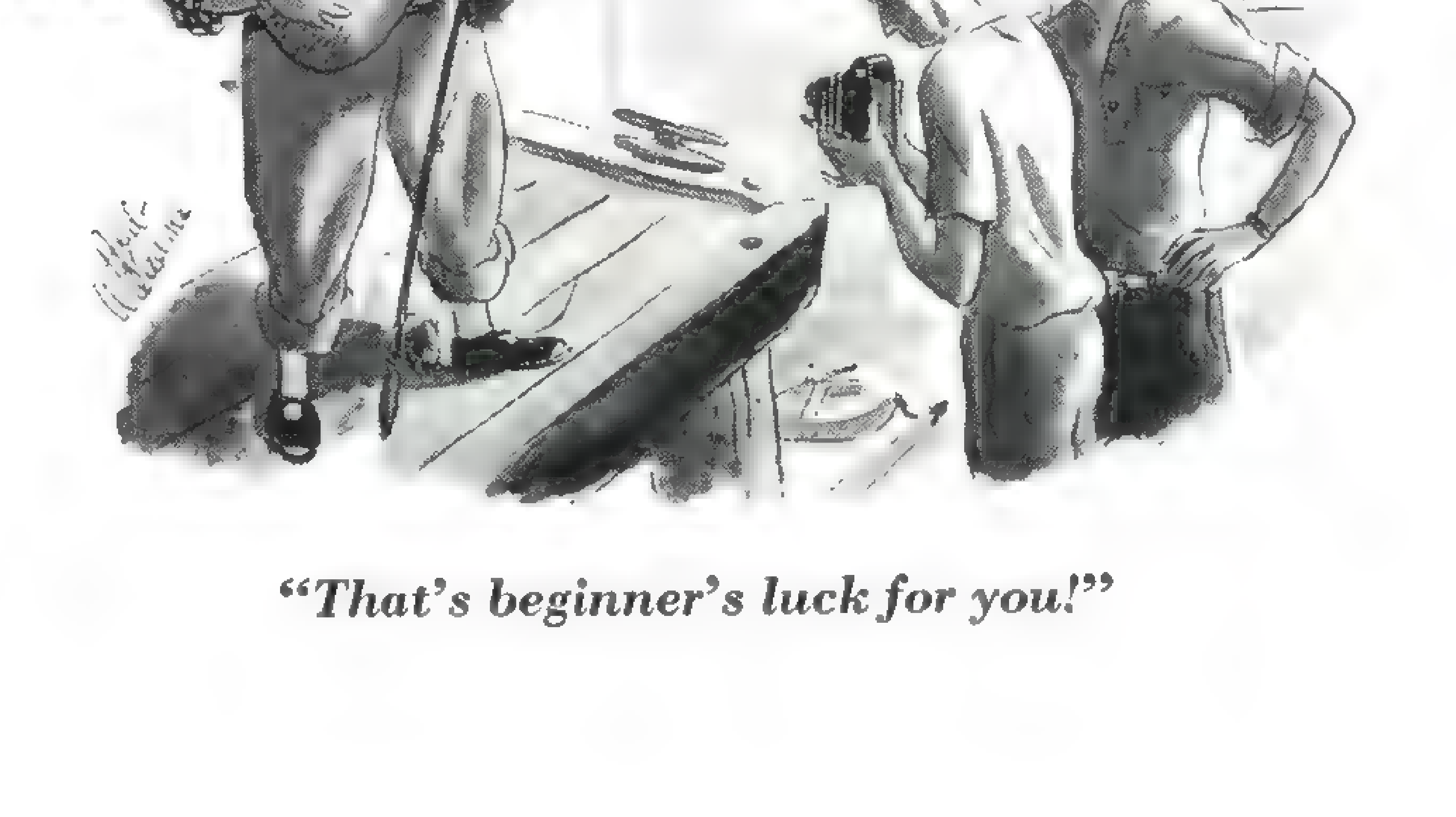
Next day Jake made his appearance at Murrell's Inlet, half way up Long Bay. He had a tall tale to tell about the sub's skipper questioning him about the coast, the Charleston Navy Yard, the roads and other matters that escaped Jake's mind. In the dawn the U-boat had come up, close to shore, and made Jake swim for it. He had trudged down to Georgetown and hitch-hiked home to Awensdaw.

It was strange how events began to crowd around Mephi, who never considered that he'd see anything more exciting than the tanker being torpedoed, and certainly he never dreamed he'd be drawn into the vortex of a strange and wild adventure.

U.S.S. Buxton, speeding up the coast in hopes the sub might be contacted, passed off Cape Island, north of Cape Romain Light, as Mephi pursued his usual vocation of oysterman. He watched the gray, slithering shape cut the choppy sea, and suddenly as if she had been a gull swooping down for a catch, she swung hard away—but not soon enough. One of the tin fish got her. The *Buxton* broke in two and men skyrocketed into the sea.

Jim Poole was aboard. Again Mephi sped to the scene and searched frantically for the victims. The poor, broken body he fished from the brine was barely discernible as Jim Poole. Mephi cushioned his head, dragged other gobs into the boat as long as it would hold one, and headed for McClellanville Beach.

Jim recovered sufficiently to be moved to the Naval hospital at Charleston, but those brief days were agony for Mephi. There be-



"That's beginner's luck for you!"

gan to grow in him an unreasoning hatred against U-boats and all their ilk. He brooded and raged, he'd go off in the winter weather and stay with the elements for weary long hours, in hopes the heat within his brain would calm. But it never did.

On the fateful night, Sarah's kerosene ran out. There was only Mephi to go down to the village for more. Uncomplainingly he reached for the can, and started dragging himself the long mile to Corry's. It seemed a relief really, to have something hard to do. Fishing was too easy for Mephi for it was all a matter of arms—"shopping" took all he had.

Old Man Corry gave Mephi a cheerful greeting when he pushed open the store door, and invited him to sit at the stove to warm himself. As he sat waiting for Corry to get his kerosene, the door softly opened and two men entered. They were dressed in nondescript clothes that were all out of crease and one carried a rifle. Both were unshaven, their eyes were red and hair unkempt.

Query

Should a woman who tries to use her feminine charms to wangle an extra ton of coal out of her local dealer be known as a coal digger?

The storekeeper looked up. "Howdy do strangers, what brings you out on a night like this?"

"My friend and I have been hunting and have lost our way back to camp. Can we buy some food, please?"

There followed a buying spree, when loaves of bread, cans of vegetables, cartons of cigarettes and tobacco were spread out on the counter. Offering a twenty dollar bill, the men refused change, asked for a burlap sack and trudged silently out of the store.

Old Man Corry leaned his scrawny arms on the counter and observed, "Now don't it beat all how things happen. Who'd a thought I'd make a sale like that on sich a night?"

Mephi took his kerosene can and started home. For all his awkward way on land, Mephi's mind was sailing along. It reached its conclusion quickly.

He reasoned that those men were from the submarine; that the sub was nearby, maybe surfaced in Bull Bay. Certainly it hadn't been much of a walk for them.

Mephi hurried home, left the can inside Sarah's door, and silently he slipped off into the night.

He came to the shore, untied his boat and bent the oars. As he pulled away he tried to think of all the likely hiding places where a submarine might be. He knew a hundred, but he reasoned the Germans didn't. It came to him that the logical place, from their viewpoint, was the lee side of Raccoon Key. Here they would be free of prowlers on a night like this. Perhaps the Nazi officers and crew were laughing at their adventure already—eating good American food within fifty miles of Charleston's great naval station. The more he thought about this, the wilder his mind became. He imagined himself as Vengeance without legs.

Noiselessly Mephi nosed his craft around the shore, off Raccoon Key, as sure as he could be that somewhere here, before dawn, he would find that submarine.

When he came upon the U-Boat he was not prepared for its formidable shape. It loomed out of the water like some sleek, Mesozoic monster. The hatch was open and he could hear mumbled talk down below. A guard sat on deck, and as far as Mephi could tell he was asleep, for the man never once moved.

So here was Mephi and here was his German U-Boat. What could he do? It was too late to summon aid, for of course the vessel would be off in the dawn before another hour passed, so that it could stalk some doe of a ship in the forest of the waves. There was not time for too much thinking at this point. Mephi just did what he could do—that had been his training, that had been his philosophy since life had dealt his cards. It wasn't bad training as it turned out, for an ordinary man would have screamed and let it go at that.

First he shucked his clothes, in the self-same manner he had a hundred times previously, and silently took to the water. As the way of the eel, Mephi wiggled his way to the steel plates, groped his way along until he found what he sought—a means upward. As silently as he had come, he throttled the guard. There was no joy in the killing; it was another of the inevitables in his life.

He pushed the body off the sub's deck, swam with it to shore and proceeded swiftly to strip it. Truly, the clothes were a poor fit, for Mephi couldn't wear just anybody's coat. But it had to suffice for the business at hand.

Again he swam to the boat, calmly sat in the guard's place and pondered his next move. It came to him that the longer he waited the better for him, but to save his life he couldn't figure what he'd do next.

It was funny how Mephi began to think of Jim Poole. "Jim would know what to do in a case like this—he's a Navy man," thought Mephi. Too bad Jim was in the hospital at Charleston.

Thinking about Jim inspired him. He began to work out a plan he thought a Navy man would approve. He dragged himself up the ladder to the conning tower, looking down to see if the emergency hatch was open, investi-

Continued on page 278

"I'll take the one with the Deltah Pearls!"

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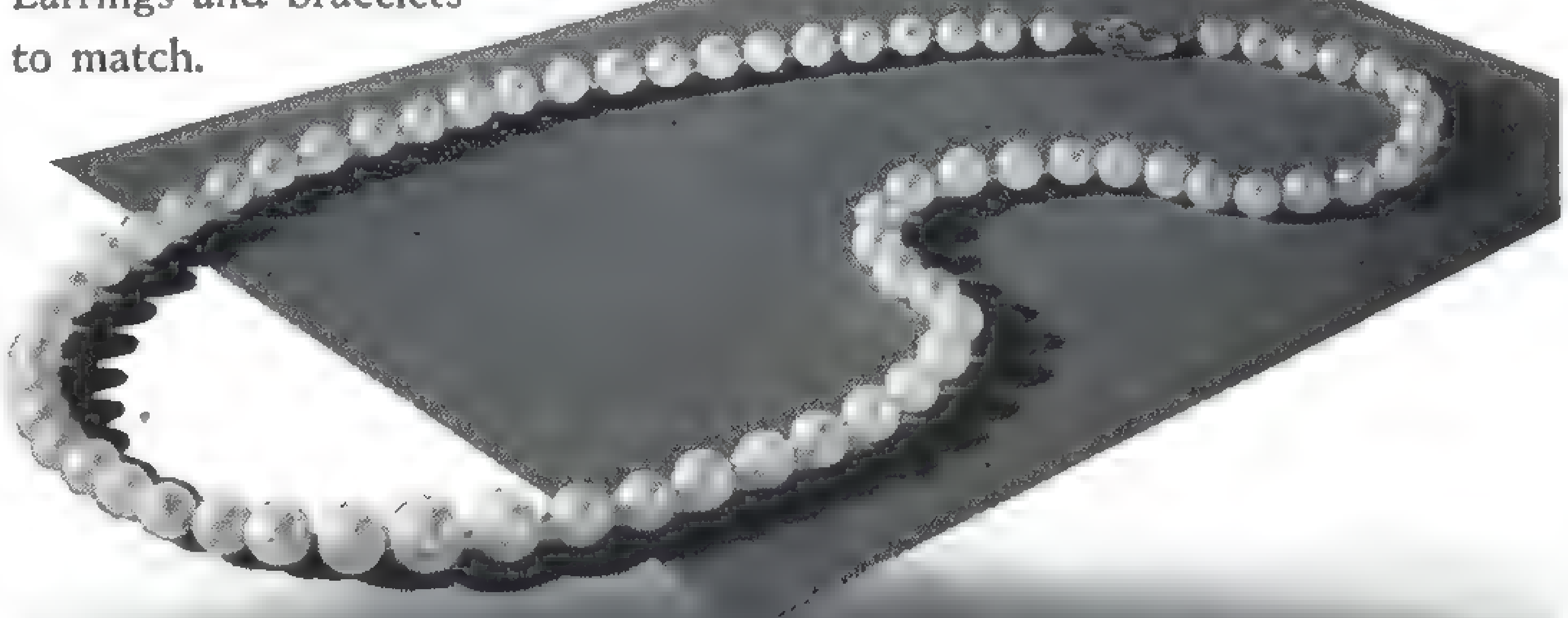

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THE STYLE LEADERS ON THE GLOVE COUNTER OF YOUR FAVORITE STORE

The Ordeal of Mephi

Continued from pages 88-275-277

gated the mechanism of the upper hatch and then went into action.

He shouted in a fog-horn voice, "Ahoy below! This is the American Navy. You're covered, come on up, one at a time."

Mephi's plan was a simple one, if it had worked, because he just planned to "conk" the men over the head, one by one as they came up, throw them overside and drown them. But curiously enough, he found, the German mind didn't work that way.

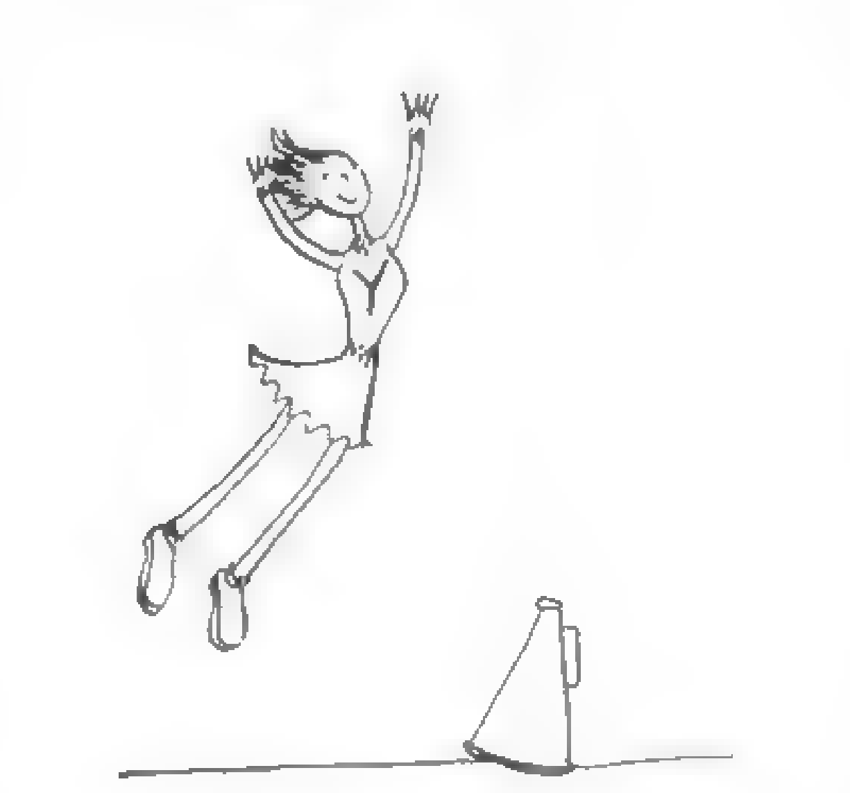
A gutteral voice sounded in the depths of the sub and other voices spit their gutteral reply. The ship tugged at her anchor and began to submerge.

"Smart devil," thought Mephi. "He knows the depth of the bay here. He's going to make a run for it."

As the U-Boat stealthily slipped along, the hatch began to move downward. Mephi grabbed it with one hand and braced himself as he took hold of the conning tower with his other broad fist. And there he was, a brute man who had been built for just this occasion, when the might of man would be pitted against a machine. It should not have been that man would triumph.

Strain and agony had been Mephi's lot always, but never had he known strain like this. The hatch stayed open, his muscles bulged, the sweat began to pour from him, his poor seaman's coat came apart at the seams. In a swift dive the U-Boat went, Mephi keeping the hatch wide open.

How was Mephi to know that the instrument panel deep in the sub had failed to record the open hatch. But so it was.



Three of the hardest things in the world to see through are the law of relativity, Hitler's line of reasoning and the football fan in front of you who leaps to his feet on every play.

The cold water began to rise around his legs. He knew what was coming, but he still had his moments ahead. Gulping deeply of the early morning air, he was ready when the sub went under. By the time he had to let go the cover, it was too late for the men below to do anything about it. The water poured down the conning tower like water down a thirsty sewer in August.

Mephi bobbed out of the bay, looked around and headed for his boat. After reaching it and seeing that his victim was lying coldly on the sand, he rowed back to the spot where the sub went down.

Dawn came slowly that morning, it seemed to Mephi, but he could see the U-Boat down below, and he felt that someone would spot him sooner or later.

The patrol plane from Charleston, winging low over the sea as if in search of a marine breakfast, skimmed overhead. Mephi could not raise himself any higher than his arms could push his body, but he waved frantically, and pointed down at the water.

As always before when strong, brave folks looked down with pity on his broken, malformed body, these fliers felt sorry for him and maybe a bit curious too. The flying boat settled nearby and approached warily.

At the same time, heads began to pop out of the water—close-shaven heads with frightened eyes. The Navy fliers still did not take in the circumstance, until Mephi yelled, "German sub down under."

Ten of the twenty crew members escaped from the forward emergency hatch. One by one they were dragged aboard the flying boat. And finally they pulled Mephi in too. He told his story to an unbelieving pilot, who was so much upset by what he learned, he called his base and reported, "Listen, a great ape in Bull Bay has captured a Nazi submarine and its crew. Send another boat quick, can't handle so many."

So that's how Mephi got a ride into Charleston finally. He was unimpressed by the commandant's questions, and when the excited officers were through with him and asked him if there was anything they could do for him, he queried, "Where is the Naval Hospital?"

When Mephi came to Jim Poole's bed, he pulled himself up on the white metal stool, looked down at the face of his friend and said, "Jim, I got that sub for you."

Of course the Congressional Medal meant less to him than the medical officer's offer to fix his feet so he could get about on them, but Mephi considered thoughtfully, "All my life has been spent learning how to use my arms, why should I want to learn to walk now?"

* * *

"And the king said, Is there not any of the house of Saul, that I may shew the kindness of God unto Him? And Ziba said unto the king, Jonathan hath yet a son, which is lame on his feet. Then king David sent, and fetched Mephibosheth out of the house of Machir.—Then the king called to Ziba, Saul's servant, and said unto him, I have given unto thy master's son all that pertained to Saul and to all his house.—So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet."—

II Samuel, Chapter 9.

Preview in Dreamland

Continued from page 55

speculating on his sanity, he noticed a peculiar look on the face of the convalescent in the next bed.

"Curious, that," the patient murmured to Dunne. "I dreamed of an explosion last night."

The professor said nothing. But later he mentioned casually to his doctor that he and another patient had both dreamt about an explosion the night before.

The doctor interrupted, saying "Wait a bit." Then, "Odd. Now I think of it, I also had a curious dream a few nights ago. Dreamed I was roused and called to care for a broken leg. . . . I'd forgotten that dream till just now, but almost immediately afterward I *was* awakened—by a summons to attend a man with a broken leg."

Fable

"My line-up," said the Fordham football coach, "will be: Smith R. E., Jones R. T., White R. G., Ross C., Green L. G., Field L. T., Brown L. E., Mack Q. B., Yates R. H. B., Howe L. H. B., Black F. B."

Dunne, satisfied at last that he was neither freakish nor crazy, decided to hunt for a scientific explanation of such dream-previews. He began to discuss dreams with his friends, and soon collected other stories comparable to his own. Many people, he discovered, occasionally had dreams which seemed to come true later on.

In most cases, the dreams were very ordinary ones—half-true, half-false, a jumble of trivial events and serious ones—with the single peculiarity that the events providing the basis for the dream were displaced in time, following instead of preceding the dream.

Time has always been fascinating to mathematicians. They ponder whether it is a "form of thought," an "aspect of reality," or a "fourth dimension compoundable with Space." Professor Dunne finally saw in these strange dreams the possibility of discovering some previously unnoticed peculiarity in the structure of Time.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that future events already exist in some future plane of Time? And that normal people can, in their sleep, catch fleeting glimpses of these future events?

What about that odd feeling everyone has now and then of familiarity with an event—the vague uneasy recollection that it has happened before?

What about "hunches" and premonitions that come true? What about the fairly common experience of dreaming of a distant friend—then receiving a letter from him a day or so later?

What about those puzzling dreams from which one is awakened by a noise—a noise which is the culmination of the dream?

And what of the hundreds of cases, tabulated by the Society for Psychical Research, where a dream of a friend's death is followed by confirmatory news?

"I wonder," the professor mused, "if these phenomena can be, not abnormal, but normal?"

Dunne shook his head. If this were true, he decided, everyone would have noticed it long ago.

But the thought kept plaguing him. Nine-tenths of all dreams are forgotten within five seconds of waking, he knew; and the rest usually vanish by breakfast time. Could these forgotten dreams contain exact future images?

At about this time, Professor Dunne had a dream which topped all the rest, and convinced him the whole dim field of dreamland was worth scientific exploration.

In his dream he saw a high railway trestle. The scene was one he knew well in waking life; it was north of the Firth of Forth bridge, in Scotland. Below the trestle he saw open grassland, with people strolling in twos and threes. The scene came and went several times, but the last time he saw that a train going north had just plunged over the embankment. He groped for the date; but could gather only that it was sometime in the next spring.

Next morning he recorded the dream as soon as he awoke, and told it to his sister in detail. They jokingly debated whether to warn their friends against traveling north in Scotland next spring.

On the following April 14th, the Flying Scotsman jumped the trestle near Burntisland Station, a few miles north of the Forth bridge, and crashed on a golf course twenty feet below.

Dunne knew this was not identifying paramnesia, nor coincidence, nor insanity. He set to work to record all his dreams from that night onward.

Keeping a notebook and pencil under his pillow, he tried to make full notes of his dreams each morning. At first the memories faded so quickly that he couldn't jot down a word before they were gone. But by setting himself to remember before he even opened his eyes, and by continual practice, he soon trained himself to fish up three or four of each night's dream sequences and hold them long enough to scrawl them into his notebook.

As his record grew, the scientist noted more and more cases of future-dreaming. Most were trifling—scraps of conversation, frag-

Continued on page 280

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Wisdom

RITZBILT BAR

"I had this built when they began making their Whiskey Sours with Calvert Reserve"

It won't take you long to arrive at the conclusion that the ideal Whiskey Sour is made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-quality whiskey has a wondrous way of *blending with*—not overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its delectable "soft" flavor is a joy to any palate. Have your next Whiskey Sour made with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve".*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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GENUINE TUFRAW Rawhide by GUTMANN is made by
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Preview in Dreamland

Continued from pages 55-279

mentary images. But sometimes a striking example turned up. He scribbled down a dream of the death of General Leman, the Belgian hero; and opened a newspaper two mornings later to read that Leman was dead. Another night he dreamed of meeting three ragged men near Khartoum. "I've had an awful time," one of them said. "I nearly died of yellow fever." The next morning Dunne read the news of a British expedition reaching Khartoum after a desperate trek through Africa. Only three white men were left in the party, and one of them later died—not of yellow fever, however, but of enteric.

Dunne told his experiences to scientific colleagues, and persuaded several to record their dreams. To their amazement, they also discovered convincing evidence that future events were sometimes mixed into their dreams.

After several years of experiments, and tabulation of the notes of hundreds of dreams, the professor was convinced that semi-prophetic dreams are perfectly normal. According to his theory, Time is like a river, and humanity is like a man in a boat. The water ahead of the boat is Future, that behind is Past; but Past and Future both exist quite concretely all the time. They are no different, no less real, than Present—except to the man in the boat.

In dreams, Dunne decided, every normal person "gets out of the boat" and wanders aimlessly both up and down the stream, glancing at Future as well as Past.

Dunne expanded this idea into a mathematical theory; began lecturing about it, and finally wrote a book on it.

The book, called *An Experiment With Time*, was widely discussed all over England. Most of the book was devoted to abstruse arguments, diagrams and formulae about Time, far too deep for any but the savants; however, several chapters told of the dreams of Dunne and his friends, and explained how anyone could repeat their experiments.

Hundreds of Britishers began keeping records of their dreams, and writing Dunne about the results they got. Newspapers were swamped with letters, scholarly dissertations appeared in academic journals, and Professor Dunne added more fuel to the fire by publishing a second book, *The Serial Universe*, on the same topic. The English might be talking yet about Dunne, dreams, and Time, if another writer-lecturer in Berlin had not distracted their attention.

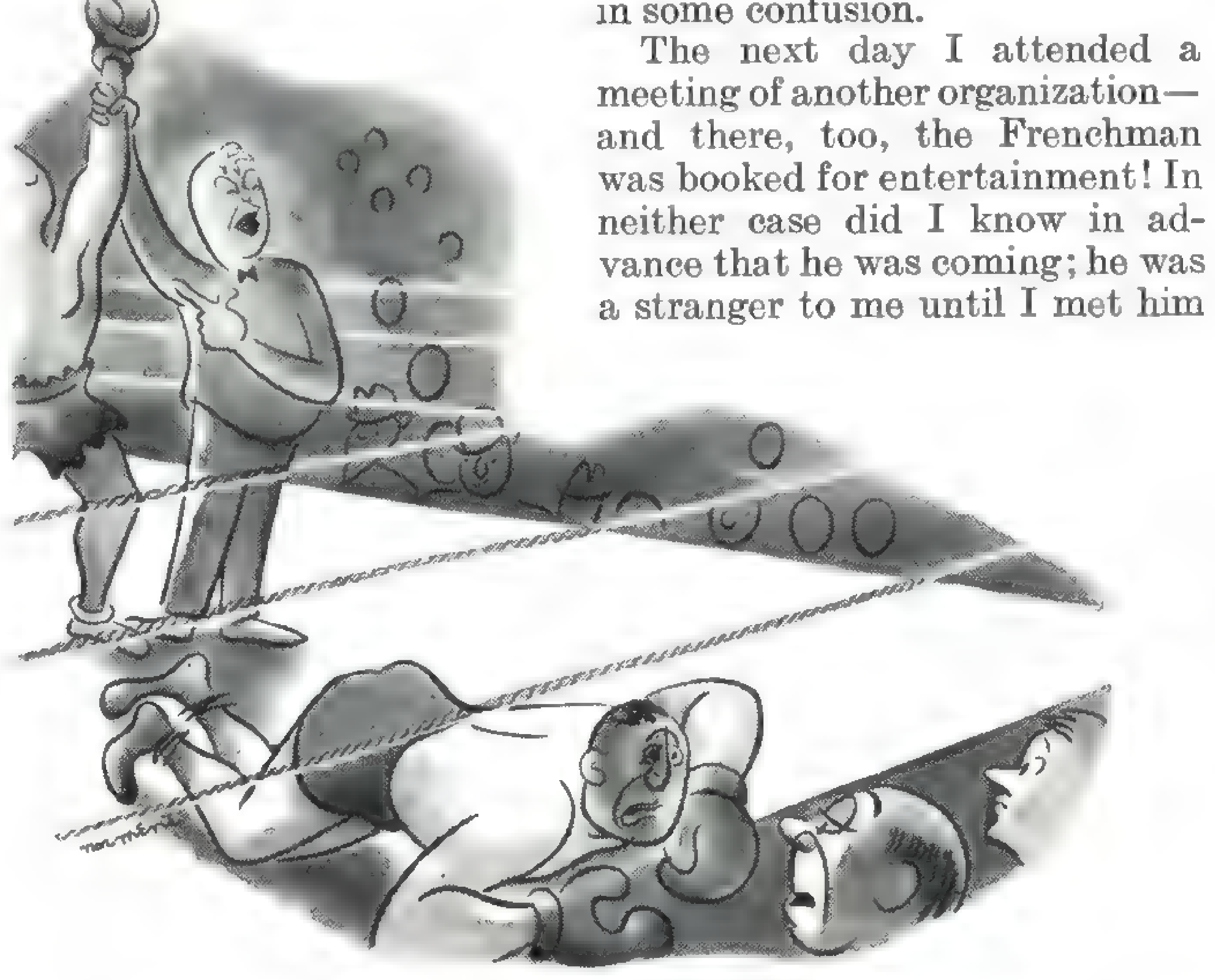
* * *

In America, where we're awakened by alarm clocks instead of soft-footed servants bearing tea, to recall and write down the night's dreams is harder than in England. But it can be done.

My own first results were interesting, but inconclusive. My notebook showed several nights' dreams oddly preoccupied with France. My employer telephoned, speaking with a ridiculous French accent, and insisted I go to Paris. Next night I dreamed of meeting one of my college instructors, a Frenchman named Perigord, whom I hadn't thought of in years. And the third night I was play-acting on a stage—much embarrassed because I inexplicably found myself talking French while the other actors used English.

A few days after these dreams, I dropped in at a club meeting where the day's entertainment was provided by a French refugee who spoke with a thick accent. His specialty was magic, and he promptly picked me to come up on the stage and be the subject for his first trick. There, in the course of his patter, he asked if I had ever studied French, and I unwisely nodded; whereupon he began jabbering at me in his native tongue, and I was embarrassed to find I couldn't understand a word he said. The audience tittered, and I left the stage in some confusion.

The next day I attended a meeting of another organization—and there, too, the Frenchman was booked for entertainment! In neither case did I know in advance that he was coming; he was a stranger to me until I met him



"You've let the heavyweight championship of the world slip right through your fingers"

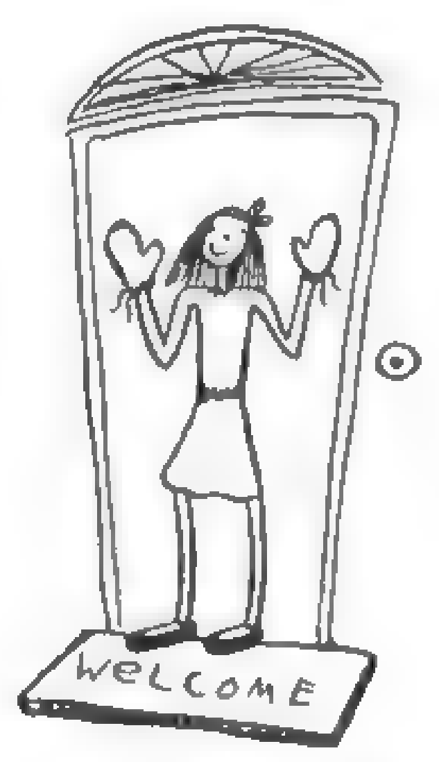
at the first club meeting.

In the next three days I passed this Frenchman on the street twice, saw his name in the papers once, and heard him mentioned in conversation several times.

As an added surprise, when I attended a play one evening that week, I opened the program and saw the name Perigord jump out at me from the cast. It wasn't the man I knew in college, but it was the same name I dreamed about.

More convincing was a dream I had after spending a whole evening hunting for my favorite pair of bedroom slippers. Their disappearance had mystified me, because I always kept them in the same place. But a thorough search had not recovered them.

I dreamed I was continuing the search when some nebulous stranger whispered "Why not look underneath the house?" So, in my dream, I looked, and there were the slippers.



Fuel Shortage Note

Esky says that this winter he's willing to settle for a girl with cold hands and a warm house.

In the morning I went outside and, feeling rather a fool, poked into the openings beneath the foundation of the house.

Yes, the slippers were actually there—rather chewed up, however, because a puppy of mine had evidently been trying his teeth on them. Apparently the dog had stolen the slippers and lugged them to this subterranean hideout—though I'd never known him to crawl under the house before.

My friends got even better previews from their records of dreams. One will be remembered by football fans in Los Angeles.

A sports writer's wife had a dream of watching a football game between California and UCLA. "I looked at the Coliseum scoreboard, and read it plain as day," she told her husband. "It said UCLA 7, California 0; and right while I was looking at it, I heard the timer's gun go off."

This was two days before the California squad arrived in Los Angeles for a game with the Uclans. The Golden Bears had one of their greatest teams, and UCLA was weak. So the score his wife had seen struck the sports writer as improbable to the point of laughability. For a gag, he reported on the dream in a paragraph of his column the day before the game.

When the game began, however, UCLA promptly smashed through for a touchdown and conversion. As the game wore on, the inspired Uclans kept Cal penned in its own territory, while the sports writer cursed his faithlessness in not having got down a hunch bet on them. And when the timer's gun went off, the Coliseum scoreboard actually did read UCLA 7, California 0.

Unfortunately, however, this gunshot signaled only the end of the half. In the second half the Bears broke loose and buried UCLA under a 26-7 score.

Dunne's theory raises one question. If we foresee an event in a dream, can we then take steps to prevent that event from occurring?

One of my friends knows a future-dream can be prevented from coming true—because he did it.

He dreamed of an auto accident in which he crashed into a truck—a large red-and-yellow striped truck, with one front fender missing. The truck caused the accident by swerving directly into his path at high speed.

The next day he told me about this dream. And several days later I was riding in his car when the pay-off came. We were on a high-speed highway, talking idly, when he suddenly broke off.

"Jeepers," he muttered, "here comes that truck I dreamt about."

Thundering toward us at top speed was a big truck, apparently a circus wagon of some sort, with red and yellow stripes. As it bore down on us we saw one fender was missing.

My friend promptly stepped on the brake and slowed his car to half speed. Just before the truck reached us, a dog darted into its path. The driver, startled, jerked his wheel and the truck hurtled into our lane.

If my friend had been traveling at his usual high speed, there would have been a smash. As it was, we had a split-second to swerve out of the way. We just made it. And ever since, my friend has no worries about dreams of future unpleasant events. He is sure that, if he is forewarned by the dream, he can avoid the event.

The experience of reading a printed page in sleep is fairly common to many people, especially writers. I've had it often, but only once could I remember what I read. That once I saw a full-page advertisement with the headline, *The Graph That Broke Out of the Bedroom.* I read the text, and recalled it after waking. Being an advertising writer by trade, I promptly wrote the ad for a client—a large bank. It was a bizarre piece of work, much different from my usual style, but it really punched home the story of this bank's phenomenal growth. Everybody complimented me on the copy, though they seemed startled that I could have written it.

Other, and better writers have had similar experiences. Coleridge's great unfinished poem, *Kubla Khan,* was something he read in a dream and rose from bed to write down by memory. According to his account, he was momentarily interrupted half way through, and the rest of that

Continued on page 282

Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

"Parkins insists on a fanfare when he serves Old Fashioneds made with Calvert Reserve"

The Old Fashioned fan fares best (excuse it, please!) when his drink is made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-quality whiskey has the rare ability to *blend with*—rather than overpower—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its delectable "soft" flavor completes the perfection. Next time, give new zest to your Old Fashioned with Calvert Reserve...*"the choicest you can drink or serve".*

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Preview in Dreamland

Continued from pages 55-279-281

strange lyric vanished forever. Robert Louis Stevenson tells in *Across The Plains* of getting many of his best plots while asleep. Victor Herbert first heard the melody of *Kiss Me Again* in a dream. Julia Ward Howe found the words for the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* in her mind when she awoke from sleep.

Edward Lucas White habitually wrote from dreams. In the introduction to *Lukundoo and Other Stories* he admits:

"Eight of the stories in this book I did not compose. I dreamed them. They were paragon nightmares, needing little or no modification to make stories. One of these, *The House of the Nightmare*, is written just as I dreamed it, word for word, since I had the concurrent sensations of reading the tale in print and of it happening to me. The dream had the unusual peculiarity that in the middle of it I woke, so shaken that my wife had to soothe me as if I had been a scared child; and then I went to sleep again and finished the dream! Its denouement came as a complete surprise to me."

* * *

Why not train yourself to recall your own dreams? Even if you don't dredge up any literary gems from your sleep, you're likely to find that you've been dreaming about tomorrow.

All you need is a notebook and pencil by your bed. In the morning, try to remember your dream the instant you wake. A single episode may be all you remember at first. Concentrate on it. Try to recollect all its details. When you do that, a large section of the whole dream usually comes back to you—and with it another episode from the preceding dream.

Still keeping your eyes shut and your notebook untouched, try to call up as many of these disconnected episodes as you can. Don't bother yet about the rest of the dreams of which they formed part.

When you've snatched as many incidents as possible, jot them down in your notebook—only a word or two for each.

Then take the first incident, concentrate on it, and write down every detail you can remember. Do the same for each of the other incidents. Until you've finished, don't let yourself think of anything else.

There may be some mornings when you have no memory of dreaming. When this happens, ask yourself what you were thinking about when you woke. Then try to recall why you had been thinking it. Almost invariably that brings back your last dream.

Never be content merely to remember your dreams. Always write them down. At first I simply memorized my dreams. But no matter how sure I was that my memories were firmly fixed, every shred of them had usually disappeared when I finished shaving.

Once your notebook is begun, read it over from the beginning each day of the experiment. You'll soon see distorted but recognizable resemblances to waking events—some occurring before, but some after, your dreams of those events. But if you undertake the experiment, you'd better hope that you never have a future-dream such as one friend of mine went through.

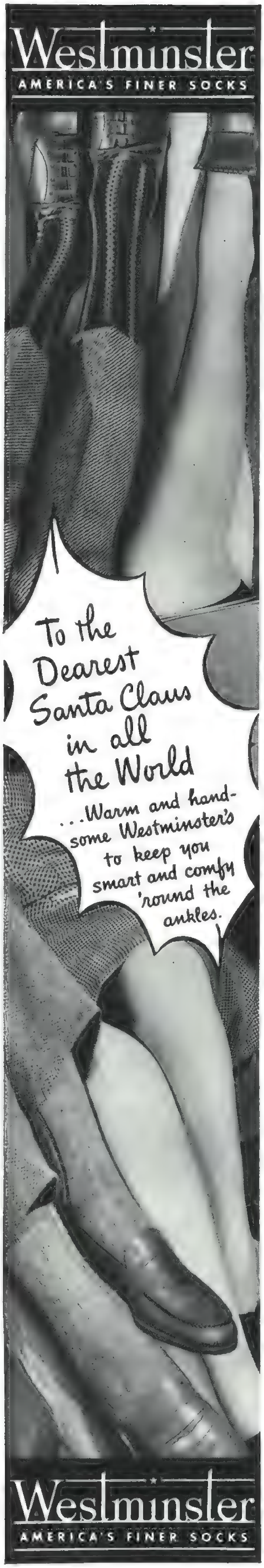
He told several of us about his dream the day after it occurred:

"I dreamed I took my parents to a lake for a picnic. After eating, we went out in a rowboat. Somehow the boat turned over, and I found myself sinking down and down through the cool green water. . . . I felt the cloud of bubbles fizzing up from my mouth past my face. I felt the terrible heaviness in my arms and legs as I tried to struggle. And at last I felt my feet touch the soft, slimy bottom of the lake. I was gathering myself for a final effort to swim up—though I felt sure I'd never make the top—when I woke up."

The rest of us soon forgot his dream. But two years later we recalled it, when we heard of a boating accident on a Michigan lake. Our friend had been rowing his parents across the lake when the two older people, in changing seats, had upset the boat. The parents were rescued. But the son drowned. ⧺

Man Bites Dog, And—

A prominent American family send their Christmas cards to arrive only a day or two before Christmas instead of two weeks early . . . Wife declares that her husband is doing an excellent job decorating the Christmas tree, and she hasn't a single suggestion to make . . . . . . Doorman and elevator boys in swank Park Avenue apartment house refuse to accept Christmas tips . . . Eight-year-old boy and his six-year-old sister wake up on Christmas at 5:30 A. M. but decide not to look at Christmas stockings. "They'll keep 'til nine o'clock," they declare, "and daddy and mummy don't want to be disturbed." . . . "My wife always buys all my cigars," states a nationally famous humorist, "and does a swell job. After all, she's the daughter of a famous tobacco expert."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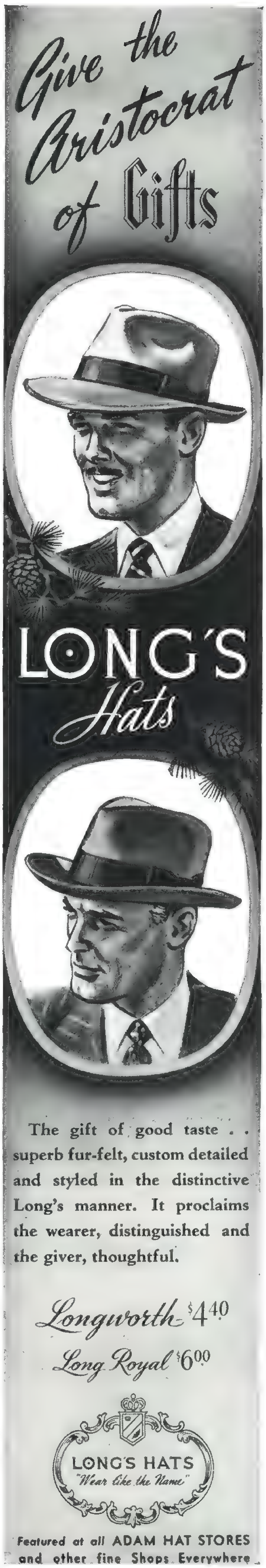
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The Pod of a Weed

Continued from page 57

Gibby?"

"Because I'm a killer."

"Who put that into your head? What kind of a rotten sneak are you? It started out as a fist fight, didn't it? Are you afraid of him?"

Yacob lifted his lip. "I ain't afraid of nobody."

"Then what did you pull a knife on him for?"

"Because I'm a killer."

At the second repetition his voice was more strident and his eyes had a feverish brightness. "Just keep out of my way, that's all. You know what I done. Everybody knows what I done. I'm a killer."

"Will you shut up with that talk? What do you mean, I know what you've done? Are you trying to tell me you killed somebody?"

Yacob stopped twirling his cap. His burn-welted, twisted hands hung motionless. A kind of slow shock struck through him.

"They ain't told you about it?"

"Who?"

"Everybody. My uncle." He burst out with loud, pounding excitement. "He was there. He seen it. He gave me this sock on the head, see, where I got the scar. Cheez did he sock me, it nearly bust my skull, it laid me in the hospital for two weeks, so I don't remember nothin'. But my uncle was there. He seen it. He said I was a born killer."

Mr. Jackson stood with his jaw hanging and his hands on his hips.

"Who did you kill?"

There was a strained, bluish whiteness around the boy's pupils. "My cousin. I was over at my aunt's house. She was hangin' washin' in the back yard. Me and Sasha was playin' in the kitchen. He was a little squirt and horsing around and he made me sore. I shoved him in the washtub of boiling water."

"You shoved him in the washtub of boiling water?"

"Yeah." His mouth opened and he breathed noisily through it. "I killed him, see. I killed him! That's the kind of guy I am."

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Jackson.

Yacob got out of the chair, his eyes enormous. "You don't believe it? You don't believe it?"

"No," said Mr. Jackson. "You couldn't have got burned like that from pushing him in. Why, your arms are mangled up to the elbows. You pulled him out, you fool, that's how you did that to yourself."

Yacob stared at his hands in a foolish, arrested way. He pulled up one sleeve and looked at the beef-colored, knotted flesh. For a second or two it seemed as if he had never seen it before. He dropped his hands to his sides and looked at Mr. Jackson with a peculiar vacuity. There was nothing in his face, nothing but a tortured reaching toward an impossible realization.

The sobs caught him from within, like a paroxysm, jerking him, flinging him like a figure on strings. They erupted from his throat, harsh, tearing sounds, hammering him forward, doubling him. He fell into the chair, letting go blindly, mashing his cap against his face. The words came from him in the shuddering inhalations of his breath, blurred gasping shards of sound.

"Cheez, Sasha . . . I all the time figgered . . . I killed you."

Mr. Jackson did not know what to do. There was nothing to do. He put both hands out twice. He would have liked to put his arms around the boy, but he was too shy of this terrible, this private grief. He went out of the printing room and closed the door.

Mr. Sparkman came in when recess was about over.

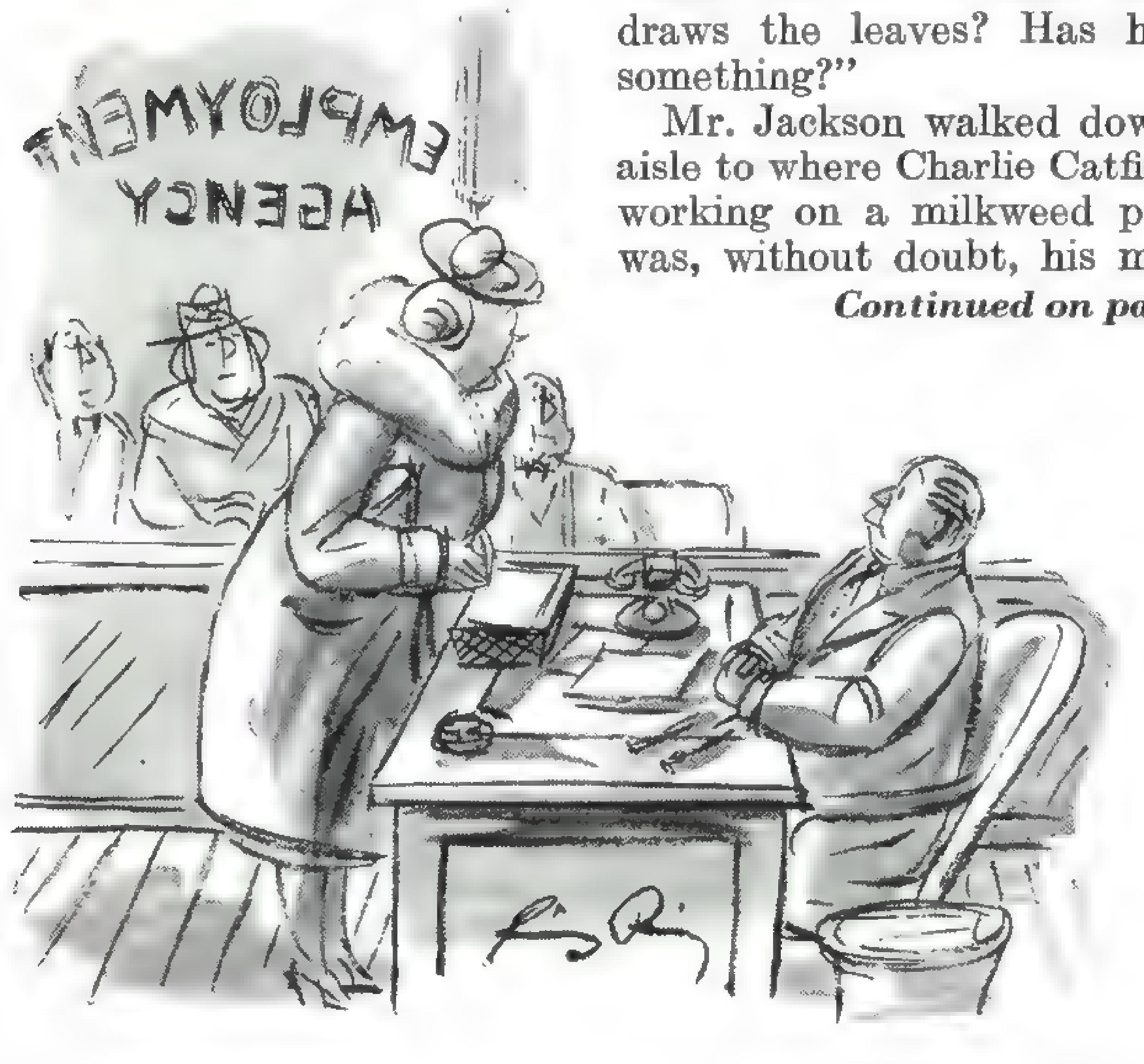
"How's it going?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Mr. Jackson. "I think I'll have something to show him."

"Good," said the principal. He washed his hands briskly, a gesture he had, an encouraging, let's-get-it-done gesture. "I think you've got that high school job in a bag, if you can put on a good front. How about that kid that draws the leaves? Has he got something?"

Mr. Jackson walked down the aisle to where Charlie Catfits was working on a milkweed pod. It was, without doubt, his master-

Continued on page 284



"Have you a cook that you think would like me?"

Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

THE HUMAN CANNON BALL

"Aim for that bar where the Manhattans are made with Calvert Reserve"

If your Target for Tonight is a super-delectable Manhattan, have it made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-quality whiskey has a happy way of *blending with*—not overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its indescribable "soft" flavor is a rare treat indeed. Give your next Manhattan the benefit of Calvert Reserve...*"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

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There are special models for the ladies, too—with or without fittings, as desired.

The Pod of a Weed

Continued from pages 57-283

piece, showing the feathery seeds ranked in perfect symmetry inside the opened shell. Charlie, however, was sitting idle. He was rubbing one dirt-incrusted hand across his pimply forehead.

"What's the matter, Charlie?"

"I don't feel so good."

Mr. Jackson felt a flash of pure horror at the idea of the absence of his star pupil. "Come on, Charlie, you're not really sick, are you? Where do you feel bad? Is your throat sore? Does your head ache?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"Just a funny feeling."

"Oh, come, you're not going to let a little thing like that make you quit, are you? Why, you've got the drawing practically done. All you've got to do is finish the top, see? Come on now, stick with it and see if you can't get it done before noon."

Charlie heaved up his shoulders and made a wry face.

"Okay," he said.

After the boys came in Mr. Jackson labored with his trained seals again. It was harder than ever now, because the boys were excited from their exercise. Mr. Jackson yelled until he was hoarse and battered the newspaper to a ragged pulp. Sometimes he thought he must crack, that the halves of his brain would split down the middle if he went on another instant. Then he would think, "Maybe I'll never see them again. Maybe I'll be through with them. Maybe this is the last time." It gave him strength to gather himself together like the paralyzed fingers of a fist and plunge in again.

Within an hour or so he began to see some sign of the colloquy's rounding into shape. It had to round into shape. Time was creeping up on him. The forenoon was about gone.

He ran a finger around his wilted collar and swatted the newspaper on the board.

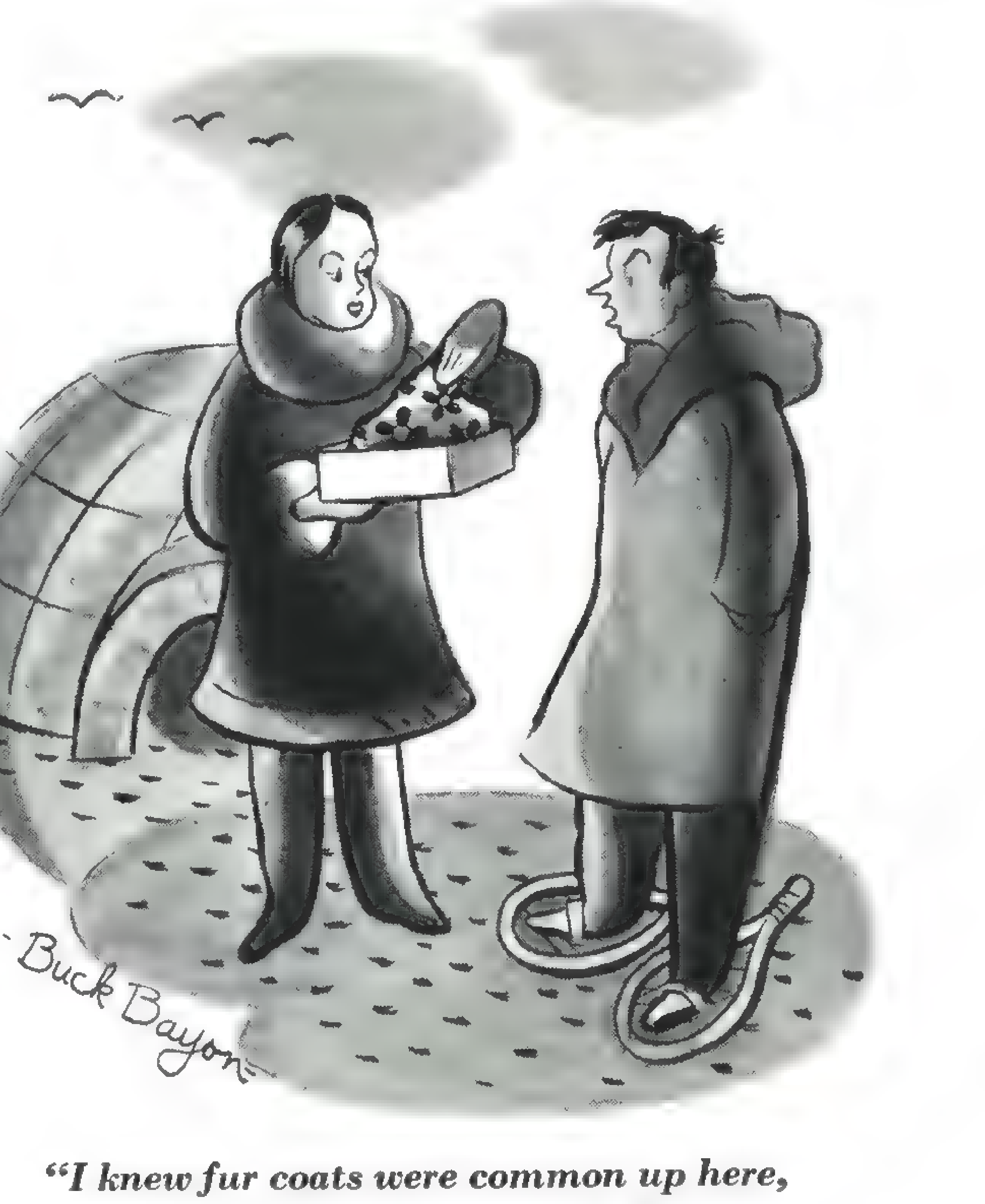
"One more time, Cookie. Get up to the board. Get up there! You, Guppy, remember you follow Marco. Come on now, Marco, —'Doesn't that look like our softball diamond?'"

It was the frozen, dumbstruck look on Marco's face that made him turn around. Charlie was getting out of his seat. He had hold of the desk with both hands and he wrenched it completely from the floor. He staggered down the aisle, his eyeballs rolled up, a gurgling cry coming from his lips. The cry increased, became something ghastly, indescribable, a toneless roar.

The boys, with a single impetus, dropped books, chalk, erasers, and bolted out the door. Mr. Jackson found himself standing with his knees shaking, rooted like a senseless image. He saw Charlie fall, with no effort whatever to save himself, face forward on the floor.

With the perspiration pouring down his back and his knees wobbling like rubber, Mr. Jackson approached the boy. He had never seen an epileptic seizure before, had never known it could have such frightful physical manifestations. The boy's nose was bleeding where it had struck the floor. He took his handkerchief mechanically from his pocket and staunched it. His mind realized in a fumbling way that Charlie's "funny feeling" had been the aura, the premonitory symptom that warns an epileptic of an attack.

On the floor lay the drawing of a milkweed pod, mashed by some-



"I knew fur coats were common up here, so I brought you a sarong"

Things To Be Thankful For This Thanksgiving

That we don't have to fight Joe Louis . . . That parking space is easier to find these days . . . That the war isn't being conducted by parlor military strategists . . . Rita Hayworth . . . That we only have to rake leaves once a year . . . That our favorite football team isn't scheduled to play Minnesota . . . Mince pie . . . That the Italian "war machine" is "fighting" on the other side . . . That censorship forbids our listening to Hitler's speeches . . . Dinah Shore.

body's foot, a huge gouge down the middle where the drawing pencil had slipped off the paper.

Mr. Jackson remained for some moments with his eyes closed and his lips quiveringly compressed. To the first cautious head that appeared in the door he said, "Get Mr. Sparkman."

When the principal arrived Charlie was stirring a little, over on his back now and making swallowing sounds.

"This is too bad," said Mr. Sparkman, "this is too bad." He washed his hands nervously. "It's the first time he's ever had one in school. What's his name—Charlie, isn't it?" He leaned down. "How do you feel, Charlie? Anything we can do for you?"

Charlie lay with his arms across his face. From beneath the ragged sweater sleeves tears leaked down. He moved his head back and forth in slow negation.

The two men stood helplessly and looked at him. "Have you got any place for him to lie down here?" asked Mr. Sparkman.

"No."

"I guess maybe you'd better take him home."

"I guess maybe I better had."

The two men carried him out to the parking shed behind the bungalow and put him in Mr. Jackson's car. He sat up unassisted and kept his head in his hands.

"Feel all right, Charlie?"

"Yeah."

His home was only a matter of four blocks away. It was a rickety cottage standing in a muddy plot behind an overturned garbage can. A woman in an apron with a tired face answered the door.

"Charlie got sick at school," said Mr. Jackson. "I thought maybe I'd better bring him home."

"Oh. All right."

There were a couple of chairs on a scuffed carpet and a lumpy couch by the open window. Charlie sat down on the couch.

"I think he'd better stay home for a day or two," said Mr. Jackson.

The woman nodded, twisting her hands in her apron.

Something welled up in Mr. Jackson, something driving and enormous, a wild desire to say something, do something, just one crumb of palliation in the starkness of the room. It collapsed futilely inside him. There was nothing to say or do. You could only close the door and forget it.

He hesitated in the doorway. "Oh—uh—that cigar box of Charlie's. The box he keeps his drawings in. May I have it?"

The woman stared at him openmouthed a second, went off and came back with the cigar box.

"Lemme see which ones they are," said Charlie.

Mr. Jackson reached out the box. Charlie grabbed it from him, cocked his arm, and hurled the box out the window. It hit the garbage can, burst flimsily, and spewed mud-splattered drawings over the ground.

"The hell with you," cried Charlie. "That's all you give a damn about. The drawings. The drawings. Just so you can show off this afternoon. That's all you are, a lousy showoff. I heard Sparky tellin' you about puttin' on a front so's to get into the high school. So that's what I was pluggin' for, that's what I bust a gut for, that's what you was soapin' me along for, eh? Cripes, what a sap I was, thinkin' maybe I was good or somethin', when all the time all I was doin' was helpin' you."

Mr. Jackson felt as if he had been hit with a mallet. How he got into the chair he had no conception, but he found himself sitting in it with his mouth slackly open. He sat and stared at the boy.

"You're right, Charlie," he said, and did not recognize his own voice. "You're the one to tell me off, all right. You're right, you were helping me. More than you'll ever know or I'll ever know. You were showing me someone with a man's heart inside him, not a sham."

"Ah, bushwah," said Charlie. "That's all you guys are full of, bushwah. What the hell's the use of a guy like me? What can I ever do? You know there ain't nothin' in them drawings. They're just somethin' you can brag about, to show what a guy with fits did."

Mr. Jackson covered his face with his hands. When he took them away the palms were cold with sweat.

"No, Charlie. Never say that about those drawings. They're the best drawings I ever saw. I'll be proud to pick them out of the mud. I'm going to take them back and show them anyway. If it's the last thing I ever do, I'm going to make you proud of them too."

The visit of inspection, at two o'clock that afternoon, went off with surprising smoothness. Cookie drew the square on the

Continued at top of page 286

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The Pod of a Weed

Continued from pages 57-285

board, Guppy and the others asked their questions, and if the colloquy sounded a little stilted it could no doubt be put down to shyness before a stranger. The rest of the boys sat like Mrs. Jarley's waxworks.

The drawings made a deep impression on Mr. Kedgery.

"Hang them in the high school?" he said. "Why, certainly I'll have it done. I'm going to arrange for the art department to provide him with materials. I think the boy has an extraordinary talent."

There was only one moment of crisis, when Marco, with his wild dramatic sense, volunteered to read something for the visitor. He got up and with galloping declamation delivered *The Giant with the Hundred Heads.* Mr. Kedgery, because he did not wish to see it, did not observe that the reader in his hand was upside down.

At the three-minute recess the two men walked across the schoolyard toward Mr. Kedgery's car at the curb. "I think you have done very creditably," said the Superintendent. "I know what a difficult, hopeless problem the bulk of these boys represent."

They passed the parking shed, where Yacob, with a dirty cloth in his hand, was awkwardly wiping off Mr. Jackson's car. A hundred feet or so further on, at his own car, Mr. Kedgery stopped with his foot on the running board.

"Mr. Jackson," he said, "there is an opening for an eleventh grade teacher of mathematics. How would you like to teach at the high school?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Jackson. He looked at the drawing in his hand, half a milkweed pod, the seeds ranked in exquisite perfection almost to the top, where a pencil line gouged sharply downward across the paper. "I . . . Thank you very much, but the fact is, I'd rather stay here."

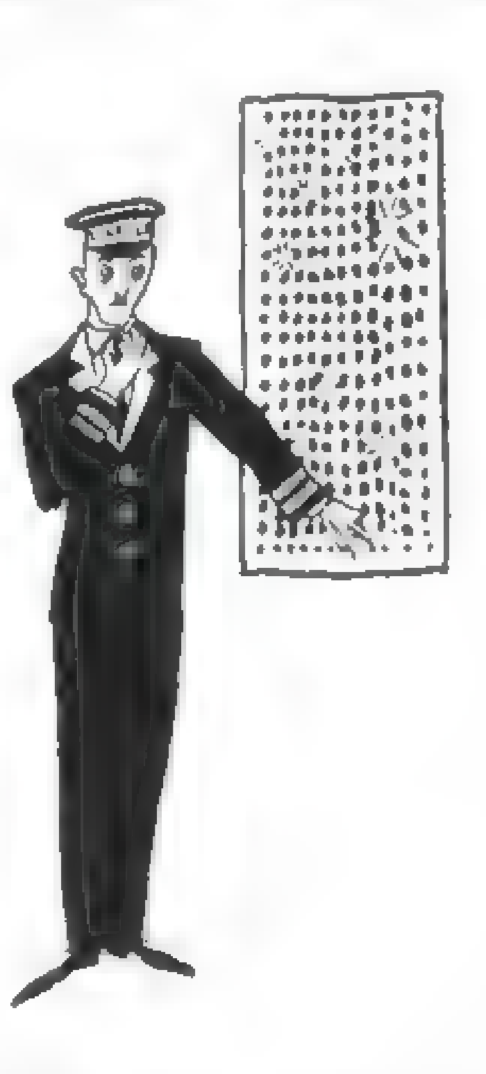
"What?" said the astounded Superintendent. "You prefer to stay here?"

"Yes, I . . . believe I do."

When Mr. Kedgery had driven up the block Mr. Jackson went back to the bungalow. The boys had returned and bedlam had broken out again. Mr. Jackson leaned against the door, a stooped, ungainly man who had missed his golden opportunity. He took the rolled newspaper from his pocket and began beating it on the door. "Silence! Silence!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN



Elevator starter: This Ward McAllister of office building society is, to mix the metaphor giddily, a combination of tremendous snob, petty tyrant, poor man's Donald Nelson, and coffee pot Lucius Beebe.

From his vantage point at the head of the marble lobby he can see the people whirling into the building through the revolving doors a full ten seconds before they reach the elevators.

For a stenographer or a clerk, to whom missing a car in the morning rush means reaching the time clock upstairs a full minute too late to avoid being docked for tardiness, the elevator starter has a lofty, almost sadistic, contempt. His buzzer invariably sends the car doors slamming in their faces.

For a man whose well-cut coat and dawdling gait indicate an executive's post and a five-figure salary, the elevator starter will keep a car waiting almost interminably.

The various car operators, who earn about ten dollars less than he does per week, hate his guts for reshuffling their lunch hours and relief periods indiscriminately, for squealing to the building management when they run out into the back for a moment to meet the neighborhood bookie, for being the nearest thing to a mean class monitor they have run into since they quit public school after the sixth grade.

The piercing glance, the exaggeratedly worried scowl, the hunched shoulders with which he watches the wall panel of flashing lights indicate quite clearly that in his opinion the men who run the OPM down in Washington have a lead pipe cinch compared with his job.

He wears his black-visored cap cocked at a rakish, Errol Flynnish angle. He fingers the far-too-tiny knot in his black tie constantly to make sure it is sitting in the geometrically exact center of the V in his stiff white collar.

And he tugs the coat of his gold-braided uniform about his spare figure delicately and steadily, as though he were a Major of the Royal Scots Fusiliers on parade.

He is the only member of the office building staff who leaves by the back entrance when he goes home in the evening: without his uniform he looks just about the same as the other elevator men.

The Beauty Part of a Democracy

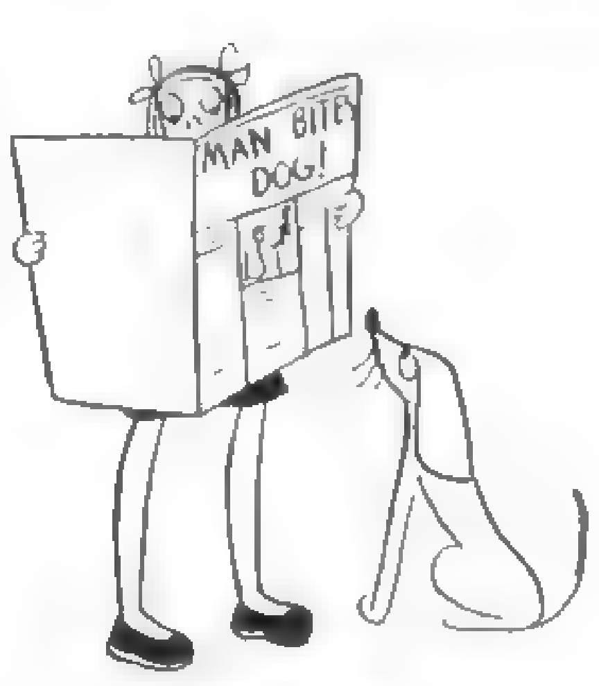
Continued from page 87

exaggerated opinion of your self-importance. You have somehow acquired the idea that the world revolves around an axis on which you happen to be standing. You don't know what evolution looks like when you see it. You're a nuisance because you're too human to shoot and too pathetic to step on." White-faced, Hyler got up and strode angrily to the opposite side of the bus.

"Now you went ahead and got him mad," said Sergeant Smoot. "You oughtn't to of did that. He's a awful nice guy when you get to know him, ony he shouldn't ever be got into a argument with."

"*He's* mad!" exclaimed Beasley excitedly. "After all those names he called me?"

"Names," said Corky Smith reminiscently. "That reminds me of my ole grandmother. Whenever I use to do something which was not right, like buildin' a fire under the cow or shootin' the neighbor's chickens wit' my twenty-two, she'd laugh and say that sticks and stones would bust my bones but names'd never hurt me and then beat the hell out o' me with a Louisville slugger. She was a hot sketch, my ole grandmother."


MAN BITES DOG!

Revision

If a man bites a dog that was news four months ago by the time it gets by the war censorship.

"You have hurted his feelin's," said Smoot. "He didn't ast to be no soldier. They was about to kick this old college president in the pants and give Hyler the job when war come along and he got drafted into the army as a private. Peace was okay with him, see?"

"He called me a nuisance," said Beasley.

"So what?" said Smoot. "You should listen to what I call these two guys here. Go apologize and tell him you are sorry."

"But I'm not sorry."

"Well, tell him you're sorry anyway. It will ony be a little white lie. He can't eat when he gets upset."

"He cast a lot of slurs on my integrity," said Beasley.

"What of it?" said Sergeant Smoot. "There is more than integrity to worry about in this world. There is such a thing as bein' a decent guy." Smoot got up and brought Corporal Hyler back to join the group. "Beasley here says he's sorry he got into a argument about bein' a conscientious objecter. Ain't that right?"

Beasley looked about unhappily as if he were trapped. Nodding his head, he muttered an unwilling affirmation.

"So ever after this," said Sergeant Smoot, "as long as I am in charge of a detail, I don't want to hear nobody arguin' with any conscientious objecter. If they haff to be a conscientious objecter, that is their own lookout."

"I beg your pardon," said Beasley stiffly. "I don't *have* to be a conscientious objector, remember."

"Okay," said Smoot. "Okay. Whatever you say is okay with me."

"I'd like to see the man who would try to keep me out of the army," declared Beasley belligerently."

"You don't look like you would make much of a soldier," said Ortwingle innocently. "That's only one person's opinion, though."

"What's the matter with me?"

"You look like you would cave in the first time the company went on maneuvers," said Ortwingle.

Beasley's cheeks flushed hotly. "I am a citizen of this country just the same as you are. I could notify my draft board and they'd have to take me into the army. I believe I know my rights."

Hyler said, "He's kidding. Don't pay any attention to Ortwingle. We four fellows are always clowning around. I really want to apologize for my remarks a little while ago. They were spoken in the heat of passion."

"So were my remarks spoken in the heat of passion," admitted Beasley grudgingly. "I— Maybe I . . . maybe I've been looking at this whole thing wrong."

"No," said Hyler. "I admire your courage in standing up for your principles. When I made those remarks about you I was only generalizing. I didn't mean them personally. I'm fighting in the army to preserve your right to be a conscientious objector."

"Nobody has to do my fighting for me," Beasley declared. "I'm no coward."

"I didn't say you were," said Hyler. "I merely—"

"If I put my mind to it I'd make as good a soldier as anyone."

"I thought I said there would be no more arguin'," said Smoot.

"Wait until I am in your company before you begin giving me orders," Beasley retorted.

"Some terrible things has happened to me," said Smoot. "But havin' anybody in my outfit that argues like you do would make my past life seem like a picnic."

"That does it!" exclaimed Beasley. "I've taken just about all I can stand from you soldiers. I want to get off this bus at the next stop. I'm phoning my draft board and asking permission to enlist immediately! I'll show you if I'm to be intimidated or not!"

Sergeant Smoot slumped down in his seat and gazed over at Hyler with reproachful eyes. "Now look what you went ahead and done," he groaned. "Jist go ahead and look at what you done!" ###

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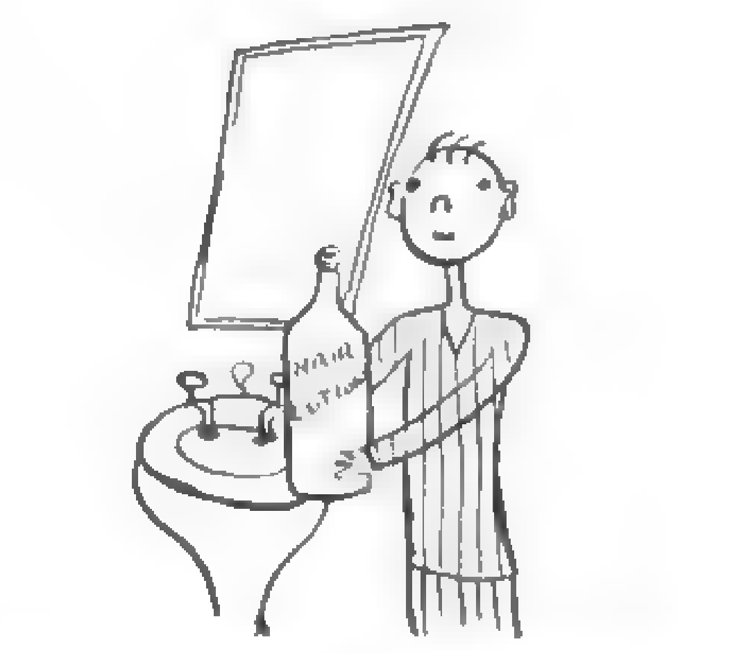
Martyrs of the Grid

Continued from page 108

spiritual lace on their cuffs, and hearts full of innocence. Here and there a few stoop to tricks.

Let's cite a case. A certain big time ex-Eastern coach, (I say "certain" to save him embarrassment; he's gone West since) employed a fast shift. (He still does!) And what's that, you may ask? It's a shift of the players on offense after taking position on or behind the line of scrimmage, with an aim to concentrate extra blocking power on one or the other side of the line.

The rule requires that after such a shift the offensive team must come to a full motionless stop for one second, which the official estimates by saying under his breath, "one-thousand-and-one," or murmuring swiftly, "uh, tuh, 'tree, fo, fi." The object of such a stop is to give the opposing line a chance to rearrange its defense to meet the new figure.



After all, the Axis doesn't commit all *the atrocities. Right now in America a lot of losing football coaches are in the process of losing their scalps.*

But this coach, and a great many others do it too, would use the "quick shift," one which virtually wiped out the second's interval and started Smacko! Not every time, of course! Just once in awhile—perhaps when he needed four yards on third down inside the rival 10.

Then, bang! There it was!

The coach, like a few of his brethren, held a theory about this! He played on the human reaction of the bloomer-boys; that they'd say inwardly, "Oops! That was a fast one!" and then, as they nibbled the nipples of their squawkers in a miasma of uncertainty, they'd finally decide, philosophically, "Aw well, I'll watch for the next one." Too late, brother, too, too late!

The next one might not happen until next week when the coach needs another crucial first down and when another set of football lawyers are on the scene. The time is *now.* If he tries to temper his justice with mercy, he is quite as likely to deprive a team of its just due as he is to injure its rival by drastic application of the rules. So blow, brother, blow, or charge it against conscience and failure toward duty.

Now, in cases where an official does *not* apply the penalty, what is the effect of his misguided philosophy? Why simply that the team employing the quick shift catches the opposition leaning and off balance, and belts through for the required yardage, maybe an immediate touchdown. So there goes your ball game. And who is the guilty party in that case—the players who are caught drifting and knocked down, or the official who is caught napping?

On the other hand, if the official conscientiously calls the quick shift and applies the fifteen-yard penalty—and believe me, many do! the partisan stands holler "Outrage," the players screech, the coach pouts, and the gentlemen of the press are unhappy.

Let's go further. Suppose one of the ball-toting team's tackles or blocking backs beats the snap of the ball by so much as an eye-flicker and thus gets in a fast block on the defending guard, tackle or end. The ball carrier plunges three yards through the gap—three yards which maybe he wouldn't have gained if the blocker had given the defense equal opportunity.

If such a happening occurs in midfield, those three yards aren't very vital. There are still 47 yards to go. But if it happens close to the defender's goal line, it means an inevitable touchdown. Therefore, if an official is duly conscientious, he'll tootle his horn quicker, if anything, near the goal lines where the payoff plays occur, than he will upfield where there's still lots of green grass left.

Perhaps the most publicized example of "beating the ball" occurred in last November's Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge. Yale, an overwhelming short ender, had driven pluckily by sheer dint of bone and gristle, sixty yards downfield from the initial kickoff.

So now as Yale crouched on the Harvard 2-yard line, fourth down, goal to go, a sixty-five-year-old superstition was about to be tested. For never in the traditional series had the team which scored first failed to win the game. It had never failed—yet!

The big concrete crater was a vacuum as the assembled horde sucked in its breath. Naught was audible but the tom-tom beat of massed hearts, throbbing in rhythm to the big, cataclysmic moment—well, practically!

The Yale center snapped the ball. The Yale carrier lunged toward the line. The Yale front wall surged with helmets buried up to the ears in Harvard middles. Touchdown, Yoweeee! On the instant the East side of the stand expelled its bated breath in a vast volume of sound which went winging over the walls, across the Charles River and downtown to scare the pigeons on the Common. A feeble echoing moan rose from the Harvard horde.

But wot ho! What's this? Here comes a bloomer boy snorting scandal into his honker! Dolefully, breathlessly the Yale sector squelched its cry and waited until the growly voice in the amplifying horns said, "Yale is penalized five yards for a back in motion." History records the mournful fact that thereafter Yale, perhaps having burned all its emotional powder, did not score. Harvard won the ball game.

Is that all? No, that's not all! History also records that, on and on into the winter the controversy raged, pro and con. The moving pictures and serial photos confirmed the back in motion, and justified the subsequent penalty. Yale's coach, Spike Nelson, sportingly said he was satisfied. Yet the incoming mails continued to carry bushels of postal screams to the official who called the play, some starting, "Dear sir, you slob" and some, "Anathema, my dear man," and some the context of which cannot be found in any family dictionary.

Well, and why not? The people who pay their three dollars and thirty cents for seats a gun shot from the green, pay for the right to enjoy a vocal holiday; to groan, grumble, yell or hoot. It's an inherent privilege which goes with every high pressure American game, and nobody, not even the officials, would deny their right to expel internal poisons. It's a healthful outlet.

During one of the autumn games Earl Blaik, now head coach at West Point, complained bitterly at having an intended lateral pass ruled "forward" and therefore illegal. "Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!" he yammered like the stuck needle in the gramaphone. Yet the following mid-week he telephoned an apology to the official, saying, "Our movies show clearly that you were right."

"What," asked the official, "would you have done if there weren't any movies of the play?"

"Oh," said Blaik, somewhat ruefully, but with perfect candor, "I guess I'd have had you on my black list."

As for Blaik, and there is no more conscientious coach, I once saw him perform what I consider a cum laude act of sportsmanship—considering that he did it at a moment when the contents of his skull must have felt like the inside of a blast furnace.

His Dartmouth team was playing Princeton for what amounted to the championship of the East, and apparently had the contest nicely packaged and ready for delivery with a candy box ribbon bound around. The score was Dartmouth 13, Princeton 7, as the field judge moistened the tip of his trumpet and was about to sound curfew.

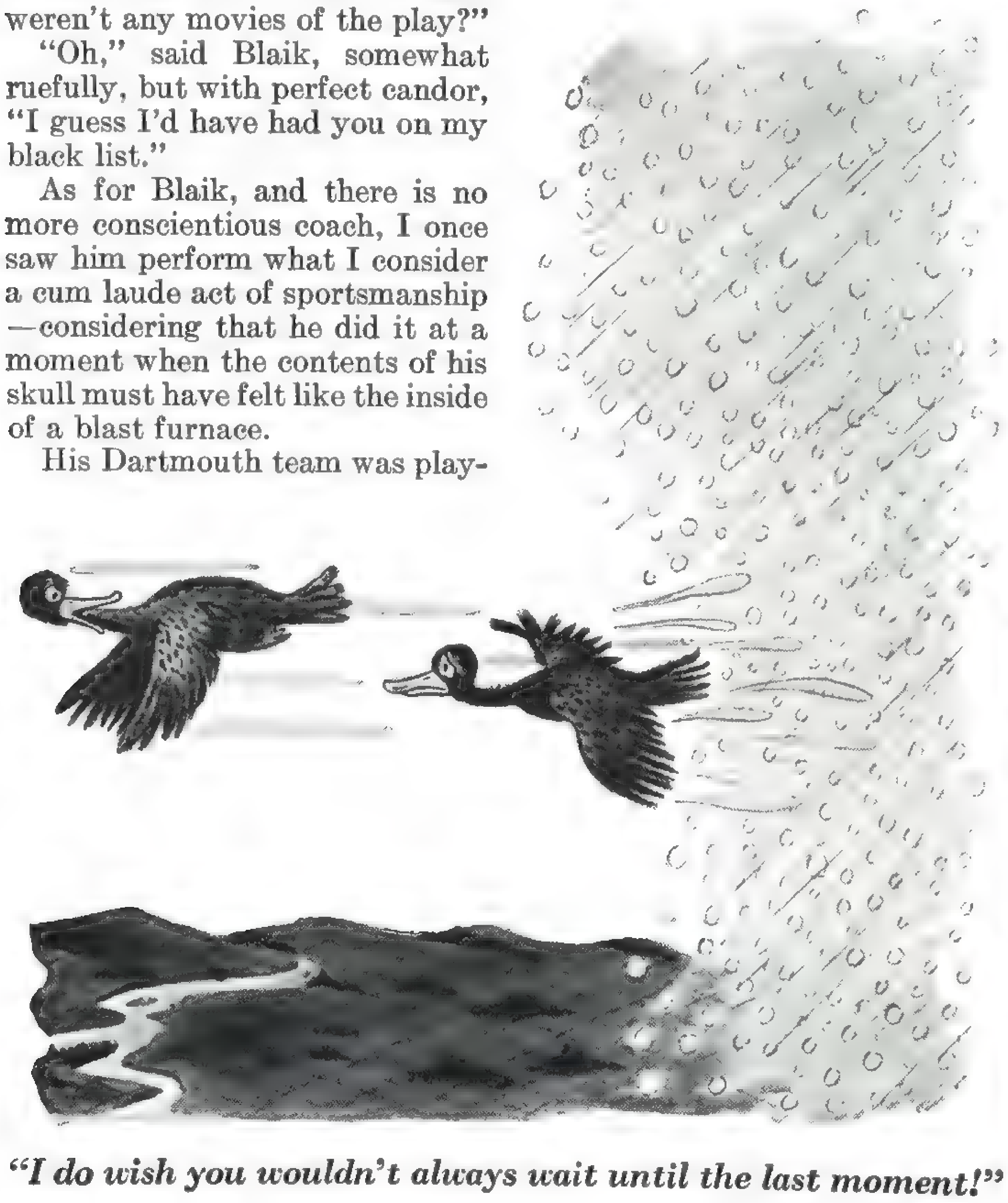
Suddenly, from midfield, a Princeton halfback heaved a long and prayerful forward pass that winged far down field, and into the end zone. The Princeton would-be receiver, Kaufman, and the Dartmouth defender, Handrahan, converged at an angle and fell in a pretzel tangle as the ball passed yards over their heads.

It was one of those football plays fraught with technical angles which are the secret dread of every game official and cause them to breathe pre-game prayers, "Please Lord, let there be no itchy tangles today . . ." and the little postulate which runs, ". . . but if there is Lord, help me to crack down with the right answer."

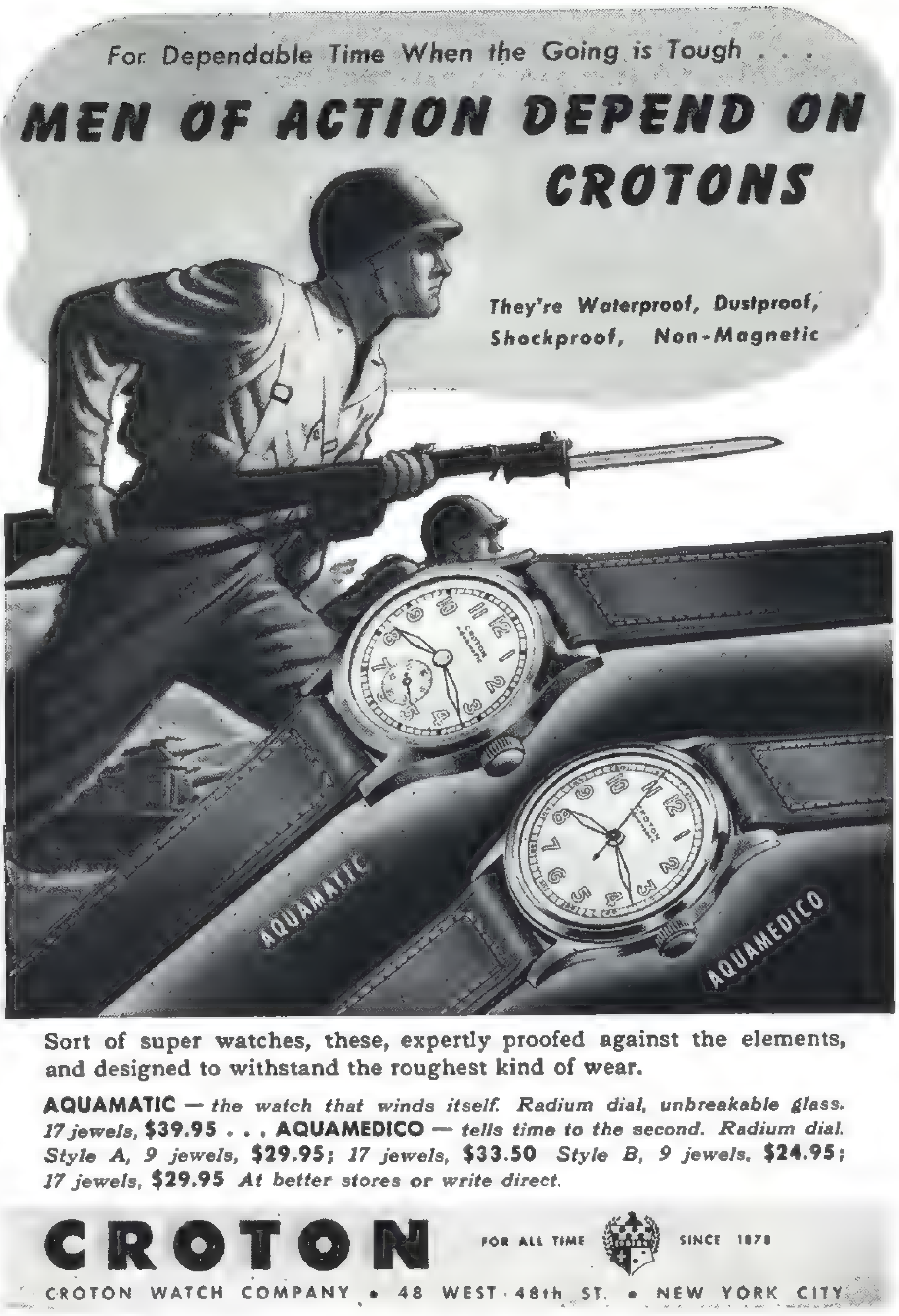
Anyway, the field judge in the case heeled the spot and, to the vast consternation of all, ruled Dartmouth "interference" giving Princeton the ball, first down on the one yard line, whence they batted over an instant touchdown. Mercifully the goal-kicker flubbed the point and the game ended a moment later, 13-13.

Now came the Dartmouth crowd, boiling, milling, muttering and tumbling down from the stands, sweeping players and officials along in its vortex. Somehow, in the press, Earl Blaik worked his way to where the field judge was being poured over with every word to which imaginative minds could set tongue. For the

Continued on page 290



"I do wish you wouldn't always wait until the last moment!"



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Martyrs of the Grid

Continued from pages 108-289

moment, in his eagerness to get at the official, it seemed that he, too, wished to add his voice to the clamor. But not so!

Blaik linked arms with the official and stood ready to fend off any impulsive bigot who might like to wind up his Sunday punch. A short distance away, Gordon Bennett, the Dartmouth captain, offered his hand to another of the judicial quartet, and said with no trace of sarcasm, "Good game, everything O.K." Both the acts were sporting concessions from men who were seething with disappointment, the kind of emotional moment when either could have been forgiven for uttering a torrent of "we-wuz-robbed" exasperation at the linen-clad harpies who stood as their harbingers of hard luck.

The rule on interference seems adequate, stating that players of both sides must make "bona fide attempts to catch or bat the ball." But, of course, whether the effort of the athletes is "bona fide" lies purely in the eye of the beholder, and there are as many degrees of interference as there are shades in the spectrum, varying from accidental nudges to snatching the receiver by his belt loops or throwing him with an Irish Whip.

Bear in mind that a pass defender may carry away an opponent's skin, flesh and bones if he clearly makes an attempt to get the ball while "going through" the receiver. On the other hand, if he rides herd on his man like a cow puncher bumping off a mother cow from a branded calf, he's violating the law, even though the ball, at the moment, happens to be hurtling in a different quarter.

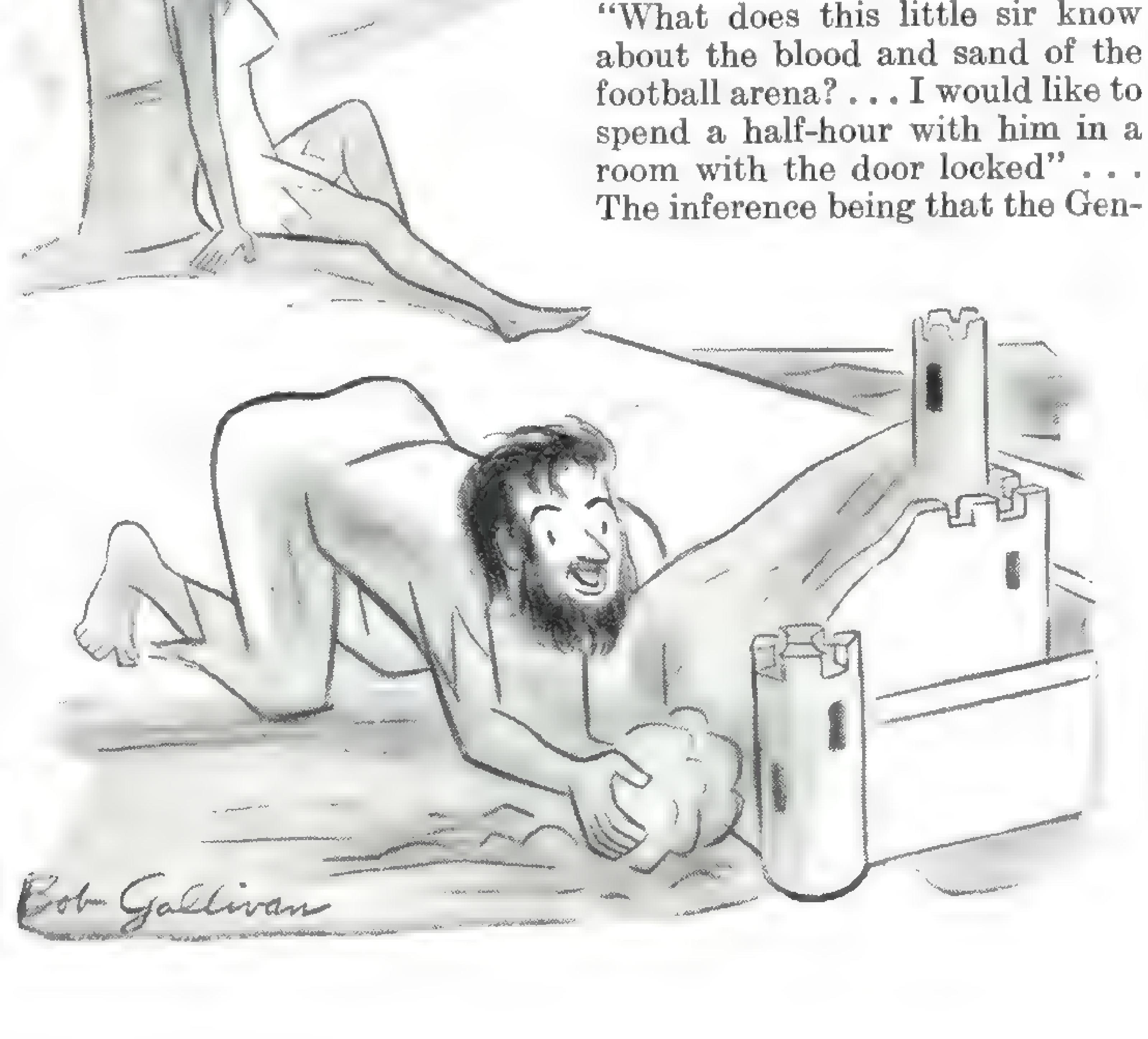
And don't think for a minute that in close-packed jams where several men go into the air at once in mutual snatches for the ball that there is not often sly interference, visible only to an official close to the play. Favorite trick is to give an opponent a covert shove or grab his jersey with one hand and serve the double purpose of holding him down while propping himself aloft. And just as often a receiving player will swerve deliberately while appearing not to do so and collide with a pass defender, spilling himself elaborately in a tangle of flying anatomy while screaming for the penalty.

Interference, except in flagrant cases, resolves into an official's ability to read intent. What the rulemakers should do is to clarify situations where there is interference on a pass which obviously could not be reached with a boat hook or fire ladder by any of the contacting parties.

There was that memorable autumn, a few years back, when the biggest bicker came when Shorty Miller, the Field Judge, ruled Army malicious meddling with a Notre Dame pass receiver, leading to the tieing touchdown. And the dispute raged far into December with newsmen and alumni examining slow motion movies of the incident, and finding themselves divided into opposing schools of opinion.

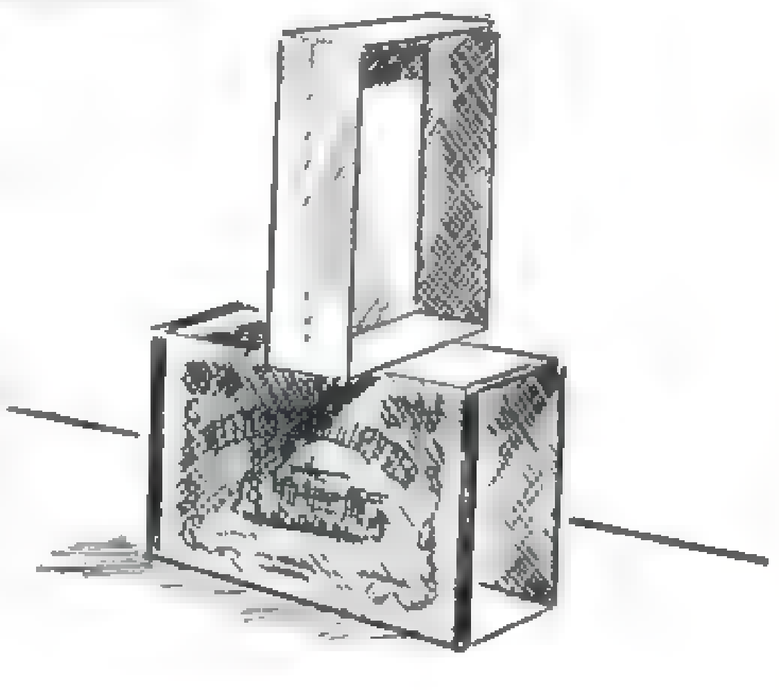
But Miller had no pictures to study and no cloistered studio in which to weigh the evidence. If he had paused to suck the nozzle of his squawker and fumble with his decision, as I have seen some field lawyers do, in that instant resolve would have leaked through the pores of his skin and the crime gone forever unpunished. By that time the ball would either have been gathered up for another play or been raced downfield for a score, and any belated horn beep would have meant a double dose of agony for the parties penalized with aftermaths of scandal.

And yet even so profound a thinker and well disciplined a person as the late General Hugh Johnson wrote a bitter woof-woof against Shorty, who is one of Penn State All American immortals. He wrote in his syndicated column "What does this little sir know about the blood and sand of the football arena? . . . I would like to spend a half-hour with him in a room with the door locked" . . . The inference being that the Gen-



Checkpayers

Good for One Free Drink at the Nearest Bar



The Wager: That your husky friend can't break an empty match box with his closed fist.

The Payoff: Take out the drawer of the match box and place it as shown in the sketch. When your friend tries to smash them with his fist the boxes will simply jump apart.

eral would whack the liver and lights out of Shorty. Though we who knew him *when* and also now, know that it's a Providential mercy for the General that he never got his wish, because he would have come out of that room in a hammock. That "little Sir" was the toughest, roughest, fastest human fireplug I ever knew.

There are some games so full of rules "bugs" and controversial happenings that no matter which way the officials rule they are in the middle of a tempest. Stealing the ball, or hooking it out of the carrier's arms is one. The "screened pass," where offensive linesmen drift downfield near the pass catcher is another.

But there are other games where your Uncle Elmer with his peg-leg, arthritic hip and myopic eyes could work the contest without rancor to either side and receive the grade-5 mark, which is tops in collegiate perfection: those where nothing controversial, or itchy, happens—games where the two lines break sweetly with the ball snap, where the blockers leave their tracks on perfect time.

College football officiating works both ways from the middle. Human nature is variable, and the men who are responsible for the game's jurisprudence always react according to their nature, grading down from strict to tolerant, to lenient, to just plain Ho-hum! Thus a set of officials might work the Rumpsteak Tech vs. Fishfry U game, and dish out hard, exact and inexhorable justice—i.e., "throw the book," as the saying goes in criminal law. And the next week a set of jovial, benign grandpops may come along and let the same teams commit anything short of manslaughter with nothing more than a cautionary cluck of the tongue. Knowing this, some of the cuter coaches scan their lists of officials shrewdly, perhaps warning their signal caller, "Don't try that B-41 (screen pass) this week. This umpire's got an eye like an eagle." Or "Everything goes. We've got a quartette of blind mice."

On the other hand every college official quickly learns that he has to deal with many types of team personalities and many varying kinds of games—not merely a matter of standardized eleven men on a side and a memorized code of rules. The players of one type are snarly, growly and antagonistic. They squawk, yowl, grumble at the least penalty, like shower-bath lawyers claiming all and, of course, admitting nothing.

A placid schoolmarm attitude of *tsk! tsk!* only incites them to greater outrage and wider liberty. For with that sort of youth, usually found in colleges where football is subsidized and defeat is a great calamity, a soft word is mistaken for a sign of weakness. Hence, unfortunately, an official is forced to apply his penalties with grim and jaw-jutting vigor and clamp down a little tighter lest early light-hearted roughhouse turn the game into a brawl.

Dear me! you may say, does that happen among cultural institutions? Ah yes, dear reader, sometimes it does. Unless promptly checked, each quid on the football field breeds a retaliating quo, as illustrated by the varsity tackle who stormed up to the umpire after a down-field punt and yelled, "Didn't you see that so-and-so clip me?" "No," rejoined the official honestly. "Well, be sure you don't see me when I sock him back," warned the player, being doubly outraged when, later, he was caught equaling the score.

Fortunately there are many, many teams which accept their punishment with silent sorrow and the resolve to lead finer lives. Mild admonitions bring courteous "Yes, Sirs" or "Okays." Nor are these types any less virulent he-men sockers.

Don't mistake! I don't mean to hint, and you wouldn't believe me if I did, that the officials have no faults. To be sure, the rules are plain. The intent of the players is fairly obvious. Whatever their shortcomings, the officials are honest. But human nature being variable and personalities being unstandardized, some of them enforce the rules and some blink owlishly; some are letter-perfect in their book and some are not; some are physically fit and mentally alert, and some are not. But I doubt, whatever his category, that there is an official of any veteran standing who hasn't pulled at least one boner during his career.

I remember refereeing a game some years ago where the offensive team's signal-picker asked what down it was. "Third," I said erroneously, "with eight yards to go." Suddenly, as the play caller sent his halfback through tackle on a spinner, I realized that it was actually fourth down, and that I was facing a very awkward jam. Providence was benign! On and

Continued on page 292

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Martyrs of the Grid

Continued from pages 108-289-291

on wriggled the halfback, bouncing from one tackler to another, half dragged down here and wrenching himself loose there with every trick of fluid hips and rubbery legs. At last when he was spilled, he had gained ten yards and first down. The team never knew about my potential blunder.

Yeh! and as linesman in the Navy-Notre Dame game several seasons back, the Irish, with nineteen yards to go on third down, heaved a pass which gained ten, but instead elected to accept a penalty for defensive holding against Navy, involving first down. Through an inexcusable oversight, I made the spot of the penalty at the upfield ten yard marker instead of nine yards further back, where the assistant linesman's stake was stuck. Benefiting by that inadvertent nine-yard gift, Notre Dame then drove down the remaining forty-odd yards for the only touchdown of the game. Apparently coaches, players and spectators, including myself, were blissfully unaware of the happening until long after game time when the play charts were checked up.

Bad faux pas! Emphatically. Yet it happens.

There was that October 21 which will stand long in the memories of the horn-blowing, whistle-tooting gentry as "Bloody Saturday," the day when three sets of top-grade officials gnawed the nubbins of their beepers and flunked certain phases of their legal training at Cleveland, where Army beat Illinois 6 to 0, and a cadet goal was disallowed through garbled interpretation of the rule dealing with the place-kick holder's right to touch his knee to the ground. At New Haven, where Yale defeated Brown 14 to 7, an Eli player ran off with a blocked Yale kick for a touchdown. At Philadelphia, where Dartmouth flattened Penn 14 to 7, a Penn touchdown on a technical fumble was first allowed and then erased.

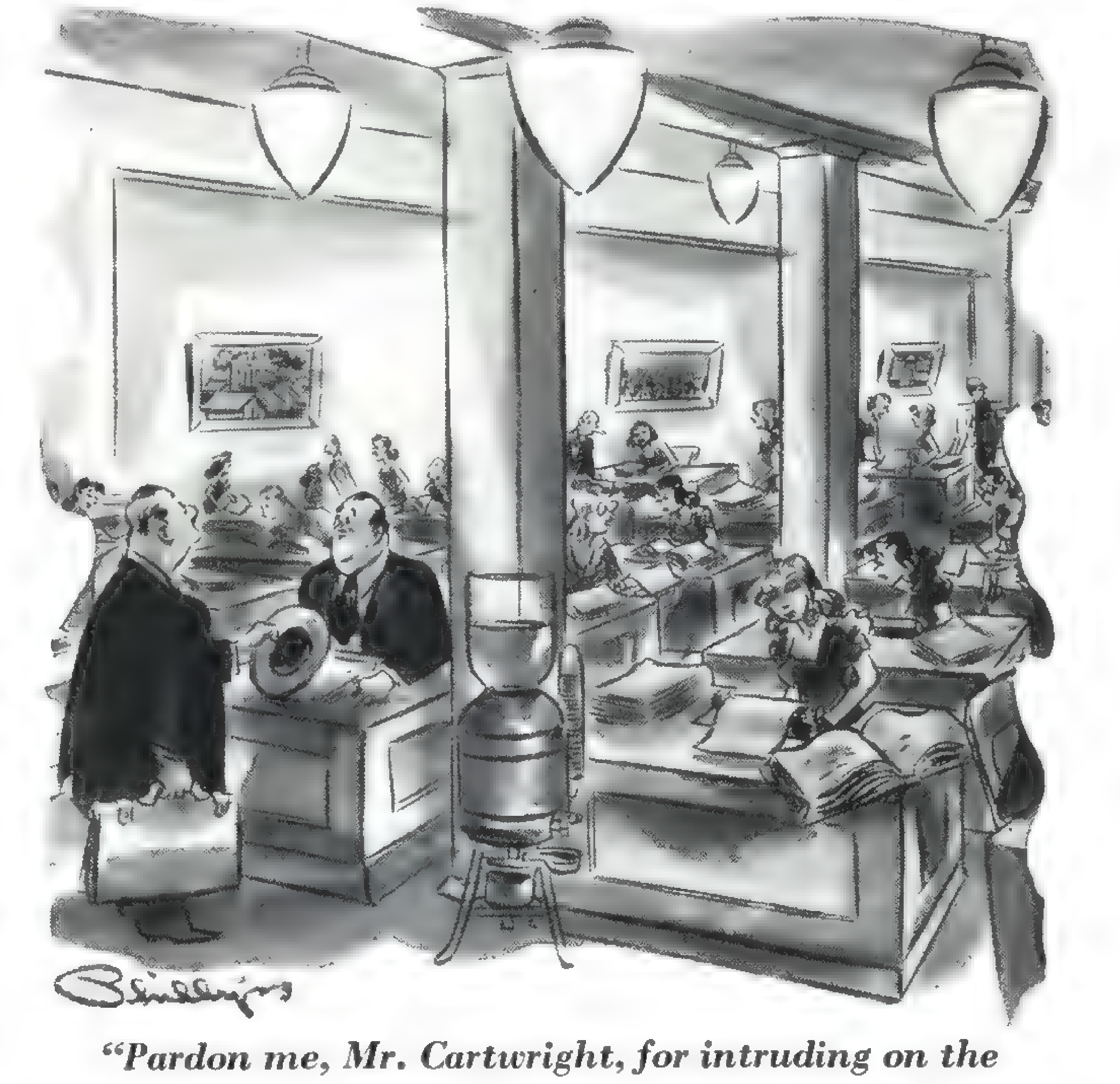
Yet the strange come-uppance in all these incidents was that each of the three teams of officials were veterans of long standing and dealing with rudimentary phases of the rules. In fact they could quote you page after page and paragraph and recite any rule verbatim on demand, so that their mistakes were traceable to some form of momentary, mental indigestion. These three questions which flustered the horn-honking gentlemen in white belong to the game's first-grade primer.

Q—May a place kick holder touch his knee to the ground? A—Yes! Provided he does not thereafter attempt to run with the ball or pass it.

Q—May a member of the kicking team run after recovering a blocked kick? A—No, not then! The rule has been since revised.

Q—May a player of the kicking team pick up and run with an opponent's fumbled catch? A—No, the ball is dead at the point of recovery.

Rudimentary, yes! But culled from a mass of interlocked rules designed to cover all possible situations on the field, so that officials sometimes must fit a bit of this law into a fragmentary bit of that to find the proper blend. And bear in mind that a football official has no time or opportunity to retire to some cozy law chamber to study precedent, and thumb through the evidence or weigh the question in a calm reverie while puffing a cigar. He must digest the situation instantly, and call them as he sees them. The time is *now*. He does it on the spot. Which is why, sometimes, four prophets from o'er the River Jordan, with halos and flowing robes, can't stay out of the beagle bungalow.



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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 117

responsible for the services' employment of noted athletes in sports programs have cussed out Tunney in private and not for newspaper quotation, or in groups behind doors that have left Gene on the outside.

Here's to a Merry Christmas but not a Jappy New Year.

Those sports coaches and trainers whose public shows were censured by Tunney tell each other "'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation" (*King Henry IV*, Part 1, Sc. 2). Without referring to the Commander's criticism they stress that their charges are not immunized from transfer to combat duty by sports schedules which compel the lads to "play out the play" (*King Henry IV*, Part 1, Act II, Sc. 4). Comdr. Tunney and his inferiors in rank agree that "the weakest go to the wall" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Sc. 1). Coaches and others who can present a strong case for featuring service athletes in public spectator sports consider the Tunney advice to sports writers to allow prominent athletes to submerge themselves in military life "an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English" (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, Sc. 4).

Sports writers to whom the noted Shakespearean scholar's counsel was volunteered generally came to the conclusion they had "yet room for six Scotches more" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, Sc. 7) after commenting on Tunney's remarks that "the text is old, the orator too green" (*Venus and Adonis*, Line 806).

* * *

Nobody knows the score on the value of sports better than the insurance companies. Wartime sports promotion gets a strong plug in the advertising campaign conducted by the Institute of Life Insurance advising each reader "Just by Keeping Well You Can Help Win This War."

The campaign was worked out after conferences with the U. S. Office of Defense, Health and Welfare Service, Surgeon-General Thomas Parran, and the American Medical Association. It reminds that by the end of this year 35,000 nurses and 40,000 physicians and dentists will be away at war, hence maintenance of health becomes, more than ever before, each individual's own responsibility.

"Play some each day" is one of the five health rules recommended by the Institute of Life Insurance. The other rules are "eat right, get your rest, see your doctor once a year, and keep clean."

* * *

Swan Island, 1489 acre "outdoor wildlife laboratory" of the State of Maine, is expected to save the state's people a fortune.

One of the research projects of the Swan Island laboratory is that of trying to find a thoroughly satisfactory repellent for protecting crops and trees against deer.

* * *

After being almost ploughed under by political antagonism the Physical Fitness Division of the OCD now operating as a division of the government's Office of Defense, Health and Welfare Service is springing up again.

The Division's Digest of State Programs published when the organization was being kept alive by desperate measures revealed a vastness of scope that intrigued canny politicians.

* * *

Increased emphasis on high school physical conditioning programs has stirred national interest in a sports achievement test schedule devised by Charles Law, of Massachusetts.

Law's rating calls for recording performance in thirty events on a chart which sets a score of 3,000 as highest of the five groups in which the tested students are classified.

The events are:

Football punt (distance), football pass (distance), drop kicks (goals), field goals (goals), football center pass (accuracy), football forward pass (accuracy).

Soccer kick (distance), soccer goals (goals), basketball dribble (time weaving in and out between standards), basketball shooting (accuracy), basketball free throws (goals), baskets per minute (starting from foul line and returning to foul line each time the ball touches the floor), rope climb (time: 20 ft.), five-potato race, eight-potato race, fence vault (from flat-footed start), rope vault.

Hop-step-and-jump, standing broad jump, 50-yard dash, 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, quarter mile, half mile, high jump, running broad jump, shot put.

Baseball throw (distance), baseball pitching (accuracy), baserunning.

* * *

Baseball's hot-stove leaguers this winter can get their vocal exercise discussing the possibilities of organized baseball playing a 1943 season.

In 1918 the season was terminated September 1 by order of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker because of the draft law. The draft for this war is much tougher than it was in 1918. However, the morale and war workers' recreation angles didn't project as prominently in 1917-18 as they have been publicized since December 7, 1941. ###

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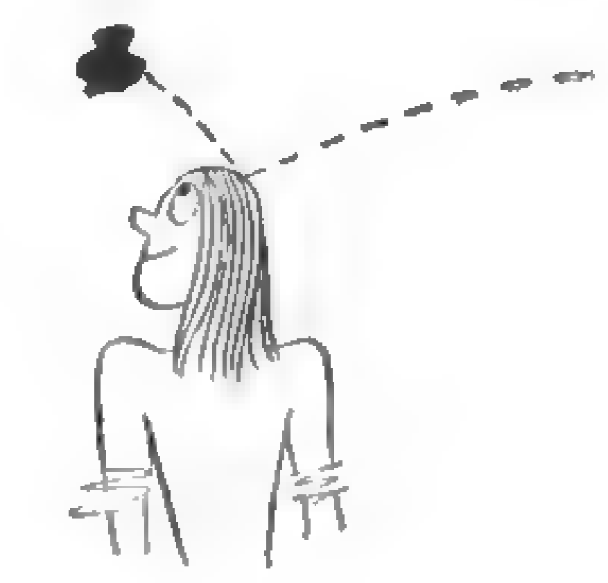
To Fathers in Wartime

Continued from page 45

dissatisfied until he began taking our mechanical arts course. Here he found something to help him use his hands. He was graduated an honor student and soon afterwards was chosen to attend the Henry Ford Naval Mechanics School in Dearborn, Michigan. Now he is in Hawaii doing an extremely important job for the Navy. Another lad, George Karleskint, a manual training student, has a good position with the Consolidated Aircraft Company.

The plan is working outside of Boystown, too.

Jacob Kindleberger, of Parchment, Michigan, a friend of mine, called together all the idle youths in his community and asked them if they would like to earn some spending money. Then he called the town school principal, and together they worked out a plan for the older boys whereby the principal directed the boys' activities during the summer months and the youths were given opportunity of running a business of their own. The project was so successful that soon the smaller boys organized a junior furniture repair company and the girls in the community started a baking company which kept them busy and useful to the community.



Sacrifice Note

With the heating problem what it threatens to be this winter, we're perfectly willing to take our lumps—of coal.

Such efforts are helping us to win the war: Youth in defense plants, or doing small jobs about the home, town, or community.

The answer is simple: Yes, by all means, put them to work.

How can we explain to our Youth what we are fighting for?

The other day one of the younger boys here, a sandy-haired kid from Kentucky, came up to me and asked: "Father, what's this war all about, anyway?"

The youngster was very serious about getting an answer. I imagine your child has broached the same question. To say simply, *freedom, democracy, our way of life* is not enough. What we do to teach him the principles of this nation and its government is the vital thing.

Training for citizenship is the most necessary and important part of youth education. The child's first teachers—his parents—should be capable of imparting the proper knowledge; the proper mental attitude towards his privileged possession of citizenship.

We must teach youth to understand our government thoroughly. He will then formulate for himself what we are fighting for. The best way this can be done is to let our boys and girls take an active part in civic, state and national affairs. Here at Boystown we have a government program in which the boys themselves are elected to serve as mayor, judge, police commissioner, and the other city officials. Thus they become familiar with the many activities necessary in the running of a city government. It plants in them the seed of good citizenship, just as the presence of a dagger to the newborn babes of Germany instills in them the urge to kill.

One youth, David Baker, who served one term as mayor of Boystown, told me: "If every youngster could have this opportunity he would learn by experience some of his inherited duties. Now I know what a tremendous task it is for grownups to run our city and national government."

Dave Baker was a good mayor. The duties he acquired with the job brought out the very best in a young man who had never been able to settle himself. This year he enters a college in California, a fine, upright citizen.

Other cities have followed our "participation" program. In Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, once every year the city officials turn over the management of the city to high school juniors and seniors. The American Legion in various states conducts a statewide campaign, selecting students from high schools to act as state officials for one week at the state's capital.

Such programs, advocated by every parent, will make the child better understand about war. There should be no secrecy. Children should be allowed to know what their fathers, brothers and uncles are doing when they leave for the armed forces. They should be told about killings, battles, bombings. They should be instructed in new duties that the war has brought upon them. Learning to fulfill their part will teach them the meaning of citizenship.

* * *

"War has brought us a new disease," said the Scotland Yard inspector, "a terrible disease that has infected our youth with a desire for crime."

"Since the outbreak of the conflict in London," he told the FBI man in Washington, "juvenile crime in London has increased 33 per cent. Everywhere youth is banding together in gangs, committing petty thievery and looting the stores after air raids. They are forming secret societies, sex orgies, dope rings. Generally they are becoming bad and something must be done to stop it."

This was in early 1940 after a year of war in London. The Scotland Yard man was discussing

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London with a group of FBI investigators. The information was passed along to me by some friends in the Washington Bureau. It stresses what might happen in America if we don't do something about it. That is another question that is so frequently asked by mothers and fathers:

How can we eliminate the spreading disease of juvenile delinquency?

Juvenile delinquency grows where neglect germs breed. War duties for parents have increased neglect. Hence the increase in juvenile crimes in London. Hence the danger of the same thing happening here in America. We must guard against it.

My prevention program is a practical solution to the ever-growing problem. It is a plan based on the co-operation of each and every person in every community of our nation who is vitally interested in the well-being of our youth. It is a rehabilitation program rather than one of reform. We must start in the home and the background of the youth's environment.

I can tell when a youth stubs his toe and errs in his youthful conduct that there is a reason for his action. I, for one, am not interested in considering the action for itself alone. I want to look behind the scenes to determine the cause of the youth's action. Then we must treat this youth as a sick boy—mentally and spiritually. We must search into his everyday life, his associations, his school life, his church connections and his home conditions. We must learn what he does with his free time, and then we must set about to rehabilitate this lad. I have discussed this with J. Edgar Hoover and he heartily endorses such a procedure. No matter how busy we are, we must not let our youth take this path to crime. We must set him right before he gets in too deep.

What the average American wishes for Christmas dinner this year is plenty of turkey and plenty of stuffing—knocked out of the Axis.

Not long ago I received a letter that began thus: "Dear Father: I am writing this to you from a cell in the county jail. A few hours ago I shot and killed my father. There is nobody here to turn to. Would you help me?"

I didn't promise George any assistance, but I investigated his case thoroughly. What we found was most disturbing. His father, with whom he lived, had on many occasions beaten him severely with an iron pipe. Their home was unkempt. The father was a heavy drinker. How could the youth even be expected to lead a normal life?

We brought the boy to Boystown. His spirit was broken and he was mentally sick when he came here. As an outlet we tried to interest him in football and other sports. We were successful, and after three and a half years he was graduated an honor student and one of our star athletes.

That is what I mean by rehabilitation.

In wartime the seriousness of the problem increases. Who is going to care for the children? How can we hold down our jobs in defense industries and yet care for our children?

It is a tough problem, I will admit. Here are three suggestions which I feel will help the situation in most communities: (1) Appoint a youth leader to direct a plan for using up the leisure time of children in the community. (2) Establish more athletic programs which will give youths supervised relaxation and recreation. (3) Create a Social Service League to study bad communities where lurk the evils of crime, and give it the authority to take the children out of these neighborhoods and place them in better environments.

Should mothers don uniforms?

This is the question that many mothers ask these days. They are torn between doing a service for their country or joining the WAAC or some other women's aid-to-defense organization. There is only one answer I can truthfully give. A mother's place is in the home. No matter how badly she may be needed elsewhere, her duty is to her children. It is a law that no nation can amend.

Woman's place is in the kitchen, not on the parade ground. I know I will be heartily criticized for this statement, but I believe I am right in my expression.

Take, for instance, the case of young John White. He came to Boystown several weeks ago with a letter from his mother saying she was going to do her patriotic duty and join the Ambulance Corps.

Johnny just came here. He told me that he was glad to get away because "nobody paid any attention to me anyway." I felt sorry for him. He was a smart youngster. So smart that he told me: "I guess I'm second best now that mother has a bigger job. She's going to war. But you'll take care of me, won't you, Father?"

I sent him home with a fiery note.

It was a fine state of affairs, I thought, when a mother was willing to send her son away from home to join the army!

She apologized in a return letter.

Parents should remain close to their children. They should help them and guide them, so that in the days ahead our youth of today won't have such a terrible problem on their hands. #

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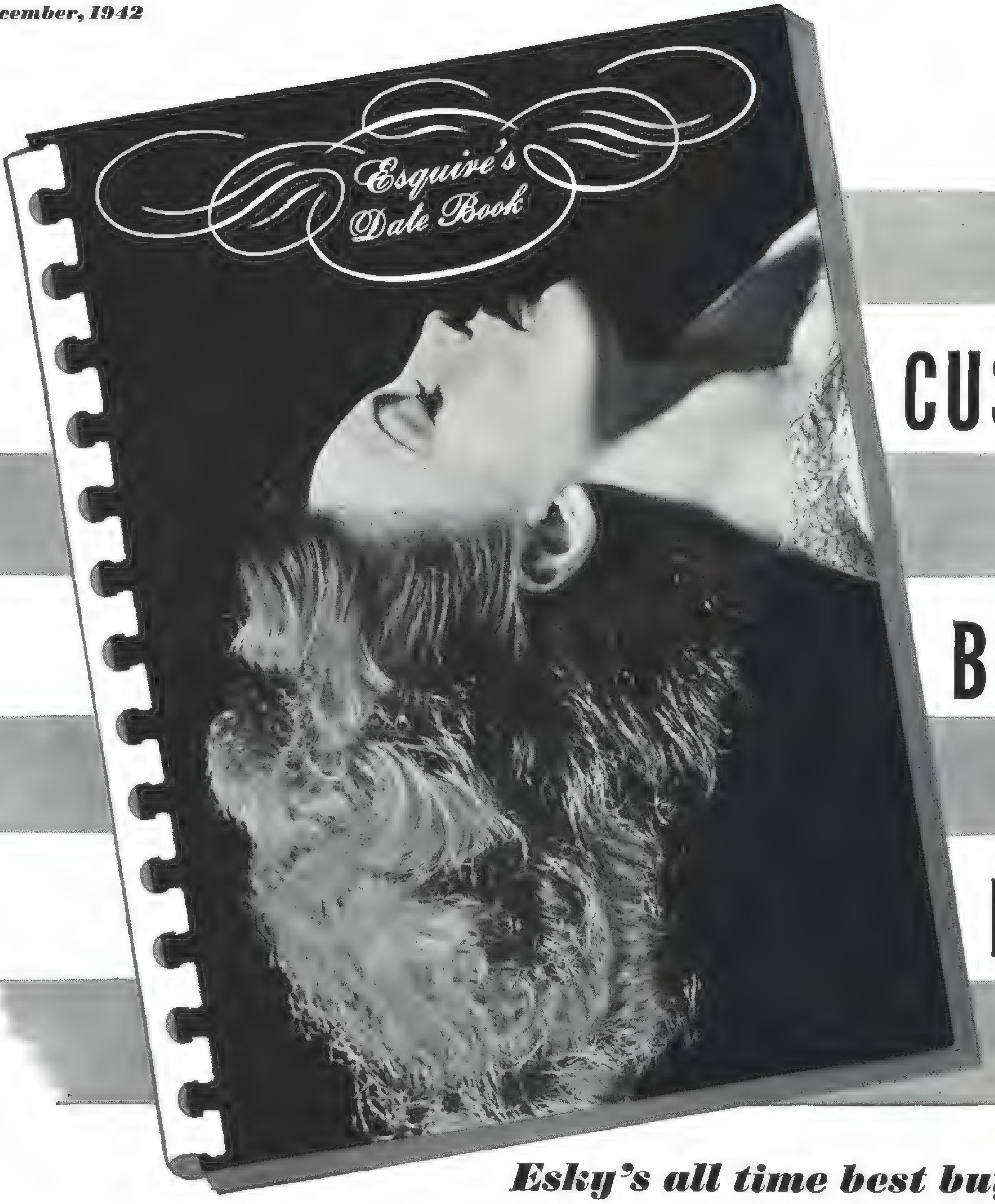

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• SPORTS •

The Lineup

Army (21)		Navy (21)
Lt. Col. Gar Davidson Lt. Col. N. B. Harbold	L.E.	Lt. Col. Russell Lloyd Lt. Comdr. D. F. Williamson
Capt. M. E. Sprague	L.T.	Lt. Comdr. Frank H. Wickhorst
Ernest G. Schmidt*	L.G.	Lt. Johnny Cross* Lt. Comdr. E. J. Burke
Lt. Col. M. F. Daly	C.	Commander H. L. Hoerner H. L. Warren
Lt. Col. L. E. Seeman Maj. Louis A. Hammack	R.G.	Commander A. S. Born Lt. Comdr. R. A. Pierce
Lt. Col. L. G. Saunders G. W. Perry Maj. Paul Elias	R.T.	Lt. Comdr. Tom Eddy
Lt. Col. S. R. Brentnall Lt. Col. C. F. Born	R.E.	Lt. Harry Hardwick Lt. Comdr. M. P. Bagdanovitch
Lt. Col. A. W. Meehan Lt. Col. N. B. Harding	Q.B.	E. A. Hannegan M. E. Goudge Lt. Comdr. W. S. Millican
Lt. Col. T. J. H. Trapnell Chris Cagle	L.H.	Commander Tom Hamilton
Lt. Col. J. H. Gilbreth Lt. Col. Harry E. Wilson	R.H.	J. B. Schuber Lt. Col. Alan Shapley
C. A. Dahl Lt. J. H. Murrell	F.B.	Commander H. H. Caldwell Lt. Comdr. H. F. Ransford

Referee—W. G. Crowell (Swarthmore). **Umpire**—Walter Eckersall (Chicago). **Field Judge**—John Schommer (Chicago). **Head Linesman**—W. R. Crowley (Bowdoin).

Touchdowns—Caldwell, Schuber, Shapley, Wilson, Harbold, Cagle. Points after touchdown—Hamilton 3, Wilson 3.

**Deceased.*

ONE of the great moments of American football history was that surging, dramatic 21 to 21 tie game played by the Army and Navy on November 27, 1926 at Soldiers Field, Chicago, before more than 120,000 spectators, including innumerable dignitaries and both the rival cadet corps. It was an unforgettable game for all who saw it, and it was a game of significance to this day because of the remarkable number of stars it produced who are still heroes in the armed forces of the United States.

There were no complaints to make that the Army and Navy were not "offense minded" that day. From the start to the finish, the game was a battle of slashing, swirling attack by first one side and then the other. It was a game that has seldom been matched for brilliant and courageous individual play, and for daring and spectacular team strategy.

But there were tremendous climaxes of defense in that game, too. For example, no one who saw the game would ever forget the marvelous defensive play of Tom Trapnell, Army left half, and Frank Wickhorst and Tom Eddy, the Navy tackles, who had to meet the shock of the fierce Army running attack. The Japs will remember Major Thomas J. H. Trapnell, too. For, in the early months of the war he won the Distinguished Service Cross for his bravery in burning a bridge under fire to check the advance of the enemy on an American stronghold in the Philippines. General Douglas MacArthur, who has always sought to have football men around him and on his staff, said of "Trap": "He matched his brilliant gridiron career with outstanding exploits on the battlefield."

The great 1926 Army-Navy game was a football game providing glory for all, and to which both sides could point with pride. Coach "Biff" Jones of the Army elected to try Knute Rockne's "shock troops" stunt, putting on the field for the opening kickoff seven second-stringers including an entire sub backfield. The Army played a box backfield defense, which the Navy under Coach "Navy Bill" Ingram quickly spotted and began throwing long passes. One of these, from Schuber to Hardwick, landed the ball on the Army 1-yard line early in the first quarter, and Caldwell plunged over. Hamilton dropkicked, and Navy led by a touchdown before the battle had hardly begun.

Continuing to carry the play to the Army, Navy advanced down the field in the second period mingling passes and running plays until Schuber plunged over for another touchdown, and Hamilton again converted with a dropkick. Navy, 14; Army, 0. Soon after this, the star Army running backs came on the field and began ripping off long gains. Wilson broke away for a long end run to the Navy 40, where Hamilton made the tackle. Cagle got 19 more, and from the 17-yard line, Wilson promptly dashed to a score, and then kicked the point. Before the half ended, Army tied it up on a break when Harbold recovered a fumbled punt on the Navy 25 and raced over.

Shortly after the start of the second half, Cagle loped 44 yards

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around the Navy's right end for a touchdown, and Army led 21 to 14. With their running attack clicking, Army looked "in" at this stage of the game. But the Navy had spunk. In the fourth period, again the Middies marched, mixing passes by Hamilton with runs and plunges. At last they were on the Army 8-yard line, fourth down. On a daring reverse play, Shapley then went over. That was the climax of the game, setting up the big moment when Hamilton stood out there with the issue at stake, and for the third time made good on his make-or-break dropkick. He was the kind of player who couldn't let his mates down in a tough spot like that.

Tom Hamilton was a great star of the Navy that fierce, tumultuous day, and he is still a star of the Navy as Commander T. J. Hamilton in charge of physical training of Naval Aviation. Sharing honors with Hamilton that day was "Light Horse" Harry Wilson of the Army. Wilson was always a flier "on the fields of friendly strife," and he is still a flier as Lieutenant Colonel Harry E. Wilson, McChord Field, Washington. No fewer than twelve members of that Army squad are now lieutenant colonels: Samuel R. Brentnall, Wright Field, Ohio, Laverne G. Saunders, a hero of the Battle of Midway; Lyle E. Seeman, Fort Belvoir, Virginia; Maurice F. Daly, who was second in command at Clark Field and is now believed to be a prisoner of war; Garrison H. Davidson, Office of Chief of Engineers; Arthur W. Meehan, who led the famous "blasted the hell out of them" air attack on Wake Island; Joseph H. Gilbreth, Fort Knox, Kentucky; Neil B. Harding, at last reports flying in India; Norris B. Harbold, Maxwell Field, Alabama; Charles F. Born, APO, New York City; Wilson and Trapnell, who was last reported a prisoner north of Manila. In addition, Lieutenant Colonel Emmett O'Donnell was a member of that 1926 West Point squad and played in many of the games, though not in the Navy game. Since September, Lieutenant Colonel O'Donnell has been decorated three times, two of them for gallantry in action. He is credited with having shot down four Jap fighter planes and bombing two enemy transports in a single action and with damaging a heavy cruiser and its escorting destroyer in another fight. Besides all of these lieutenant colonels, that Army team of 1926 included Ernest G. Schmidt who was killed in an airplane accident several years ago; Lieutenant John H. Murrell, Houston, Texas; Captain Mortimer E. Sprague, S.O.S., War Department; Major Paul Elias, Fort Rodman, Massachusetts, and Major Louis A. Hammack, Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

Only three members of the team are civilians: Chris Cagle, New York, and George W. Perry and Clyde A. Dahl. Gar Davidson, Moe Daly, Chick Harding, Art Meehan, Rosey O'Donnell, and Blondy Saunders all had distinguished football careers at the Point not only as players but also as members of the Army coaching staff in the years after their active days on the gridiron were over.

The Navy players of that famous 1926 game have done equally well in the service. Present rankings of the men who appeared on the field include 4 Commanders, 2 lieutenant colonels of the Marines, 8 lieutenant commanders, and 2 lieutenants. In addition to Commander Hamilton, the Commanders are Commander H. L. Hoerner, who is in the training command for dive bombers; Commander A. S. Born, of the radio test division; and Commander H. H. Caldwell, who is on the staff of the Commander in Chief. The eight lieutenant commanders are: D. F. Williamson, bureau of ships, Navy department; M. P. Bagdanovitch, commanding a carrier, aviation squadron; Frank H. Wickhorst, assistant director of aviation Physical Training under Commander Tom Hamilton; E. J. Burke, on a battleship; R. A. Pierce, with the fleet; Tom Eddy, submarine service; H. F. Ransford, aviation; and W. S. Millican, submarine. Russell Lloyd and Alan Shapley are lieutenant colonels with the Marine Corps on the West Coast. Hank Hardwick was retired as a lieutenant, and Lieutenant Johnny Cross died while heroically endeavoring to save his wife from a burning automobile. Four are civilians: E. A. Hannegan, M. E. Goudge, J. B. Schuber and H. L. Warren.

It is an oddity that both of the men who have passed away—Ernest Schmidt of the Army and Johnny Cross of the Navy played left guard and both were killed in accidents.

The simple records of this game and its glorious aftermath supply incontrovertible data on the worth of such competitive games as football to our nation's permanent welfare. The uniformly high ranking in our armed forces today of 29 of the remaining 36 men who played in that game settles all of the arguments with regard to whether or not football justifiably belongs in our educational system for all time to come.

Sports are typical of the American way, and from the accounts continually coming in from the battle fronts, our past athletes are daily making splendid records wherever and whenever they meet the enemy. These men who have developed a public personality in athletics seem to be less susceptible to faltering in that raw, crude moment of the acid test than men with no background reputation to uphold. They acquire a carriage that they instinctively feel they must not fail. They seem to be braced by an extra sense of responsibility to this special *alter ego*. The high percentage of athletes who are outstanding in the war indicates that this peculiar spiritual reenforcement is perhaps more valuable than any of the other attributes fostered by our games. #

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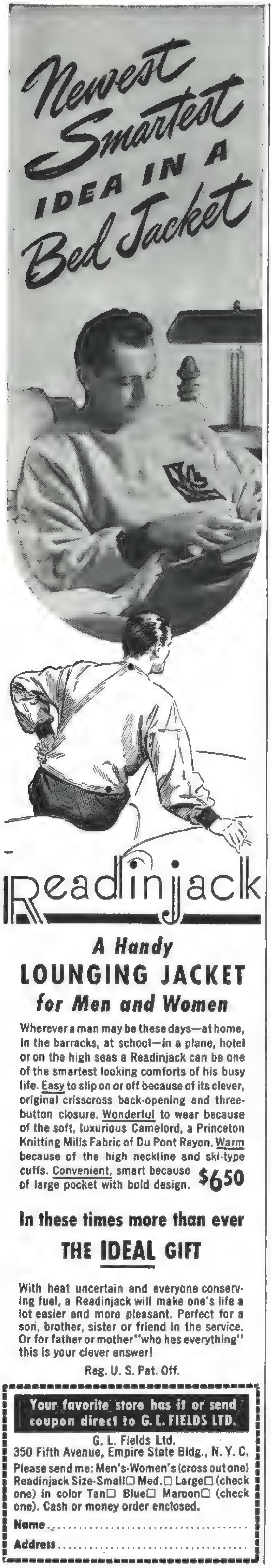

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The Fighting Aggies Fight On

98% of Texas A. & M.'s 6500 men in the armed forces of U. S. hold commissions

by H. B. McELROY

▪ARTICLE▪

In the early days of the war, for which the Japs had been preparing for many years and we not at all, we were sustaining, as you remember, a continuous stream of reversals. "Never mind," some one facetiously pointed out one day as we lost position after position, "we still have Texas!"

And it is true enough that Texas has plenty to point with pride to in this war. Of course we have to dispute with Arkansas over MacArthur, who was born there but grew up in the shadow of the Alamo. But Texas fliers early focused attention on the Lone Star State, which now has plenty of stars in its crown.

Texas also can point with pride to one of its own state schools, which has the record of having more men in the service than any other college in the nation, including West Point itself. That is the proud record of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas at College Station, more familiar to readers of football news of recent vintage as Texas A. & M., champions of the Southwest Conference in 1941.

Texas A. & M. was one of the first colleges in the nation to adopt a new wartime speedup program and it is now possible for freshmen to enter and complete the full academic course in two years and eight months by going to school the full year, both winter and summer. Because of this streamlined academic program, the juniors of this season will be playing their last season, and sophomores will have only one more season to play. Texas A. & M. has approximately 750 former Aggie athletes still alive who have won their varsity letters. Most of them received commissions upon graduation and have been called to active duty. What makes their service record all the more remarkable is that not over a half-dozen are connected with any physical fitness or education program, but are on the various fronts with the fighting forces.

The names of Texas Aggie sports heroes of the past few years have faded from the sports pages of the nation but in several cases they are showing up again on the news pages under a heading which sometimes says, "MacArthur Decorates Heroes."

Yes, gone from the sports pages and gone from their civilian pursuits are practically one hundred per cent of the Texas A. & M. College athletes of the past five years and with them the majority of the 750 men listed as living winners of the coveted varsity "T."

It no longer is All-American, All-Conference, Most Valuable or the other honors heaped upon such players as John Kimbrough, Joe Routt, Marion Pugh, Roy Bucek, Derace Moser, Henry (Pelly) Dittman, Bill Conatser, Jim Thomason, Ray Murray, Taylor Wilkins, Warren Church, Marland Jeffrey, Odell Herman, Jim Sterling, Les Richardson, Walemon Price, Bill Audish, Ernie Pannell, Lemuel Bumpers and the hundreds of others who have brought fame to their alma mater on the gridiron, the baseball diamond, the cinder track, the basketball court, the pistol and rifle range, the polo field, the swimming pool, the tennis courts or golf courses.

Today those "Fightin' Aggies" of the past are fighting still; this time they all are fighting for the tall grim gentleman with whiskers.

Texas Aggies have been heard from on every front and in every division of the armed forces and wherever there is action, it is almost a certainty that there are some Aggie athletes on hand. They hold ranks from major general on down to private, but it is very rare for an Aggie to be without rank or rating.

Texas A. & M. is the largest all-male military school in the country and all the students are required to take at least two years of military science and tactics. In the junior and senior years the course is elective but those accepted for the advance training receive commissions as second lieutenants in one of the ten branches of service in which instruction is offered. With that background it is little wonder that Texas A. & M. now has approximately 6500 men on active duty and conservative estimates show that approximately ninety-eight per cent hold ranks as commissioned officers in the Army, Navy and Marines.

Major General George F. Moore who was in command of Corregidor from 1940 until it fell to the foe this year, was a former star tackle at Texas A. & M. His Distinguished Service Cross award read, "For continued bravery in visiting his most exposed gun positions . . ." Major Henry (Pelly) Dittman, A.C., was the first Aggie to win a medal in this war when he conducted a secret flight of bombers over the Pacific to the Philippines. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross but at Texas A. & M. he won three letters each in football and track and was captain of his track team in his senior year in 1938.

Lieutenant Colonel Jack Hilger, A.C., was second-in-command to General Jimmy Doolittle when he paid a surprise visit to Tokyo and in the party were five other former Texas Aggies. At A. & M. Jack was manager of his company in-

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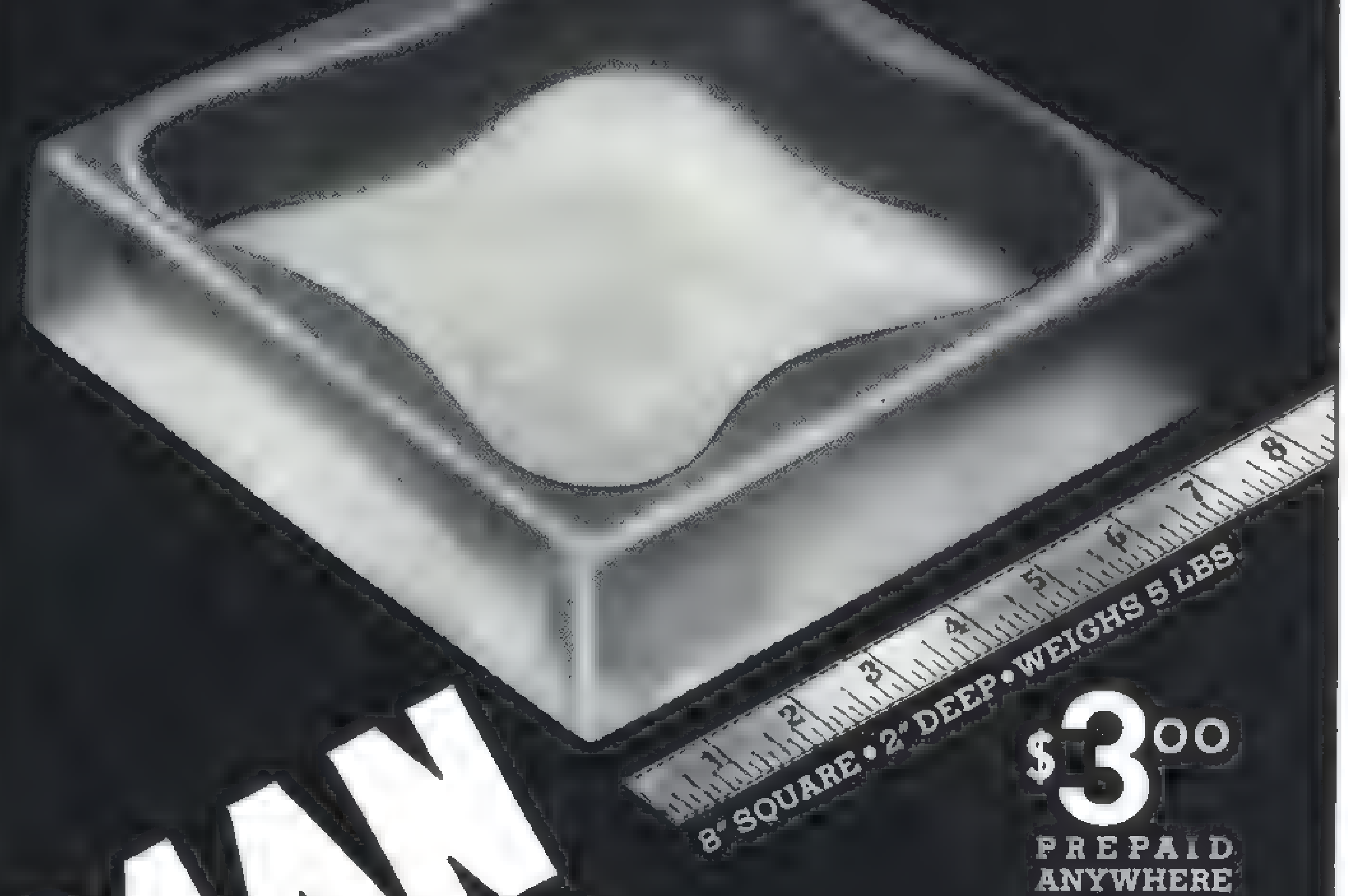

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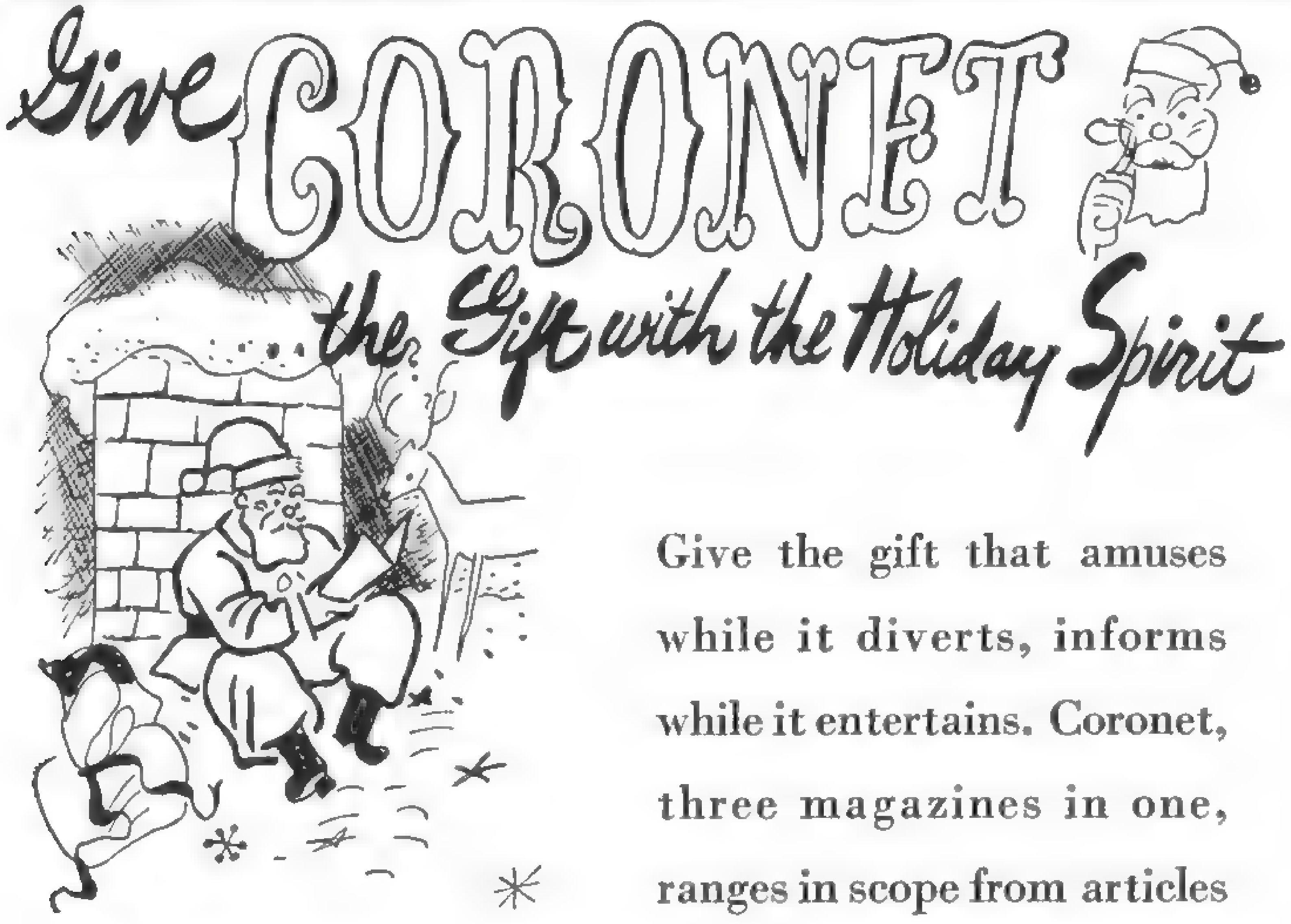
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The Fighting Aggies Fight On

Continued from page 303

tramural team and took part in several sports himself. Ensign George F. Gay was the lone survivor of Torpedo Squadron 8 at the spectacular Battle of Midway. At Aggieland he was another of the intramuralists and students who were in the Coast Artillery Corps.

The story of Ensign Gay and Torpedo Squadron 8 is one of the tragic classics of the war. On the second day of the Battle of Midway fifteen torpedo planes went out against the Jap armada. None of them returned, and all of the men were lost except Ensign Gay. Only Ensign Gay was permitted by Destiny to bring back any report of what was accomplished by these men who flew so gallantly into certain death. His own plane finally shot down, the last to go, he found himself in the sea, supporting himself under a rubber cushion watching dive bombers from his carrier for two hours smash at the confused and beaten Jap carriers, whose planes had been caught on deck re-fueling. Torpedo Squadron 8's sacrifice had contributed to the rout of the Jap fleet for the first time in the war. With a badly burned leg, a shrapnel-torn hand and a bullet-punctured arm, and sick from swallowing salt water, Ensign Gay was picked up the next afternoon and flown to Midway to a hospital. After furlough, he was ready to return to action. The story of Ensign Gay and Torpedo Squadron 8 will never be forgotten in American history.

Lieutenant Herbie Smith, A.C., pound-for-pound the greatest end football ever saw, gave his life for his country recently when the bomber he was ferrying crashed. Herbie and Lieutenant John Kimbrough were the stars of the 1940 Sugar Bowl football game.

That same school year when the Texas Aggies won the National Football Championship, the water polo and pistol team also took National Championships in their sports, so let's take a look to see where those players are now.

To the Army the football team contributed Lieutenant Gus Bates, Sergeant Mac Browder, Lieutenant Hugh Boyd, Lieutenant Roy Bucek, Lieutenant Willard Clark, Lieutenant William Conatser, Lieutenant William Dawson, Lieutenant William Duncan, Corporal Carl Geer, Lieutenant Henry Hauser, Lieutenant Charles Henke, Sergeant Odell Herman, Lieutenant Marland Jeffrey, Lieutenant John Kimbrough, Lieutenant Derace Moser, Lieutenant William Miller, Lieutenant Zolus Motley, Lieutenant Joe Parish, Lieutenant Marion Pugh, Lieutenant Leon Rahn, Sergeant John Reeves, Lieutenant Joe Rothe, Lieutenant Chip Routt, Aviation Cadet Martin Ruby, Lieutenant Howard Shelton, the late Lieutenant Herbert Smith, Lieutenant Marshall Spivey, Lieutenant James Sterling, Lieutenant Jim Thomason, Lieutenant Tommie Vaughn, Lieutenant Finis White, Lieutenant Frank Wood and Captain Joe White. End Coach J. W. Rollins, now a captain, and Freshman Coach Charlie DeWare, now a lieutenant, also went.

In addition to those 34 men the Army drew, the Navy got Ensign William Audish, Chief Specialist Walemon Price, Aviation Cadets Ernie Pannell and William Buchanan, CM 2/cl Lester Richardson, and Backfield Coach Marty Karow, now a lieutenant.

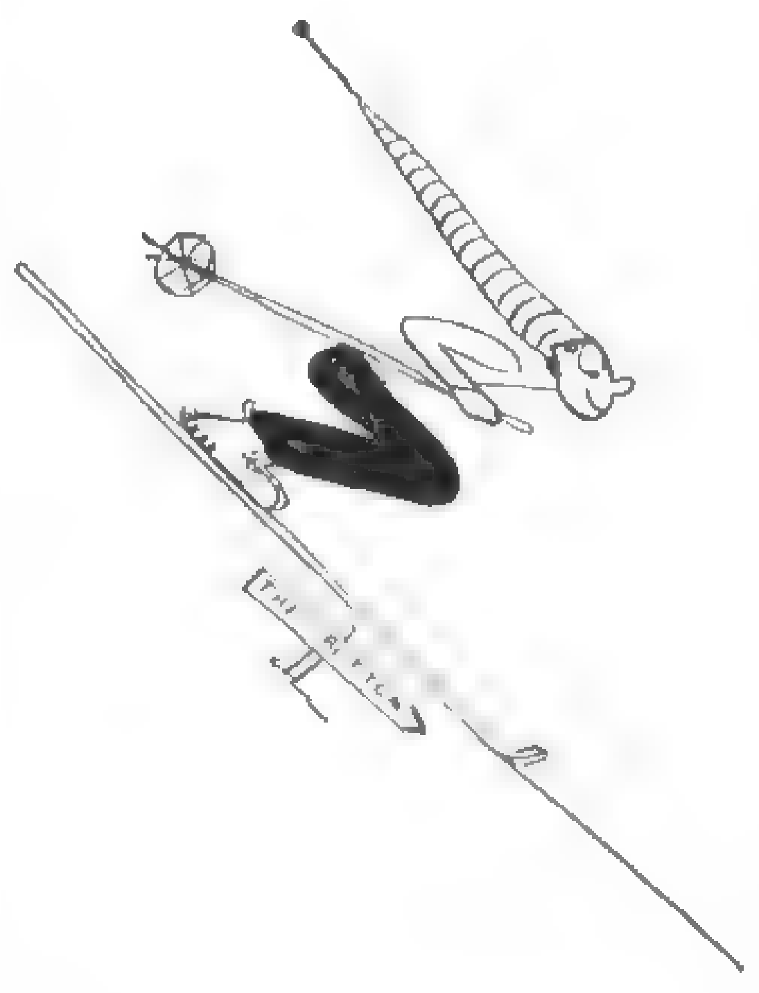
To make it a clean sweep of that team, Bill Henderson, Euel Wesson, Leonard Joeris, Cullen Rogers, Harold Cowley and Earl Smith are still in school but will be commissioned as second lieutenants when they graduate next January or June.

Only two men of that team are not on active duty and both of them received crippling injuries which have kept them out of service. Both, however, are engaged in vital war industries in order to do their bit.

The water polo team contributions to the Army include: Sergeant Jack Stevens, Lieutenant Harold Hensley, Lieutenant Ty Hall, Lieutenant George Japhet, Lieutenant Norman Zellman, Lieutenant Fred Renaud, Lieutenant Eddie Johnson, Lieutenant John P. Coach, Lieutenant Paul Kirk, Lieutenant Alex Nordhaus, Lieutenant C. E. Armstrong and Lieutenant Charles Yust. The Navy took Ensign Paul Spaugh and the Coast Guard got Chief Petty Officer Chic Denny.

Ten men blasted their way to the pistol championship and all became second lieutenants upon graduation. Most of them were on Corregidor with General Moore when that outpost fell, so nothing is known of their whereabouts now. All had received promotions before word from the Philippines ceased and some of those not in that battle did take part in the action at Pearl Harbor, on December 7, 1941. Another was in Java.

Two communications recently



Failure Story

A successful skier is one who starts at the top and works his way to the bottom.

arrived at the college and both are significant enough to bear quoting here. One is from a man who knows how to play the game of war and the other is from a man who learned to play his game on a football field. Here is what they had to say:

This one came by cable to Dr. T. O. Walton, president of the college:

"FROM CG CHQ SWPA TEXAS A. & M. IS WRITING ITS OWN MILITARY HISTORY IN THE BLOOD OF ITS GRADUATES NOT ONLY IN THE PHILIPPINES CAMPAIGN BUT ON THE ACTIVE FRONTS OF THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC TEXANS DAILY EMBLAZON THE RECORD WITH OUTSTANDING FEATS OF COURAGE ON LAND ON THE SEA AND IN THE AIR. NO NAME STANDS OUT MORE BRILLIANTLY THAN THE HEROIC DEFENDER OF CORREGIDOR GENERAL GEORGE F. MOORE. WHENEVER I SEE A TEXAS MAN IN COMMAND I HAVE A FEELING OF CONFIDENCE."

(Signed) MacArthur

From "Somewhere in the Pacific."

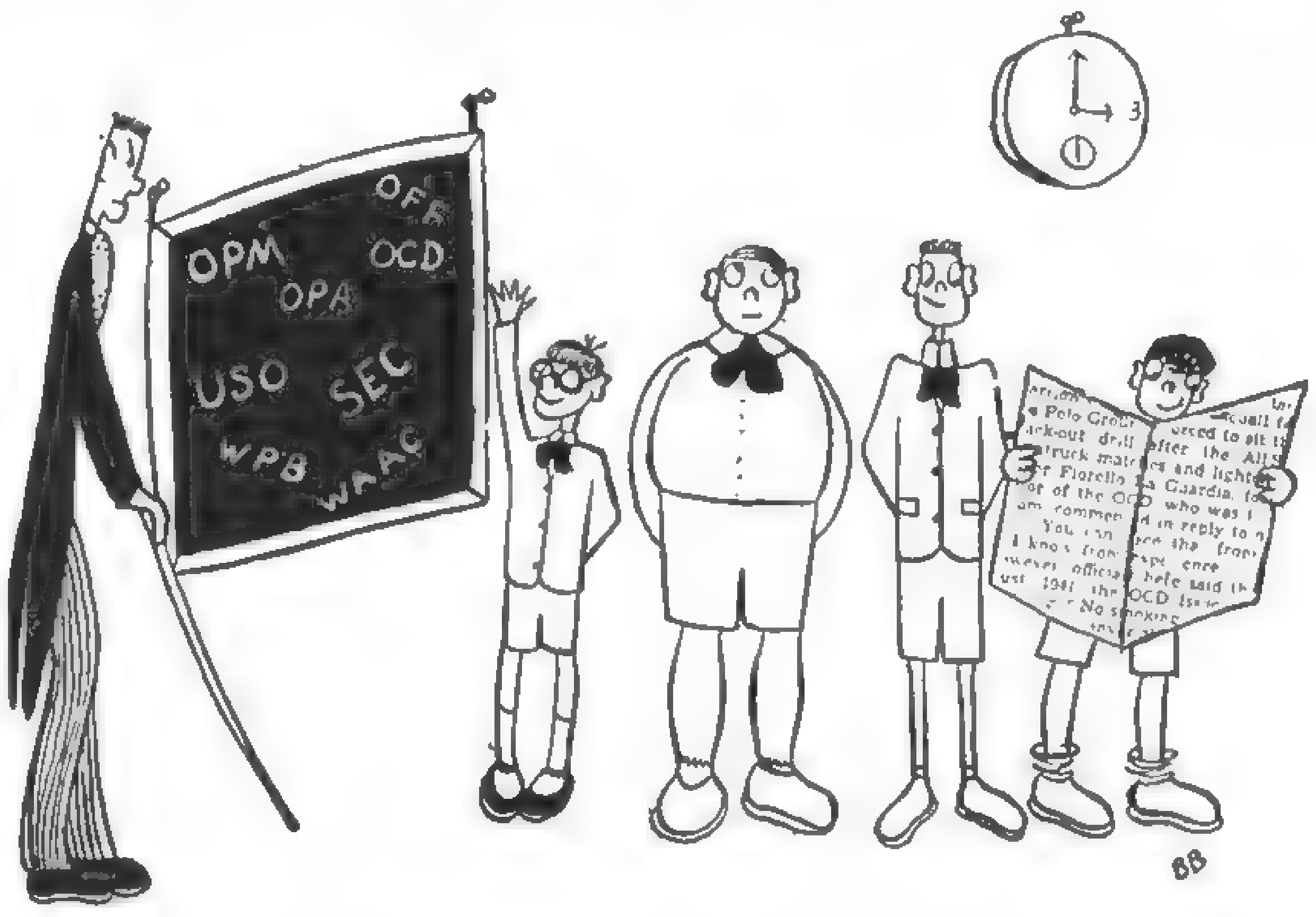
Coach Homer Norton got this one from Carpenter's Mate, Second Class Les Richardson who won his T as a football guard.

"This year finds me thousands of miles away but in a far bigger game. We take this game just as seriously as we did back at Texas A. & M. It is, in a sense, the same type of game. We prepare ourselves mentally, physically and morally just as we did in school and we must be at our peak or we will lose the game. We win a battle and then turn immediately to the next. Naturally, we gloat a little but not for long for the next battle is even tougher. We face a mighty foe out here and he gets tougher and more desperate every battle, only this foe has no scruples and plays by no rules. We were the champions at home and we will be champions here. We think the game of football prepared us for this game. We merely have moved over to a bigger field and a tougher league. We have a more anxious alumni but basically the same game of beating the opponent. We wonder where our 'Bowl Game' will be played. We hope it is soon for we are ready for it. Then we can return home to our loved ones and peace and quiet."

(Signed) Les Richardson

And so it is all over this war torn world as the Fightin' Aggies of Texas A. & M. fight on for what they believe is right.

To paraphrase MacArthur, where there's a Texas man, or a Texas A. & M. man, you can have a feeling of confidence in the results. ⧻



Test for a Modern Schoolboy

Reading: Read and pronounce the following correctly: "A Kuibeshev dispatch mentioned heavy fighting in the Pavlograd sector with Marshal Timoshenko's intentions as regards Dniepropetrovsk still a secret. In the Far East, fighting North of Myitkyina and Tengyeh was indecisive, according to a Domei dispatch."

Writing: Write a one-hundred word DNB propaganda broadcast as though it were written by Virginio Gayda trying to tone down a Japanese naval reverse, coming through a Swiss source and after it had passed local censorship.

And Arithmetic: If two holders of A gasoline rationing cards and one B-3 holder embark on a two hundred mile trip, and the A owners have cars that average sixteen miles to the gallon whereas the B-3 holder can only get twelve, how many pounds of sugar will an X-card holder receive between June 18th and July 9th, provided he has a family of six, and his eldest son has just been reclassified 3-A by his local draft board?

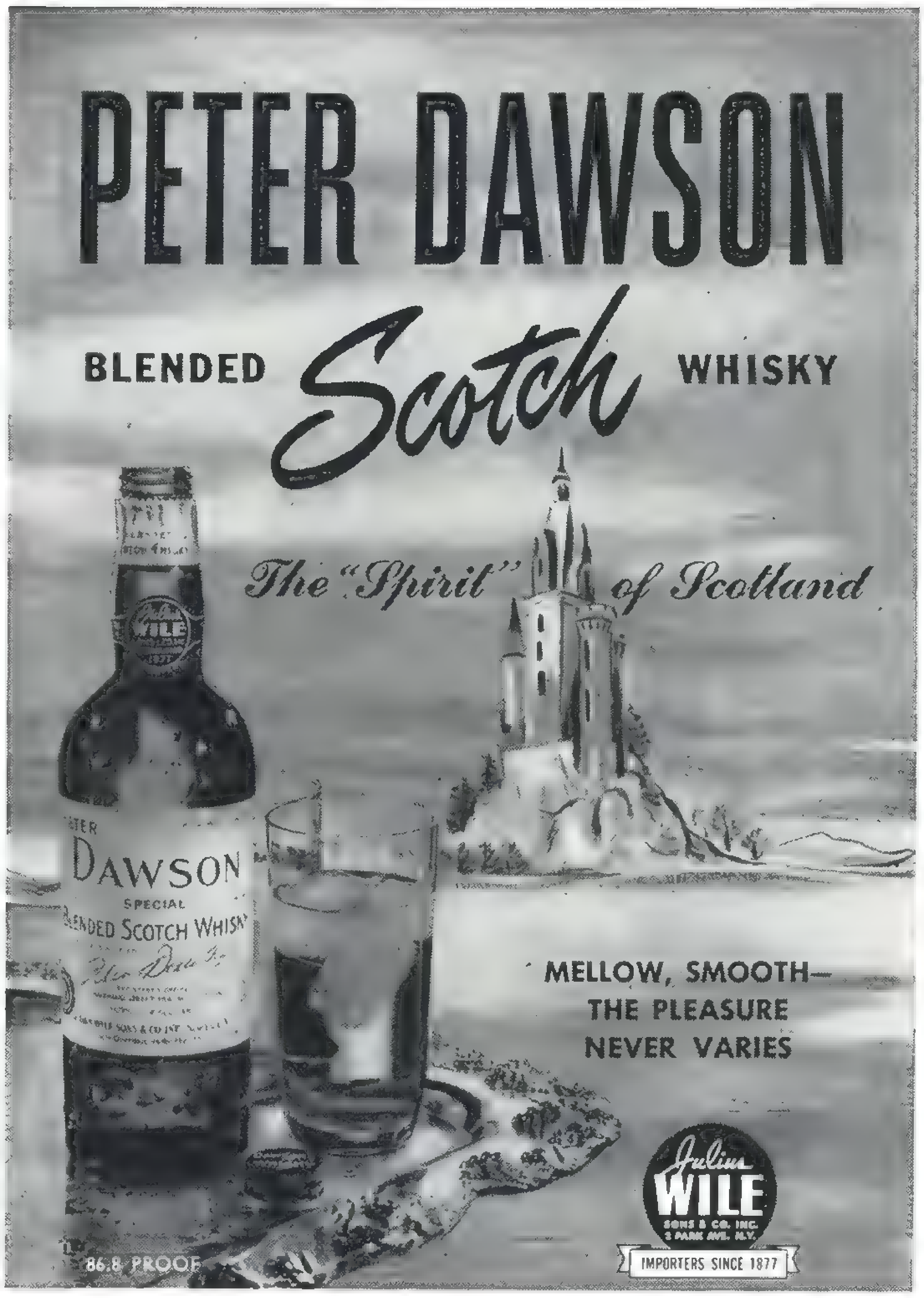
Spelling: Give the organizations that these simple three-letter words stand for. (For second grade pupils only.) OPM. OFF. OPA. OCD. USC. SEC. WPB.

Geography: If it is 6 A.M. Wednesday in Balik Papan, at what time should a man in Kansas City tune in on a 3 P.M. speech by Winston Churchill in London provided it is scheduled to be rebroadcast from New York at 8 P.M. Eastern War Time?

Drawing: With crayons draw a scarlet tanager perched on a maple limb and watching an encircling attempt by two motorized divisions supported by light and medium bombers. (Be sure to diagram theoretical positions of defense's anti-aircraft batteries.)

History: Who was President of the United States before Franklin Delano Roosevelt?

—Parke Cummings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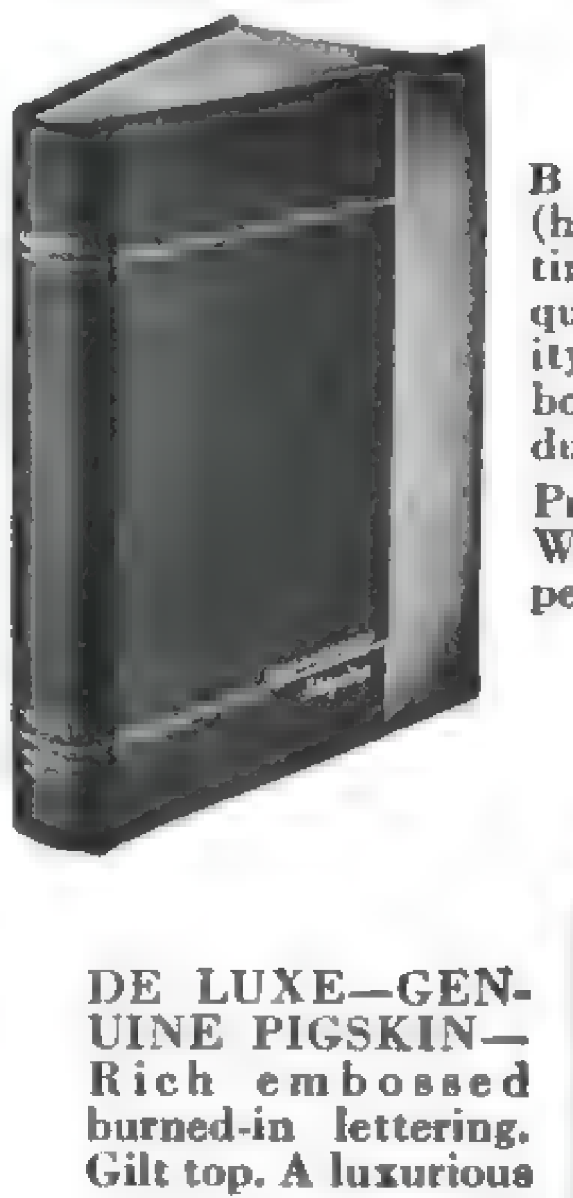

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You Too Can Be a Nostradamus

Men of every creed have sought truths in the double talk of this sixteenth century phony

by L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

• ARTICLE •

EVER see a ghost raised? No? Then you haven't watched the publishing business lately. Come war or other crisis, the shade of the sixteenth-century prophet Michel de Notredame is conjured out of his grave by a magic circle different from those used by medieval necromancers, but just as effective, and asked for advice to guide the living.

The present garboil is no exception. You can today buy half a dozen books about the Man Who Saw Through Time, who Sees All, Knows All, Tells All; who Foretold Napoleon and Foresaw Hitler as clearly as you can foresee your next meal.

It's a neat trick if you can do it. To be a best-seller four centuries after one's death puts one in the class of Shakespeare and Milton.

But I propose to show that it's not as hard as it looks. Follow my directions, and you too will turn out prophecies that will be fulfilled in time. Then in the year 2343, when the dictator of Antarctica starts a war over the colonization of the Moon, people will turn to *you* for comfort. You won't be here to see it, but it's nice to feel they will.

The Master Seer was born at San Rémy in southern France in 1503, got his degree at Montpelier, and for many years traveled and practiced medicine in France and Italy. He courageously fought several epidemics, and at least did not kill a higher percentage of his patients than did his contemporaries.

In one of these plagues he lost his first wife. Subsequently his alleged prophetic gift developed. In later life he resided briefly at the court of King Henri II and his frog-like Queen, Catherine de Médicis, who kept a stable of astrologers and wizards to forewarn her of the future and hex her enemies. Dr. Nostradamus died at his home in Salon, France, 1566 leaving a second wife and several children, of whom César became a noted artist.

Nostradamus' main works are (1) the *Centuries*, twelve books of prophetic quatrains, totaling 969 stanzas. (2) The *Présages*, an almanac of 141 quatrains. (3) The *Sixains*, 58 prophetic stanzas of six lines each. (4) A Letter to Henri II, containing similar prophetic material in prose. (5) A *Préface* addressed to his son César de Notredame. Mike's reputation is based mainly on the *Centuries:* the other operas have not been so thoroughly worked over. The *Présages* are all dated for months in the period 1556-1568, though that doesn't stop Nostradamians from applying them to modern events.

The first *Centurie* begins with a couple of stanzas that seem to describe the Seer's working technique:

I, 1: ESTANT *assis, de nuict secret estude,*
Seul, reposé sur le selle d'airan?
Flame exigue, sortant de solitude
Fait proferer qui n'est à croire en vain.

In English this would be:

BEING seated, at night secret study,
Alone, resting on the brazen stool?
Scanty flame, issuing from solitude
Uttered which is not to believe in vain.

If the foregoing seems to lack some articles and prepositions and things, don't blame me, blame the Doctor. The usual technique of the Nostradamians is to put in what they think are the missing words, thereby helping Mike's double-talk to make sense. The poor reader doesn't realize that this "sense" is something contributed by the translator, and may or may not have been in the original author's mind. To continue:

I, 2: The wand in hand placed in the midst of branches,
With the sea he moistens the limb and the foot,
A fear and voice quiver through the sleeves,
Splendor divine, the soothsayer seats himself near.

That sets the mood. I hope you all have the picture of Mike, with his long beard and brazen stool, wearing that pancake hat that appears in all his pictures, preparing himself to See Through Time. With the next stanzas he gets down to business:

I, 3: When the litter overturned by the whirlwind,
And faces will be covered by their coats,
The republic, plagued by new people
Then whites and reds will judge contrarily.

I, 4: A Monarch will be made by the universe,
Who will not be in peace or life for long,
Then the fishing-boat will lose itself,
Will be governed to maximum detriment.

So it goes for almost a thousand quatrains. Careful scrutiny fails to disclose a single mention of Hitler, Napoleon, and other famous or infamous latter-day figures that stride so confidently through the pages of the Nostradamians; or a single unequivocal mention of the U. S. A. or the internal-combustion engine. How do the Nostradamians do it?

To begin with, Mike seldom gives real names. Practically the only exceptions are the names of a few aristocratic families of his time, *e.g.*, Montmorency and Narbonne. The persons he does mention are mythological heroes like Hercules and Æmathion. He talks of the deeds of the lion, the crocodile, the leech, and a whole zooful of other animals, and of the reds, yellows, and other colors.

Then some of his anonymous characters are described in invidious terms: the young Nero, the false Antichrist, etc. You see how it works. If a Nostradamian dislikes somebody, be he Napoleon, King Louis-Philippe, Kaiser Wilhelm II, or Adolf Hitler, he identifies him with the young Nero or the Antichrist. But if Mike's disciple admires somebody, be he Napoleon, Louis-Philippe, or who have you, he deduces that his hero must be the great King, the valiant personage, and so on. For instance, one quatrain begins:

X, 90: A hundred times the inhuman tyrant shall die;
A learned and debonair one put in his place . . .

Bouys, a French Nostradamian of Napoleon's time, inferred that the inhuman tyrant was the late Maximilien Robespierre, and that Napoleon was the learned and debonair one. De Larmor, as ardent a Bourbonist as Bouys was a Bonapartist, saw Napoleon as the tyrant and the gluttonous Louis XVIII as the jaunty savant of the second line.

The Doctor gives very few dates. Sometimes he mentions the day and month but not the year. More often he just gives numbers. That's how he is supposed to have "stated" the date of the Great Fire of London:

II, 51: The blood of the just at London will make mistake, Burnt by lightning of twenty three the six;...

Twenty times three, plus six, equals 66; the Fire was in 1666. Of course if you prefer to take "*vingt trois les six*" as 23 x 6, or 20 x 3^6, there is no reason not to, save that it doesn't help to "prove" that Nostradamus actually saw the same Great Fire crackling away in the Future.

The modern girl-about-town knows all the bars—on service men's sleeves.

The few cases where the Seer named an actual year do not turn out well:

X, 91: Roman clergy the year thousand six hundred and nine,
At the head of the year will hold the election,
Of a gray and black from the Gathering issued,
Than whom was never one more malicious.

The Roman clergy did nothing of the sort in 1609, which fell in the midst of the long pontificate of the belligerent Paul V. But ingenuity will find a way. Miss McCann thinks for some strange reason that the last line describes Sixtus V (one of the superior popes) elected April 24, 1585. Add 24 to 1585, and presto, there's 1609!

The Prophet's more usual method of dating is to give the astrological aspects of the time. This no more pins down the events than does giving the month alone, because the planetary configurations repeat. For instance, in VI, 24:

Mars and the Sceptre will find themselves conjoined
Under Cancer, catastrophic war . . .

McCann takes the Sceptre to be the Sun. If this is so, the lines describe an astral condition that recurs every ten and a half years.

The quatrains are full of ambiguity, as in the phrase "*De gent esclave*" in I, 14. This phrase is interpreted both as "From Slavic people" and "From slavish people," enabling Nostradamians to prove that the Master foresaw the Russian or the French revolution respectively. Now, ambiguity is an old technique of the successful oracle. Herodotus tells how it was used when King Croesus of Lydia asked the oracle at Delphi whether to go to war with the Persian Empire. When the priestess went into her trance, the god Apollo spoke through her thus:

"When Croesus shall o'er Halys River go,
He shall a mighty kingdom overthrow."

Croesus duly crossed the Halys, had the skirt beat off him, and lost his kingdom. But Apollo had a perfect excuse: he hadn't specified *which* kingdom.

As if these puzzles weren't enough, the stanzas look as if their order had been completely bolixed. There are obscure abbreviations. There are strange neo-Classical words like *pempotan*, apparently a hybrid of Greek *pan*, "all," and Latin *potens*, "powerful." There is a quatrain (IV, 26) in straight Provençal, a Romance language resembling Catalan. There are passages in what is to all intents pure gibberish.

Why, if Nostradamus foresaw everything from his time to the year 3797 (as he claimed) should he so garble the record? The Nostradamians have various answers: A plain statement would have been too devastating. Or it would have gotten him in trouble. Or he wanted to interest readers by offering them a puzzle.

Some of the assistant prophets, like Anthony Boucher, infer that the Master wanted to keep people from deciphering the predictions until after the event, because, if they were warned of their fate, they would find means of avoiding

Continued on page 308

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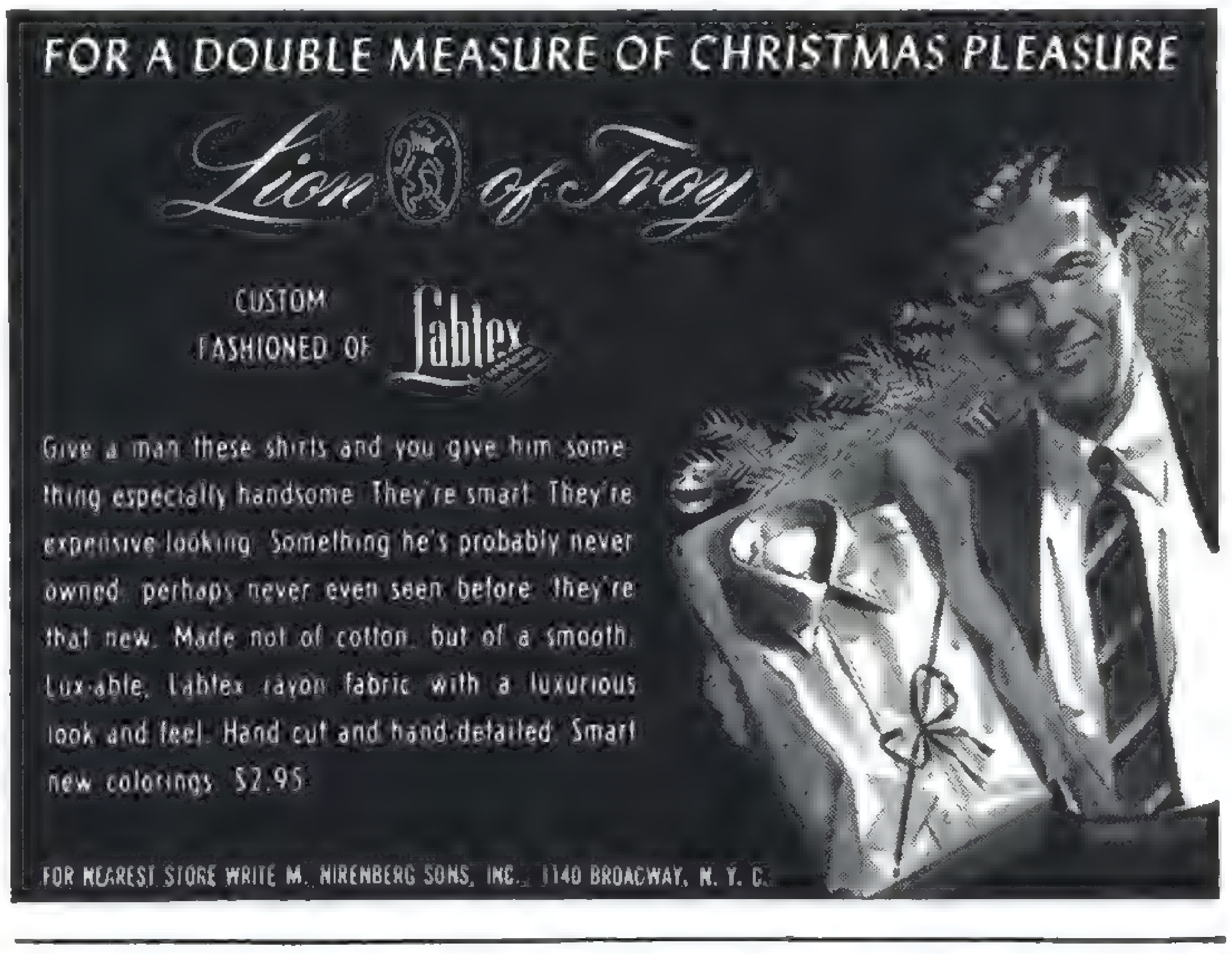

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You Too Can Be a Nostradamus

Continued from page 307

it, and the prophecies would be nullified.

So what? It's a strange argument, that a man of Nostradamus' benevolent outlook would prefer that Europe be subject to endless catastrophies than that his prophecies should fail. For you can't accuse the Doctor of looking on the bright side of things. The *Centuries* bristle with such phrases as "The horrible war approaching in the West" (IX, 55); "Live fire hidden death, shall be left in the globes, a horrible and frightful thing" (V, 8); "From the sky shall come a great King of Frightfulness" (X, 72). The stanzas commonly end with a mournful croak such as "The people shall die by sword, fire, pestilence, cannon" (III, 84). Such a destiny would be no great loss if it were evaded.

The real objection to the use of plain language in prophecy is that it doesn't work.

The whole idea of extra-sensory precognition involves a fundamental paradox. Suppose Swami Dhraimartini, coming out of a bout of navel contemplation, informs me that I shall drown next Tuesday. But suppose I resolve to stay far from water all day?

Well, either I drown or I don't. If I escape, I have falsified the prophecy, and the Swami's soul saw something that wasn't going to happen after all. If I drown, either I was careless, or the victim of bad luck or some natural law prevents a person forewarned of an accident by extra-sensory means from escaping it.

On the other hand, if I discover that the boat in which I had planned to go fishing Tuesday has a hole in it, no amount of hokum will stop me either from repairing the hole or changing my plans. And it is incredible that I should be able to circumvent an impending disaster revealed by such ordinary, material means, but not to avoid one disclosed by transcendental prevision.

The theme of precognition has been used by story-tellers for thousands of years. In the Greek legend of Cassandra, the victims scoff at the warnings. Other writers invent an active and malevolent Fate to trip the victim up by unforseeable accident. Nowadays, to befog the reader, we sometimes throw in a few sentences of twaddle about Parallel World-Lines, or about how Time is the Fourth Dimension.

As literary sleights these devices are all very well. But they don't explain the paradox. As for Time and the so-called Fourth Dimension, some Nostradamians drag them in in a way that shows that they know nothing about them. The concept of a manifold of four, five, or *n* dimensions is neither new nor mysterious. It is the mathematics of applied mechanics, and anybody who got through high-school algebra should be able to understand it. Modern mathematics and physics give no support to the precognition idea.

As for evidence of alleged prophecy, some Nostradamians attribute verses to past events; others also use certain quatrains to unfold the Future. The latter procedure is probably the more profitable; in times like these we want assurance that Our Side is going to beat the living beje us out of Their Side.

In 1673 the Chevalier Jacques de Jant published a small book of letters on Nostradamus, addressed to Louis ("The state, that's me!") XIV. According to de Jant, Nostradamus predicted a Union Now between France and the Holy Roman Empire in 1700, and the total overthrow of the British Kingdom in 1845. Neither of these spectacular events came to pass.

The book by Théodore Bouys appeared in 1806. Compared to most Nostradamians, Bouys was a man of sense. But when he tried to extrapolate into the future he deduced that Napoleon would invade and subdue England, pacify all Europe, and have a long, prosperous reign.

The Nostradamians of the last hundred years have mostly been deep-dyed Royalists who have exploited poor Mike to predict the restoration of the Bourbons. Perhaps the mystical type of mind is also easily impressed by the affectations of monarchism.

One of these Bourbonists, Torné-Chavigny, published just after the fall of Napoleon III in 1871. The ex-Emperor was identified with the "inhuman tyrant" and the "second Antichrist" of the quatrains, which seems a little hard on a man who was merely a slick politician who got too big for his breeches. Under the guidance of Torné-Chavigny, Mike foresaw a French civil war between the then Bourbon pretender, the Count de Chambord, calling himself King Henri V, and the Bonapartist pretender, Napoleon III's son, calling himself Emperor Napoleon IV. Of course the former would win and reign in peace and opulence. What actually happened was that, after his father's death in London in 1873, young Prince Napoleon joined the British Army and got fatally speared by the Zulus. De Chambord spent his life pulling political strings, but never got hold of the one with the throne on its other end.

World War I produced a lush crop of Nostradamianism. In France, Demar-Latour plausibly and correctly predicted French victory. In Germany, Kneipf and Mayer predicted German victory. The latter quoted II, 87:

> Afterwards from the farthest regions shall come,
> German Prince upon the golden throne;
> The servitude and waters encountered,
> The lady serves her time no more adored.

The "German Prince" had been identified by previous commenta-

1917 WAR RUN BY TELE-PHONE
1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance . . .

. . . the patriot forces of Yugoslavia continue to fight. Over its secret radio Gen. Mikhailovitch's headquarters announced the fall of Domberlin after the killing, wounding or capturing of over 3,000 Axis troops.
(news item)

. . . importance of radio in this war is emphasized by the army establishment of radio mechanic and operator schools in Stevens and Congress Hotels at Chicago . . . it is reported that capacity will be about 15,000 men taking 14 weeks training.
(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

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One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

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tors with Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and George I of England, but Herr Mayer glowed: "A prince, whose reign has the character of a golden age, a joy-reign, so obviously Wilhelm II, whose rule, last of all, is a sure guaranty of happiness!"

The publication of books and articles on Mike goes on continuously in France, though in other countries it seems to arise only in times of crisis. One post-1918 French Nostradamian is the incredible Colin de Larmor, a screwball who is still fighting the French Wars of Religion of the sixteenth century. Everything he doesn't understand he believes to be evidence of a vast plot amongst the Jews, Protestants, and Masons to destroy Catholicism. He believes that Mike got his powers by selling his soul to the Devil.

The last decade has brought out the greatest flood of Nostradamianism yet, in several languages, suitably garnished with astrology, Pyramid prophecies, and similar sucker-bait. Monsieur Ruir not only has a King Henri V restoring the Monarchy, but beating the Axis practically single-handed and annexing Spain and Italy. Ruir gave a detailed account in advance of World War II, which so far has shown no resemblance to the course predicted for it. The English and American works are on the whole less Royalist than the French, though Miss McCann's interpretations show a suspicious similarity to those of de Larmor. All agree that Hitler will come to no good end. (A Herr "Norab" has published a book wherein Nostradamus predicts victory for the Nazis.)

The non-French Nostradamians have an advantage over the French ones. You can do wonderful things to a sentence in the course of translation.

Stuart Robb has some lulus: for instance II, 99 begins "*Terroir Romain qu'interpretoit Augur,*" literally "Roman soil which Augur interprets." Robb's private thaumaturgy transforms this into "The Roman territory under the jurisdiction of the Pope." The prize is perhaps taken by Miss McCann's treatment of IV, 30: "*Plus unze fois Luna Sol ne vandra,*" or "More eleven times Moon Sun won't sell." This is hardly a masterpiece of clarity, but offers Miss McCann no difficulty; out of her inner consciousness comes this gem: "More than eleven times the populace has refused the monarchy!" She doesn't give the original to enable her readers to check up.

The Nostradamians have no trouble in identifying Mike's anonymous heroes and villains and places. They assure us confidently that "the eagle" is *always* Napoleon, or that "Aquilon" (Latin for "north wind") is *always* Russia. It works fine on most readers, who are unaware that another Nostradamian may have gotten out just as plausible an interpretation by making "Aquilon" England or Ireland. (Robb, Ruir, Ward.)

The Nostradamians also depend for indentification largely on the anagrammatic method. We are told that in Mike's day anagrams were even more popular than they are now, the rules being that you changed one letter, shuffled all the letters around, and then said: "Guess who *this* bastard is?" They generally claim you can synthesize the real name by stirring the letters of the text long enough, as by making "Hister" (Latin for the Danube) into "Hitler."

By the anagrammatic method it's no trouble to find Hitler in the Bible; Cf. Proverbs XXX:

> 1. The words of Agur the son of Jakeh, even the prophecy: the man spake unto *Ithiel*, even unto *Ithiel* and Ucal,
>
> 2. Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.

With all this latitude it is hardly surprising to find considerable variation among the disciples in the matter of interpreting given stanzas. For instance, X, 22:

> For not wanting to consent to the divorce,
> Which afterwards will be known unworthy,
> The King of the Isles will be pursued by force,
> Put in his place who of king will have no sign.

is interpreted by the following Nostradamians thus:

De Larmor: Fall of King Charles I of England, 1648.

Ward: Exile of King Charles II of England, 1649-1654.

Privat: Fall of King James II of England, 1688.

McCann: Abdication of King Edward VIII, 1938.

De Fontbrune: Coming English Republican revolution.

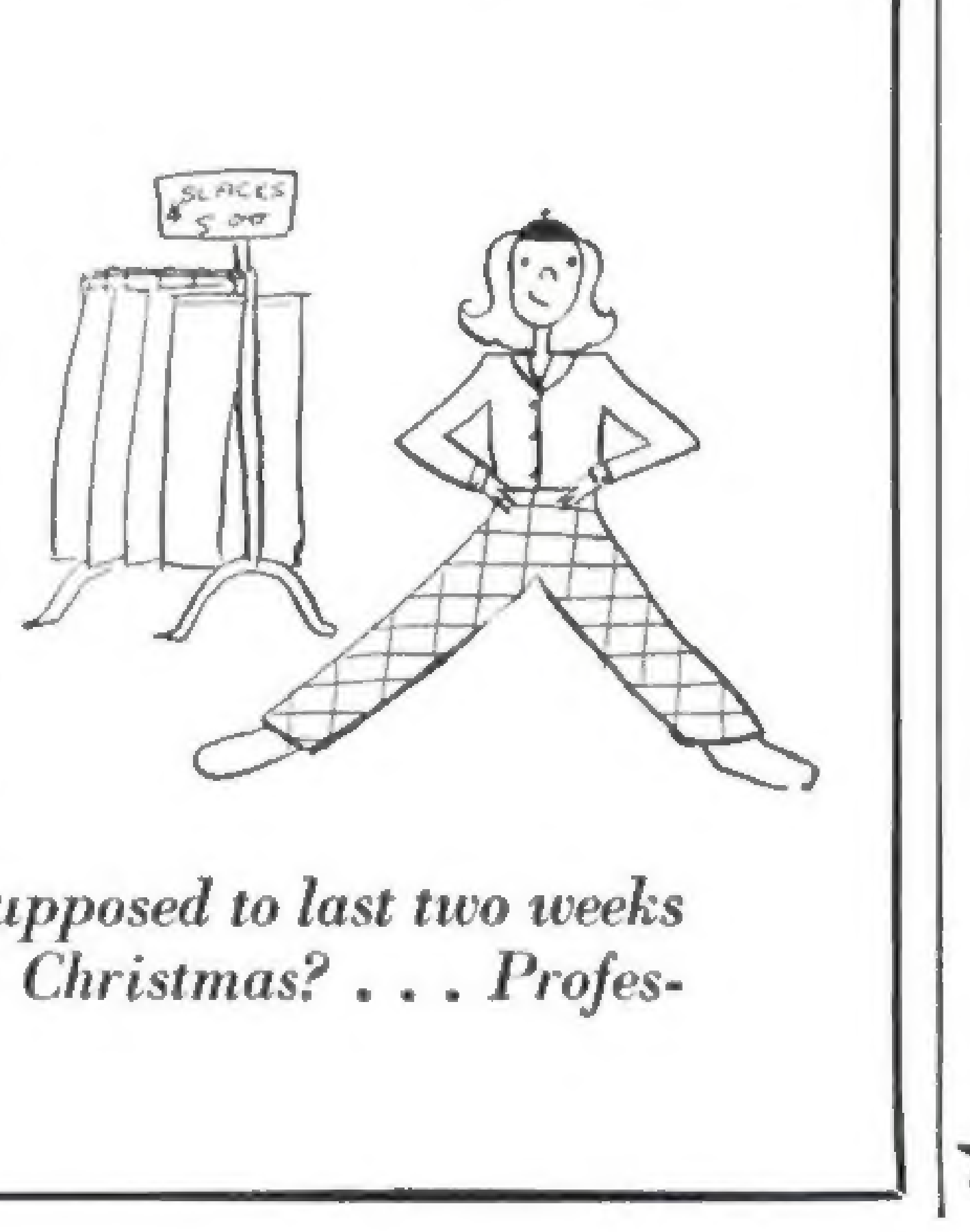
Rochetaillée: Coming French Monarchist revolution.

In VI, 74, which begins "She

Continued on page 310

Whatever Became Of—

The day when pants were exclusively a masculine article? . . . Our bank balance after we paid the Christmas bills? . . . The art of drop-kicking? . . . All those vacation friends that were going to look us up this winter? . . . The trailer craze? . . . The three or four dozen teams who were "sure things" for the Rose Bowl? . . . The hour-glass silhouette? . . . The Great White Way? . . . That fourteen-pound turkey that was supposed to last two weeks but was all consumed by the day after Christmas? . . . Professional hockey?



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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1942, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and the county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the ESQUIRE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1942.
(SEAL) Mabel S. Obenchain (My commission expires February 24, 1945.)

1942
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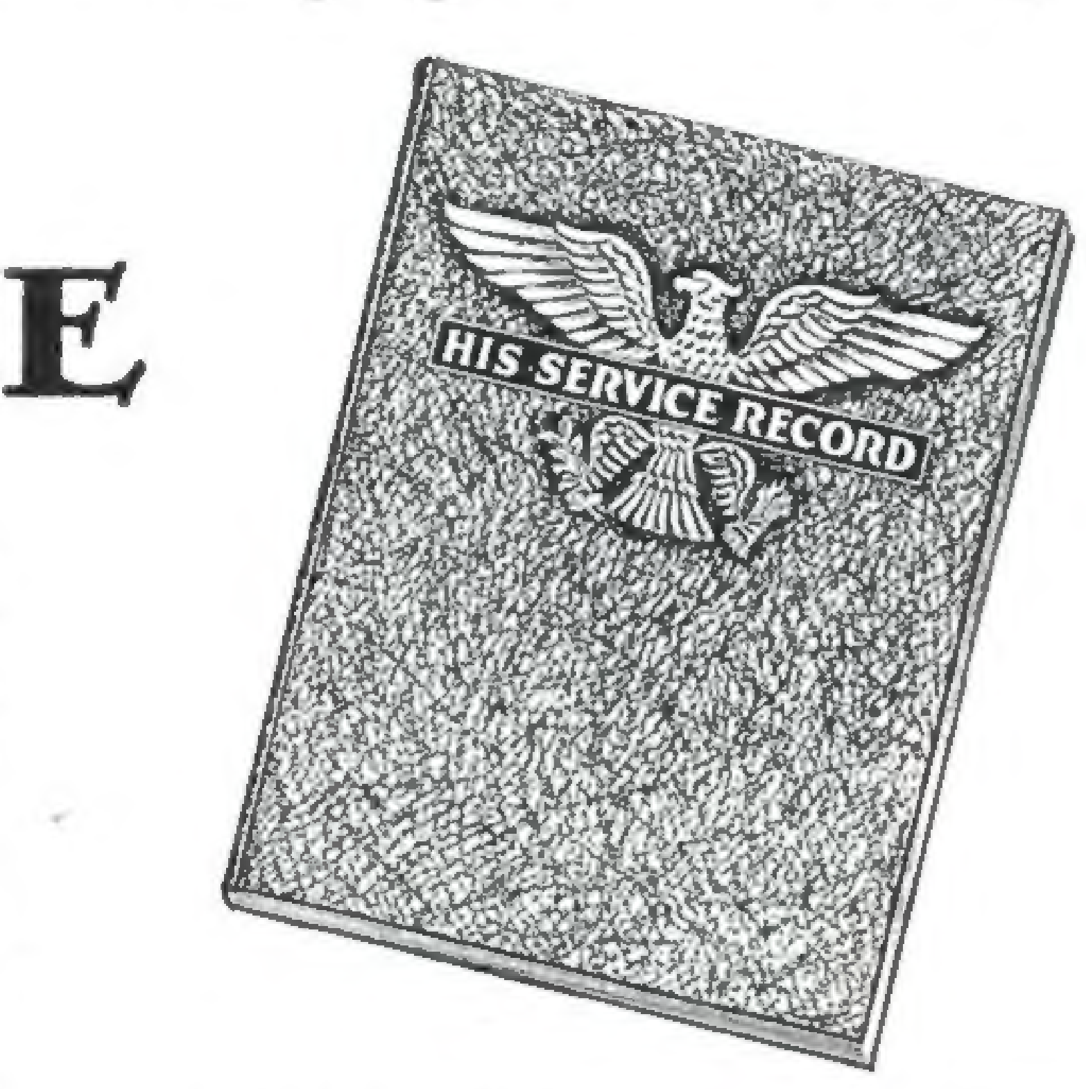

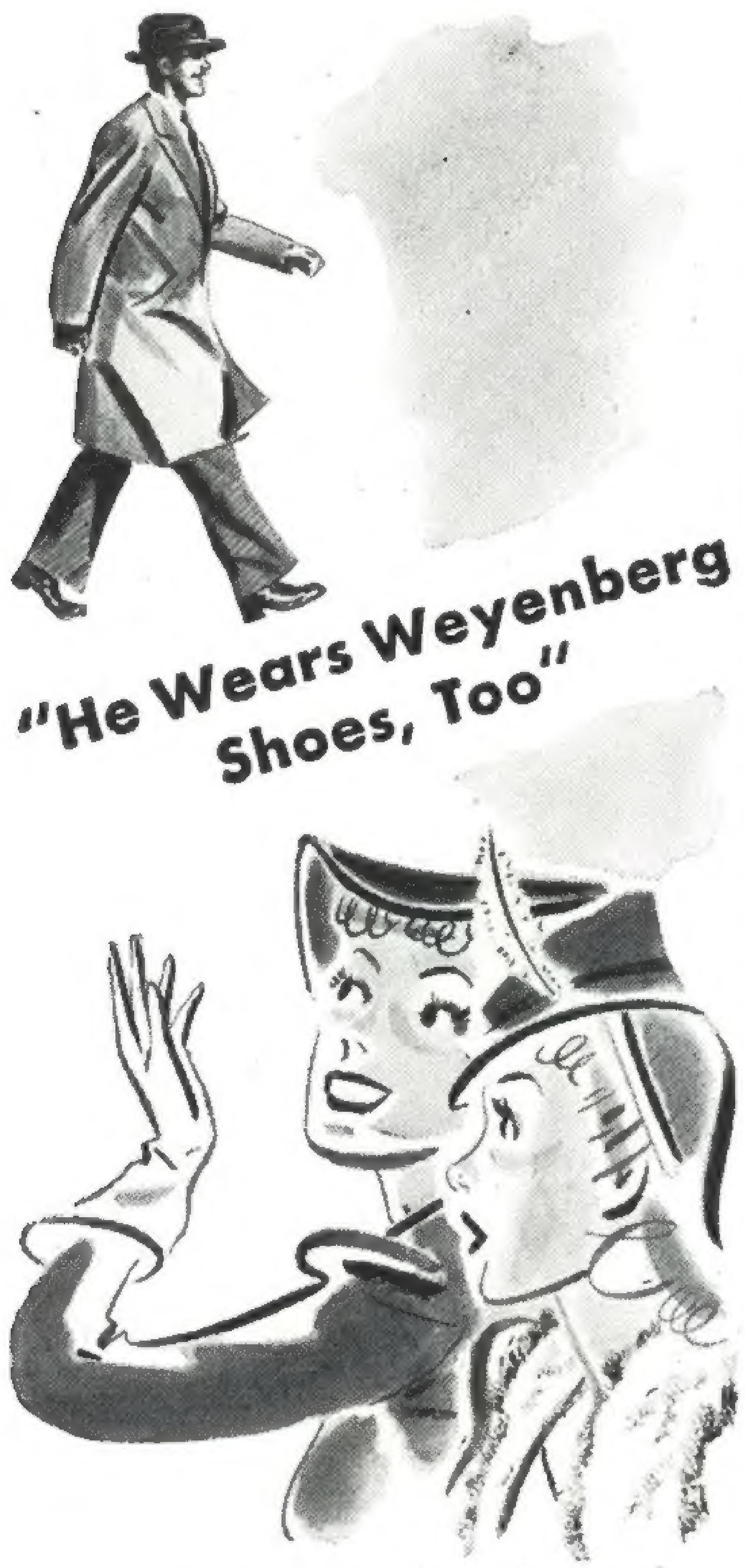
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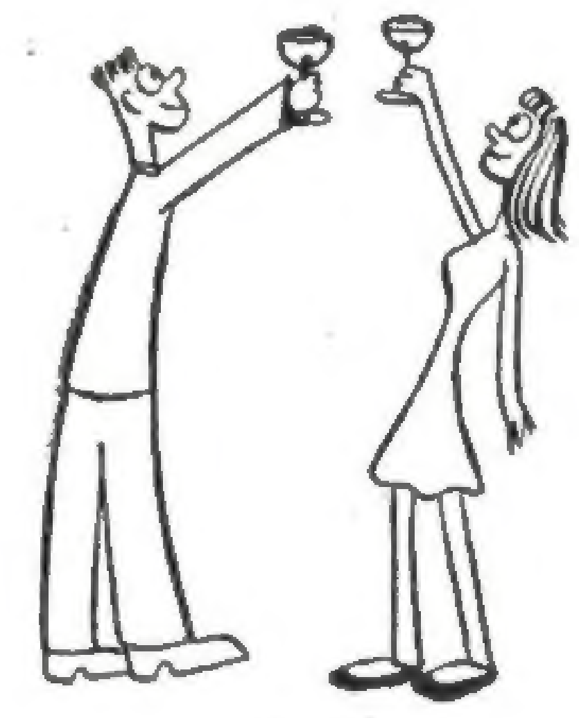
You Too Can Be a Nostradamus

Continued from pages 307-309

who was driven away will turn to the rule, Her enemies discovered plotters . . ." the "she" is variously identified with Marie de Médicis (1573-1643), Queen Elizabeth, British Monarchism, French Monarchism, and French Republicanism. In X, 73, which commences, "The present times with the past, will be judged by great Jovialist . . ." the great Jovialist has been deemed to be Rabelais, Voltaire, Napoleon, the planet Jupiter (credited by Rochetaillée with preventing General Boulanger from making himself dictator of France in 1889) and God Almighty.

Twenty Nostradamians have indulged in 449 predictions. Of these, 41 have been fulfilled and 18 falsified. The remaining 390 have not yet occurred, but may happen someday.



Toast

—To ourselves the Season's greetings.—To the Axis the Season's beatings.

All of those that have been definitely falsified have definite time-limits of some sort. Demar-Latour's promise of the execution of Kaiser Wilhelm II at the close of World War I is an example. As long as the Kaiser lived, it was conceivable that the execution would yet take place; but when he died in peaceful old age that was no longer possible. Of the prophecies that were fulfilled, only about a quarter were thus limited, which means two failures to one success. The score of the Nostradamians is even worse than it appears, because the prophecies include a number where there was a 50-50 chance by pure guesswork.

The rest of the fulfilled prophecies are the sort of thing that will probably happen anyway sooner or later if we only stick around long enough. As Henry IV of England is supposed to have said: "One of these days I am going to die; and all the astrologers who have been predicting my death will be proved right, and all the hundreds of things they have prophesied wrongly will be forgotten."

There's perhaps one stanza out of the whole 1,168 that might justify suspicions of precognition.

III, 96: Chief of Fossano will
have throat cut
By the leader of the light
and greyhound:
The act gotten up by those of
Tarpeian mount,
Saturn in Leo thirteenth
February.

In the second line the word *lumier*, "light," is a possible misprint for *limier*, "bloodhound." On February 13, 1820, the Duke of Berry, entitled for some reason to be called Lord of Fossano, was stabbed by his houndsman Louvel. There have been nearly 400 February thirteenth's and a lot of Chiefs of Fossano since Nostradamus' time; still the chances of being killed that way are small.

But we can't consider III, 96 alone, and anybody who writes 1,168 stanzas is entitled to a little luck. (The famous I, 35, "The young lion shall overcome the old . . .", though always ascribed to the death of Henri II, can actually be given other meanings with little difficulty.)

Maybe Michel de Notredame did See Through Time. There is no way of telling. You can't prove it from his writings, which contain nothing that could not have been composed by any sufficiently erudite and imaginative man in Mike's position.

What Mike did you too can do. You have only to follow these simple rules:

Avoid incriminating detail. Omit definite names and dates. Instead, use symbolic and mythological designations and thumbnail descriptions, which every interpreter can twist to suit himself.

Bad grammar, fragmentary phrases, ambiguity help rather than hinder the interpreters, by giving them greater scope for rearrangment and reconstruction.

In most of your prophecies, stick to the normal aspects of human existence: birth, death, mating, struggle for power, etc. For the main body of your text, avoid such improbable events as the poisoning of a pope by his cardinals, which is implied in the *Centuries*, III, 65. Such things may be used rarely, for seasoning. On the other hand if you say that a fiendish tyrant shall die a gruesome death, you're practically betting on a sure thing.

Be gloomy. Concentrate on famine, pestilence, revolution, and war. When times are bad the suckers will be flattered by the thought that you pondered over their troubles, and when times are good nobody will pay you much attention anyway.

Be voluminous. Each additional stanza means that much more chance of catching a few really good coincidences.

Now I'll give you an example of my own to start you off:

Pelagic young spark of the
East
Shall plot to subvert the Blue
Beast,
But he'll dangle on high
When the Ram's in the sky,
And the Cat shall throw dice
at the feast!

If by the year 2343 somebody can't fit that limerick into the history of the next four centuries, the ingenuity of the human race will have suffered a sad decline! ##

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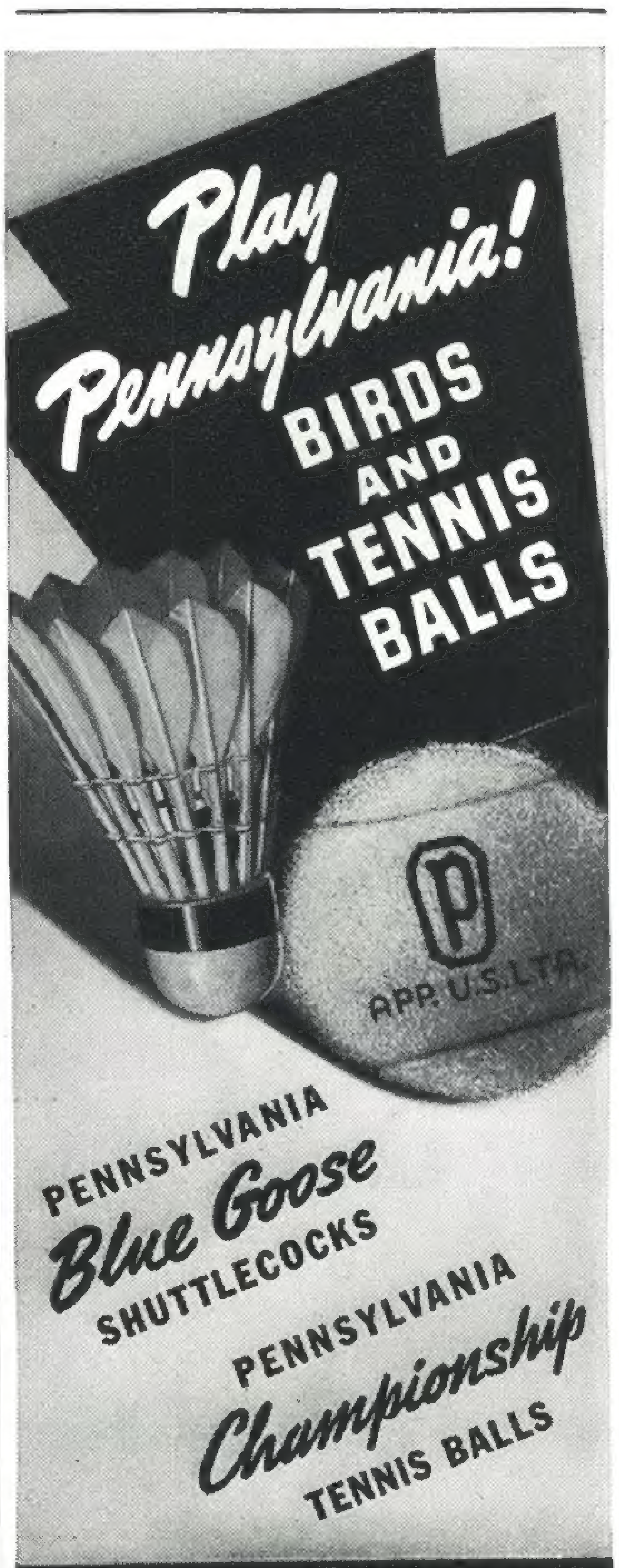
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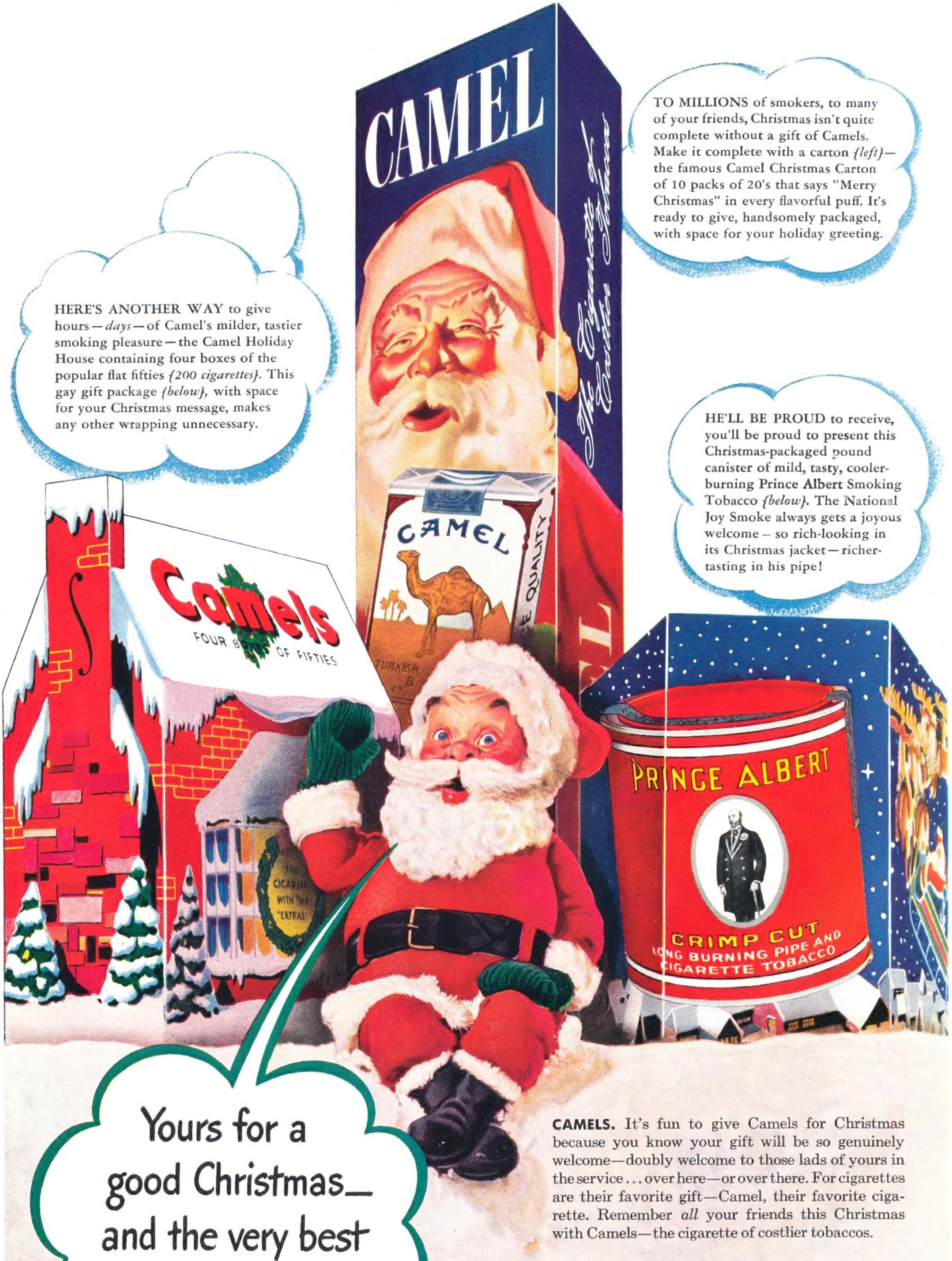
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